

**THE DRAMATIC
WORKS OF BEN
JONSON, AND
BEAUMONT AND
FLETCHER:...**

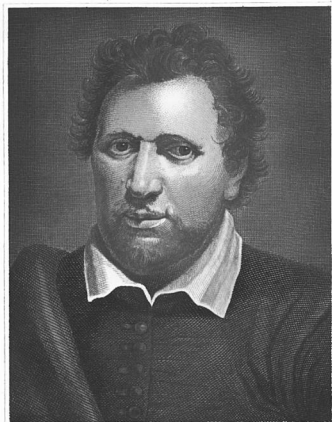




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THE
Dramatic Works
OF
BEN JONSON,
AND
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:

THE FIRST
Printed from the Text,
AND
WITH THE NOTES OF PETER WHALLEY;
THE LATTER,
From the Text, and with the Notes
OF
THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.

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THE LIFE
OF
BEN JONSON.

COLLECTED FROM LATE WRITERS:

1811.

ALTHOUGH we have thought it right to insert the Preface and Life of Jonson from Whalley's edition, in order that the reader may have in this, all that the editor did, yet we cannot forbear, in the impression now offered to the Public, giving those other particulars relating to our Poet, which have come to light since the time of Whalley, from whose edition the present has been carefully printed.

Ben Jonson was born in Hart's Horne Lane, near Charing-Cross, Westminster, June 11, 1574, about a month after the decease of his father. His family was originally of Annandale, in Scotland, whence his grand-father removed to Carlisle, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, under whom he enjoyed some office. But his son, the father of Ben, being deprived of his estate and liberty in the reign of Mary, went afterwards into holy orders, and leaving Carlisle, settled in Westminster. When of a fit age, our Poet was sent to a private school in the church of St. Martin's, and was afterwards removed to Westminster school. While successfully

pursuing his studies, his mother married a second husband, a bricklayer by trade, and took home her son with a view of bringing him up to her husband's business. This occupation ill accorded with his views, and he quickly left it and went to Cambridge; but necessity obliged him to return, when it is believed he was employed on the new building at Lincoln's Inn; again he quitted the trowel, enlisted as a common soldier, and served in the English army, at that time engaged against the Spaniards in the Netherlands. On his return from this expedition, in which he acquired some glory, he resumed his studies at Cambridge.

When he left the University, he saw no way open for the acquirement of a subsistence: he had obtained a large portion of learning, but he knew of no method of rendering it subservient to the wants of life; he accordingly embarked with a company of strolling players, who exhibited in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch; and in a very short time became a writer for the Stage, as well as actor. One of his pieces attracted the attention of Shakspeare, who recommended him [and his writings to the public notice. In the year 1598, his comedy of "Every Man in his Humour" procured him celebrity. Decker, a contemporary, censures his acting as awkward and mean, and his temper as rough and untractable. The principal works of the Poet are mentioned in Whalley's Life, which will prevent us from going over the same ground here. His Alchymist gained him such reputation, that in 1619 he was made poet-laureat to King James the First, and obtained the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford. The King had already granted him an annuity of one hundred marks during life, "in consideration of the good and acceptable service heretofore done, and hereafter to be done by the said B. J." In the year 1630, King Charles, by letters patent, reciting the former grant, and that it had been surrendered, was pleased, "in consideration of the good and acceptable service done to us, and our father, by the said B. J., and especially to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen, which we have enjoined him, and which we expect from him," to augment his annuity of one hundred marks to one hundred pounds per annum, during his life, payable from Christmas 1629. He enjoyed also a pension from the City, which

was probably withdrawn about the year 1631, as he seems to allude to such an occurrence, in the postscript to a letter in the British Museum, in which he says, "Yesterday the barbarous court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlerly pension." The letter was addressed to the Earl of Newcastle, and as it refers to his own situation, as afflicted with the palsy, and as very poor, we shall give an extract from it.

"I myself being no substance, am faine to trouble you with shaddowes, or what is less, an apologue, or fable in a dream. I being stricken with a palsy in 1628, had by Sir Thomas Badger, some few months since, a foxe sent mee, for a present; which creature, by handling, I endeavoured to make tame, as well for the abating of my disease as the delight I took in speculation of his nature. It happened this present year, 1631, and this verie weeke beeing the weeke ushering Christmas, and this Tuesday morning in a dreame, (and morning dreames are truest) to have one of my servants come to my bedside, and tell me, master, master, the fox speaks! whereas mee thought I started and troubled, went down into the yard to witness the wonder. There I found my Reynard in his tenement, the tubb I had hired him, cynically expressing his own lott, to be condemned to the house of a poet, where nothing was to be seen but the bare walls, and not any thing heard but the noise of a sawe dividing billates all the weeke long, more to keepe the family in exercise, than to comfort any person there with fire, save the paralytic master, and went on in this way, as the fox seemed the better fabler of the two. I, his master, began to give him good words, and to stroak him: but Reynard, barking, told mee this would not do, I must give him meat. I angry called him stinking vermine. Hee replied, looke into your cellar, which is your larder too, youle find a worse vermin there. When presently calling for a light, mee thought I went downe, and found all the floor turned up, as if a colony of moles had been there, or an army of salt-petre vermin. Whereupon I sent presently into Tuttle-street, for the King's most excellent mole-catcher, to release mee and hunt them: but hee, when he came and viewed the place and had well marked the earth turned up, took a handful, smelt to it, and said, master, it is not in my power to destroy this vermin, the K. or some good

man of a noble nature must help you : this kind of mole is called "a want," which will destroy you and your family, if you prevent not the worsting of it in tyme. And therefore God keepe you and send you health. The interpretation both of the fable and dream is, that I, waking, doe find *want* the worst and most working vermin in a house : and therefore, my noble lord, and next the king my best patron, I am necessitated to tell you, I am not so imprudent to borrow any sum of your lordship, for I have no faculty to pay, but my needs are such, and so urging, as I do beg what your bounty can give mee in the name of good letters and the bond of an ever grateful, an acknowledging servant to your honour."

After this he wrote other pieces for the Stage, till his death, which happened on the 16th of August, 1637. Within a few months of his decease, his contemporaries joined in a collection of Elegies and encomiastic Poems. The character of Ben Jonson has been drawn by various writers. Drummond, the Scotch poet, says of him, "that he was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and despiser of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest ; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived ; a dissembler of the parts that reign in him ; a bragger of some good that he wanted, thinking nothing well done, but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep ; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself, interprets best sayings and deeds often the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both ; oppressed with fancy, which hath overmastered his reason, a general disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excelleth in a translation."

According to Lord Clarendon, "his name can never be forgotten, having by his very good learning, and the severity of his nature and manners, very much reformed the Stage, and indeed the English poetry itself. His natural advantages were, judgment to govern the fancy, rather than excess of fancy, his productions being slow and upon deliberation, yet then abounding

with great wit and fancy, and will live accordingly ; and surely as he did exceedingly exalt the English language in eloquence, propriety and masculine expressions, so he was the judge of and fittest to prescribe rules to poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with, or before him, or since, if Mr. Cowley had not made a flight beyond all men, with that modesty yet, as to ascribe much of this example and learning to Ben Jonson. His conversation was very good, and with men of most note ; and he had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde (Lord Clarendon), till he found he betook himself to business, which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company."

From this and from other accounts that might be quoted, it is inferred that Jonson, in his life-time, occupied a high station in the literary world. So many memorials of character, and so many eulogia on his talents have fallen to the lot of few writers of that age. His failings, however, were so conspicuous as occasionally to obscure his virtues. Addicted to intemperance, with the unequal temper which habitual intemperance creates, and disappointed in the hopes of wealth and independence which his opinion of his own talents led him to form, he degenerated even to the resources of a libeller, who extorts from fear what is denied to genius, and became arrogant, and careless of pleasing those with whom he associated. He was hailed by his contemporaries as the reformer of the Stage, and as the most learned of the critics : he did for the lovers of drama what had never been done before, and he furnished examples of regular comedy which have not been surpassed. His memory was remarkably tenacious, and his learning superior to that of most of his contemporaries. Pope gives him the credit of having brought critical learning into vogue, and for having instructed both actors and spectators in what was the proper province of the dramatic muse. He has been regarded as the first person who has done much with respect to the "grammar of the English language." This and his "Discoveries," both written in his advanced years, discover an attachment to the interests of literature, and a habit of reflection, which place his character as a scholar in a very favourable point of view. Dryden

considers Jonson as the greatest man of his age, and observes that if we look upon him when he was himself, he was the most learned and judicious writer any theatre ever had.

It is certain that his character as a dramatic writer has not descended undiminished. Of his fifty dramas, there are not above three which preserve his name on the Stage, but those indeed are excellent. It was his misfortune to be obliged to dissipate on court-masks and pageants, those talents, which concentrated might have furnished dramas equal to his "Volpone," "Alchymist," and "the Silent Woman." Contrasted with the boundless and commanding genius of Shakspeare, Dr. Johnson has hit his character very successfully in his celebrated prologue :

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school
To please by method and invent by rule !
His studious patience, and laborious art,
With regular approach essayed the heart ;
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For they who durst not censure, scarce could praise.

THE PREFACE.

THE favourable reception, which the labours of those applauded men have met with from the publick, who have given new and correct editions of our English poets, illustrated with notes, was a principal inducement for publishing the works of Jonson in the same manner. A good edition of this author was much wanted; and if properly performed, would be deserving well of our literature and language. It is only to be wished, that the edition now presented to the reader, may be executed with as much taste and judgment, as those which have preceded it in the same kind of criticism.

The plan which we have followed, is what a just criticism upon any author doth naturally require. Care hath been taken, to exhibit the text with the utmost correctness; and notes are added, to explain those places which seemed most to need them. These are of two kinds; such as illustrate his sentiments, and such as point out and support the peculiar marks of his appropriate character. Under the first of these, are included the obscurities of diction and expression, and what arise from allusions, to the customs of the age, and the fashions then in use. The second chiefly consists of passages from antient authors, which Jonson, who had various and extensive learning, hath imitated or adopted as his own. In printing the text, we have had a much easier task, than the ingenious editors of our other dramatic poets; for a folio volume of Jonson's works was printed in his life-time, and under his own inspection; so that we have an authentic copy for our pattern, and which we found of great use in correcting the mistakes of subsequent editions. In following this copy we had little else to do, than to set right some errors of the press, and a corrupted passage or two, which seem to have been derived from the same source. That part of his works which were published after his death, was undoubtedly printed from his original manuscripts; but as they had not the benefit of the author's revisal, there are many more, as well as more material blunders in that volume, than in the volume I have just now mentioned; but these mistakes are now, as we hope, properly emended, though it is possible that some may have escaped our notice; and it

is probable too, that an inattentive reader may suspect some other places to be faulty, which are really sound and uncorrupt; for there are two mistakes, and both proceeding from the same cause, which an editor of Jonson's works may be led to commit. The cause I mean, is his references and allusions. In one case, he is tempted to an alteration of the text, in order to preserve an allusion, which he imagines the poet had, or, which with some criticks is the same, which he imagines the poet ought to have had then in his mind. In the other case, he gets rid of the obscurity by an alteration of the text, when he should only have explained the passage, and pointed out the allusion that was couched in it. There is another peculiarity deserving notice, which hath caused some ingenious criticks to question the received reading of the text, and to substitute their conjectures in its place; and this is, the latinized phraseology, and hard construction, with the brevity and conciseness of Jonson's style. But the difficulties from hence arising, should be cleared by a comment and explanation, without ejecting the lawful possessors from their proper rights. For it frequently happens, that almost every author, by the comparison and collation of similar passages, will in many instances explain himself; and when a tolerable sense can be assigned, we should not hastily proceed to a fanciful and arbitrary change. Absolute nonsense indeed must be cured by whatever method we can; and if an easy conjectural alteration will lead us into light from darkness, there is the highest reason to receive it as true. The mere improvement of a writer's sense, can never authorize the alteration of his words; for should this be once admitted as a canon of true criticism, what defence is left us against the wildest guesses, and the most extravagant conjectures of absurd imagination? Criticks of this adventurous and daring temper, must proceed upon the following maxims; that the author did certainly use the most significant and proper word, and that his commentator is the sole infallible judge of what is so. I have therefore ventured to insert my own conjectures in the text, in these cases only; when the best explanation given, would be but blundering round about a meaning, and when no assistance could be had from any of the printed copies; and lastly, when the emendation approaching nearly to the traces of the former reading, would evidently shew that the mistake was occasioned by the negligence of the editor or printer.

With respect to Jonson's character as a writer, he is universally allowed to have been the most learned and judicious poet of his age. His learning indeed is to be seen in almost every thing he wrote; and sometimes perhaps it may appear, where we could wish it might not be seen, although he seldom transgresseth in this point; for a just decorum and preservation of character, with propriety of circumstance and of language, are his striking excellencies, and eminently distinguish his correctness and art. What he borroweth from the

antients, he generally improves by the use and application, and by this means he improved himself, in contending to think, and to express his thoughts like them; and accordingly those plays are the best, in which we find most imitations or translations from classic authors; but he commonly borrows with the air of a conqueror, and adorns himself in their dress, as with the spoils and trophies of victory.

To make a proper estimation of his merits, as a dramatic writer, we are to consider what was the state of the Drama, and the usual practice of the stage-writers in those early times; and what alterations and improvements it received from the plays of Jonson. Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, are the only contemporary writers that can be put in competition with him; and as they have excellencies of genius superior to those of Jonson, they have weaknesses and defects which are proportionably greater. If they transcend him in the creative powers, and the astonishing flights of imagination, their judgment is much inferior to his: and if he doth not at any time rise so high, neither perhaps doth he sink so low as they have done. We mean not to insinuate any thing to the discredit of Jonson's genius; yet his fancy had, perhaps, exerted itself with greater energy and strength, had he been less a poet, or less acquainted with the antient models. Struck with the correctness and truth of composition in the old classicks, and inflamed by passionate admiration to emulate their beauties, he was insensibly led to imagine, that equal honours were due to successful imitation, as to original and unborrowed thinking. Jonson was naturally turned to industry and reading: and as to treasure up knowledge must be the exercise and work of memory, by the assiduous employment of that faculty, he would necessarily be less disposed to exert the native inborn spirit of genius and invention: and as his memory was thus fraught with the stores of antient poetry, the sentiments impressed upon his mind, would easily intermix and assimilate with his own; and when transfused into the language of his country, would appear to have all the graces and the air of novelty. It is owing to these reasons, that Jonson became constrained in his imagination, and less original in his sentiments and thoughts; but from hence he obtained that severity of collected judgment, and that praise of art, which have given his authority the greatest weight in the decisions and the laws of criticism:

Enlightened with these assistances, Jonson was enabled to see through, and effectually to surmount the prejudices of vulgar practice: and by a departure from the beaten track of unreasonable custom, he struck at once into the less frequented road of probability and nature. Let us proceed then to examine what was the reigning mode in the composition of our antient drama. In designing the plots of their several comedies, our old poets ge-

nerally drew them from some romance, or novel : and from thence also they derived the different incidents of the various scenes ; and the resemblance between the original and the copy, was every way exact. The same wildness and extravagance of fable prevailed in both ; all the miracles and absurdities of story being faithfully transcribed into the play : and hence it is, that the scene of action is generally placed abroad ; the principal characters are also foreign ; or to speak more truly, they are Englishmen disguised with foreign names : for the manners of all the different persons are entirely English, as is more particularly observable in the inferior characters of the play. So that whether the scene may lie at Athens, at Venice, or Vienna, all the wit and all the humour are of British growth, and are adapted to the taste and genius of the poet's own age. When Jonson first applied himself to writing for the stage, he conformed in like manner to the general practice of his contemporary poets. A plain instance of this appears in his comedy called *The Case is Altered* ; and this reason concurs with other evidences, to determine that piece to have been one of his earlier dramatic compositions. The scene is Milan, the principal personages are of the same place ; and the sentiments they have occasion to use, are what nature in any climate, would express her thoughts in, upon a similar occasion. The droll and comic part of the drama shews itself in the manners of the servants, the mechanicks, and lower characters of the comedy ; and although these are exhibited to us under the sounding names of Sebastian, Balthasar, and Vincentio, their whole dialogue and humour are a lively copy from the home-spun wit of the clowns and artisans of the poet's native country. The same observations may be extended to the generality of Shakespeare's and Fletcher's plays, where under exotic characters and story, the authors are continually glancing at domestic incidents, and comment on the times, skreened beneath the cover of antient or foreign fable. But Jonson was soon sensible, how inconsistent this medley of names and manners was in reason and nature ; and with how little propriety it could ever have a place in a legitimate and just picture of real life : and hence, as he improved in critical learning, and became acquainted with the true principles and laws of dramatic writing, he reformed the extravagances which had universally prevailed in the times before him. His plays were real plays of five acts, in which the continuity of the scenes, and the unities of time and place were regularly observed. And the better to effect this, we must remark that he no longer borrowed his fable from a well-known, or pre-invented story, but formed his plot, and drew his characters from the stores of his imagination, and his observations upon men and manners. In consequence of this, his scene was generally laid at home ; his characters and manners are equally domestic, and are uniform and congruous throughout the

whole: and this was really adapting comedy to its proper end, in making it *vitaæ speculum, et exemplar morum*; a mirror to reflect the follies and vices of the age. That this reform was truly the result of conscious and reflecting art, we shall demonstrate to the reader by a singular instance, which confirms the account we have laid down above, and sets the judgment of Jonson in the fairest point of view. *Every Man in his Humour* is one of his earliest pieces, and was originally written in the manner we have just described. The scene was at Florence, the persons represented were Italians, and the manners in great measure conformable to the genius of the place: but in this very play the humours of the under-characters are local, expressing not the manners of a Florentine, but the gulls and bullies of the times and country, in which the poet lived. And as it was thus represented on the stage, it was published in the same manner in 4to, in 1601. When it was printed again in the collection of his works, it had a more becoming and consistent aspect. The scene was transferred to London, the names of the persons were changed to English ones, and the dialogue, incidents, and manners were suited to the place of action. And thus we now have it in the folio edition of 1616, and in the several editions that have been printed since. That the reader may perceive the variations at one view, we shall subjoin the several characters, as they stand in both copies of the play.

The Persons of *Every Man in his Humour*, as they are prefixed to the Quarto edition, in 1601; and Folio edition, in 1616.

Lorenzo de Pazzi, sen.	-	-	-	Old Know'ell.
Lorenzo, jun.	-	-	-	Ed. Know'ell, his son.
Musco.	-	-	-	Brainworm.
Stephano.	-	-	-	Mr. Stephen.
Giulliano.	-	-	-	Downright.
Prospero.	-	-	-	Wellbred.
Doctor Clement.	-	-	-	Justice Clement.
Peto.	-	-	-	Roger Formal.
Thorello.	-	-	-	Kitely.
Hesperida.	-	-	-	Dame Kitely.
Biancha.	-	-	-	Mrs. Bridget.
Mattheo.	-	-	-	Mr. Matthew.
Pizo.	-	-	-	Cash.
Cob.	-	-	-	Cob.
Tib.	-	-	-	Tib.
Bobadilla.	-	-	-	Capt. Bobadill.
Scene, FLORENCE.				Scene, LONDON.

But notwithstanding the art and care of Jonson to redress the incongruities taken notice of, a remarkable instance of Italian manners is still preserved, which in transferring the scene he forgot to change. It is an allusion to the custom of poisoning, of which we have instances of various kinds, in the dark and fatal revenges

of Italian jealousy. Kately is blaming Well-bred for promoting, in his house, the quarrel between Bobadill and Downright; and Well-bred offers to excuse himself by saying that no harm had happened from it. Kately's wife then objects to him; "But what harm might have come of it, brother?" To whom Well-bred replies,

"Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poison'd, for any thing he knows; or the wholesome wine he drunk, even now at the table." Kately's jealous apprehension is immediately alarmed, and he breaks out in a passionate exclamation;

"Now, God forbid! O me, now I remember

"My wife drank to me last and chang'd the cup;

"And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day."

And thus he goes on, imagining that he feels the poison begin to operate upon him. Nothing could be more in character than this surmise, supposing the persons, as was the case at first, to have been natives of Italy. But had Jonson recollected, it is probable he would have varied the thought, to adapt it more consistently to the genius and manners of the speaker.

The choice then of a domestic fable, is a considerable article in the sum of Jonson's merit; and an article of no little consequence, when we reflect either upon the end or moral destination of the drama, and upon the means that are necessary to attain that end. It is universally allowed, that the end of Tragedy is much better answered by the celebrating a domestic event, than by selecting any foreign occurrence, how great or important soever; for the exhibition of foreign characters can never affect the mind in so interesting a manner: and be the poet never so exact in preserving the decorum and propriety of his personages, they will insensibly assume the mode and fashion of his own country. To this purpose it is judiciously remarked by a learned French critick: *Ceux qui paroissent sur la scene Angloise, Espagnole, François, sont plus Anglois, Espagnols, ou François, que Grecs ou Romains; en un mot, que ce qu'ils doivent être. On veut plaire à sa nation, et rien ne plait tant que la ressemblance de manières et de génie.* P. BRUMOV, Vol. I. p. 200. And every writer will paint the character and manners of his own nation, with much greater life and spirit, and with a much closer resemblance to nature and truth. The reasons here advanced, conclude with more cogency and force, when applied to the province and design of Comedy; for if comedy attains its end by the delineation of character, the poet will undoubtedly succeed much better, in drawing the characters with which he is more perfectly acquainted; and for the same reasons, the spectator likewise will receive greater pleasure and improvement from it. The manners he is used to in his daily intercourse, and conversation in

real life, will seize his affections the more strongly, when represented in a fictitious scene ; and by an act of reflection, he will derive a pleasure to himself, in comparing the just resemblance which he finds between them : for, in the words of a consummate judge, “ as
 “ what we chiefly seek in comedy is a true image of life and
 “ manners, we are not easily brought to think we have it given us,
 “ when dressed in foreign modes and fashions.”

There are only two comedies of Jonson, where the scene is laid abroad, the *Poetaster* and the *Fox*. The former was purposely designed as a vindication of himself, and to expose the pretensions of his adversary Decker. This led him to make Rome his scene, and to choose the times of Augustus Cæsar, for the period of action. His intention in this, as he hath declared in the apology annexed to the play, was to shew that Virgil and Horace, and every candidate for honest and fair fame, had their enemies and detractors, envious of them and of their writings ; and by these examples it is insinuated to the reader, that the excellencies and merits of Jonson were the sole occasion of the calumnies thrown out against him ; and that he had only the fortune to be abused, in like manner as his betters had been before him. And here it must be said, that he is careful in the main, to observe the decorum of character, which his plan required ; but as it naturally led him to allude to particular persons and incidents of his own times, we have occasional references to both these ; disguised indeed under the cover of Roman forms, and affecting the style and manners of the supposed times and persons of the play. In the design of *Volpone*, the poet had a more generous design in view ; and by his admirable execution of that design, he hath left posterity a lasting monument of his genius and art. And here he was induced, for the sake of probability, and to give lively and strong colouring to his draught, to fix on Venice for the scene of his drama. By this choice he gained an opening for the introduction of a domestic character, which, placed upon a middle ground, gratified his favourite passion of displaying a particular folly of his age and nation ; for as the scene was thus laid abroad, he had the inviting opportunity in the character of Sir Politick Would-be, to expose the reigning affectation of knowing men and manners ; when the youth of the kingdom were sent, in quest of policy and knowledge, to poison their faith and morals, by the acquisition of Italian atheism and Italian deceit.

In his design and exhibition of characters, Jonson was particularly happy in delineating those which are generally known by the name of characters of humour ; a subject which he perfectly understood, and which he executed with equal felicity and perfection. But as humour is the excess of a particular passion, and appropriate only to a single character, it hath from hence been thought, that Jonson's characters are only passions or affections personized, and not faithful

copies from living manners. But to this we might reply, that far from being thought to build his characters upon abstract ideas, he was really accused of representing particular persons then existing; and that even those characters which appear to be the most exaggerated, are said to have had their respective archetypes in nature and life. It is further to be observed, that many of Jonson's comedies are of that kind, which may be called particular and partial: the follies they were designed to censure were more immediately local; and as the pursuits which they expose, are now disused or forgotten, we find it difficult to enter into the humour or propriety of the characters. Yet even at this distance, we can perceive that truth of design, and strength of colouring in each, as highly entertain us with their representation or perusal; and render us equally sensible of the poet's excellence, and art in his masterly performance: "But we may remark in general on such subjects, as an exact critick of great taste expresseth it, that they are a strong temptation to the writer, to exceed the bounds of truth and mediocrity in his draught of them at first, and are further liable to an imperfect and even unfair sentence from the reader afterwards. For the welcome reception which these pictures of prevailing local folly meet with on the stage, cannot but induce the poet, almost without design, to inflame the representation; and the want of archetypes, in a little time makes it pass for immoderate, were it originally given with ever so much discretion and justice." HORACE'S *Art of Poetry illustrated with English Notes, &c.* p. 278. Add to this, that in presenting a character on the stage, the due distance and point of view should have a place in the poet's consideration; and this may probably require some enlargement of the lineaments and features, provided that a just proportion and symmetry of parts be observed in the composition of the whole. I do not mean that he should give us a distorted caricatura, in the room of an agreeable and pleasing picture; but if it be considered that many diverting pleasantries or actions of ridiculous humour, with lively dialogues in common life, would appear flat and insipid, and have little or no effect upon a general audience, when set before them in the plain and simple habit of nature and fact: the poet may possibly be under the necessity of bestowing on them some *relief* and ornament, from art; and of seasoning his conversations with a high poignancy of wit or repartee, adapted to the less exquisite taste of an undistinguishing populace. These causes concurring, seem to have given rise to the opinion, that Jonson, in the portraiture of his characters, forbore to copy from real life. And as the preceding observations account for this opinion, with a probable verisimilitude, we are apt to flatter ourselves, they may be a fair representation and solution of the matter.

In the collection of Jonson's poems there are two Tragedies; and

of each of these something should be said in reference to his conduct of the drama, and to his judgment in the choice of his subjects. The poet himself appears to have placed no small value on these plays, and they are not without their proper share of merit; but as the piercing eye of criticism hath discovered errors and defects in both, let us attend to the faults which are objected to them. And first, it is said the poet was unfortunately mistaken in the choice of his fable; the characters of Catiline and Sejanus are so well known, and are so infamous in history, that no kind of pity, the most amiable emotion in the spectator's breast, can possibly be shown to the distresses which befall them; but to this, a reply is elsewhere given in the proper place, where the objection itself is made. A second objection chargeth the author with offending against the laws or cautions advanced by Horace in his *Art of Poetry*, and which an exact dramatist should be careful to observe in the management of his fable. The cautions of Horace are comprised in the following verses:

*Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.*

Ars Poet. v. 131. et seq.

From these verses his excellent commentator deduceth the three following rules, which the poet directs us to observe: 1. Not to follow the trite, obvious round of the original work, *i. e.* not servilely and scrupulously to adhere to its plan or method in its plain historic order. 2. Not to be translators instead of imitators: *i. e.* if it shall be thought fit to imitate more expressly any part of the original, to do it with freedom and spirit, and without a slavish attachment to the mode of expression. 3. Not to adopt any particular incident that may occur in the proposed model, which either decency or the nature of the work would reject; and unluckily for Jonson, this ingenious critick hath pitched on the tragedy of *Catiline*, as particularly offending against these several rules. For, as he proceeds to remark, this tragedy is in fact the Catilinarian war of Sallust, put into poetical dialogue; and so offends against the *first* rule of the poet, in following too servilely the plain beaten round of the chronicle. 2. The speeches of Cicero and Catiline, of Cato and Cæsar, are all of them direct and literal translations of the historian and orator, in violation of the *second* rule, which forbids a too close attachment to the mode or form of expression. 3. As a transgression of that rule, which enjoins a strict regard to the nature and genius of the work, the following is selected as the most obvious and striking. In the history, which had for its subject the

whole Catilinarian war, the fates of the conspirators, and the preceding debates concerning the manner of their punishment, were to be distinctly recorded. Hence the long speeches of Cæsar and Cato in the senate, have great propriety, and are justly esteemed amongst the leading beauties of that work. But the case was totally different in the drama, which taking for its subject the single fates of the other conspirators, should only have been hinted at, not debated with all the circumstances and pomp of rhetorick on the stage. I have given these objections at full length, and in the words of the elegant remarker ; for it is a pleasure to transcribe as well as read, the observations of a polite critick ; and we are likewise obliged to own that these mistakes in Jonson are in a great measure indefensible. For although the poet was conscious of what might possibly be objected to him upon these heads, yet he was so far from regarding them as errors, or imperfections in his poem, that he, in truth, considered them as beauties, and prided himself upon his translations, as so many real excellencies, and the chief ornaments of his play. But he was misled, as the learned critick judiciously adds, by the beauty which these speeches appeared to have in the original composition, without attending to the peculiar laws of the drama, and the indecorum it must needs have in so very different a work. It must be acknowledged, however, in justice to Jonson, that he hath discovered great art and spirit in designing and supporting his characters ; and that he hath occasionally deviated from the leading thread of the story, and varied the arrangement of circumstances, in the manner that was most conducive to draw out his characters, and display the ruling passion inherent in the breast of each.

These remarks upon the *Catiline*, are in some degree applicable to the *Sejanus* of Jonson. In this indeed the narration from which he copied was less obvious and direct ; and hence it demanded a greater share of judgment to combine and connect the distinct periods and members, to form a regular and consistent whole ; but as the story lay before him, from which he drew his incidents, he copied with too close an attachment to historic composition ; and in breach of the second rule, what he hath translated from the Latin, is expressed with too exact a conformity to the mode and letter of the original expression. And lastly, he hath adopted incidents which the law and nature of his work would reject. The play should naturally have ended with the fall and tragical death of Sejanus. For this reason the subsequent descriptions, taken from Juvenal, of the indignities and insults, offered by the multitude, both to himself and his statues, are wholly out of place. Nor was it less improper to describe, with the attendant circumstances, the unfortunate ends of the son and daughter of Sejanus ; who with brutal violence were dragged from home, and inhumanly put to death by the public executioner. But the poet intended to recount a tale of horror, and

excite pity in the breast of the spectators, by relating the untimely fate of the innocent and tender sufferers; and thus further contributed, in concurrence with the moral, to insinuate that divine vengeance would not fail to punish and exterminate the whole race of those, who contemned the providence and power of Heaven.

The character of Jonson as a poet, may be discovered by attending to his character and disposition as a man; which would naturally give that prevailing cast to his comedies and poems, which in effect we find they have. "For his nature, (says the discerning critick above cited,) was severe and rigid; and this, in giving a strength and manliness, gave at times too, an intemperance to his satire. His taste for ridicule was strong but indelicate; which made him not over-curious in the choice of his topicks; and lastly, his style in picturing characters, though masterly, was without that elegance of hand, which is required to correct and allay the force of so bold a colouring. Thus the bias of his nature leading him to Plautus rather than Terence for his model, it is not to be wondered at that his wit is too frequently caustic, his railery coarse, and his humour excessive." But it is here to be observed, that humour, which Jonson particularly aimed to express, is principally to be found in the inferior stations and lower classes of mankind: for as it is the excess of a prevailing passion, its influence will be there exerted with less confinement and controul from the restraints of education. The civility and politeness of good-breeding will keep within its due bounds that ebullition of temper, which would be apt to flow out to the annoyance and disgust of others. So that Jonson in exposing those follies, and lesser kinds of vices, which render men contemptible, was necessarily led to picture what was inordinate in a character, that he might give the fullest and strongest image of the original.

To enter completely into the humour and propriety of Jonson's characters, we should as it were drop the intervening period, and image to ourselves the manners and customs of the times wherein he lived, that so we may more perfectly comprehend his various references and allusions to them. But as this is a matter of real difficulty, the representation of many of his comedies must fail to produce the same delight in the spectator, as they naturally did when first acted; and therefore a correct edition, with explanatory notes, will give that satisfaction in the reading, which cannot be so well attained, from their performance on the stage. It is greatly to be wished indeed, that Jonson had possessed that poetic passion, and power to touch the heart, which would have made his dramas universal; equally felt and understood in all ages. But as in this point he must indisputably yield to Shakspeare, so few of his characters can receive the same advantages from the best action and expression that ever added grace and energy to the stage. And in

thus wanting Mr. Garrick's performance, he wants that living explanation, which no comment of the most learned critick can possibly give.

But what the author was incapable of receiving, hath been largely made up to his editor, for the public benefit, and the service of this edition. Mr. Garrick hath a very large and valuable collection of old quarto plays : and from that he supplied me with *Every Man in his Humour*, published in 1601, which hath been taken notice of above ; and which enabled me distinctly to point out the alterations, introduced by Jonson in the structure of the Drama. I am likewise obliged to him for the use of the quartos, which contain the entertainment of King James in passing to his coronation, the panegyrick on holding his first parliament, and the entertainment of the queen and prince at Althorp : as also for Decker's Supplement to the coronation entertainment, and his *Satiromastix*, in answer to the *Poetaster* of Jonson. But mine and the public thanks are more particularly due to Mr. Garrick, for enriching this edition with a comedy, unquestionably written by Jonson, and which was never published in any collection of his works. That comedy is called, *The Case is Altered*, and with corrections and emendations is annexed to the end of the seventh volume. This was really reviving a lost or forgotten play : for it was hardly known, and what I could no where find but in the treasury of our antient dramatic wit. The edition with which he favoured me is a quarto, printed in 1609, and perhaps the only edition that was ever printed. And it seemeth like many of the old quartos, to have been printed from the playhouse copy, without the knowledge of the author. Mr. Garrick hath always shewn great taste and judgment in doing justice to the genius of our old dramatists, by the revival of such pieces, from which the elegance of the present times could receive an agreeable entertainment. And Jonson is obliged to him for giving new life to *Every Man in his Humour*, in which by the proper cast of the several parts, and his own performance of a principal character, he hath displayed the excellencies of our old comic bard in their fullest and fairest glory. But it is not on the stage only, that this gentleman hath a title to our thanks and our esteem ; and in acknowledging the services in which the publick and myself are equal sharers, I must not forget many personal civilities which I have received from him ; nor to add, to his ready concurrence in furnishing whatever would adorn this work, his kindness in procuring some names, the most distinguished for quality and taste, to honour my subscription.

Some other gentlemen, who were occasional contributors in the course of this work, deserve an honourable mention ; and the grateful acknowledgment of my sincere thanks. The late ingenious Mr. Sympson and Mr. Seward have both favoured me with their

conjectures and remarks on some passages of Jonson. It is unnecessary to say, they are conceived with the same felicity and judgment, which distinguish their conjectures and corrections in their edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. I am likewise obliged to the learned Dr. Zachary Grey, who communicated to me some classical imitations he had observed in Jonson, and who hath pointed out some allusions to the times, with that exact knowledge which he hath shewn in clearing up the various references of a like kind, which abound in *Hudibras*. The remarks of these ingenious gentlemen, which will be known by the addition of their names, are, indeed, but few in number; but their excellence will induce the reader to set a proper value on them, and to wish they had found leisure to have favoured me with more. The late learned Dr. Rawlinson, who was always ready to encourage and promote every polite and literary exercitation, expressed his usual humanity upon this occasion. From him I received a copy of the warrant by which Jonson was created Poet Laureat, the *Catiline* in 4to, and the first edition of *Sejanus* in 4to, printed in 1605. This last was a very fine copy, and had been a presentation-book from the poet to his friend. In a blank leaf, at the beginning, was the following inscription, written in Jonson's own hand: "To my perfect friend Mr. Francis Crane, I erect this pillar of friendship, and leave it as the eternal witnesse of my love."

" BEN. JONSON."

It was thus the poet spelt his name, as appears from this, and from other instances, which we have seen, of his hand-writing. It is so spelt in the quarto copies, and in the folio edition of his poems published in 1616. We have thought it necessary to mention this, in order to justify our departure from the common way of spelling it, in later editions, by an insertion of the letter *H*: that if the reader should think it a singularity, he will see it is not our own, but the poet's.

About the time that I was digesting and preparing the notes for the public view, an anonymous pamphlet was published, containing remarks upon the *Volpone*, the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*. In this the learning and critical penetration of Mr. Upton, are so apparent, as to leave no room for doubting who is the real author of it. I had here the satisfaction to find the generality of the notes confirmed, which I had made before; and there were observations on some passages which had escaped me, as there were others omitted, which I thought deserving a remark. Of this pamphlet I have made some use; and have faithfully given the most material observations it contains, having sometimes expressed my own sentiments and thoughts in his words; and

sometimes affixed his name to remarks in which we mutually concurred.

When this edition went to the press, I received the 4to impression of the *Poetaster*, the first copy of the *New Inn* in 1631, 8vo, and the last edition of Jonson's works, which formerly belonged to Mr. Theobald. In the margin of that copy are corrections and various readings, which Mr. Theobald had noted from a collation of the older copies, with some conjectural emendations of his own. Yet these were of no great use; for the old copies had been collated by me before, and his conjectures were rather fanciful than just. I have taken notice, however, of the most material in their proper places; so that the reader will be able to judge and determine of them, as to himself shall seem good.

But although the advantages of this copy were not so many as I at first expected, it was a satisfaction to me to find that had Mr. Theobald published an edition of Jonson's works, he would have proposed the same plan, and executed it in the manner that I have done. For most of the passages which I have illustrated with notes, were underlined and scored by him, as wanting the assistance of an explanatory remark.

The method I have observed in the distribution of the plays and poems, is different from what hath been observed in preceding editions. I have here given the plays in the order of time, according to which they were first performed: the Masques are likewise placed in the same order. The Epigrams follow next, with the *Forrest* and *Underwoods*, in the same succession as the poet himself had ranked them. The *Discoveries*, and the *English Grammar*, succeeded to these, and the *Case is Altered*, as a kind of posthumous piece, is added in conclusion of the whole. I have found it necessary upon some occasions, to dissent from the observations and remarks advanced by others; but I have been careful to do it upon reasonable grounds; and I have always proposed my own judgment with a proper deference and respect, that I may at least have some pretension to pardon, for the mistakes committed by myself. A positive and dogmatizing manner, must be greatly offensive in so fallible a science as conjectural criticism; and when accompanied with injuries, and insults on those who differ from us, it should seem that the critick neither desires nor deserves excuse, for the errors he may possibly be guilty of. The design itself requires no apology: to promote the interests of good letters, and to instruct, or to amuse with innocence, can be inconsistent with no character in life; and the objection, if it should ever be made, will be found to proceed from those who condemn what they do not understand; but should the performance stand in need of an excuse, I would apologize for its defects, as

defects it undoubtedly hath, in the words of one, who had long laboured in the province of editorial drudgery ; and who thus appeals to the judgment and benevolence of his reader : " If thou
" ever wert an editor of such books, thou wilt have some com-
" passion on my failings, being sensible of the toil of such sort
" of creatures ; and if thou art not yet an editor, I beg truce of
" thee till thou art one, before thou censurest my endeavours."

THE LIFE

OF

BENJAMIN JONSON.

THE life of a poet is his works; the author of genius, which cannot die, still continueth to flourish, and to survive in them. But as curiosity inclines us to be equally acquainted with the man, as well as with the writer; and as custom hath made it necessary to prefix some history of his life and person, we shall endeavour to gratify the reader, by presenting him with such particulars as we have been able to collect, relating to the author of the following poems.

Benjamin Jonson was descended from an ancient family in Scotland: his grandfather was originally of Annandale in that kingdom, and removed from thence to Carlisle in the reign of Henry VIII. under whom he enjoyed some post or office. The father of Jonson was a sufferer in the time of Queen Mary, and probably on the account of religion. He was not only imprisoned, but lost his estate, and afterwards entered into holy orders. It should seem that he did not enter into orders, till after the death of Mary, and when Queen Elizabeth was in possession of the crown. Whether he then lived at Carlisle, or at what time he left it with his family, is uncertain. But we find that he resided in Westminster at the time of his death. This happened in the year 1574, about a month before the birth of Benjamin his son. It is no where said on what day, or in what month of that year, nor in what part of Westminster, Jonson was born. Conjecture would lead us to imagine that he was born in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields. There was then a private school in that church, and to that he was first sent for education. He was afterwards removed from thence, and sent to Westminster school, where Camden was his master. Whilst he continued there, his mother married a second husband, by trade a bricklayer. As her son grew up, and was fit to be employed, his mother took him home, and obliged him to work at his father-in-law's business.

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There is some little difference in the relations given us, with regard to the earlier part of Jonson's life, and the time he continued to work at the trade of a bricklayer. Dr. Fuller saith, that he soon left his father, and went to the University of Cambridge; but being unable to continue there for want of a proper maintenance, he returned to his father in a few weeks, and was employed in the new structure of Lincoln's-Inn, with a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket. Mr. Wood tells us, that when he worked with his father, he was pitied by some generous gentlemen, and received assistance from them : and that he was recommended by Camden to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose son he attended in his travels abroad. On his return to England, he and his pupil parted, not in cold blood ; that Jonson then went to Cambridge, and was statutably elected into St. John's College. But this account by Mr. Wood hath great difficulties, not to be reconciled with the age of either of Sir Walter's sons, nor with the incidents of Jonson's life. The account we follow is given by himself.

Disliking his father's business, he went into the Low Countries as a soldier ; there he distinguished himself by his valour, killing and despoiling one of the enemies in the view of both armies. Poets have been seldom memorable for their military achievements, or actions in the field ; we may the less wonder therefore, that Jonson hath touched on this incident of his life, with some elation of heart, in an epigram addressed to true soldiers. After his return home, he resumed his former studies ; and then became a member of the University of Cambridge ; but his name doth not occur, either in the public or private registers of that place. It hath been a constant tradition, that he was a sizar of St. John's College ; but as no account was then taken in that college of those who were admitted, but of those only who received a scholarship, there is no mention of him in their books ; neither doth his name occur in the list of those who were matriculated : for it appeared, on consulting the university register, that there was an omission or neglect for about ten or twelve years together ; in which time it is supposed that Jonson was admitted. There are, however, several books in the library of St. John's college, with his name in them, and which were given by him to that college ; and these books were probably given in his life-time, for we do not find that he left a will, although a diligent search hath been made for that purpose. It is not easy to determine how long a time he continued at Cambridge ; it was undoubtedly but short, his fortune not supplying him with the decent conveniencies of a learned case.

When he left the university, he betook himself to the play-house : a transition not peculiar to Jonson, nor uncommon in the present age. The play-house he entered in was an obscure one,

in the skirts of the town, and called the Green Curtain, in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch or Clerkenwell. At this time likewise he turned his thoughts to compositions for the stage; yet at first, his talents for writing, as well as those for acting, were far from being excellent; and the success in both was answerable. Most of his earlier pieces are said to have miscarried in the representation, or were afterwards neglected by him, when his genius and his judgment improved. His attempts in acting could neither procure him a subsistence, nor recommend him to a share in any of the companies or theatres, which in that age were numerous in the town. His inabilities as a player were a topick of satire to Jonson's adversaries; and they have mentioned some characters in which he appeared with no great credit or applause. Decker reproacheth him "with leaving his former occupation of mortar-treader, to "turn actor;" and informs us particularly, "that he performed "the part of Zuliman at Paris-garden: that he ambled by a "play-waggon in the highway, and took mad Jeronymo's part "to get service among the mimicks; that in this service he would "have continued, but could not set a good face on the matter, "and so was cashiered." It is ungenerous to reproach a man with imperfections he cannot prevent; but Decker had no wit nor humour, and made up what was wanting in both by contumely and abuse. Happy was it for Jonson, that his poverty was his chief crime; and that his adversaries could accuse him rather of the lowness of his fortunes, than the ignominy of his mind or manners.

Whilst he was thus a retainer to the stage, he had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel; but Jonson was not the aggressor. In this rencounter he killed his opponent, who had challenged him; and he himself was wounded in the arm, by his adversary's sword, ten inches longer than his own. Decker hath casually told us, this antagonist was a player. For this offence he was committed to prison; and during his confinement, he was visited by a popish priest, who taking the advantage of his melancholy and dejection of spirits, made him a convert to the church of Rome. He continued twelve years in the Romish communion, but afterwards recanted, and was reconciled to the church of England. It is unknown how long he was kept in prison, and equally uncertain by what method he obtained a releasement from it.

We have now brought Jonson to about the twenty-fourth year of his age, from whence we are to date the rise of his reputation as a dramatic writer. About this time his acquaintance commenced with Shakspeare, who began it, as we are told, with a remarkable piece of service and good-nature; nor is Jonson to be taxed with want of gratitude, or esteem for his friend. He had wrote a play or two which neither added to his reputation or his

profit. He was now offering another to the publick, and had put it into the hands of a person, who running it over in a careless supercilious manner, was returning it to him with answer, that it would be of no service to their company. Shakspeare happened luckily to cast his eye upon it ; and found something so well in it as to engage him to read it through, and afterwards to recommend the poet and his writings to the publick. The name of the play is no where mentioned ; and I do not imagine it to have been any of those we now have ; for he omitted some plays, unquestionably his own, when he published a volume of his works in folio ; and one of those plays we have here reprinted from an old quarto, and placed at the end of the seventh volume.

In the year 1598, his comedy intituled *Every Man in his Humour*, was acted by the lord chamberlain's servants. Their theatre was called the Globe, and situate on the bank-side in Southwark. Shakspeare belonged to it, and was a performer in this comedy of Jonson. The principal comedians belonging to this house, were Shakspeare, Burbage, Hemings, Condel, and several others, all eminent in the profession of acting. Hemings and Condel were the first editors of Shakspeare's plays in folio, about seven years after his decease. The edition is incorrect and faulty, but their intention was good ; and it was but fitting that he who had given life to them and others, should himself live in the fame and memory of admiring posterity.

Every Man in his Humour is the first dramatic performance, in the several editions of Jonson's works. After this he produced a play regularly every year, for some years successively. *Every Man out of his Humour*, his second comedy, was represented in 1599, at the same place, and by the same performers as the former play. There is much less design and action in this, than in the preceding piece ; but the characters are very strongly marked, and some of them have been thought to glance at particular persons of the author's acquaintance.

Cynthia's Revels was acted in the year 1600, and the performers were the children of queen Elizabeth's Chapel. Jonson hath called this not a comedy, but a comical satire. This too hath little or no plot, and the persons of the play are rather vices or passions personized, than characters copied from real life ; his principal intention seemeth to have been, a desire to compliment the Queen, under the allegorical personage of the goddess Cynthia.

His next performance was the *Poetaster*, which hath also the title of a comical satire, and was represented by the same performers in 1601. There was at this time a quarrel between Jonson and Decker ; possibly they were contending heroes for the poetic crown, but certainly the competition between them was very unequal. Decker was personally alluded to in this play, under

the character of Crispinus: and Jonson was further taxed of particularly reflecting in it on some professors of the law, and on some military men, who were both well known in that age. The popular clamours against him upon this occasion ran very high; and to these he replied, in vindication of himself, by an apologetical dialogue, which was once spoke upon the stage; and which he annexed on the publication of his works, to the end of this play. But Decker was bent upon revenge, and resolved if possible to conquer Jonson at his own weapons; for immediately after he wrote a play, intitled *Satiromastix, or the untrussing the Humorous Poet*; and in this Jonson is introduced, under the character of Horace junior. Of Decker's performance we may say, it has much malice mingled with no wit: the *Poetaster* of Jonson hath indeed some merit; but it was abusing his talents, and his time, and paying no great compliment to an audience, in presenting them with the idle quarrels of himself and his rival; and whatever it might cost his adversary, part of the entertainment was undoubtedly at his own expence. As we have said so much of these plays, we shall take leave to say something of the performers in them. Jonson's was presented by the children of the chapel, and Decker's by the children of Saint Paul's. These children were the choristers belonging to both those places: and their reputation for acting, enabled them to vie with the most celebrated players of that age: and it should seem from what Shakspeare hath hinted in *Hamlet*, in relation to this matter, that the public suffrage was divided between them. There is an Epitaph in Jonson on the death of one of these children, which I omitted to take notice of in its proper place. His name, as we conjecture from the initial letters S. P. was Sal. Pavy, who had a part in *Cynthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaster*. The epitaph informs us he had acted with applause for three years; that he was remarkable for playing the character of an old man, and was but in the thirteenth year of his age when he died. It is the 120th of his Epigrams.

The tragedy of *Sejanus* succeeds the *Poetaster*. It was acted in 1603, and the players were the king's servants. These were the company belonging to the Globe, and were at first the servants of the Lord Chamberlain. But in the beginning of this year, they had a patent or licence for playing, granted them by James the First, who at the same time honoured them with the title of his servants. It appears from the preface to this play, that Shakspeare, who was an actor in it, wrote also, as we suppose, some parts of the tragedy; but when Jonson published it in 1605, those parts or speeches were omitted by him.

After an intermission of two years, he wrote his comedy of *Volpone or the Fox*, which was acted in 1605, by the same performers as the tragedy of *Sejanus*; only we may observe, that as

Shakspeare's name is not in the list of the principal comedians, it is probable he had now left the stage, to close his life in an easy and honourable retirement. The enemies of Jonson industriously gave out, that all he wrote was produced with extreme pains and labour, and that he was not less than a year about every play. This objection, had it been true, was really no disgrace to him; for the best authors know by experience, that what appeareth to be the most natural and easy writing, is frequently the effect of study, and the closest application; but their design was to insinuate, that Jonson had no parts, and a poor unfruitful imagination. To this objection, he hath retorted in the prologue to this play: and from thence we learn, that the whole was finished by him in five weeks. About this time he joined with Chapman and Marston, in writing a comedy called *Eastward-Hoe*, wherein they were accused of reflecting on the Scots. For this they were committed to prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses: however, they received a pardon; and Jonson, on his releasement from prison, gave an entertainment to his friends, amongst whom were Camden and Seldon. In the midst of the entertainment, his mother, more an antique Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, having first taken a potion of it herself, if the sentence for his punishment had passed.

A longer interval succeeded before the appearance of his next play; and it was not till the year 1609, that *Epicæne or the Silent Woman* was first acted; but in these intervals his muse did not enjoy a perfect leisure, or cessation from business.

In the reigns of James the First, and his successor Charles, the exhibition of *Masques* became a principal diversion of the court. The queens to both these princes, not being natives of England, could not perhaps at first so readily understand the language; so that the musick and dancing and decorations of a masque, were to them a higher entertainment than what they could receive from any other dramatic composition; and their pleasure was increased, as they often condescended themselves to take a part in the performance. But Jonson was the chief factor for the court; most of these Masques and Entertainments were written by him; and there seldom passed a year in which he did not furnish one or two poetical pieces of this kind. In March 1603, he composed a part of the *Devtee*, intended to entertain king James, as he passed through the city, from the Tower, to his coronation in Westminster-abbey; and in the month of June in the same year, a particular entertainment of his was performed at the lord Spencer's house at Althorp in Northamptonshire, for the diversion of the queen and prince, who rested there some days, as they came first into the kingdom. In 1604, there was a private entertainment of the king and queen, on May-day

morning, at sir William Cornwallis's house at Highgate, and of this likewise Jonson was the author. His first masque, which he hath called *Of Blackness*, was performed at court on the twelfth-night in 1605; and this masque, as all the others, was exhibited with the utmost magnificence and splendour, which the luxuriant elegance of a court could supply. In 1606, a marriage was solemnized between the earl of Essex, and the lady Frances, second daughter to the earl of Suffolk. This marriage had a much more auspicious beginning, than it proved in the issue. It was celebrated by a masque on one day, and by barriers on the day following. Jonson was the author of both. No expence was wanting on this occasion; and the poet hath lavished the profusions of his art and learning, to dignify the subject. In the same year the king of Denmark came into England, on a visit to his sister, consort to James the First: they were entertained on the 24th of July, by the earl of Salisbury, at Theobalds; and Jonson contributed his share of the festival, in Epigrams and Verses which were affixed to the walls of the house. The situation of Theobalds was particularly agreeable to the king, who in the next year exchanged his palace at Hatfield for this seat. Accordingly on the 22d of May 1607, the house with possession was delivered up by the earl of Salisbury to the queen. At this ceremony the king himself was present, with some foreign princes, and the chief nobility of his court. Jonson again solicited his muse, who supplied him with a compliment becoming the appearance. A second masque, which he hath styled *Of Beauty*, was presented in 1608: this was a counterpart to the first, and had the queen and her ladies for the performers, as that also had. On Shrove-tuesday in the same year, the lord Haddington was married, and Jonson was entrusted with the honour of adorning the solemnity by the celebration of a masque. The entrance of the following year gave him an employment of the like kind; when the queen called upon him for the third time, to serve her in the representation of another masque; and this he hath intitled the *Masque of Queens*, celebrated from the house of Fame. In the scenical decoration of these several entertainments, Jonson had Inigo Jones for an associate; and the necessary devices for each seem to have been designed and ordered by him with delicacy, and grandeur of taste. But these servants of the muses could not preserve an harmony with each other, and Discord subsisted between them during the greater part of thirty years, in which they administered to the pleasures of two successive sovereigns and their court.

But these lighter efforts were only the recreations of his muse; and we now return to those weightier labours which he dignified with the title of works. The *Alchemist*, a comedy, was acted in 1610; and though seemingly the freest from personal censure

and reflection, it could not secure him the general applauses of the people. A contemporary author, and a friend to Jonson, hath told us, that on some account or other, they expressed a dislike either to the poet, or his play. The scribblers of the age had indeed a loud and numerous party at their call; and they were constantly let loose on Jonson, whenever he brought a new play upon the stage. But their censure was his fame, whilst he was loved and respected by genius, wit, and candour; and could number in the list of his friends, the prodigies of poetry, and miracles of learning and science. Shakspeare had cherished his infant muse, Beaumont and Fletcher esteemed and revered him, Donne had commended his merit, and Camden the Strabo of Britain, and Selden a living library, knew how to prize his literature and judgment.

Mr. Dryden hath supposed that the *Alchemist* of Jonson was wrote in imitation of the comedy intituled, *Albumazer*. I can oppose nothing certain to this tradition. The author of *Albumazer* is unknown; but the earliest edition of that play is several years later than the *Alchemist*; and as the silence of Jonson's enemies is a presumption in his favour, it is possible that Dryden might be misinformed or mistaken.

The tragedy of *Catiline* was his next labour, which appeared in 1611. The long and frequent translations in this play, from Sallust and Tully, were fresh matter of calumny and malice to his railing adversaries; but the manner in which he appears to have received these attacks, sheweth us that he thought himself in no great danger of being hurt by them. There was now an intermission of three years, before the next performance of his next play: but he had full employment for his muse at court, though he denied her labours to the people. The annual custom of a masque at Christmas, and some intervening marriages of the nobility, contributed to keep his hand in use: so that we have a succession of these pieces, though some of them indeed without date, from the year 1609 to 1615. Two of them were written for the entertainment of prince Henry; and the rest were presented by the queen and her ladies, or by the lords and others, servants of the king.

It appears that in 1613 Jonson was in France; but the occasion of his going, and the stay he made, are alike uncertain. During his continuance there, he was admitted to an interview and conversation with cardinal Perron: their discourse, we may imagine, turned chiefly upon literary subjects; the cardinal shewed him his translation of Virgil; and Jonson, with his usual openness and freedom, told him it was a bad one.

His next play was the comedy called *Bartholomew Fair*, acted in 1614; and that was succeeded by *The Devil is an Ass*, in 1616. In this year he published his works in a fair volume in folio, many

of which had been separately printed before in quarto. In this volume were inserted all the plays excepting the two last, with his *Masques and Entertainments*; and to these were added a book of *Epigrams*, and a collection of longer Poems, which he intitled *The Forest*.

The pompous title of works, which Jonson gave to his Plays and Poems, was immediately carped at by those who had a mind to cavil; and we meet with this Epigram addressed to him upon that occasion:

"Pray tell me, Ben, where does the myst'ry lurk?"

"What others call a Play, you call a Work."

And the following answer was returned, in behalf of Jonson:

"The author's friend thus for the author says;

"Ben's plays are works, when others' works are plays."

We are now to look for him in the bosom of the muses; and we find that soon after this, he resided in Christ-church college, in Oxford, to which place he had been invited by some members of the university, and particularly by Dr. Corbet, a poet, and an admirer of Jonson. Mr. Wood saith, that whilst he continued there he wrote some of his plays; but that matter is not very certain. This however is unquestionable, that there he received a very ample and honourable testimony to his merit; being created in a full house of convocation, a master of arts of that university, in July 1619. On the death of Samuel Daniel in October following, he succeeded to the vacant laurel. It is something strange, that when Daniel was laureat, his province for many years should have been discharged by Jonson: although Daniel wanted not for genius, and was honoured with the good opinion of the queen. The laureat's pay was originally a pension of one hundred marks *per annum*; but in 1630, Jonson presented a petition to king Charles, requesting him to make those marks as many pounds. His petition was granted; and accordingly on the surrendry of his former letters patent, new ones were issued, appointing him the annual pension of one hundred pounds, and a tierce of Spanish wine. The same salary is continued to this day. At the latter end of this year, he went on foot into Scotland, on purpose to visit Drummond of Hawthornden. His adventures in this journey, he wrought into a poem; but that copy, with many other pieces, was accidentally burned. During his stay with Drummond he gave him an account of his family, and several particulars relating to his life; nor was he less communicative of his sentiments with regard to the authors, and poets of his own times. Drummond committed the heads of their conversation to writing; and they are published in a folio edition of his works, printed at Edinburgh. From these minutes we learn

several circumstances concerning Jonson, which do not occur in any other relation, and the account is authentic, as it was taken from his own mouth.

His opinion and censure of the poets will be entertaining to the reader ; and we shall give it him in Mr. Drummond's words, with some necessary remarks and observations. He said that Sidney did not keep a decorum, in making every one speak as well as himself. Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter : the meaning of the allegory of his *Fairy Queen*, he had delivered in writing to sir Walter Raleigh ; which was, that by the bleating beast he understood the puritans, and by the false Duessa the queen of Scots. Spenser's goods, he said, were robbed by the Irish, and his house, and a little child burnt ; he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King-street : he refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them. Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children, and was no poet : he wrote the civil wars, and yet hath not one battle in all his book. Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, if he had performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent ; that he was challenged for intitling one book *Mortimeriades*. Sir John Davis played on Drayton in an Epigram, who in a sonnet, concluded his mistress might have been the ninth worthy ; and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in *Arcadia*, who said his mistress for wit might be a giant. Silvester's translation of *Du Bartas*, was not well done, and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer ; and those of Fairfax were not good. He thought that the translation of Homer and Virgil in long alexandrines, were but prose : that Sir John Harrington's *Ariosto*, under all translations, was the worst. When Sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of his Epigrams, he answered him, that he loved not the truth ; for they were Narrations not Epigrams : he said, Donne was originally a poet, his grandfather on the mother's side was Heywood the epigrammatist ; that Donne for not being understood would perish. He esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things ; his verses of *The lost Oenone* he had by heart ; and that passage of *The Calm*, that dust and feathers did not stir, all was so quiet. He affirmed that Donne wrote all his best pieces, before he was twenty-five years of age. The conceit of Donne's Transformation or Metempsychosis was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eva pulled ; and hereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman : his general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the hereticks, from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this, and since he was made doctor, repented hugely, and resolved to destroy all his poems. He told Donne, that his

Anniversary was prophane and full of blasphemies ; that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary, it had been tolerable ; to which Donne answered, that he described the idea of a woman, and not as she was : and we may add, from Donne's Letters, that he never saw the lady, whom he had made the subject of his poem. It is to the honour of Jonson's judgment, that the greatest part of our nation had the same opinion of Donne's genius and wit ; and hath preserved part of him from perishing, by putting his thoughts and satire into modern verse. Jonson's objections to the verses of Fairfax, must have proceeded from the same principle as his objections to Spenser ; and that is, his dislike to the stanza form in Epic poetry. He said further to Drummond, Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense ; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by an hundred miles. What Jonson alluded to, is in the 6th and 7th scenes of the third act of the *Winter's Tale*. But Shakspeare, we may suppose, copied implicitly the novel from whence he took the plot. Sir Walter Raleigh, he said, esteemed fame more than conscience : the best wits in England were employed in making his history ; and he himself had written a piece to him of the Punic War, which he altered, and set in his Book. He said, there was no such ground for an Heroic poem as king Arthur's fiction ; and that Sir P. Sidney had an intention to have transferred all his *Arcadia* to the stories of king Arthur. Owen was a poor pedantic schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of little children, and has nothing good in him, his epigrams being bare narrations. Francis Beaumont died before he was thirty years of age ; who, he said, was a good poet, as were Fletcher and Chapman, whom he loved. That sir William Alexander was not half kind to him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton ; that sir R. Ayton loved him dearly. He fought several times with Marston, and said that Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies. His judgment of stranger poets was, that he thought not Bartsa a poet, but a verser, because he wrote no fiction. He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses into sonnets, which he said was like that tyrant's bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short. That Guarini, in his *Pastor Fido*, kept no decorum, in making shepherds speak as well as himself ; that the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes. But all this was to no purpose, says Drummond, for he never understood the French or Italian languages. It is true, that Jonson was ignorant of French, but I think there are plain proofs, that he was a competent master of the Italian language ; and as to his judgment of Ronsard, it is probable that he took it from cardinal Perron, whom he conversed with in France in 1613 : for Ronsard was the favourite poet of his Eminence, who, as it appears, professed

an uncommon admiration of his odes. Petronius, Plinius Secundus, and Plautus, as he said, spoke best Latin, and Tacitus wrote the secrets of the council and senate, as Suetonius did those of the cabinet and court; that Lucan taken in parts was excellent, but altogether naught; that Quintilian's 6th, 7th and 8th books were not only to be read, but altogether digested. That Juvenal, Horace, and Martial were to be read for delight, and so was Pindar, but Hippocrates for health. Of the English nation, he said, that Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* was best for church-matters, and Selden's *Titles of Honour* for antiquities. Such was Jonson's opinion of authors antient and modern; and if we except an instance or two, where he seemeth to have been influenced by personal prejudices, we may safely trust his integrity and judgment.

Jonson's office as poet laureat enjoined him to provide the Christmas diversion of a masque; and we have accordingly a series of these, and other entertainments of a like kind, most of which were presented at court, from 1615 to 1625. In this last year was exhibited his comedy called *The Staple of News*; and from thence to the year 1629, the writing of masques was the chief employment of his pen, excepting possibly some shorter pieces, to which there is no date. In that year his comedy intitled *The New Inn, or the Light Heart*, was attempted to be acted; but a strong opposition was formed against it, and some of the players were negligent and careless in their parts. Jonson resented with indignation the ill treatment which his play received, and wrote an ode to himself, as a dissuasive to leave the stage. The *New Inn*, with the ode annexed, was printed in 1631, and a very severe reply was soon after written by Owen Feltham, in verse, and in the same measure with Jonson's ode. He was at that time ill, and lived in an obscure necessitous condition, and there is a printed story which tells us, that the king, who heard of it, sent him a benevolence of ten pounds, and that Jonson when he received the money, returned the following answer: "His majesty hath sent me ten pounds, because I am old and poor, and live in an alley; go, and tell him, that his soul lives in an alley." The bluntness of Jonson's temper might easily afford occasion for such a story to be made; and there is an expression not unlike it, occurring in his works; but the fact is otherwise. It is true, that he was poor and ill; but the king relieved him with a bounty of one hundred pounds, which he hath expressly acknowledged, by an epigram written in that very year, and on that particular occasion.

Jonson continued for some time in this low state; and in 1631 he solicited the lord treasurer for relief, in a short poem addressed to him, which he called an *Epistle Mendicant*, and in which he complains that he had laboured under sickness and want for five years. Superfluous wealth hath been seldom a part of the muse's

dowry ; and but few of her train have been able to boast the splendour and the gifts of fortune. But the frequency of distress hath been their mutual relief ; and with this thought Cowley alleviates his misfortunes, when he so feelingly complains, that such

“ Were all th’ inspired tuneful men,

“ Such all his great forefathers were, from Homer down to Ben.”

The want of success attending the preceding play, did not discourage him from taking the field again. There are two comedies subsequent, in point of time, to the *New Inn*, but both are without a date. Of these, the *Tale of a Tub* was probably his last performance, and is undoubtedly one of those later compositions which Dryden hath called his dotages ; but yet they are the dotages of Jonson. The *Magnetick Lady* succeeded the *New Inn*, though the time of its being first acted is uncertain. The malevolence of criticism, which had marked him for its prey in his younger years, could not be persuaded to reverence his age, but pursued him with unwearied steps, nor left him as long he could hold a pen ; and if we adopt the maxim of a celebrated wit, Jonson must have been certainly a genius, from the confederacy of the dunces against him. Alexander Gill, a poetaster of the times, attacked him with a brutal fury, on account of this last play ; but Gill was a bad man, as well as a wretched poet ; and Jonson with both these advantages, revenged himself by a short but cutting reply. There are two other pieces which are left unfinished, the *Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral tragedy, and the *Fall of Mortimer*. Of this last, there is only the plan of the drama, and one or two scenes ; but the other is carried on almost to the conclusion of the third act ; and it is a doubt whether he left it so by design, or whether he was prevented by death.

The Masques and Entertainments go on in the same successive order as before ; and the last of these was personated in July 1634. His smaller poems were most of them occasional ; the greatest part are without date, nor is there any thing in the subject that leads us to determine the precise time of their composition. Besides the plays which are entirely his own, Jonson joined with Fletcher and Middleton in writing a comedy called the *Widow* ; and he assisted Dr. Hacket, afterwards bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, in translating the *Essays of Lord Bacon* into Latin.

After the year 1634, we do not find that he wrote any thing, or at least, not any thing designed for the stage. He made indeed a translation of *Horace’s Art of Poetry*, an *English Grammar*, and *Observations on Men and Things*, which he hath called *Discoveries*. But the *Art of Poetry* was translated by him very early ; for he mentions it in the preface to *Sejanus*, as what he proposed shortly to

publish, illustrated with notes ; but it doth not appear to have been published, till after he was dead : and much of what was probably intended for the notes, is inserted in the *Discoveries*. These are a very excellent piece, the fruits of mature and judicious age ; valuable not only for the sentiments and observations, but as a pattern of a nervous and concise style. His Grammar was also written by him when advanced in years, and in the judgment of Mr. Wotton, Jonson was the first who did any thing considerable, with regard to the grammar of the English Language ; but as that author observeth, Lilly's Grammar was his pattern ; and for want of reflecting upon the grounds of a language, which he understood as well as any man of his age, he drew it by violence to a dead language, that was of a quite different make, and so left his book imperfect.

In the decline of his life, Jonson was seized with the palsy, which we suppose afflicted him till the time of his death. He died on the sixth of August 1637, in the sixty-third year of his age, and three days after he was interred in Westminster-Abbey, at the north-west end near the belfry, under the escutcheon of Robert de Ros or Roos. Over his grave is a common pavement stone, given, saith Anthony Wood, by Jack Young of Great Milton in Oxfordshire, afterwards knighted by king Charles the Second, and on it are engraven these words : O RARE BEN JONSON ! In the beginning of the year following, a collection of Elegies, and Poems on his death, was published, under the title of *Jonsonius Virbius ; or the Memory of Ben. Jonson revived by the friends of the Muses*. In this collection are poems by most of the men of genius in that age : by the lord Falkland, the lord Buckhurst, sir John Beaumont, sir Thomas Hawkins, Mr. Waller, by Waring, Mayne, and Cartwright, of Oxford, with many others ; and among the rest is Owen Feltham, who attacked him so severely in answer to his Ode on the *New Inn*. This piece was published by Dr. Duppa, bishop of Chichester, and tutor to Charles the Second, then prince of Wales. What is there so desirable as to be loved in life, and lamented after death by wise and good men ; or what more honourable to a poet, than to have his memory embalmed by the tears of the muses ? Soon after, a design was set on foot to erect a monument and a statue to him, and a considerable sum of money was collected for that purpose : but the rebellion breaking out, the design was never executed, and the money was returned. The monument now erected to him in the Abbey, was placed there at the expence of that great encourager of learning the second earl of Oxford, of the Harley family. It is said that in 1616 Jonson lived in Black-friars, where there was then a play-house ; and from thence he removed to a house in Aldersgate-street, at the corner of Jewin-street, where it is reported he died. Mr. Wood acquaints us, Dr. Morley, bishop of Winchester, informed him, that Jonson had a pension from the city, from several of the

nobility and gentry, and particularly from Mr. Sutton, the founder of the Chartreux hospital in London; and Mr. Wood insinuates, that these pensions were paid him, to prevent being made objects of his satire; as if Jonson, like another Aretine, was the scourge of the great, who refused to become tributaries to his muse. The prelate above-mentioned, when master of arts, had been acquainted with Jonson, and often visited him in his last illness. And at those times, he expressed great uneasiness and sorrow for profaning the Scripture in his plays. He had undoubtedly a sense, and was under the influence of religion; and it may be offered in his favour, that his offences against piety and good manners are very few. Were authority or example an excuse for vice, there are more indecencies in a single play of the poet's contemporaries, than in all the comedies which he wrote; and even Shakspeare, whose modesty is remarkable, hath his peccant redundancies, not less in number than those of Jonson; and something must be allowed to the rudeness and indelicacy of the age, when grosser language was permitted, than the chaste ears of more polished times will bear.

It appears that Jonson was married, and had several children; but none survived him: and we know nothing of his wife, or her descent. His eldest son was Benjamin, which was probably the name of Jonson's father, and his eldest daughter Mary. His twenty-second epigram is on the loss of this daughter, who died when six months old; and the forty-fifth is on the decease of his son, at the age of seven years.

His person was corpulent and large; and his face, if we may believe his admirers, resembled Menander's, as the head of that poet is represented upon antient gems and medals: in like manner Vida is said to have resembled Virgil. His disposition was reserved, and saturnine; and sometimes not a little oppressed with the gloom of a splenetic imagination. He told Drummond, as an instance of this, that he had lain a whole night fancying he saw the Carthaginians and Romans, Turks, and Tartars, fighting on his great toe. He hath been often represented as of an envious, arrogant, over-bearing temper, and insolent and haughty in his converse: but these ungracious drawings were the performance of his enemies; who certainly were not solicitous to give a flattering likeness in their portraits of the original. But considering the provocations he received, with the mean and contemptible talents of those who opposed him, what we condemn as vanity or conceit, might be only the exertions of conscious and insulted merit. He was laborious and indefatigable in his studies; his reading was copious and extensive; his memory so tenacious and strong, that when turned of forty, he could have repeated all that he had ever wrote: his judgment accurate and solid; and often consulted by those who knew him well, in branches of very curious learning, and far remote from the flowery paths

loved and frequented by the muses. The lord Falkland, in his elegy, celebrates him as an admirable scholar ; and saith, that the extracts he took, and the observations which he made on the books he read, were themselves a treasure of learning, though the originals should happen to be lost. In his friendships he was cautious and sincere, yet accused of levity and ingratitude to his friends : but his accusers were the criminals ; insensible of the charms, and strangers to the privileges of friendship. For the powers of friendship, not the least of virtues, can be only experienced by the virtuous and good ; and with these Jonson was happily connected in the bonds of intimacy and affection. Randolph and Cartwright revered him as the great reformer, and as the father of the British stage ; and gloried in the honorary title of his adopted sons : and Selden hath acknowledged the good offices which Jonson did him by his interest at court, when he had incurred the royal displeasure by publishing his *History of Tithes*. Stern and rigid as his virtue was, this Cato of poets was easy and social in the convivial meetings of his friends ; and the laws of his Symposia, inscribed over the chimney of the Apollo, a room in the Devil-Tavern near Temple-Bar, where he kept his club, shew us that he was neither averse to the pleasures of conversation, nor ignorant of what would render it agreeable and improving. It is true that he was sparing in his commendations of the works of others, which probably gave occasion to accuse him of envy, and ill-nature ; but when he commends, he commends with sincerity and warmth. A man of sense is always cautious in giving characters ; nor will an honest man applaud where he cannot approve ; and Jonson well knew the people may admire, but to praise is an act of knowledge and of judgment.

In 1640 the volume of plays and poems, which was published in his life-time, was reprinted ; and there was added to it another volume in folio, containing the rest of his Plays, Masques, and Entertainments, with a translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, his *English Grammar*, and the *Discoveries*. But besides what is contained in these two volumes, there are copies of Verses written by Jonson, prefixed to the plays and compositions of his friends. To what I could find most considerable of these, I have here given a place among the Epigrams, where I have inserted likewise a satire upon Inigo Jones, which is now first printed from a manuscript ; and I would have added his commendatory Verses prefixed to May's *Translation of Lucan*, had I been possessed of the book in proper time. At the end of this life, is a copy of the warrant for creating him Poet Laureat, which I was favoured with by the late Dr. Rawlinson, who was possessed of the original : and to that is subjoined the licence for acting, granted by James the First, to the company at the Globe, where many of Jonson's plays were performed, which is extracted from *Rymer's Fœdera*. Mr. Wood

in the catalogue of Jonson's writings, mentions a piece, which he calls his *Motives* in 1622, 8vo. I have not been able to meet with it; and as Mr. Wood is the only person who ascribes this piece to him, it is possible he hath mistaken the real author: since he also assigns to Jonson the tragedy of *Thierry King of France*, which was written by Beaumont and Fletcher.

By the death of Jonson his family itself became extinct, the only issue he left being his Plays and Poems; and their fate hath in some measure resembled his. Yet such is the felicity of their better fortunes, that surviving the attacks of envious contemporary rivals, they have received from the justice of discerning unprejudiced posterity, a fair, and an increasing fame. With those, whose taste for simple and striking copies of nature, is yet uncorrupted by the fastidious delicacy of fashionable refinements, the works of Jonson stand high in esteem: and as they are read from age to age, they will perpetuate his name with all the honours which his genius and his learning deserve.

CHARLES, R.

CHARLES, by the grace of God, Kinge of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. to the Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons of the Exchequer of vs, our heirs and successours, now beinge, and that hereafter shall be, and to all other the officers and ministers of the said court, and of the receipt there now beinge, and that hereafter shall be; and to all others to whom these presents shall come, or to whom it shall or may apperteyn, greeting. Whereas our late most deare father King James of happy memorie, by his letters pattents under the great seale of England, bearing date at Westminster, the first day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign of England (for the considerations therein expressed) did give and graunt unto our well beloved servaunt, Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred marks of lawful money of Englande, during his life, to be paid out of the said Exchequer, at the feast of the Anunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the birth of our Lord God, quarterly, as by the said letters patents more at large may appear. Which annuity or pension, together with the said letters patents, the said Benjamin Johnson hath lately surrendered vnto vs. Know yee now, that wee, for divers good considerations vs at this present especially movinge, and in consideration of the good and acceptable service, done vnto vs and our said father by the said Benjamin Johnson, and especially to encourage him to proceede in those services of his witt and penn, which wee have enjoined vnto him, and which wee expect from him, are graciously pleased to augment and encrease the said annuitie or pension of one

hundred marks, vnto an annuities of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England for his life. And for the better effecting thereof, of our especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, we have given and graunted, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, upon the surrender aforesaid, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson, one annuities or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of England by the year, to have, hold, and yearly to receive the said annuities or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England by the year, unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, from the feast of our Lord God last past, before the date hereof, for and during the natural life of him the said Benjamin Johnson, at the receipt of the Exchequer of vs, our heirs, and successours, out of the treasure of vs, our heirs and successours, from time to time there remayning, by the Theasurer and Chamberlens of vs, our heirs and successours there, for the time beinge, at the foresaid foure usual terms of the year, (that is to say) at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the Birth of our Lord God, by even and equal portions quarterly to be paid., The first payment thereof to begin at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, next before the date of these presents. Wherefore our will and pleasure is, and we do by these presents for vs, our heirs and successors, require, command, and authorise the said Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons, and other officers and ministers of the said Exchequer, now and for the time being, not only to paie or cause to be paie vnto the said Benjamin Johnson, or his assignes the said annuities or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England according to our pleasure before expressed : and also from time to time to give full allowance of the same, according to the true meaning of these presents. And these presents, and the enrolement thereof, shall be unto all men whom it shall concern, sufficient warrant and discharge for the payinge and allowinge of the same accordingly, without any farther or other warrant to be in that behalf procured or obtained. And further know yee, that wee of our more especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, have given and graunted, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assignes, one tere of Canary Spanish wine yearly : to have, hold, perceive, receive, and take the said tere of Canary Spanish wine unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assignes during the term of his natural life out of our store of wines yearly, and from time to time remayninge at or in our cellers within or belonging to our palace of Whitehall. And for the better effecting of our will and pleasure herein, we do hereby require and command all and singular officers and ministers whom it shall or may concerne, or who shall

have the care or charge of our said wines, that they or some one of them do deliver or cause to be delivered the said terse of wine yearly, and once in every year unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, during the terme of his natural life, at such time and times as he or they shall demand or desire the same. And these presents or the inrollment thereof shall be unto all men whom it shall concerne a sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf, although express mention, &c. In witness, &c.

Ex per Ro. HEATH.

Witness, &c.

Maie it please your most excellent Majestic,

This conteyneth your majestie's graunte unto Benjamin Johnson, your majestie's servaunte, during his life, of a pension of 100*l.* per annum, and of a terse of Spanish wine yearly out of your majestie's store remaining at White-hall.

And is done upon surrender of a former letters patents granted unto him by your late royal father, of a pension of 100 marks per annum,

Signified to be your Majestic's pleasure by the Lord Treasurer.

RO. HEATH.

Endorsed thus :

March 1630.

*Expl. apud Westm' vicesimo-sexto die Martii anno R. Ric
Caroli quinto.*

per WINDEBANK.

PRO LAURENTIO FLETCHER & WILLIELMO SHAKSPEARE & aliis.

A. D. 1603. *Pat.* **J**AMES, by the grace of God, &c. to all
| *Jac. P. 2. m. 4.* justices, maiors, sheriffs, constables, head-
boroughs, and other our officers and loving subjects, greeting.
Know ye that wee, of our special grace certeine knowledge and
meer motion, have licensed and authorized, and by these presentes
doe licence and authorize theise our servaunts, Laurence Fletcher,
William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philippes, John
Hemings, Henrie Condel, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard
Cowly, and the rest of their associates, freely to use and exercise
the arte and faculty, of playing comedies, tragedies, histories,
interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like others as
theie have alreadie studied or hereafter shall use or studie, as well
for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and
pleasure, when we shall thincke good to see them, during our
pleasure: and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes,
morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise
publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the
plague shall decrease, as well within their nowe usuall house called

the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie toun, halls, or moute halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other citie, universitie, toun, or boroughe, whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions. Willing and commanding you and everie of you, as you tender our pleasure, not onlie to permit and suffer them herein, without anie your letts, hindrances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be aiding or assistinge to them if any wrong be to them offered, and to allow them such former curtesies as hathe bene given to men of their place and quallitie; and also what further favour you shall shew to theise our servaunts for our sake, we shall take kindlie at your handes.

In witness whereof, &c.

Witness our selfe at Westminster, the nynteenth daye of Maye.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KNO'WELL, an old Gentleman.

ED. KNO'WELL, his Son.

BRAIN-WORM, *The Father's Man.*

MR. STEPHEN, a Country-Gull.

DOWN-RIGHT, a plain Squire.

WELL-BRED, his half Brother.

JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old merry Magistrate.

ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk.

KITELY, a Merchant.

DANE KITELY, his Wife.

MRS. BRIDGET, his Sister.

MR. MATTHEW, the Town-Gull.

CASH, *Kitely's Man.*

COB, a Water-bearer.

TIB, his Wife.

CAPT. BOBADILL, a *Paul's Man.*

SCENE, London.

PROLOGUE.

THOUGH need make many poets, and
some such

As art and nature have not better'd much ;

Yet ours for want, hath not so lov'd the stage,

As he dares serve th' ill customs of the age,

Or purchase your delight at such a rate,

As, for it, he himself must justly hate :

To make a child now swaddled, to proceed

Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and

weed, [swords,

Past threescore years ; or, with three rusty

And help of some few foot and half-foot

words,

Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,¹

And in the tying-house bring wounds to

scars.

He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see

One such to-day, as other plays should be ;

Where neither chorus waits you o'er the seas,

Nor creaking throne comes down the boys
to please :

Nor nimble squib is seen to make afraid

The gentlewomen ; nor roul'd bullet heard

To say, it thunders ; nor tempestuous drum

Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth

come ;

But deeds, and language, such as men do use,

And persons, such as Comedy would chuse,

When she would shew an image of the times,

And sport with human follies, not with

crimes.²

Except we make 'em such, by loving still

Our popular errors, when we know th' are ill,

I mean such errors as you'll all confess,

By laughing at them, they deserve no less :

Which when you heartily do, there's hope

left then, [like men.

You, that have so grac'd monsters, may

¹ ————— *With three rusty swords,*

And help of some few FOOT AND HALF-FOOT WORDS,

Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars.]

The author takes occasion in this prologue to ridicule the common practice of the stage-writers ; their deficiency in plot, their ignorance of the dramatic unities, with their several imperfections both in sentiment and style. Possibly Shakspeare himself, by the help of a proper application, was designed to be included in this censure. The " foot and half-foot words," a translation of Horace's *Sesquipedalia Verba*, allude to expressions of a most unmeasurable length, which were commonly made use of by the authors of that age ; and were supposed to give magnificence and sublimity to their diction. It was about this time, that compound epithets were first introduced into our poetry ; and to what licentiousness of style they were perverted, appears from the following lines of Bishop Hall, who is drawing the character of the Poetaster Labeco.

" He knows the grace of that new elegance,

" Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France,

" (That well bescem'd his high-styl'd Arcady,

" Though others mar it with much liberty) ;

" In epithets to join two words in one,

" Forsooth, for adjectives cannot stand alone ;

" As a great poet could of Bacchus say,

" That he was *Semele-femori-gena.*" — VIRGIDEMIANUM Lib. VI. Sat. 1.

² *And sport with human follies, not with crimes.]* This distinction is made expressly from the precept of Aristotle ; who assigns the τὸ γλαῖον or the ridiculous, as the immediate subject of comedy. Poetic. Sect. 5. but makes the crimes of men, as being of a more serious nature, the particular object of the tragic poet.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Kno'well, Brain-worm, Mr. Stephen.

Kno. **A** GOODLY day toward! and a fresh morning! Brain-worm, Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.¹ [him.]

Tell him, I have some business to employ *Brai.* I will, sir, presently.

Kno. But hear you, sirrah, If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. Well, sir.⁴

Kno. How happy yet, should I esteem myself,

Could I, by any practice, wean the boy From one vain course of study, he affects. He is a scholar, if a man may trust The liberal voice of fame, in her report, Of good account in both our universities, Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:

But their indulgence must not spring in me A fond opinion, that he cannot err.

Myself was once a student, and, indeed, Fed with the self-same humour he is now, Dreaming on nought but idle poetry, That fruitless and unprofitable art, Good unto none; but least to the professors; Which, then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge:

But since, time and the truth have wak'd my judgment,

And reason taught me better to distinguish

The vain from th' useful learnings. Cousin Stephen! [early?]

What news with you, that you are here so *Step.* Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done; you are welcome, couz.

Step. 'I, I know that, sir, I would not ha' come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

Kno. O, well couz, go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an' he have e're a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wusse, but I'll practise against next year, uncle: I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.⁴

Kno. O, most ridiculous.

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle; why you know an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting-languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants company without 'em: and by gads-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every hum-drum: hang 'em, scroyles! there's nothing in 'em i' the world. What do you

¹ *A goodly day toward! and a fresh morning! Brain-worm,*

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.] Thus are these lines printed in the common editions of this poet, without any regard to the measure or quantity of the verse. It must be owned that the metre of the comic poets, in the age of Jonson, was extremely loose and irreg. lar, often requiring to be helped out by the speaker. The voice, as it was necessary, must either slur over, or lengthen out a syllable to preserve the numbers. An elision in the word *gour*, by marking it in this manner *g'r*, would guide the pronunciation in the reading. There is, however, an expletive, that might easily be omitted, and might probably have been the player's insertion: and the verse would be better, if we read it thus:

Brain-worm, call your young master: bid him rise, sir.—Mr. SEWARD.

These observations are equally ingenious and just; but I have still ventured to retain the old reading, principally on the authority of the first folio, which was printed in the poet's life-time, and under his own inspection. The defect in measure is probably in the first line; which becomes a perfect verse by contracting the word *toward* into one syllable, and which undoubtedly must be so pronounced.

² *Brain. WELL, SIR.]* An elliptical expression; *It is well, sir*; probably borrowed from the Latin form of speaking, usual on such occasions.

Rogo nunquid velit; RECTE, inquit, abeo.—TEREN. Eun. Act. II. Scen. 3.

³ *I, I know that, sir!]* *Ay, &c.* The antient way of writing this affirmative particle was only with the vowel *I*, and a comma after it. This is followed in the old and last edition likewise, and I have conformed to it in the present.

⁴ *I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.]* Falconry was a favourite diversion of this age. Mr. Stephen having purchased a hawk with all its furniture, is ignorant how to keep it *secundum artem*. For the service of connoisseurs like himself, books were then wrote upon this subject. A treatise of this kind by one George Turberville is yet to be found, and may perhaps be of infinite service to the curious in this science. In the same manner they fought duels by the book.

talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds? A fie jest I'faith! Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman: Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal absurd cockscomb, go to.

Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you. Ha? you not yet found means enow to waste That which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite, And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?^a [man!]

O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman. Well, cousin, well! I see you are c'en past hope [it,

Of all reclaim: I, so, now you are told on You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman; [thrive,

"Learn to be wise, and practise how to "That would I have you do: and not to spend

"Your coin on every bauble that you fancy, "Or every foolish brain that humours you.

"I would not have you to invade each place,

"Nor thrust yourself on all societies, "Till men's affections, or your own desert,

"Should worthily invite you to your rank. "He that is so respectless in his courses,

"Oft sells his reputation at cheap market. "Nor would I, you should melt away your-

self

"In flashing bravery, lest while you affect "To make a blaze of gentry to the world,

"A little puff of scorn extinguish it, "And you be left like an unsav'ry snuff,

"Whose property is only to offend. "I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;

"Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;

"But moderate your expences now (at first)

"As you may keep the same proportion still.

"Nor stand so much on your gentility,

^a *Go cast away your money on a kite, And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?*

The great number of hawks or falcons kept in that age, and the manner of their food, will appear from the following passage: "I would our falcons might be satisfied with the division of their prey, as the falcons in Thracia were, that they needed not to devour the hens of this realm in such number, that unless it be shortly considered, our familiar poultry shall be as scarce, as be now partridge and pheasant. I speak not this in dispraise of the falcons, but of them which keepeth them like cockneys."—*Sir Tho. Eliot's Governour*, l. i. c. 18. Lond. 1580.

^b *We do not stand much on our gentility, friend.* This answer is made with exquisite humour. Stephen piques himself on being a gentleman; Kno'well had just reproved him for a rough illiberal behaviour, and cautions him not to presume upon his birth and fortune. Master Stephen doth not seem to relish this advice, but at the entrance of the servant, he discovers his regard for what his uncle had been saying, by the repetition of his last words.

"Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing, [none of yours, "From dead men's dust, and bones; and "Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

SCENE II.

Servant, Mr. Stephen, Kno'well, Braith-worm.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend;^b yet you are welcome, and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land: he has but one son in all the world; I am his next heir (at the common law) Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die (as there's hoped he will), I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir? why! and in very good time, sir: you do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir? you were not best, sir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good mysaucey companion! an' you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Cousin! cousin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an' 'twere not for shame, I would—

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull?

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see, the honest man demeans himself Modestly towards you, giving no reply To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion;

And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As you of wit, as of humanity.
Go get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[Exit Stephen]

Serv. I pray, sir, is this Master Kno'well's house?

Kno. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Kno'well; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? Cry you mercy, sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman of the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'se. (To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'twell.) What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be cover'd.

Serv. One Master Well-bred, sir.

Kno. Master Well-bred! A young gentleman? is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitley married his sister; the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Kno. You say very true. Brain-worm.

Brai. Sir.

Kno. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you go in.

This letter is directed to my son:
Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners,
use

The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope, old men are curious,
Be it but for the style's sake, and the phrase,
'To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Well-bred: what have we
here? what's this?

THE LETTER.

Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots; evening and morning, o' the north-west wall: an' I had been his son, I had sav'd him the labour long since, if

taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha' serv'd. But pr'ythee come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee, our 'Turky company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.
From the Wind-mill.

From the Bordello, it might come as well, The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit, The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth?

I know not what he may be in the arts, Nor what in schools; but surely, for his manners,

I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch: Worse by possession of such great good gifts, Being the master of so loose a spirit. [writ] Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend!

Why should he think, I tell my apricots, Or play th' Hesperian dragon with my fruit, To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought, you Had had more judgment to have made election [trust,

Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare

No argument, or subject from their jest. But I perceive affection makes a fool Of any man, too much the father. Brain-worm.

Brai. Sir.

[letter]

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young master?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; [your life]

But with no notice that I have open'd it, on

Brai. O lord, sir, that were a jest indeed!

Kno. I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey,

Nor practise any violent means to stay

[From the WIND-MILL.] This house then stood at the corner of the Old Jewry, towards Lothbury; and was remarkable for the various changes it had successively undergone. The Jews used it at first for a Synagogue; afterwards it came into the possession of a certain order of friars called *de Penitentia Jesu*, or *Frates de Saccá*, from their being clothed in sackcloth. In process of time, it was converted to a private house, wherein several mayors had resided, and kept their mayoralty. In the days of Stow, from whom this account is taken, it was a wine-tavern, and had for the sign a wind-mill.

See STOW'S Survey by STAPPE, L. III. p. 54.

Th' unbridled course of youth in him; forthat
 Restrain'd grows more impatient; and in kind
 Like to the eager, but the generous grey-
 hound,

Who, ne'er so little from his game withheld,
 Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

"There is a way of winning more by love,

"And urging of the modesty, than fear:"

"Force works on servile natures, not the free.

"He that's compell'd to goodness, may be

good; [drawn

"But 'tis but for that fit: where others,

"By softness and example, get a habit.

"Then, if they stray, but warn'em; and the

same [do for shame."

"They should for virtue have done, they'll

SCENE III.

Edw. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Mr. Stephen.

E. Kno. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Kno. That scarce contents me. What countenance, pr'ythee, made he, i' th' reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Kno. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kno. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brain-worm.

Step. O, Brain-worm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what's-ha' call him doubt? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, master Stephen; what of him?

Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him—Where is he? canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence: he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields! horson Scander-bag rogue! Oh that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your long'ng, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spight on't.

Brai. Why, a fine whisp of hay, roul'd hard, master Stephen.

Step. No faith, it's no boot to follow him, now: let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

Brai. You'll be worse vex'd when you are truss'd, master Stephen. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will; now thou tell'st me on't: How dost thou like my leg, Brain-worm?

Brai. A very good leg, master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i' th' town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose—

Brai. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for't.

Step. Another time will serve, Brain-worm. Gramercy for this.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Kno'well laughs, having read the letter.*

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do—

E. Kno. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure; that make the careful costar monger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and

* *There is a way of winning more by love, And urging of the modesty, than fear, &c.*] *TERENCE* is the author of these sentiments, which are adapted with the utmost propriety of character to the temper of the speaker.

Pudore & liberalitate liberos

Retinere, solius esse credo, quam metu.

Malo coactus qui suum officium facit,

Dum id rescitum iri credit, tantisper cavet.

Hoc patrium est, potius consuefacere filium

Sua sponte recte facere, quam alicui metu.—*Adelphi. Act. I. Sc. 1.*

* *I think my leg would shew in a silk hose*] The humour of these half-witted gallants, with relation to their dress, and particularly the furniture of their legs, is frequently taken notice of by our old comedians.

"*Sir Tob.* I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

"*Sir And.* Aye, 'tis strong; and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stocking." *SHAKESPEARE'S Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 4.*

troll ¹⁰ ballads for Mr. John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man; for he takes much physick: and oft taking physick makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master Well-bred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience; then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—What! my wise cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: Oh for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee—

Step. Oh, now I see who he laught at. He laught at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laught at me—

E. Kno. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laught at me, cousin.

E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, couz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, couz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kno. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then—

E. Kno. What then?

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be so, gentle couz. And, I pray you, let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' th' Old Jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, couz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Kno. No, no, you shall not protest, couz.

Step. By my sackings, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Kno. You speak very well, couz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Kno. Your turn, couz? Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step

hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit! and he! this man! so graced, guided, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter (again a good time) shews more bright to the world than he! and he (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a sinoaky lawn, or a black cyprus! O couz! it cannot be answered, go not about it. Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, couz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are, be pourtrayed i' your face. that men may read i' your phynomy. Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one. What think you of this, couz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been; I'll insure you.

E. Kno. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb-humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. Come, couz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno. Follow me? you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good cousin.

SCENE IV.

Mr. Matthew, Cob.

Mat. I think this be the house: what ho!

Cob. Who's there? O, master Matthew! gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What! Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. I, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob, what lineage? what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man: and yet no man neither (by your worship's leave, I did lie in that), but Herring the king of fish, (from his belly I proceed), one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. The first red-herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's book. His, Cob, was my great great-mighty-great grand-father.

¹⁰ And TROLL ballads.] Cry, and sing ballads. The expression common at that time; ————— Will you troll the catch

"You taught me but while e'er.—SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*.

And Milton in the *Paradise Lost*,

"To dress, to troll the tongue, and roll the eye."

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty? I pray thee.

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great Cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring, Cob.

Cob. I, sir, with favour of your worship's nose, Mr. Matthew, why not the ghost of a herring Cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher-Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I, say Rasher-Bacon. They were both broiled o' th' coals; and a man may smell broil'd meat, I hope? you are a scholar, upsolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw ignorance! Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir! you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir! do you not mean Captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house; he! he lodge in such a base obscure place, as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou'dst gi't him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night: Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why? was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir? you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallow'd a tavern token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, ho! God b' w' you, sir. It's six a clock: I should ha' carried two turns, by this. What ho! my stopple, come.

Mat. Lie in a Water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib, shew this gentleman up to the captain. Oh, an' my house were the Brazen-head now! faith it would e'en speak "Mo fools yet." You should ha' some now would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is: O, my guest is a fine man, and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house, where I serve water, one master Kiteley's i' the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her mistress: and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile, (a pox on 'em, I cannot abide them!) "rascally verses, Poyetry, Poyetry, and speaking of interludes; 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so geer, and ti-he at him—well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh. There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest (he teaches me) he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: By St. George, the foot of Pharaoh, the body of me, as I am a gentleman and a soldier: such dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence at a time) besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha't, he says, the next action. Helter-skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

SCENE V.

Bobadill, Tib, Matthew.

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

[*Bobad. is discovered lying on his bench.*]¹²

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! odds so, I am not within.

¹¹ *Rascally verses, Poyetry, Poyetry, &c.*] The number of small wits and pretenders to poetry in this age, was very great. Gascoin and Lodge, with some others, had wrote madrigals and pastoral sonnets in a pretty natural and easy strain. This produced a herd of imitators, who by degrees brought the fashion into contempt. The severer poets, therefore, took occasion to ridicule this affectation, by making it the object of mirth, even to the vulgar themselves. Mr. Matthew indeed might be very reasonably excused, as being both a gentleman and a lover.

¹² *Bobadill is discovered lying on his bench.*] The same attitude is given to a brother of the society, by Sir Thomas Overbury; "Three large bawins set up his trade, with a bench; which in the vacation of the afternoon, he uses for his day-bed."

Character of an ordinary Fencer.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague!—what meant he?

Mat. Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there? take away the bason, good hostess; come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain.

Bob. Gentle master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred, and others: why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. I, sir: sit down, I pray you. Mr. Matthew (in any case) possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I, sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engag'd, as yourself, or so) I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O lord, sir, I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of

fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo!

Mat. I, did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penn'd?

Bob. Well-penn'd! I would fain see all the poets, of these times, pen such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, (as I am a gentleman) read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book! "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!" There's a conceit! fountains fraught with tears! "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" Another! "O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!" A third! "Confus'd and fill'd with murder, and misdeeds!" A fourth! O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. "To thee, the purest object to my sense,

"The most refined essence heaven covers,
"Send I these lines, wherein I do commence

"The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.

"If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh,
"and rude,

"Haste made the waste. Thus mildly,
"I conclude."

Bob. Nay proceed, proceed. Where's this?

[*Bobadill is making him ready all this while.*

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses! But when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can shew you some very good things, I have done of late—That boot becomes your leg, passing well, captain, methinks!

Bob. So, so, it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, master Well-bred's elder brother and I are fall'n out exceedingly;

"What new book ha' you got there? What! go by, Hieronymo."] The piece referred to is a play, much admired by the populace in that age, and as much derided by our old comedians. The speech above became a by-word, and is to be met with as such both in Shakspeare and Fletcher.

"Here are a number of fine speeches in this book; O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears."] We have here another instance from Hieronymo, which may serve the reader as a specimen of that poetry and nature, which reign throughout the whole. In the comedy called *ALBUMAZAR*, these verses are ridiculed by the following parody:

"O lips, no lips, but leaves besmear'd with mel-dew!

"O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs!

"O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears!

"O tears, no tears, but——" Act II.

I would beg leave to remark, that this kind of satire, though now grown into disuse, was frequently practised by the poets of this age, upon the dramatic compositions of each other. It found a place, likewise, in the earliest productions of the stage. The old comedy of the Greeks abounded with raileries of this nature: and numerous examples might be produced from Aristophanes, in which Euripides is treated by him in the same manner.

this other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like! yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, wasn't not?

Mat. I, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse: By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his discourse he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the minger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

Mat. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a charrel presently: the bastinado! "A most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza: come hither: you shall charrel him; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air."

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heav'n, no not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have protest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you: hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action¹⁵. Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus: (give it the gentleman, and leave us;) so, sir. Come on! O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike guard, so, indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time¹⁶.—Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill! a well experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir—(make a thrust at me) come in upon the answer, controul your point, and make a full career at the body: the best practis'd gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you: your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

¹⁵ *A most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great CARANZA.* DEFENDANCE, when the fighting system was in vogue, signified the ground or cause of quarrel. The reader may find the doctrine humorously explained in *The Devil is an Ass*, Act 3. Caranza was an author who wrote a treatise on the *Duello*: he is often mentioned by Fletcher with ridicule, and by Jonson in his *New Inn*.

¹⁶ *Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly; lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action.* [Corporal Bardolph will explain to us what the captain means by the words of action. "Bard. Pardon me, sir, I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being where-by he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing."—2d Part, Hen. 4th, Act III. Sc. 4.]

The word accommodation, as the poet tells us in his *Discoveries*, was at this time a modish expression, and what he calls, one of the perfumed terms of the age.

¹⁷ *Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time.* This exposes with much life and humour the affected fashion of duelling, which then so universally prevailed. Bare fighting was not enough; but it must be managed according to rule, and the directions of the masters in the science. We have the same kind of satire in Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. "He fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance and proportion; Ah, the immortal passado, the punto reverso." Act. II. Sc. 4.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination, as ever I heard: O, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that; come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit—I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick: you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to controul any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this

hand; you should, by the same rule, controul his bullet, in a line, except it were had shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt, to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Well-bred: perhaps we shall meet the ¹¹Coridon his brother there, and put him to the question.

* *The Coridon his brother.*] Meaning Downright, who was half-brother to Well-bred.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Kitely, Cash, Downright.

Kit. THOMAS, come hither. [desk,
There lies a note within upon my
Here take my key: It is no matter neither.
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i' the warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over straight, that Spanish gold, [you
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do
See the delivery of those silver-stuffs
To master Lucar: tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grograms, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir. [Downright?

Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother

Down. I, what of him?

Kit. He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child, up at my door,
And christen'd him, gave him mine own
name Thomas, [proving
Since bred him at the hospital; where
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and
taught him

So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname,
Cash;

And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Down. So would not I in any bastard's,
brother,
As it is like he is; although I knew
Myself his father. But you said yo' had
somewhat [is't?

To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what

Kit. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection—

Down. What need this circumstance? Pray
you be direct.

Kit. I will not say, how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, but confirm
How well I have been affected to your—

Down. You are too tedious, come to the
matter, the matter.

Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus:
My Brother Well-bred, sir, (I know not how),
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.

When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,

“ And, what was chief, it shew'd not bor-
row'd in him,

“ But all he did became him as his own,
“ And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possess,

“ As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now his course is so irregular,

So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace,
And he himself withal so far fall'n off
From that first place, as scarce no note re-
mains,

To tell men's judgments where he lately
stood.

He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,

He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle

For giddy humour and diseased riot;

And here (as in a tavern, or a stew,)

He and his wild associates spend their hours

In repetition of lascivious jests,

Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night
by night, [not?

Controul my servants; and indeed what

Down. 'Sdeyns, I know not what I should
say to him, i' the whole world! He values
me at a crackt three-farthings, for aught I

see.¹ It will never out of the flesh that's bred i' the bone! I have told him enough one would think, if that would serve: but counsel to him, is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ake; an' he think to be reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door: I'll lay my hand o' my half-penny, ere I part with't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, brother. [in it, But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail (Though but with plain and easy circumstance,)

It would both come much better to his sense, And savour less of stomach, or of passion. You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives, and warrants your authority, Which (by your presence seconded) must A kind of duty in him, and regard: [breed Whereas, if I should intimate the least, It would but add contempt to his neglect, Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred, That in the rearing would come tott'ring And in the ruin bury all our love. [down, Nay, more than this, brother, if I should speak, He would be ready from his heat of humour, And over-flowing of the vapour in him, To blow the ears of his familiars, With the false breath of telling, what disgraces, [him. And low disparagements, I had put upon Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable, Make their loose comments upon every word, Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over, From my flat cap, unto my shining shoes; And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies, Beget some slander that shall dwell with me. And what would that be, think you? marry this,

They would give out (because my wife is fair, Myself but lately married, and my sister Here sojourning a virgin in my house)

That I were jealous! nay as sure as death, That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd

My brother purposely, thereby to find An apt pretext, to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so: they're like enough do do it. [should I

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so (Like one of these penurious quack-salvers) But set the bills up to mine own disgrace, And try experiments upon myself; Lead scorn and envy opportunity, To stab my reputation, and good name—

SCENE II.

Matthew, Bobadill, Down-right, Kitley.

Mat. I will speak to him—

Bob. Speak to him? Away, by the foot of Pharaoh you shall not, you shall not do him that grace. The time of day, to you gentleman o' the house. Is Mr. Well-bred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you; is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you?

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me, I'll talk to no scavenger.

Dow. How, scavenger? stay, sir, stay.

Kit. Nay, brother Down-right.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an' you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger? well, go to, I say little: but by this good day, (God forgive me I should swear,) if I put it up so, say I am the raskest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeyns, and I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger? 'heart, and I'll go near to fill that huge-tumbrel-slop of yours, with somewhat, an' I have good luck: your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.

Kit. Oh do not fret yourself thus, never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these are his can'rades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a Cavaliero too, right hang-

¹ *He values me at a crackt three-farthings, for aught I see.*] The three-farthing pieces current in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were made of silver; and consequently very thin, and much cracked by public use.

“ My face so thin,

“ That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

“ Lest men should say, Look where three-farthings goes.

SHAKESPEARE'S King John, Act I. Scene 2.

² *Why, do you hear you?*] This is the reading of the last edition, and is evidently corrupt. I corrected it as it stands above; and turning to the first folio, found my conjecture confirmed by it.

man cut! Let me not live, an' I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd, it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses: Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i' faith. [(then)

Al. But, brother, let your reprehension Run in an easy current, not o'er-high Carried with rashness, or devouring choler; But rather use the soft persuading way, Whose powers will work more gently, and compose [chain; Th' imperfect thoughts you labour to re-More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now? oh, the bell rings to breakfast. [*Bell rings.* Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife Company till I come; I'll but give order For some dispatch of business to my servants—

SCENE III.

[*To them.*] *Kitely, Cob, Dame Kitely.*

Kit. What, Cob? our maids will have you by the back i' faith, For coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not then by the belly, for walking so late in the evening.

[*He passes by with his tankard.*

Kit. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,

Though not repos'd in that security As I could wish; but I must be content. How-e'er I set a face on't to the world, Would I had lost this finger at a venture, So Well-bred had ne'er lodg'd within my house.

Why't cannot be, where there is such resort Of wanton gallants, and young revellers, That any woman should be honest long.

"Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity unshaken,

"When such strong motives muster and make head

"Against her single peace? No, no; beware

"When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,

"And spirits of one kind and quality

"Come once to parley in the pride of blood,

[*As he brews, so shall he drink.*] The poet had given us a hint of Downright's character before, where he makes Bobadill say of him, that he has nothing but old iron, and rusty proverbs. The reader may just observe, how consistently the whole is drawn, and this was a piece of art, which Jonson learnt from conversing with his classic masters.

* *Trist, my head akes extremely—keep you warm, it is this NEW DISEASE.*] Jonson is exact in his description. Violent pains in the head were the diagnostics of a disorder, which made its first appearance about this time, and bore the appellation the poet gives it. So the author of *Aulicus Copularia*, &c. mentioning the illness of which Prince Henry died: "Returned to Richmond in the fall of the leaf, he complained afresh of his pain in the head, with increase of a meagre complexion, inclining to feverish; and then for the rareness thereof called the NEW DISEASE."

"It is no slow conspiracy that follows. Well, (to be plain) if I but thought the time Had answer'd their affections, all the world Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.

Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start; For opportunity hath baulk'd 'em yet, And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears, I'll attend the impositions of my heart. My presence shall be as an iron bar, I'll wext the conspiring motions of desire: Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects, Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave, When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Dame. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An' she have overheard me now?

Dame. I pray thee, good Muss, we stay for you.

Kit. By heav'n, I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame. What ail you, sweetheart? are you not well? speak, good Muss.

Kit. I trow my head akes extremely, oaa sudden.

Dame. O, the lord!

Kit. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm, good truth it is this *New Disease*, there's a number are troubled withal! for love's sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kit. How simple, and how subtil are her answers?

A *New Disease*, and many troubled with it! Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me i' the wind! sweet-heart,

I'll come to you presently; 'twill away I hope.

Dame. Pray heaven it do. * [or old,

Kit. A *New Disease*! I know not, new But it may well be call'd a poor mortals' plague;

For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. "First it begins

"Solely to work upon the phantasy,

"Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,

"As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence,

"Sends like contagion to the memory:

"Still each to other giving the infection.

"Which as a subtil vapour spreads itself
 "Confusedly, through every sensitive part,
 "Till not a thought or motion in the mind
 "Be free from the black poison of suspect.
 "Ah, but what misery is it to know this?
 "Or knowing it, to want the mind's erection
 "In such extremes?" Well, I will once
 more strive
 (In spite of this black cloud) myself to be,
 And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me.

SCENE IV.

Brain-worm, Ed. Kno'well, Mr. Stephen.

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot chuse but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the Fico. O sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dryfoot, over Moorfields to London, this morning; now I knowing of this hunting match, or rather conspiracy, and to intimate with my young master, (for so must we that are blue-waters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear Motley at the year's end, and who wears Motley, you know,) have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these Lancelots, my arm here, and my—young master! and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

E. Kno. So, sir; and how then, couz?

Step. 'Sfoot, I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Kno. How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell, stay.

Brai. 'Slid! I am afraid they will know me: would I could get by them.

E. Kno. What? ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitch'd, I—

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the loss, hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: no, an' it had been lost, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring Mrs. Mary sent me.

E. Kno. A jet ring? O the poesy, the poesy?

Step. Fine, i' faith! "Though Fancy
 "sleep, my love is deep." Meaning that
 though I did not fancy her, yet she lov'd
 me dearly.

E. Kno. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and
 my poesy was, "The deeper the sweeter,
 "I'll be judg'd by St. Peter."

E. Kno. How, by St. Peter? I do not
 conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the
 metre.

E. Kno. Well, there the Saint was your
 good patron, he help'd you at your need;
 thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I
 will venture, come what will.

[*He comes back.*]

Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns
 for a very excellent good blade here? I am
 a poor gentleman, a soldier, one that, in the
 better state of my fortunes, scorn'd so mean
 a refuge; but now it is the humour of neces-
 sity to have it so. You seem to be gentle-
 men well affected to martial men, else
 should I rather die with silence, than live
 with shame. However, vouchsafe to re-
 member it is my want speaks, not myself:
 this condition agrees not with my spirit—

E. Kno. Where hast thou serv'd?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the
 late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia,
 Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor
 servitor by sea and land, any time this four-
 teen years, and followed the fortunes of the
 best commanders in Christendom. I was
 twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at
 the relief of Vienna; I have been at Mar-
 seilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a
 gentleman-slave in the galleys thrice, where
 I was most dangerously shot in the head,
 through both the thighs, and yet being thus
 maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing
 left me but my scars, the noted marks of
 my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own
 judgment; you are a gentleman, give me
 what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know
 that, friend: but what thought? I pray you
 say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become
 the side or thigh of the best prince in
 Europe.

E. Kno. I, with a velvet scabbard, I
 think.

* Twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of VIENNA.] The siege of Vienna, which makes so considerable a figure in the German annals, was begun by Sultan Solymán, in April 1529, as it is commonly said, with an incredible multitude of soldiers; but being vigorously opposed by the besieged, he retired from the town in October following. But Leucicavius, who has wrote a history of the siege, tells us that he marched from Constantinople in April, and did not sit down before Vienna till the September afterwards.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, couz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir, nay 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higgin-bottom, and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field-rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kno. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir.

SCENE V.

Kno'well, Brainworm.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought, yet, of this letter,

Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change

Of manners, and the breeding of our youth Within the kingdom, since myself was one.

When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it,

On a grey head: "Age was authority

"Against a buffoon, and a man had then

"A certain reverence paid unto his years,

"That had none due unto his life." So much The sanctity of some prevail'd, for others.*

"But now we all are fall'n; youth, from their fear;

"And age, from that which bred it, good example."

Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,

That did destroy the hopes in our own children, [cradles;

Or they not learn'd our vices in their And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk.

Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,

We make their palates cunning: the first words [jest:

We form their tongues with, are licentious Can it call whore? cry bastard? O then

kiss it! [darling!

A witty child! can't swear? the father's Give it two plumbs. Nay, rather than't

shall learn No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!

But this is in the infancy, the days Of the long coat; when it puts on the

breeches, It will put off all this. I, it is like,

When it is gone into the bone already. No, no; this dye goes deeper than the coat,

Or shirt, or skint: it stains unto the liver, And heart, in some; and, rather than it

should not, Note what we fathers do! look how we live!

What mistresses we keep! at what expence, In our sons' eyes! where they may handle

our galls, [haunce,

Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dally of the same provoking meats with us,

To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,

We call them into fellowship of vice; But 'em with the young chamber-maid, to

seal; And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affection.

This is one path: but there are millions more, [them.

In which we spoil our own, with leading Well, I thank heav'n, I never yet was he

That travel'd with my son, before sixteen, To shew him the Venetian courtesans;

Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made,

To my sharp boy, at twelve; repeating still The rule, "Get money; still, get money,

boy;

"No matter by what means; money will do

"More, boy, than my lord's letter." Neither have I

* ————— So much

The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.] Mr. Theobald would here read *for others*; and has clapp'd an *L. T.* to his conjecture, the usual mark of his favourite corrections; but the present reading conveys the same sense, and, bordering upon the Latin idiom, is more likely to be Jonson's.

But 'em with the young chambermaid to seal.] That is, tempt them by this means to give up under their hands a part of their future fortune, for the present enjoyment of the rest.

* ————— Neither have I

Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,

Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'em;

Preceding still with my grey gluttony.] The poet has adhered as closely

to the sentiments of Juvenal, as the difference of manners would admit.

Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before
him, [‘em ;

Perfum’d my sauces, and taught him to make
Preceding still, with my grey gluttony,
At all the ord’naries, and only fear’d
His palate should degenerate, not his man-
ners. [ever,

These are the trade of fathers now ; how-
My son, I hope, hath met within my thresh-
hold [are strong,

None of these household precedents, which
And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be ne’er so clean—
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust
and cobwebs,

If he will live abroad with his companions,
In dung and leystals, it is worth a tear.

Nor is the danger of conversing less
Than all that I have mention’d of example.

Brai. My master? nay, faith have at you ;
I am flesh’d now, I have sped so well. Wor-
shipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate
of a poor soldier ; I am ashamed of this base
course of life (God’s my comfort), but ex-
tremity provokes me to’t, what remedy ?

Kno. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gen-
tleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but
only to preserve manhood. I protest to you,
a man I have been, a man I may be, by your
sweet bounty.

Kno. ‘Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may
do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending
a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer,
(a matter of small value,) the King of heav’n
shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful :
sweet worship—

Kno. Nay, an’ you be so importunate—

Brai. Oh, tender sir, need will have its
course : I was not made to this vile use !
well, the edge of the enemy could not have
abated me so much : it’s hard when a man
hath serv’d in his prince’s cause, and be
thus— [He weeps.

Honourable worship, let me derive a small
piece of silver from you, it shall not be
given in the course of time¹² ; by this good
ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last
night for a poor supper ; I had suck’d the
hills long before, I am a pagan else : sweet
honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some
wonder,

To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base !

Art thou a man? and sham’st thou not to
beg?

To practise such a servile kind of life?

Why, were thy education ne’er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.

Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,

Or honest labour : nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg?

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in,
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, afore me, whate’er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,

While thou insist’st in this loose desperate
course,

I would esteem the sin, not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some
other course, if so—

Kno. I, you’d gladly find it, but you
will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek?
in the wars, there’s no ascent by desert in
these days ; but—and for service, would
it were as soon purchas’d, as wish’d for,
say the sir’s my comfort, I know what I would
say—

Kno. What’s thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Kno. Fitz-Sword?

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and
true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a
soldier— [oaths ;

Kno. Nay nay, I like not these affected
Speak plainly, man : what think’st thou of
my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes
were as happy, as my service should be
honest.

Kno. Well, follow me, I’ll prove thee, if
thy deeds

Will carry a proportion to thy words.

Brai. Yes, sir, straight, I’ll but garter
my hose. Oh that my belly were hoop’d
now, for I am ready to burst with laughing!
never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. ‘Slid,
was there ever secu a fox in years to betray

*Nec de se melius cuiquam sperare propinquo
Concedet juvenis, qui radere tubera terra,
Boletum condire, & eodem jure natantes
Mergere ficedulas didicit, nebulone parente,
Et cand monstrante gulâ. Sat. xiv. ver. 6. & seq.*

¹² But let the house at home be ne’er so clean.]

Illud non agitas ut sanctam filius omni

Aspiciat sine labe domum, vitioque carentem.—Ibid. ver. 68.

¹³ It shall not be given in the course of time.] The meaning is, that in the course of time
he should receive some recompence or other for his gift. It should not be given without
any hope of return.

himself thus? now shall I be possess of all his counsels: and by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolv'd to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolv'd to prove his patience: Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier. He will never come within the sign of it, the

sight of a cassock, or a¹ musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying-day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip, at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey! well, I'll follow him: Oh, how I long to be employed!

¹ *The sight of a cassock, or musket-rest again.* Cassock, in the sense it is here used, is not to be met with in our common dictionaries: it signifies a soldier's loose outward coat, and is taken in that acceptance by the writers of Jonson's times. Thus Shakespeare in *All's Well that Ends Well*; "Half of the which dare not shake the snow from their cassocks." A musket-rest was a support stuck before the soldiers into the ground to lay their guns on; for at the first invention of gun-powder, their fire-arms were extremely long, and could not be easily supported without this assistance.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Matthew, Well-bred, Bobadill, Ed. Kno'well, Stephen

Mat. YES faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who? my brother Downright?

Bob. He! Mr. Well-bred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sun-shine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a—

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be say'd about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part—

Wel. Good! captain, faces about—to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth, nor I, he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion—

Wel. Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do, or you do not, sir.

Enter young Kno'well.

Ned Kno'well! by my soul, welcome; how dost thou sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid I shall love Apol o, and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this; my dear fury; now, I see there's some love in thee! Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of; (nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? why dost thou not speak?)

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel. Why, wasn't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus' epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it!

Wel. Why?

E. Kno. Why, say'st thou? why dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too), could have mista'en my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Kno. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now; but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o'

¹ *Good captain (FACES ABOUT) to some other discourse.* The last editor seems to have been extremely puzzled with the two words he hath put in a parenthesis; which were submitted, I suppose, to the reader, to be used or dropped at pleasure; but they are neither without a meaning, nor destitute of humour. Bobadill, in the presence of Well-bred, begins to disparage Downright; to this he answers, that he must hear no ill words of his brother. The other persists in his discourse; and Well-bred, willing to change the subject, addresses the captain in the true military style, *Good captain, faces about,—to some other discourse.* The reader now sees, that these words are quite in character, when applied to Bobadill; and that they are of the same import with our modern phrase, which, by the dropping of a letter, is corrupted to *face about*. We meet with the expression in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where Ralph is exercising his men; "Double your files: as you were; *faces about*."

your flourishing style, some hour before I saw it.

Wd. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?

E. Kuo. Nay, I know not what he said: but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wd. What? what?

E. Kuo. Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wd. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hear'st 'em once go: my wind-instruments. I'll wind them up—but what strange piece of silence is this? the sign of the dumb man?

E. Kuo. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your musick the fuller, an' be please; he has his humour, sir.

Wd. Oh, what is't? what is't?

E. Kuo. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension; I'll leave him to the mercy of your search, if you can take him, so.

Wd. Well, captain Bobadill, Mr. Matthew pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion, to render me more familiar to you.

[To Master Stephen.

Step. My name is Mr. Stephen, sir, I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man, but for Mr. Well-bred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please,) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words. [To Kuo-well.

E. Kuo. And I fewer, sir, I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, sir, so given to it? [To Master Stephen.

Step. I, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Kuo. (Sure he utters them then by the gross.)

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Kuo. I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold, I warrant you; have you a stool there, to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

Wd. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'em, I might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kuo. Oh I, excellent!

Wd. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Kuo. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was perform'd to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years, now.

E. Kuo. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium,¹ where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, out the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what do you call it, last year, by the Genoways, but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was rang'd in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

Step. So, I had as lieve as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Kuo. Then, you were a servitor at

¹ Your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir.] Designed as a sneer upon the fantastic behaviour of the gauds in that age, who afflicted the appearing melancholy, and abstracted from common objects. The reason assigned, as its being the physical cause of wit, which, I believe, is as old as Aristotle himself, was likewise generally received by those who had no other pretence to genius to boast of.

² Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium.] Or, the city Graan in Hungary, which was retaken from the Turks in the year 1517. Busbequius describes the situation of it, in the following words: "Sic deducit Strigonium; quo cum a. ara in conc. sita, ejus p. dem Danubius altit, & oppidum vicinam quod in p. die jacet, designatur." Epist. 1. It should be observed, that the inroads, which the Turks made in the emperor's dominions, had made it fashionable to go a volunteering in his service; and we find that Thomas Lord Arundel of Wardour was created at this very time a count of the Empire, as a reward of his signal valour; and because in forcing the Water-tower near Strigonium, he took from the Turks their banner with his own hand.

both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. O lord, sir, by St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, if faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. (Pray you, mark this discourse, sir. Step. So I do.)

Bob. I assure you (upon my reputation) 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Kno. You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, (as we were to give on,) their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think,) confronts me with his lin-stock, ready to give fire; I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword? to the rapier, captain?

E. Kno. Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, sir! but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth; you shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh; shall I tell you, sir? you talk of *morglay*, *excalibur*, *durindana*, or so;* tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I mar'l whether it be a Toledo or no?

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes faith, it is!

Bob. This a Toledo? pish.

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heav'n: I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier, (a hundred of lice go with him,) he swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Kno. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—(I ha' forgot the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it,) an' e'er I meet him—

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir, you must have patience.

Step. Horson! cunning-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Kno. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich-stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach? would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis; come, gentlemen, shall we go?

SCENE II.

E. Kno'well, Brainworm, Stephen, Wellbred, Bobadill, Matthew.

E. Kno. A miracle, cousin, look here! look here!

Step. Oh gods lid, by your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brain. I, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brain. No, sir, I confess it, it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has contest it: by God's will an' you had not contest it—

E. Kno. Oh cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has contest it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Kno. I, by his leave, he is, and under favour, a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brain. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

E. Kno. With me, sir? you have not another Toledo to sell, ha? you?

Brain. You are conceited, sir; your name is master Kno'well, as I take it?

E. Kno. You are i' the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brain. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

* You talk of *MORGLAY*, *EXCALIBUR*, *DURINDANA*, or so.] These blades make a figure in romance: *Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton; *Durindana* was the sword of Orlando. See *Don Quixot*, vol. III. chap. 26. *Excalibur* was the sword of the renowned king Arthur. It may not be impertinent to observe here, that Mr. Congreve, who was a great admirer and imitator of Jonson, has formed the character of Bluff, in the *Old Batchelor*, upon this of Bobadill, as will easily appear by comparing them together.

E. Kno. Of as bare a coat, though ; well, my, sir.

Brai. Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, (this smoky varnish being washt off, and three or four patches remov'd,) I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Brain-worm ! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape ?

Brai. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning ; the same that blew you to the Wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father !

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true ; he has follow'd you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Kno. Sirrah Well-bred, what shall we do, sirrah ? my father is come over after me.

Ned. Thy father, where is he ?

Brai. At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street ; where he but stays my return ; and then—

Ned. Who's this ? Brain-worm ?

Brai. The same, sir.

Ned. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus ?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device ; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here ; withdraw and I'll tell you all.

Ned. But art thou sure he will stay thy return ?

Brai. Do I live, sir ? what a question is that ?

Ned. We'll prorogue his expectation then, a little : Brain-worm, thou shalt go with us come on, gentlemen ; nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not ; 'heart, an' our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can out-strip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key in a civil war against the carmen.

Brai. Amen, Amen, Amen, say I.

SCENE III.

Kitely, Cash.

Kit. What says he, Thomas ? Did you speak with him ? [half hour.]

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell ?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that is well ; fetch me my cloke, my cloke.

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come ; I, that will be the least ; and then 'twill be An hour before I can dispatch with him, Or very near ; well, I will say two hours. Two hours ! ha ! things never dreamt of yet May be contriv'd, I, and effected too, In two hours absence ; well, I will not go. Two hours ! "no, fleeing opportunity, "I will not give your subtilty that scope. "Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,

"That sets his doors wide open to a thief, "And shews the felon where his treasure lies ? "Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt "To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree, "When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes ?

"I will not go. Business, go by for once. "No, beauty, no ; you are of too good carack, "To be left so, without a guard or open ! "Your lustre too'll inflame at any distance, "Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws ; "Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice, "Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden ! [watch'd, "You must be then kept up, close, and well "For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand "Devours or swallows swifter !" He that lends

His wife (if she be fair) or time or place, Compels her to be false. I will not go : The dangers are too many. And then the dressing

Is a most main attractive ! Our great heads, Within this city, never were in safety Since our wives wore these little caps : I'll change 'em : [no more I'll change 'em straight in mine. Mine shall Wear three-pil'd acorns, to make my horns ake.

Nor will I go : I am resolv'd for that. Carry in my cloke again. Yet stay. Yet do too :

I will defer going on all occasions. *Cash.* Sir, Snare your scrivener will be there with the bonds. [forgot it ;

Kit. That's true ! fool on me ! I had clean I must go. What's o'clock ?

Cash. Exchange-time, sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Well-bred presently be here too,

With one or other of his loose consorts. I am a knave, if I know what to say, What course to take, or which way to resolve.

¹ No, beauty, no ; you are of too good CARACT,

To be left so, without a guard or open [] That is, you are of too intrinsic a value to be thus left exposed, and public, without any to preserve and guard you. The metaphor is taken from the finest gold, which hath the least mixture of alloy in it ; or from the value of pearls, which are most precious when they contain more caracts in weight. This is a way of speaking, familiar to the best writers of that age : the author of *Nero Caesar*, speaking of the pomp in which the plays were acted under the patronage of the emperor, says,—" Nero studded their golden scepters, staves, and vizards, with oriental unions, and pearls, "OF THE MOST CARACTS." p. 262.

"My brain methinks is like an hour-glass,
 "Wherein my imaginations run like sands
 "Filling up time; but then are turn'd and
 turn'd:

"So that I know not what to stay upon,
 "And less to put in act." It shall be so.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
 He knows not to deceive me. Thomas?

Cash. Sir, [will not.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I
 Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no
 speech of him.

No, there were no man o'the earth to Thomas,
 If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
 But should he have a chink in him, I were
 gone, [change.

Lost I my fame for ever, talk for th' ex-
 The manner he hath stood with, till this
 present,

Doth promise no such change, what should
 I fear then? [once.

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune
 Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope—
 Your love to me is more—

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
 Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
 More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas: gi' me
 your hand: [Thomas,

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have,
 A secret to impart unto you—but, [up:
 When once you have it, I must seal your lips
 (So far I tell you, Thomas.)

Cash. Sir, for that—

Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem
 you, Thomas,

When I will let you in thus to my private.
 It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
 Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas: if thou
 Reveal it, but— [should'st

Cash. How! I reveal it?

Kit. Nay,

I do not think thou would'st; but if thou
 'Twere a great weakness. [should'st,

Cash. A great treachery.

Give it no other name.

Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then? [ever.

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me

Kit. He will not swear, he has some re-
 servation, [sure;

Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning
 Else (being urg'd so much) how should he
 chuse

But lend an oath to all this protestation?

He's no precisian, that I'm certain of,
 Nor rigid Roman Catholic. He'll play
 At fayles, and Tick-tack; I have heard
 him swear.

What should I think of it! urge him again,
 And by some other way: I will do so.
 Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose;
 Yes, you did swear?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,

Please you—

Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word.
 But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st
 good:

I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I
 protest [word

My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a
 Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kit. It is too much, these ceremonies
 need not,

I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
 Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be:
 Too private in this business. So it is,
 (Now he has sworn, I dare the safer
 venture)

I have of late, by divers observations,
 (But whether his oath can bind him, yea,
 or no,

Being not taken lawfully? ha? say you?

I will ask council ere I do proceed;)
 Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
 I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

* *It sits nearer to my crest, than thou art 'ware of.*] It concerns my reputation nearer
 than you imagine.

————— *He'll play*

At fayles, and tick-tack; I have heard him swear.] From these instances, he concludes
 that Cash is no Precisian, or Puritan; as from some others, not indeed mentioned by the
 poet, though undoubtedly well known to Kately, he is convinced that he is no Roman Catholic.
 The Puritans were at that time remarkable for their scrupulous abstaining from diversions,
 and from affirmations of every kind, in their common discourse. *Tic-tac*, or, what is the
 truer way of writing, *tric-trac*, is a game at tables, but little understood, or played at, in the
 present age. Menage tells us, the word is formed from the sound which the dice make,
 when thrown upon the table. *Ce mot est formé par onomatopée, du bruit que font les dez*
quand on les pousse sur le tablier. *M. de Saumaise sur l'histoire Auguste*, pag. 468.—*Quod*
ad hunc verò tabule lusum attinet, duodecim scriptorum, sciendum est omnino eundem esse,
paucis mutatis, cum eo quem vulgo tric-tracum appellamus. On prononçoit anciennement tic-
tac; les Allemands prononcent encore de la sorte.—Menage Etymol. in voc.

* *But whether his oath can bind him, yea or no,*

Being not taken lawfully.] The character of Kately is extremely well imagined, and
 supported with great propriety. His jealousy is constantly returning, and creates him fresh
 scruples in every thing he sets about. It was a question in casuistry, whether an oath was
 of any force, unless taken in form before a legal magistrate: the poet therefore brings this
 to his imagination, to fill him with groundless objections and throw him into the greater



Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.
 Kit. I will think. And, Thomas,
 I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
 For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir.
 Kit. And hear you, if your mistress'
 brother Well-bred
 Chance to bring hither any gentleman,
 Ere I come back, let one straight bring me
 word.

Cash. Very well, sir.
 Kit. To the exchange; do you hear!
 Or here in Coleman-street, to Justice Cle-
 ment's.

Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
 Cash. I will not, sir.
 Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
 Or whether he come, or no, if any other
 Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.
 Kit. Be't your special business
 Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.
 Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret,
 Thomas,

I told you of.
 Cash. No, sir: I do suppose it.
 Kit. Believe me, it is not.
 Cash. Sir, I do believe you.
 Kit. By heav'n it is not, that's enough.

But, Thomas,
 I would not you should utter it, do you see,
 To any creature living; yet I care not.
 Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus
 much,

It was a trial of you, when I meant
 So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
 But that I have to tell you; this is nothing,
 this.

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife I charge
 you,

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.
 No greater hell than to be slave to fear.

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight bur-
 ied here! [take head? ha!
 Whence should this flood of passion (trou-
 ble) Best dream no longer of this running humour,
 For fear I sink! the violence of the stream
 Already hath transported me so far,
 That I can feel no ground at all! but soft,
 Oh, 'tis our water-bearer; somewhat has
 crost him now.

SCENE IV.

Cob, Cash.

Cob. Fasting-days? what tell you me of
 fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on
 a light fire for me: they say the whole
 world shall be consum'd with fire one day,
 but would I had these ember weeks and
 villainous Fridays burnt in the mean time,
 and then—

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? what moves
 thee to this choler? ha?

Cob. Collar, Master Thomas? I scorn
 your collar, I, sir, I am none o' your cart-
 horse, though I carry and draw water. An'
 you offer to ride me with your collar or
 halter either, I may hap shew you a jade's
 trick, sir.

Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the
 collar? why, Goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can
 be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob? thy humour,
 thy humour? thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour? mack, I think it be so in-
 deed; what is that humour? some rare
 thing I warrant.

Cash. Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a
 gentlemanlike monster, bred in the special
 gallantry of our time, by affectation; and
 fed by folly.

Cob. How? must it be fed?

Cash. Oh I, humour is nothing if it be
 not fed. Didst thou never hear that? it's a
 common phrase, feed my humour.

Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avant, I
 know you not, be gone; let who will make
 hungry meals for your monster-ship, it shall
 not be I. Feed you, quoth he? 'slid, I ha'
 much ado to feed myself; especially on
 these lean rascally days too; an't had been
 any other day but a fasting-day (a plague
 on them all for me), by this light, one might
 have done the commonwealth good service,
 and have drown'd them all i' the flood two
 or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I
 do stomach them hugely! I have a maw
 now, an' 'twere for sir Bevis his horse,
 against 'em¹⁰.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes
 thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any

perplexity. Within these few years, we have seen the part of a Suspicious Husband repre-
 sented on the stage, and drawn with that life and nature as did the utmost credit to the
 author. Yet Jonson, I believe, will be allowed to have set the pattern; and to have been
 the most faithful copier, may be deemed a sufficient share of glory to a modern writer.

'What is that humour?'] Every oddity a man affected, was then called his humour; a
 word that seems to have been first used in that sense, about the age of Jonson. But we
 shall have occasion to say more of this, in the notes on the first act of *Every Man out of his
 Humour*.

¹⁰ I have a maw now, and 'twere for sir BEVIS his horse against 'em.] His horse's name
 Arundel. " 'Tis supposed, (says sir Thomas Elyot, *Govermour*, edit. 4580. p. 58.) that
 " the castle of Arundel in Sussex was built by Beauvis earl of Southampton, as a monu-
 " ment for his horse Arundel, which in foreign countries had saved his master from several
 " perils."—Dr. GREY.

man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditions, an' you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside: next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably: thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an' this were all, 'twere something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack, poor Cobs, they smook for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood.

[He pulls out a red herring.

My princely couz, fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an' I might be made as rich as King Cophetua.¹¹ O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand thousand of my kin. But I may curse none but these filthy almanacks; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would ne'er be known. ¹²I'll be hang'd an' some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight, peace, thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else: here's Mr. Matthew. Now must I look out for a messenger to my master.

SCENE V.

Well-bred, E. Kuo'well, Brain-worm, Bobadill, Matthew, Stephen, Thomas, Cob.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried.

E. Kuo. I, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes faith; but was't possible thou shouldst not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Kuo. 'Fore God, not I, an' I might ha' been join'd patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round¹³; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost, and his half-dozen of halberdiers, do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace, to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling¹⁴. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou would'st have sworn, he might have been serjeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brain-worm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Kuo. An artificer? an architect! Except a man had studied begging all his lifetime, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the cloathing of it, I never saw his rival.

¹¹ *I have not the heart to devour you, an' I might be made as rich as King Cophetua.* King Cophetua is mentioned in Shakspeare, not as rich, but as marrying a beggar-maid; in which he alludes to an old ballad, intitled, *Cupid's revenge; or, An account of a king who slighted all women, and was constrained to marry a beggar at last.*

O.d. Ballads, 3d edit. vol. i. p. 141. Dr. GREY.

¹² *I'll be hang'd an' some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em.* For the support and encouragement of the fishing-towns in the time of queen Elizabeth, Wednesdays and Fridays were constantly observed as fast-days, or days of abstinence from flesh. This was by the advice of her minister Cecil; and by the vulgar it was generally called Cecil's Fast. See WARBURTON'S note on King Lear, Act I. Scene 12. Cob, by an oblique satire, alludes to the same thing, and supposes him the son of a fishmonger, as Virgil told Augustus, he imagined he was the son of a baker, when, by way of reward, he ordered his allowance of bread to be doubled.

¹³ *Your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round.* Invalids, or disbanded men, who, to procure themselves a livelihood, had taken up the trade of begging. A gentleman of the round was a soldier of inferior rank, but in a station above that of a common man. This appears from a pamphlet published in that age, in which the several military degrees are thus enumerated: "The general, high marshall with his provosts, serjeant-general, serjeant of a regiment, coronel, captayne, lieutenant, auncient serjeant of a company, corporall, gentleman in a company or of the rounde, launce-passado. These, says the author, are special; the other that remain, private or common soldiers." *The Castle or Picture of Policy*, &c. 1581. The duty of these gentlemen was, to visit the centinels, watches, and advanced guards; and from their office of going their rounds, they derive their name.

¹⁴ *A shove-groat shilling.* This expression occurs too in Shakspeare; "Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling." *First part of Henry VI.* The thing meant, I suppose, is the piece of metal made use of in the play of shovel-board.

Ed. Where got'st thou this coat, Imar'le?
Bri. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Ed. That cannot be, if the proverb hold;
 for, a crafty knave needs no broker.

Bri. True, sir; but I did need a broker,
eggs.

Ed. (Well put off.) No crafty knave,
 you'll say.

E. Kno. Tut, he has more of these
 shits.

Bri. And yet where I have one, the broker
 has ten, sir.

Tho. Francis, Martin: ne'er a one to be
 found now? What a spite's this?

Ed. How now, Thomas? Is my brother
 Kately within?

Tho. No, sir, my master went forth e'en
 now; but Master Downright is within. Cob,
 what Cob? Is he gone too?

Ed. Whither went your master, Thomas,
 canst thou tell?

Tho. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I
 think, sir. Cob.

E. Kno. Justice Clement! what's he?

Ed. Why, dost thou not know him? He
 is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent
 good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only
 mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I shewed
 him you the other day.

E. Kno. Oh, is that he? I remember him
 now. Good faith, and he is a very strange
 presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood
 out of the rank from other men: I have
 heard many of his jests i' th' university.
 They say he will commit a man for taking
 the wall of his horse.¹⁵

Ed. I, or wearing his cloak on one
 shoulder, or serving of God; any thing in-
 deed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Cash. Gasper, Martin, Cob: 'heart, where
 should they be trow?

[*Cash.* goes in and out, calling.
Bob. Master Kately's man, pray thee
 vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match: no time but
 now to vouchsafe? Francis, Cob.

Bob. Body o' me! here's the remainder
 of seven pound since yesterday was seven-

night. 'Tis your right Trinidado!¹⁶ Did
 you never take any, Master Stephen?

Step. No truly, sir; but I'll learn to take
 it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation,
 for what I tell you, the world shall not re-
 prove. I have been in the Indies (where
 this herb grows), where neither myself, nor
 a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge,
 have received the taste of any other nutri-
 ment in the world, for the space of one and
 twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple
 only. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis
 most divine. Further, take it in the nature,
 in the true kind, so, it makes an antidote,
 that had you taken the most deadly poison-
 ous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and
 clarify you, with as much ease as I speak.
 And for your green wound, your Balsamum
 and your St. John's Wort are all mere gub-
 beries and trash to it, especially your Trini-
 daddo; your Nicotian is good too.¹⁷ I could
 say what I know of the virtue of it, for the
 expulsion of rheum, raw humours, cruditi-
 ties, obstructions, with a thousand of this
 kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver.
 Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it,
 and will affirm it, before any prince in Eu-
 rope, to be the most sovereign and precious
 weed that ever the earth tendered to the use
 of man.

E. Kno. This speech would ha' done de-
 cently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the
 middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee,
 Master Kately's man?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe
 and all were at Sancto Domingo. I had
 forgot it.

Cob. By Gods me, I marle what pleasure
 or felicity they have in taking this roguish
 tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke
 a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers:
 there were four died out of one house
 last week with taking of it, and two more
 the bell went for yesternight; one of them,
 they say, will ne'er 'scape it; 'he voided a

¹⁵ They say he will commit a man for TAKING THE WALL of his horse.] Of this cast was
 a celebrated lawyer in our times, who turned off his man-servant for taking the wall of his
 bag.—Dr. GREY.

¹⁶ 'Tis your right TRINIDADO.] The product of that island was at this time much in
 request: our old cosmographer, no incompetent judge perhaps of this matter, tells us, it
 abounds with the best kind of tobacco, much celebrated formerly by the name of a *Pipe of*
Trinidado.—HEVELIN'S *Cosmog.* L. iv. p. 114.

¹⁷ Your NICOTIAN is good too, &c.] A species of tobacco taking its name from Mons.
 Nicot, who being ambassador in Portugal, first sent it into France in the year 1560. The
 character he gives it in his own dictionary, answers the description of the poet: *Nicotiane*
est une espece d'herbe, de vertu admirable pour guerir toutes natures, playes, ulceres,
clancres, durties, & autres tels accidents au corps humain.

¹⁸ He voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward.] We may easily imagine
 that tales of this kind were common enough amongst the vulgar, when tobacco first came
 into use. The poet may probably allude to some recent story, which was currently be-
 lieved by the people; and the joke is not destitute of humour, when we consider it in this
 light,

bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco-pipe: why, it will stule them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold.

[*Bobadill beats him with a cudgel.*]

Bob. You base cullion, you.

Cash. Sir, here's your match. Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough serv'd.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur?

E. Kno. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

Bob. A horson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd ha' stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would ha' done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! (By Pharaoh's foot, body o' Cæsar,) I shall never do it sure, (upon mine honour, and by St. George.) No, I ha' not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk!

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this air, as I am a gentleman: by—

Brai. Master, glance, glance! Master Well-bred.

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest—

[*Mr. Stephen is practising to the post.*]

Wel. You are a fool, it needs no affidavit.

E. Kno. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! upon my reputation—

E. Kno. How now, cousin?

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed—

Wel. No, Master Stephen? As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery garden.

Step. I, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. Kno. O yes, that you may; it's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is an'ne tobacco.

Wel. But soft, where's Mr. Matthew? gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes untunish'd. Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm? where! is this Brainworm?

E. Kno. I, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me, by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharaoh.

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larued with 'em; a kind of French dressing if you love it.

SCENE VI.

Kitely, Cob.

Kit. Ha? how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Well-bred—

Kit. Tut, beside him; what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass I know not well, there are so many.

Kit. How? so many?

Cob. I, there's some five, or six of them at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm! Spite of the devil, how they sting my head With forked stings, thus wide and large!

But, Cob, [Cob?] How long hast thou been coming hither,

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste! [marry?]

Bane to my fortunes, what meant I to "I, that before was rank'd in such content,

"My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,

"Being free master of mine own free thoughts, [sigh;]

"And now become a slave?" What? never Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a

cuckold; [ing store,] 'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such now-

light, and as suited to the character of Cob. Yet we meet with it very gravely introduced in a serious essay, as a terrible memento to all smokers, and from no less authority than a royal pen. "Surely smoke becomes a kitchen, far better than a dining chamber, and yet "it makes a kitchen oftentimes in the inward parts of men; soiling and infecting them with "an unctuous and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco-takers, that "after their death were opened." King JAMES's *Counterblast to Tobacco*, in his Works in folio, p. 221. The same strain of ridicule occurs, in some of Beaumont's and Fletcher's Comedies.

"Where is this Brain-worm?" The reading of the last edition. The eldest folio gives it much better, as it stands above.

Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap.
The Cornucopie will be mine, I know.

But, Cob,

What entertainment had they? I am sure -
My sister and my wife would bid them wel-
come! ha?

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a
word of it.

Kit. No; their lips were seal'd with
kisses, and the voice

Drown'd in a flood of joy, at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.

Cob, which of them was it that first kiss my
wife?

(My sister, I should say) my wife, alas!

I fear not her. Ha? who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the
truth of it?

Kit. Oh I, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for
Bedwell than your worship's company, if
I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they
would have kiss'd the post in the middle of
the warehouse; for there I left them all at
their tobacco, with a pox.

Kit. How? were they not gosse in then
ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir. [Here then?

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay
Cob, follow me.

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on
the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I,
for some five and fifty reasons, hammering,
hammering revenge: Oh for three or four
gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Re-
venge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mus-
tard revenge! Nay, an' he had not lien in
my house, 'twould never have griev'd me;
but being my guest, one that I'll be sworn
my wife has lent him her smock off her
back, while his own shirt has been at wash-
ing; pawned her neck-kernels for clean
hands for him; sold almost all my platters,
to buy him tobacco, and he to turn monster
of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host!
Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for't:
here comes Justice Clement.

SCENE VII.

Clement, Kuo'well, Formal, Cob.

Clem. What's Master Kitey gone, Roger?

Form. I, sir.

Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave
us so abruptly? How now, sirrah? What
make you here? What would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a
poor neighbour of your worship's—

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine? Why,
speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the water-
tuskard, hard by the green lattice: I have
paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen
years.

Clem. To the green lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: marry, I have
seldom scrap'd scot-free at the lattice!

Clem. O, well! What business has my
poor neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come
to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave? Peace of me,
knave? Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten
thee, or wrong thee? ha?

Cob. No, sir, but your worship's warrant
for one that has wrong'd me, sir: his arms
are at too much liberty, I would fain have
them bound to a treaty of peace, an' my
credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't,
I am sure.

Kuo. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy
life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my
death every hour, by his means; an' I die
within a twelvemonth and a day, I may
swear by the law of the land that he killed
me.

Clem. How? how, knave? swear he kil-
led thee? and by the law? what pretence?
what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship,
both black and blue; colour enough, I
warrant you. I have it here to shew your
worship:

Clem. What is he that gave you this,
sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says,
he is, o' the city here.

Clem. A soldier o' the city? What call
you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill? and why did he bob
and beat you, sirrah? How began the
quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave,
I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your
worship, only because I spake against their
vagrant tobacco, as I came by 'em when
they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco?
Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the
gaol, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice
Clement, says, you shall go to the gaol.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for
God's sake, dear master justice.

Clem. Nay, God's precious, an' such
drunkards and tankards as you are, come
to dispute of tobacco once, I have done!
away with him.

Cob. O, good master justice! sweet old
gentleman—!

Kuo. Sweet Oliver, would I could do

"O good master justice sweet old gentleman!" These last words are addressed to
Kuo'well; and this speech should be divided and pointed in this manner: "O good master
justice!"

thee any good. Justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What? a thread-bare rascal! a beggar! a slave that never drank out of better than piss-pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers! Roger, away with him, by God's precious — I say, go too.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserv'd it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

An. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant, (he shall not go,) I but fear the knave.²¹

Form. Do not stink sweet Oliver, you shall not go, my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship.

Clem. Away, dispatch him. How now, master Kno'well, in dumps! in dumps? Come, this becomes not.

Kno. Sir, would I could not feel my cares —

Clem. Your cares are nothing! they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What? your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason, you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an' I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while.

justice! sweet old gentleman!" or else a marginal direction added, to shew that he turns to Kno'well.

²¹ *I but FEAR the knave.*] It may not be amiss just to observe, that the verb *fear*, is often used by our old writers, in the sense of *to frighten*, or *make afraid*. This is the meaning of it here.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Down-right, Dame Kately.

Down. **W**ELL, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends? his fiends.¹ 'Slud they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em: and 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing

else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em: they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis no body's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, thank you? I should put myself against half a dozen men? should I? Good faith! you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason!

¹ *Down.* *His friends? his FRIENDS?*] The sentence immediately following shews us the last of these words is corrupted by the insertion of a single letter; and it as evidently points out, that instead of his *friends*? we should read his *fiends*. This likewise I found to be the reading of the first folio.

² *You'd mad the patient'st body in the world, &c.*] I shall here take the liberty to answer an objection, which may possibly be made to the manner in which I have printed this, and some other speeches of the play. I found them, as I believe, plain prose; and as such I have left them; though I am aware, that a very little alteration would have reduced them to a hobbling kind of measure, which we often meet with in our old comedians. This, however, is not Jonson's manner: in the more serious parts of his drama, where comedy is allowed to raise her voice and breathe something of the tragic sublimity, he gives us very numerous and flowing verse; but in places less interesting and of less importance, he drops from his poetic flight into the humbler paces of prosaic narration. The case is otherwise, indeed, with Fletcher; who affects the metre in his common dialogue, and in his scenes of humour and burlesque, much more than either Shakspeare or Jonson. And these speeches we see happily rescued by his late very ingenious editors, from that deformity in which they appear in all the former copies.

SCENE II.

Mrs. Bridget, Mr. Matthew, Dame Kately, Down-right, Well-bred, Stephen, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadill, Brainworm, Cash.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Well. O, now stand close; pray Heav'n, she can get him to read: he should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—

Down. To mock an ape withal: O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! ¹ Death, I can endure the stocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Well. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe. But mark, you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a——prayer you, sir, you can judge.

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh.

Well. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Kno. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Cob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress and her fair sister: fie, while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce*.

E. Kno. How! *Insipere dulce*? a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed.

Well. What, do you take *insipere* in that sense?

E. Kno. You do not? you! This was your villainy, to gull him with a motto.

Well. O, the benchers' phrase: *Pauca verba, pauca verba*.

Mat. "Rare creature, let me speak
" without offence, [fluently
" Would God my rude words had the in-
" To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do
" mine, [is thine."

" Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who
E. Kno. This is in *Hero and Leander*.
Well. O, I, peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. " Be not unkind and fair; mishapen stuff
" Is of behaviour boisterous and rough."

Well. How like you that, sir?
[*Master Stephen answers with shaking his head.*

E. Kno. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:
" And I in duty will exceed all other,
" As you in beauty do excell love's mother."

E. Kno. Well, I'll have him free of the Witbrokers, for he utters nothing but stol'n remnants.

Well. O, forgive it him.

E. Kno. A filching rogue, hang him. And from the dead! it's worse than sacrilege.

Well. Sister, what ha' you here? verses? pray you let's see: who made these verses? they are excellent good!

Mat. O, master Well-bred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning; I made 'em, *ex tempore*, this morning.

Well. How? *ex tempore*?

Mat. I, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the——(pox on it) the star yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

E. Kno. Faith, his are even with him; they ha' curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, couz!

Step. Body o' Caesar, they are admirable! The best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier.

¹Down. O, here's no foppery!] Meaning the foppery to be extremely great. The negative was in this age ironically used, to denote the excess of any thing. It occurs in the same manner in the *Tale of a Tub*:

"Here was no dainty device to get a wench."

And Shakspeare in the same sense: "Here's no vanity!"

First Part of Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 9. Mr. WARBURTON'S edit.
[*This is in *HERO AND LEANDER*.] A translation of the Greek Poem by MUSÆUS, on the story of these unfortunate lovers, was begun by Christopher Marlow; who dying before he had finished the whole, it was completed by George Chapman, and published by him, as both A. Wood and Langbain tell us, in the year 1606. I suspect, however, that there was an earlier edition, or that part of it had got abroad in manuscript; for the lines above are taken from it; and it was in high reputation at this time. Alluding to the circumstance of Marlow's death, young Kno'well accuses him of filching from the dead.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still!
Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here!

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit! that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him crowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire: Sister Kely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. Oh monster! impudence itself! tricks?

Dame. Tricks, brother? what tricks?

Brid. Nay, sp. ak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame. I, never spare any body here; but say, what tricks?

Brid. Passion of my heart! do tricks?

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied! why, you munkies you, what a catterwauling do you keep? has he not given you rhimes, and verses, and tricks?

Down. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so! come and cherish this tame poetical fury, in your servant, you'll be begg'd else shortly for a concealment*: go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, Gallants? Mr. Matthew? Captain? What, all sons of silence? no spirit?

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now! whose cow has calv'd?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir, you and your companions, mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions?

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and your potlings*, your Soldado's and Foolado's to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see? touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea that would I fain see, boy.

Dame. O Jesu! Murder. Thomas, Gasper!

Brid. Help, help, Thomas.

[*They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them.*]

E. Kno. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will by this good heaven: nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentleman.

Down. You whorson, bragging coystil!

* *Here's a trick vied and revied* [Terms in the old game at cards, called Gleeck.

* *Come and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant, you'll be begg'd else shortly for a concealment.*] Alluding to the practice in Queen Elizabeth's time of begging lands, which had formerly been appropriated to superstitious uses. These were then called *concealed Lands*. Commissions for discovery being much abused, were called in by proclamation in the year 1572. See STYVE'S *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. II. p. 209. There was a second proclamation to the same purpose in the year 1579. (*ibid.* p. 602.) Fresh commissions were granted for the discovery of them in the diocese of Lincoln in 1582, with queries from the commissioners to the clergy and church-wardens. (*Annals*, vol. III. p. 112, &c.) Dr. GREY. There is an allusion to this practice in Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*, where Timon describing the bawd Leucippe, says, "She keeps an office of "concealments." Act II.

* *You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, the book he had it out of cost him a teston at least.*] A *teston*, in Henry VIIIth's time, was of the value of a shilling now, though not larger than the present tester or six-pence. See STYVE'S *Memorials Ecclesiastical*. Dr. GREY.

The *teston*, as Mr. Le Blanc supposeth (*Traité historique des Monnoyes*, p. 319.) was originally an Italian coin. The word is derived from the Latin or Italian *testa*, which signifies a head; and the piece is so denominated from the head or face of the king, which was stamped upon it. They were first coined in France in the year 1513, from whence it is not improbable they made their way into England. In France they were first valued at about eighteen-pence.

* *You must have your Poets and your POTTINGS.*] The last word is dubious; if Jonson intended it as a diminutive from poet, he should have wrote it Poetlin, and so, perhaps, by contraction from thence he forms Potlin.

SCENE III.

[To them] *Kitely.**Kit.* Why how now? what's the matter?
what's the stir here?*Whence* springs the quarrel? *Thomas!*
where is he?Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:
My wife and sister, they are cause of this.
What, *Thomas?* where is this knave?*Cash.* Here, sir.*Wel.* Come, let's go: this is one of my
brother's ancient humours, this.*Step.* I am glad nobody was hurt, by his
ancient humour.*Kit.* Why, how now, brother, who en-
force'd this brawl?*Down.* A sort of lewd rake-hells, that
care neither for God nor the devil! And
they must come here to read ballads, and
roguey, and trash! I'll mar the knot of
'em ere I sleep perhaps; especially *Bob*,
there; he that's all manner of shapes! and
songs and sonnets, his fellow. [Lent,*Brid.* Brother, indeed, you are too vio-
Too sudden in your humour; and you know
My brother *Well-bred's* temper will not
bearAny reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace, he should
receive,

Might wound him in opinion, and respect.

Down. Respect? what talk you of respect
'mong such, [manners?As ha' no spark of manhood, nor good
'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you! respect?*Brid.* Yes, there was one a civil gen-
man,

And very worthily demean'd himself!

Kit. O, that was some love of yours,
sister!*Brid.* A love of mine? I would it were
no worse, brother,You'd pay my portion sooner than you
think for.*Dame.* Indeed, he seem'd to be a gen-
tleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and
of very excellent good parts! [minion!*Kit.* Her love, by heaven! my wife's
Fair disposition? excellent good parts?Death, these phrases are intolerable!
Good parts? how should she know his
parts?His parts? Well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plain, too clear: *Thomas*, come
hither.

What, are they gone?

Cash. I, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister——

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?*Cash.* No, sir, they are all gone.*Kit.* Art thou sure of it?*Cash.* I can assure you, sir.*Kit.* What gentleman was that they prais'd
so, *Thomas?**Cash.* One, they call him master *Kno'well*,
a handsome young gentleman, sir.*Kit.* I, I thought so; my mind gave me as
much:I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house
Somewhere; I'll go and search; go with me,
Thomas,Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a
master.

SCENE IV.

*Cob, Tib.**Cob.* What *Tib*, *Tib*, I say.*Tib.* How now, what cuckold is that
knocks so hard? O, husband, isn't you?
what's the news?*Cob.* Nay you have stunn'd me, i' faith!
you ha' giv'n me a knock o' the forehead
will stick by me! Cuckold? 'Slid, cuckold?*Tib.* Away, you fool, did I know it was
you that knockt? Come, come, you may
call me as bad when you list.*Cob.* May I? *Tib*, you are a whore.*Tib.* You lie in your throat, husband.*Cob.* How, the lie? and in my throat
too! do you long to be stab'd, ha?*Tib.* Why you are no soldier, I hope?*Cob.* O, must you be stab'd by a soldier?
Mass, that's true! when was *Bobadill* here?
your captain? that rogue, that foist, that
fencing *Burgullian*? I'll tickle him, i' faith.*Tib.* Why, what's the matter? trow!*Cob.* O, he has basted me rarely, sump-
tuously! but I have it here in black and
white, for his black and blue: shall pay
him. O, the justice! the honestest old
brave *Trojan* in London! I do honour the
very flea of his dog. A plague on him
though, he put me once in a villainous filthy
fear; marry, it vanish away like the smoke
of tobacco; but I was smok'd soundly first.
I thank the devil, and his good angel, my
guest. Well, wife, or *Tib*, (which you will)
get you in, and lock the door, I charge you
let nobody in to you; wife, nobody in to
you; those are my words. Not captain
Bob himself, nor the fiend in his likeness;
you are a woman, you have flesh and blood

* *I have it here in black and white; for his black and blue shall pay him.* *Cob*, though sometimes incorrect in his expressions, seldom talks without a meaning; but here we are at a loss to know how the bruises, the black and blue, which *Bobadill* had given him, should requite or pay the captain. The joke intended is lost by an error in the punctuation: I have recovered it, such as it is, from the first copy in folio. There the reading is exhibited as follows. *I have it here in black and white, for his black and blue: shall pay him.* Meaning he had got the justice's warrant against *Bobadill*, and should now be even with him.

enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib, and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, sweet.

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower:

Keep close thy door, I ask no more.

SCENE V.

Ed. Kno'well. Well-bred, Stephen, Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Well, Brain-worm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has wak'd all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have posset me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question.

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brain-worm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Kno. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man? why it cannot chuse but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her or no?

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Kno. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. Kno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by—what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am—

E. Kno. Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no

offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

SCENE VI.

Formal, Kno'well, Brain-worm.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Kno. I, a knave, I took him begging o' th' way,

This morning, as I came over Moor-fields!

O, here he is! yo' have made fair speed, believe me: [thus?—

Where, i' the name of gloth, could you be

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno. How so?

Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself.

Kno. How should that be, unless that villain Brain-worm

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd

All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal? 'tis so!

Brai. I am partly o'the faith 'tis so indeed.

Kno. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Kno. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied Unto such hellish practice: if it were, I had just cause to weep my part in him, And curse the time of his creation.

But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for, I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a voice calls Mr. Kno'well's man; another cries, soldier; and thus half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men¹⁰, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me, (as I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'em,) they lockt me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of

¹⁰ Where I no sooner came, but they seem'd MEN.] I suppose he thought them so, before he saw them. The sentence is dark; but there seems to be an antithesis designed between voice and man. He only tells his master, that he heard several voices calling him; and when he entered the house, these voices were personified, and turned to men. If this is not the meaning of the author, there is a word omitted. Their subsequent behaviour might lead us to think, he called them mad-men.

packthread into the street, and so 'scapt. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with 'em at a feast; and your son, Mr. Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

E. Kuo. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man, And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. I, sir, there you shall have him. Yes? invisible? "much wench, or much son? 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air: O, the sport that I should then take to look on him if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a "nupson now of this justice's novice. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers——

Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss; and expence of all; almost——

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——

Brai. O, sir——

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know: and more too somewhat.

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the *Wind-mill*: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the *Wind-mill*.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir; and make grist of you, if I have good luck.

SCENE VII.

Matthew, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadill, Stephen; Down-right, [to them.]

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Well-bred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this day-light.

E. Kno. We were now speaking of him: captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, I, sir, he threat'ned me with the bastinado.

Bob. I, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that——You shall kill him beyond question: if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay?

[He practises at a post.]

Mat. Rare captain!

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a——punto!

E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel, for knowledge (in that mystery only) there came three or four of 'em to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools; and withal so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was asham'd of their rude demeanour out of all measure: well, I told 'em that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Kno. So, sir, then you tried their skill.

Bob. Alas, soon tried! you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I grac'd them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three tricks of prevention, have purchas'd 'em since a credit to admiration! they cannot deny this: and yet now

"Yes? invisible? much wench, or much son?" Yes? invisible? That is, are you gone out of sight? What follows is proverbial; *Much* was a term of various senses, and often used as an expression of disdain and contempt. *Much* good may they do you, both wench, and son, if you find them.

"To light on a nupson." This word occurs once more in Jonson's works; the context determines the meaning to be a cully, or fool; but I know no other authority besides his.

"And expence of all almost." This is clear and good sense; but the oldest folio puts a stop after the word *all*, and improves the thought by it:—and expence of all; almost——as if he was going to specify a particular sum, if *Formal* had not interrupted him.

they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Kno. This is strange and barbarous! as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures; but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walk'd alone in divers skirts i' th' town, as Turn-bull, White-chapel, Shore-ditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hunt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppress'd with multitudes.

E. Kno. I, believe me, may you, sir: and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no: what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Kno. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords, (observe me,) I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroggiato, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This

done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practis'd upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the word.

E. Kno. Why are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miss thrust upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not stand in Down-right's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my distance.

E. Kno. Gods so, look where he is; yonder he goes.

[*Downright walks over the stage.*]

Down. What previlish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It's not he; is it?

E. Kno. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

E. Kno. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Kno. That I think, sir. But see, he is come again.

Down. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come draw to your tools; draw gipsie, or I'll thresh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me—

Down. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. "Tall man, I never thought on it till now (body of me) I had a warrant of the

¹⁴ *Bob.* TALL MAN, I never thought on it till now.] Down-right is described soon after, to be a tall big man, or else the fears of Mr. Matthew misrepresented him as such. But the words *tall man*, in this place, were not designed to give us an idea of his height or bulk. Our ancestors used *tall* in the sense of stout, bold, or courageous: and this, I apprehend, is the meaning we must assign it here: thus the Lord Bacon tells us, "that Bishop Fox caused "his castle of Norham to be fortified; and mann'd it likewise with a very great number of "tall soldiers." *Hist. of Henry VII.* p. 173. and in a *Discourse on Usury*, wrote by Dr. Wilson, we may see how it was then used: "Here in England, he that can rob a man by

peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman says it, Mr. Matthew.

Dow. 'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

[He beats him and disarms him, Matthew runs away.]

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour forbear.

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you. You'll controul the point, you? Your consort is gone? had he said he had shar'd with you, sir.

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno. No faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that'll prove but a poor excuse.

B. b. I cannot tell, sir. I des're good construction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, (by heaven,) sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kno. I, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your passadoes, and your montatoes, I'll none of them. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, couz.

Step. Mas. I'll ha' this cloke.

E. Kno. God's will, 'tis Down-right's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en't up as well as I, I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Kno. How an' he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. I, but he shall not ha' it: I'll say I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, couz.

SCENE VIII.

Kitely, Well-bred, Dame Kiteley, Bridget, Brain-worm, Cush.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,

To incense his anger, and disturb the peace Of my poor house, where there are sentinels, That every minute watch to give alarms Of civil war, without adjection Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you; since there is no harm done. Anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloke-bag. What's a musician

unless he play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For indeed all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

Dame. I, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poison'd, for any thing he knows; or the wholesome wine he drank, even now at the table—

Kit. Now, God forbid: O me. Now I remember

[cup, My wife drank to me last; and chang'd the And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day. See, if heav'n suffer murder undiscover'd! I feel me ill; give me some mithridate, Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;

O, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn. If you will save my life, go, fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath has poison'd him.

Bridget. Good brother, be content, what do you mean? *[kill you.*

The strength of these extreme conceits will

Dame. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Well-bred, now,

For putting such a toy into his head.

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison'd with a simile? Brother Kiteley, what a strange and idle imagination is this? For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I then, not poison'd?

Am I not poison'd? how am I then so sick?

Dame. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Brai. Mr. Kiteley, my master Justice Clement salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

[He comes disguised like Justice Clement's man.]

Kit. No time but now? when I think I am sick? very sick! Well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas, Cob, I must seek them out, and set 'em sentinels till I return. Thomas, Cob, Thomas

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brain-worm! but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the Wind-mill, to hear some martial discourse; where so I marshall'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration! and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked, as he lay along

"the highway, is called a *tall fellow*." Lond. 1534. The word occurs likewise in Shakespeare, who seems, in more places than one, to ridicule the frequent use of it by braves and bullies. Thus he makes Pistol say, "Thy spirits are most *tall*." And Mercutio reckons the phrase, a *tall man*! amongst the affected fancies of the time.

asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brain-worm, his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly: for, here tell him the house is so stor'd with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower, I know no better air; nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away.

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now, my secret's ripe, And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.

Hark, what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas,

Be careful of thy promise. keep good watch, Note every gallant, and observe him well, That enters in my absence to thy mistress: If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale,

Follow 'em, Thomas, or else hang on him, And let him not go after; mark their looks; Note if she offer but to see his hand, Or any other amorous toy about him; But praise his leg, or foot; or if she say The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand, How hot it is: O, that's a monstrous thing! Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,

And, if they do but whisper, break 'em off: I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this? Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cob. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee; where is Cob, how? Cob!

Da. He's ever calling for Cob! I wonder how he employs Cob so!

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question, for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end; I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts, ere now, sister.

Dame. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloke and go with me, I'll alter him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, 'faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him.

Wel. So let 'em go: this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful?

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it: for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.¹⁵ But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure, they will abide the touch; an' they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I; and it touches me too in part, though not in the—Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vow'd to inflame who'e bonfires of zeal at his heart in honour of your perfections. I have already engag'd my promise to bring you, where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you, will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see! who is return'd to hinder us?

Kit. "What villainy is this? call'd out on a false message?" [Bridget,

This was some plot! I was not sent for. Where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas? oh, that villain dars me.

He hath discover'd all unto my wife! [you
Beast that I was to trust him; whither I pray
Went she?

¹⁵ *Beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.* Jonson hath here used the word *touching*, in that acceptance which the Latin erotic writers sometimes assign the verb *tangere*: So in the *Silent Woman* he employs the phrase several times in the same sense, and generally on the authority of *Ovid*.

¹⁶ *Kitely. What villainy is this? &c.* The entrances and exits of the persons of the drama, are not always so punctually marked in our ancient plays, as in the modern ones: we have had in this very scene, both Kitely and his wife go out, and return again, without any change or variation; though I believe, according to critical propriety, the departure of a speaker, or at least his entrance, should give occasion to a new scene.

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wd. I'll tell you, brother,
Whether I suspect she's gone.

Ju. Whither, good brother?

Wd. To Cob's house, I believe: but,
keep my counsel.

Ju. I will, I will: to Cob's house? doth
she haunt Cob's?

She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her
Hath told her all. {favour,

Wd. Come, he is once more gone,
Sater, let's lose no time; th' affair is
worth it.

SCENE IX.

*Matthew, Bobadill; Brain-worm; Down-
right, [to them.]*

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will
say of my going away? ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say? but
as of a discreet gentleman? quick, wary,
respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and
that's all.

Mat. Why so! but what can they say
of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood,
a kind of gross battery used, laid on strong-
ly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

Mat. I, but would any man have offered
it in Venice? as you say?

Bob. Tut, I assure you, no: you shall
have there your Nobilis, your Gentelezza,
come in bravely upon your reverse, stand
you close, stand you firm, stand you fair,
save your reticatio with his left leg, come
to the assalto with the right, thrust with
brave steel, defy your base wood! But
wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I
was fascinated by Jupiter; fascinated; but
I will be unwitch'd,¹⁷ and reveng'd by
law.

Mat. Do you hear? is't not best to get a
warrant, and have him arrested and brought
before justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss, would we had it.

Mat. Why here comes his man, let's
speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. Save you, sir.

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Down-right hath
abus'd this gentleman and myself, and we
determine to make our amends by law;
now, if you would do us the favour to pro-

cure a warrant, to bring him afore your
master, you shall be well consider'd, I as-
sure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my
living; such favours as these gotten of my
master is his only preferment, and therefore
you must consider me as I may make bene-
fit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordi-
nary, and the gentleman may be of great
account; yet, be he what he will, if you
will lay me down a brace of angels in my
hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? he asks
a brace of angels, you have no money?

B. b. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but
two-pence left of my two shillings in the
morning for wine and radish: let's find him
some pawn.

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value
of his demand.

Mat. O, yes: "I'll pawn this jewel in
my ear, and you may pawn your silk-stock-
ings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er
be mist: it must be done now.

Bob. Well, an' there be no remedy: I'll
step aside and pull 'em off.

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store
of money at this time, but you shall have
good pawns: look you, sir, this jewel, and
that gentleman's silk-stockings, because we
would have it dispatch'd ere we went to
our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you
the warrant presently; what's his name,
say you? Down-right?

Mat. I, I, George Down-right.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a
cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid
about with russet-lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. And here are my stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you
this warrant presently; but who will you
have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain, that must be
consider'd.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis ser-
vice of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the
varlets o' the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint
you one, if you please.

¹⁷ *I was fascinated; but I will be unwitch'd.]* In our ancient law, when causes were de-
cided by single combat, the parties were obliged to swear, before the encounter began,
that they had used no unlawful arts or charms, either to debilitate their adversary, or to
render themselves invulnerable, and Bobadill here thinks that Down-right had been prac-
tising in that way upon him; and it is probable he means the same too, in a preceding
scene, where he engages to kill the enemy by a score a day, provided no treachery was
practised.

¹⁸ *I'll pawn this jewel in my ear.]* A fashion at that time for the men to wear rings in
their ears, ridiculed by Shakspeare, and the other comic writers.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloke of the justice's man's at the brokers, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Down-right, for the arrest.

SCENE X.

Kno'well, Tib, Cash, Dame Kitchy, Kately, Cob.

Kno. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Ho? who is within here?

Tib. I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno. O! fear you the constable? then I doubt not, [fear:] You have some guests within deserve that I'll fetch him straight.

Tib. O! God's name, sir.

Kno. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young Kno'well here?

Tib. Young Kno'well? I know none such, sir, o'mine honesty.

Kno. "Your honesty! Dame; it flies too lightly from you;

There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

Cash. Ho, who keeps house here? [son.]

Kno. O, this is the female copesmate of my Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, good wife?

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame. "Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?

Dame. So strange you make it? Is not my husband here?

Kno. Her husband!

Dame. My tried husband, master Kately.

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame. No, Dame, he does it not for need but pleasure.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here. [withal.]

Kno. This is but a device to frighten me Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my son disguis'd?

Dame. O, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market,

Found your close walks? You stand amaz'd now, do you?

[She spies her husband come, and runs to him.]

[Faith, (I am glad) I have smock'd you¹ yet at last. [see her:]

What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's (Fetch forth your housewife, dame,) if she be fairer,

In any honest judgment, than myself,

I'll be content with it: but she is change, She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,

And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman. [treachour!²

Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you *Kno.* She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet impudence! [I taken

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,

This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat, [Pointing to Old Kno'well.

Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it

With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me? O, old incontinent, dost not thou shame,

[To him.] When all thy powers in chastity are spent,

To have a mind so hot, and to entice, And feed th' enticements of a lustful woman!

Dame. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch. [By Tho.³

Kit. Defy me, strumpet? Ask thy pandar here,

¹ Your honesty, dame; it flies too lightly from you; there is no way but fetch the constable.] Though the metre is generally well preserved, and the speeches in verse are printed as such, yet we have a mistake in this; the lines should be here distinct, as the numbers are complete.

Your honesty! dame; it flies too lightly from you;
There is no way but fetch the constable.

² Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door? Belike you get something to keep it shut.] This error is the same with the preceding, and it is strange the editors should not perceive it. We have here again two verses contounded, and run together as prose. They should be printed in this manner:

Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?
Belike you get something to keep it shut.

³ P'faith, I am glad I have smock'd you at last.] A syllable is wanting in the copy of 1716. Former editions give it us right,

I have smock'd you yet at last.

⁴ O, you TREACHER!] i. e. traitor, treachour, and treachetour, words occurring in Spenser, and the first of them in Chaucer.

⁵ By Tho.] This marginal direction is obscure. Thomas Cash is the person meant, he is called her pandar, as Kno'well is afterwards termed the wicked elder. The words *By Tho.* as, mean, that he comes up to Cash, when he gives him that appellation. This whole scene is very happily drawn, and quite in the spirit of the antient comedy.

Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?

Kis. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak.

Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

Kis. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?

Kil. Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, That make your husband such a hoddly-doddy;

And you, young apple-squire, and old I'll ha' you every one before a justice:

Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly;

Though I do taste this as a trick put on me, To punish my impertinent search, and justly, And half forgive my son for the device.

Kit. Come, will you go?

Dame. Go? to thy shame, believe it.

Cob. Why, what's the matter here? what's here to do?

Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abus'd,

And thy house: never was man so wrong'd!

Cob. Slid, in my house? my master Kately? who

Wrongs you in my house?

Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here:

Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken

Cob. How? bawd? is my house come to that? Am I prefer'd thither? Did I not

charge you to keep your doors shut, Isabel?

And—you let 'em lie open for all comers.

[He falls upon his wife and beats her.]

Kno. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.

This is madness in thee.

Cob. Why? is there no cause? *[Cob:]*

Kit. Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice,

Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go.

Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an' you may be allow'd to make a bundle o' hemp o' your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go? *[You tam'd.]*

Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we'll ha'

SCENE XI.

Brai-worm, Matthew, Bobadill, Stephen, Down-right.

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray heav'n I come well off.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

Bob. Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend; are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, (which I have about me) to be serv'd on one Down-right.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware—

B b. Bear back, master Matthew.

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you! the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend? I am no Down-right, I: I am master Stephen: you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly; I am in no body's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily for making me thus afraid afore my time.

Brai. Why, now you are deceiv'd, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloke, and that deceiv'd us: but see, here a comes indeed, this is he, officer.

Down. Why how now, signor gull! are you turn'd slicher of late? Come, deliver my cloke.

Step. Your cloke, sir? I bought it even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Down-right, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen? these rascals!

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before master justice Clement to answer what they can object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain—

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heav'n!

Down. Gull, you'll give me my cloke?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. I, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloke, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloke? what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose, at another time; but you shall not now, varlet: bring him along, or I'll swinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case. Here's your money again.

Down. 'Selevns, tell not me of my money, bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Down. Yet more ado?

Brai. I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

Down. Come along, afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir: it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Clement, Kno'well, Kately, Dame Kately, Tib, Cash, Cob, Servants.

Clem. **N**AY, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. You, master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son?

Kno. I, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. 'Tis that did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk? about what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the f. he message to you, master Kately?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good; but, Mrs. Kately, how chance that you were at Cob's? ha?

Dame. An' please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Well-bred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place—

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame. And that my husband us'd thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress.

Dame. True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kately: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Well-bred.

Clem. How, Well-bred first tell her; then tell you after? Where is Well-bred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device;

you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench, wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes; most pitifully, an' please you.

Cob. And worthily I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. I, that's like, and a piece of a sentence. How now, sir? what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman? what's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier? Take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on, [*He arms himself.*] hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon— Let the soldier enter. Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

SCENE II.

[*To them*] *Bobadill, Matthew.*

Bob. By your worship's favour—

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here, here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten, by one Down-right, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarreling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoil'd me of mine honour, disarm'd me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An' please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Ser. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Ser. Yes, sir; the officer says, procur'd by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. Down-right! are you brought at Mr. Fresh-water's suit here?

SCENE III.

Down-right, Stephen, Brain-worm, [to them.]

Down. Faith, sir. And here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who? master Kno'well.

Kno. I, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloke, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it e're-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a while. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. I, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! where is the warrant? officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir, your worship's man, master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, master Down-right, are you such a novice, to be serv'd and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No? how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so——

Clem. O, god's pity, was it so, sir? he must serve it? give me my long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrah: nay, stand up, I'll use you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say.

[He flourishes over him with his long sword.]

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice.

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy, I must cut off your legs, sirrah, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship.

Clem. Well, rise, how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why, so; I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but, I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must? sirrah, away with him to the gaol, I'll teach you a trick, for you must, sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the gaol, away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose by my travail, any grain of my fame, certain.

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My man Brain-worm?

Step. O, yes, uncle, Brain-worm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all, there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you, master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself: first as Brain-worm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis! It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, Mr. Kately, a message too, in the form of Mr. Justice's man here, to draw him out o' th' way, as well as your worship, while master Well-bred might make a conveyance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

All. How! my sister stol'n away?

Ans. My son is not married, I hope!

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound

kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time! See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it's at the highest: and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi*.

Kno. There's an emblem for your son, and your studies!

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff.* Mr Kately, you look upon me! though I live i' the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlers! tiftse ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach. They have it with the fact.

E. Kno. Sir, you have sav'd me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper; between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign o' the Soldier, and picture o' the Poet, (but both so false, I will not ha' you hanged out at my door till midnight) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as 'o forgive or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an' he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give Mr.

Down-right his cloke; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have i' the buttry, and keep C. ob. and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconcil'd; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good complement! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, Mr. Downright, your anger; you, master Kno'well, your cares; master Kately and his wife, their jealousy. For, I must tell you both, while that is fed, Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head.

Kat. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweet heart.

"See what a drove of horns fle in the air,

"Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath! [they fall.

"Watch'em, suspicious eyes, watch where
"See, see! on heads, that think th' have none at all!

"O, what a piteous world of this will come! [sone."

"When air rains horns, all may be sure of I ha' learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead; every one a fel ow. Here is my mistress, Brain-worm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference. Whose adventures this day, when our grand-children shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause.

* *There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. They are not born every year, as an alderman.* Among plain citizens, this might be thought a reflection upon men of gravity and worship; and Mr. Kately seemed to take it so: but the merry justice thought no harm, when he thus gave us the sense of the old Latin verses:

Consules sunt quotannis, et proconsules:

Solus poeta non quotannis nascitur.

Which Taylor the Water-poet has paraphrased with much greater honour to the bard:

"When heav'n intends to do some mighty thing,

"He makes a poet, or at least—a king."

* *Here is my mistress, Brain-worm.*] The justice being a man of humour, takes Brain-worm as his partner, not indeed for the dance, but for mirth and jocular conversation.

This Comedy * was first acted in the year 1598, by the then Lord Chamberlain his servants.

The principal Comedians were,

WILL. SHAKSPEARE,
AUG. PHILIPS,
HEN. CONDEL,
WILL. SLYE,
WILL. KEMPE,

RIC. BURBADGE,
JOH. HEMINGS,
THO. POPE,
CHR. BEESTON,
JOH. DUKE.

* I have supplied this account of the actors from the folio of 1616. It was not customary at that time, to print the player's name against that person of the drama which he represented, as is now the usual practice; so that we cannot positively say, who were the performers of the respective characters in the preceding play. But if the actors' names, as we may probably suppose, are ranged in the same order as the persons of the play, that order determines the part of Kno'well to have been played by Shakspeare, whose name stands first in the list of actors, as the other stands at the head of the dramatic characters.

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ASPER, the Presenter.			
MACILENTE.		FUNGOSO.	{ Taylor. Haberdasher. Shoe-maker.
	{ His Lady. Waiting Gent. Huntsman. Serving Men 2. Dog and Cat.	SOGLIARDO.	
PUNTARVOLO.		SHIFT.	Rustici.
		CLOVE.	{ A Groom. Drawers. Constable, and Officers.
CARLO BUFFONE.		ORANGE.	
FASTID. BRISK.	CINEDO his Page.	GREX.	
DELIRO.	{ FIDO, their Servant.	CORDATUS.	
FALLACE.	{ Musicians.	MITIS.	
SAVIOLINA.			
SORDIDO.	His Hind.		

THE CHARACTER OF THE PERSONS.

ASPER.

He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses.¹ One whom no servile hope of gain, or irasty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

MACILENTE.

A man well parted, a sufficient scholar, and travelled; who (wanting that place in the world's account which he thinks his merit capable of), falls into such an envious apoplexy, with which his judgment is so dazzled and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another.

PUNTARVOLO.

A vain-glorious knight, over-englishing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Jacob's staff of compliment; a sir that hath liv'd to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himself, to the floutage of his own family. He deals upon returns,² and strange performances, resolving (in despite of public derision) to stick to his own particular fashion, phrase, and gesture.

CARLO BUFFONE.

A public, scurrilous, and profane jester; that (more swift than Circe) with absurd similes will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound, or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons (damn him) he came in oars, when he was but wafted over in a sculler. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproach.

FASTIDIUS BRISK.

A neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears clothes well, and in fashion: practiseth by his glass how to salute; speaks good remnants (notwithstanding the base-viol and to-bacco:) swears tersely, and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great

¹ Without fear, controlling the world's abuses. The first edition takes away the comma after fear, and lays both the sentences in one. This seems to be the truer lection: but we claim no merit from either deposing, or restoring commas.

² He deals upon RETURNS. Ventures sent abroad, for the safe return of which he agrees by articles to receive so much money.

man's familiarity : a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant, only with the gingle of his spur, and the jerk of his wand.

DELIRO,

A good doting citizen, who, it is thought, might be of the common-council for his wealth ; a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her. And, in that hood-winkt humour, lives more like a suitor than a husband ; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in juniper to her every morning before she rises, and wakes her with villainous-out-of-tune musick, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her judgment) is sure to dislike.

FALLACE,

Deliro's wife, and idol ; a proud mincing peat, and as perverse as he is officious. She does as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.

SAVIOLINA,

A court lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admired by herself, and one more, her servant Brisk.

SORDIDO,

A wretched hob-nail'd chuff, whose recreation is reading of almanacks ; and felicity, foul weather. One that never pray'd but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest.

FUNGOSO,

The son of Sordido, and a student ; one that has revell'd in his time, and follows the fashion afar off, like a spie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeavours, to wring sufficient means from his wretched father to put him in the courtier's cut ; at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily, that he still lights short a suit.

SOGLIARDO,

An essential clown, brother to Sordido, yet so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it, though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions. He is in his kingdom when he can get himself into company where he may be well laugh'd at.

SHIFT,

A thread-bare shark ; one that never was a soldier, yet lives upon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling, his bank Pauls, and his ware-house Pict-hatch. Takes up single testons upon oaths, till dooms-day. Falls under executions of three shillings, and enters into five-groat bonds. He way-lays the reports of services, and cons them without book, damning himself he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in the bawdy-house, or lay pawned in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old acquaintance that he never saw in his life before. He usurps upon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he never did, only to get him a name. His chief exercises are, taking the whiff, squiring a cockatrice, and making privy searches for imposters.

CLOVE AND ORANGE,

An inseparable case of coxcombs, city-born ; the Gemini, or twins of foppery ; that, like a pair of wooden foyles, are fit for nothing but to be practis'd upon. Being well flattered they'll lend money, and repent when they have done. Their glory is to invite players, and make suppers. And in company of better rank (to avoid the suspect of insufficiency) will inforce their ignorance most desperately, to set upon the understanding of any thing. Orange is the most humorous of the two, (whose small portion of juice being squeezed out) Clove serves to stick him with commendations.

CORDATUS,

The author's friend ; a man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his plot ; of a discreet and understanding judgment ; and has the pace of a moderator.

MITIS,

Is a person of no action, and therefore we have reason to afford him no character.

After the second Sounding.*

GREG.

Cordatus, Asper, Mitis.

Cor. NAY, my dear Asper.

Mit. Stay your mind.

Asp. Away.

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit, or rein his
tongue?

Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense,
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crackt with the weight of
sin,

Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black rav'nous ruin, with her sail-stretch'd
wings,

Ready to sink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips seal'd up? Not I: my soul
Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:
But (with an armed and resolved hand)
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth:

Cor. (Be not too bold.

Asp. You trouble me) and with a whip
of steel,

Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stamp't in a private brow,
When I am pleas'd t'unmask a public vice.
I fear no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
No brokers, usurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.
I fear no courtiers frown, should I applaud
The easy flexure of his supple hams.
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
That drunken custom would not shame to
laugh [tax 'em.

(In scorn) at him, that should he dare to
And yet, not one of these but knows his
works, [hell;
Knows what damnation is, the devil, and
Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,
Puffing their souls away in perj'rous air,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.

Mit. Forbear, good Asper; be not like
your name. [zeal,

Asp. O, but to such whose faces are all
And (with the words of Hercules) invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell
of sin,

But seem as they were made of sanctity!
Religion in their garments, and their hair

Cut shorter than their eye-brows! when the
conscience

Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the counters.

Mit. Gentle Asper,
Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the vio-
Of your strong thoughts. [lence

Cor. Unless your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.

Asp. I not observ'd this thronged round
till now! [come;

Gracious and kind spectators, you are wel-
Apollo and the Muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes, unto their largest strain.
Yet here mistake me not, judicious friends;
I do not this, to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing in his merit.
Let me be censur'd by th' austere brow,
Where I want art or judgment, tax me
freely: [eyes,

Let envious censors, with their broadest
Look through and through me, I pursue no
favour;

Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you musick worth your ears.
O, how I hate the monstrousness of time,
Where every servile imitating spirit,
(Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
In a mere halting fury, strives to fling
His ulc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leaps forth a poet! but as lame
As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripple-gate.

Mit. In faith this humour will come ill to
some,

You will be thought to be too peremptory.

Asp. This humour? good! and why this
humour, Mitis?

Nay, do not turn, but answer.

Mit. Answer? what? [me,

Asp. I will not stir your patience, pardon
I urg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
To give these ignorant well-spoken days
Some taste of their abuse of this word hu-
mour. [Asper;

Cor. O, do not let your purpose fall, good
It cannot but arrive most acceptable,
Chiefly to such as have the happiness,
Daily to see how the poor innocent word
Is rack'd and tortur'd.

Mit. I, I pray you proceed.

Asp. Ha? what? what is't?

Cor. For the abuse of humour.

* After the second Sounding.] These several soundings are in the modern theatre term'd first, second, and third musick.

Black, rav'nous ruin, with her sail-stretch'd wings.] There is a sublimity in this and the preceding lines, which shews us that Jonson could have reach'd a nobler flight in the greater kinds of poetry, had he not cramped his genius by confining it, in conformity to the prejudices of the age, to a model unworthy of himself, and even not agreeable to his own taste. The author he copied after in his *S. Jonus* and *Cauline*, was Seneca the Tragedian; as we shall shew more distinctly, when we come to those plays.

Asp. O, I crave pardon, I had lost my thoughts.

Why, humour (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it,¹
To be a quality of air, or water,
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure: as, for demonstra-

tion, [run:]
Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and
Likewise the air (forc'd through a horn or trumpet)

Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus
It may, by metaphor, apply itself [far
Unto the general disposition:

As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confusions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.²
But that a rook by wearing a py'd feather,
The cable hathband, or the three-pil'd ruff,
A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot,
On his French garters, should affect a hu-
mour!

O, it is more than most ridiculous. [idiot
Cor. 'He speaks pure truth; now if an
Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
It is his humour.

Asp. Well, I will scourge those apes,
And to these courteous eyes oppose a
mirror,

As large as is the stage whereon we act;
Where they shall see the time's deformity
Anatomiz'd in every nerve, and sinew,
With constant courage, and contempt of
fear.

Mit. Asper, (I urge it as your friend)
take heed,

The days are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are grown impatient of reproof.

Asp. Ha, ha!
You might as well have told me, yond' is
heav'n, [alike.

This earth, these men, and all had mov'd
Do not I know the time's condition? [be
Yes, Mitis, and their souls; and who they
That either will or can except against me.
None but a sort of fools, so sick in taste,
That they condemn all physick of the mind,
And, like gall'd camels, kick at every touch.³
Good men, and virtuous spirits, that lothe
their vices,

Will cherish my free labours, love my lines,
And with the fervour of their shining grace
Make my brain fruitful, to bring forth more
objects,

Worthy their serious and intensive eyes.
But why enforce I this? as fainting? no.
If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong:
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em; my strict
hand

Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy
natures,⁴

As lick up every idle vanity.
Cor. Why, this is right *furor poeticus*!
Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
Will yet conceive the best, or entertain
This supposition, that a mad man speaks.

Asp. What, are you ready there? Mitis,
sit down,

And my Coriatus. Sound ho, and begin.
I leave you two, as censors, to sit here:
Observe what I present, and liberal y
Speak your opinions upon every scene,
As it shall pass the view of these spectators.
Nay, now y'are tedious, sirs; for shame
begin.

And, Mitis, note me; if in all this front
You can espy a gallant of this mark,
Who (to be thought one of the judicious)

¹ (*As 'tis ENS*) we thus define it.] *Ens* is a term of the schools, and signifies a substance, or existence.

² *This may be truly said to be a HUMOUR.*] What was usually called the *manners* in a play or poem, began now to be called the *humours*. The word was new; the use, or rather abuse of it was excessive. It was applied upon all occasions, with as little judgment as wit. Every coxcomb had it always in his mouth; and every particularly he affected was denominated by the name of *humour*. To redress this extravagance, *Jonson* is exact in describing the true meaning, and proper application of the term. *Shakspeare* ridicules it in the character of *Nym*. It hath been observed that the word, in the sense which *Jonson* assigns it, is peculiar to our English language: but the quality intended by it is not peculiar to the people. Our poet's great excellence was the lively copying of these humorous characters.

³ *He speaks pure truth now; if an idiot.*] The reading of the last edition. The first folio much better, as it stands above,

He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot.

⁴ *And, like GLAD camels, kick at every touch.*] The true lection, which is exhibited by the copy of 1616, is as followeth,

And, like gall'd camels, kick at every touch.

⁵ *Squeeze out the humour of such spongy NATURES.*] So read the editions of 1692, and 1716, from the folio of 1640, but the first copy hath *spongy souls*.

Sit with his arms thus wreath'd, his hat
pull'd here, [empty head,
Cries mew, and nods, then shakes his
Will shew more several motions in his face
Than 'the new London, Rome, or Niniveh,
And, now and then, breaks a dry bisquet-
jest,

Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
He sleeps in his own laughter.

Cor. Why, will that
Make it be sooner swallow'd?

Asp. O, assure you.

Or if it did not, yet, as Horace sings,
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaris tenet,
"Mean cates are welcome still to hungry
guests."

Cor. 'Tis true; but why should we ob-
serve 'em, Asper? [assemblies

Asp. O, I would know 'em; for in such
Th' are more infectious than the pestilence:
And therefore I would give them pills to
purge,

And make 'em fit for fair societies.

How monstrous and detested is't, to see
A fellow, that has neither art nor brain,
Sit like an Aristarchus, or stark ass,
Taking men's lines, with a tobacco-face,
In snuff, still spitting, using his wry'd looks
(In nature of a vice) to wrest and turn
The good aspect of those that shall sit near
him, [vile.

From what they do behold! O, 'tis most
Mit. Nay, Asper.

Asp. Peace, Mits, I do know your
thought. [this:

You'll say, your guests here will except at
Fah, you are too timorous, and fud of
doubt.

Then he, a patient, shall reject all physick,
'Cause the physician tells him, you are sick:
Or, if I say, that he is vicious, [fond:
You will not hear of virtue. Come, y'are
Shall I be so extravagant to think,
That happy judgments, and composed
spirits, [these?

Will challenge me for taxing such as
I am ashamed.

Cor. Nay, but good, pardon us;

We must not bear this preemprory sail,
But use our best endeavours how to please.

Asp. Why, therein I commend your care-
ful thoughts,

And I will mix with you in industry
'To please: but whom? attentive auditors,
Such as will join their profit with their plea-
sure,

And come to feed their understanding parts:
For these I'll prodigally spend myself,
And speak away my spirit into air;
For these I'll melt my brain into invention,
Coin new conceits, and hang my richest
words

As polish'd jewels in their bounteous ears.¹⁰
But stay, I lose myself, and wrong their
patience;

If I dwell here, they'll not begin I see.
Friends, sit you still, and entertain this troop
With some familiar and by-conference,
I'll haste them sound. Now, gentlemen, I
To turn an actor, and a humourist, [go
Where (ere I do resume my present person)
We hope to make the circles of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter: if we fail,
We must impute it to this only chance,

"Art hath an enemy call'd ignorance."¹¹
[Exit Asp.

Cor. How do you like his spirit, Mits?
Mit. I should like it much better, if he
were less confident.

Cor. Why, do you suspect his merit?
Mit. No, but I fear this will procure him
much envy.

Cor. O, that sets the stronger seal on his
desert: if he had no enemies, I should
esteem his fortunes most wretched at this
instant.

Mit. You have seen his play, Cordatus:
pray you, how is't?

Cor. Faith, sir, I must refrain to judge:
only this I can say of it, 'tis strange, and of
a particular kind by itself,¹² somewhat like
Vetus Comœdia; a work that hath boun-
teously pleased me; how it will answer the
general expectation, I know not.

Mit. Does he observe all the laws of
comedy in it?

¹⁰ *Than the new London, Rome, or Niniveh.*] Puppet-shews, or as they were then
styled, motions, at that time in great vogue.

¹¹ *Come, y'are fond*] i. e. simple, injudicious.

¹² *hang my richest words*

As polish'd jewels in their bounteous ears.] The comparison alludes to the custom
then in vogue, of men's wearing rings and jewels in their ears.

"Art hath an enemy call'd ignorance." *Et quod vulgo aiunt, artem non habere inimicum*
mit ignorantem.—Russeri Symbol. Imperator. class. 1. p. 136. Dr. GREY.

"Somewhat like Vetus Comœdia."] In the *Vetus Comœdia*, or old comedy, the learned
knew that personal characters were introduced by name, and much licence of abuse was
tolerated. Jonson hath restrained from every thing of this nature; though his enemies did
not scruple to tax him with quarrelling with his friends, and afterwards representing them
on the stage; and particularly in the characters of this very play. In what follows we may
remark the most exact knowledge of the progress of ancient comedy, through its several
ages: and the conclusion is a satire on the poets of the age, for their violation of the laws
of writing. Our poet perfectly understood the dramatic unities, and was happy in his ob-
servance of them.

Cor. What laws mean you?

Mit. Why, the equal division of it into acts and scenes, according to the Terentian manner; his true number of actors; the furnishing of the scene with Grex or Chorus, and that the whole argument fall within compass of a day's business.

Cor. O no, these are too nice observations.

Mit. They are such as must be received, by your favour, or it cannot be authentic.

Cor. Troth, I can discern no such necessity.

Mit. No?

Cor. No, I assure you, signior. If those laws you speak of had been delivered us *ab initio*, and in their present virtue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers; but 'tis extant, that that which we call *comœdia*, was at first nothing but a simple and continued song, sung by one only person, till Sisario invented a second; after him, Epicharmus a third; Phormus and Chionides devised to have four actors, with a prologue and chorus; to which Cratinus (long after) added a fifth and sixth; Eupolis, more; Aristophanes, more than they: every man in the dignity of his spirit and judgment supplied something. And (though that in him this kind of poem appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it changed since, in Menander, Philémon, Cecilius, Plautus, and the rest? who have utterly excluded the chorus, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liberty, according to the elegance and disposition of those times wherein they wrote. I see not then, but we should enjoy the same licence, or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention as they did; and not be tied to those strict and regular forms which the niceness of a few, who are nothing but form, would thrust upon us.

Mit. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his scene?

Cor. Marry, *insula fortunata*, sir.

Mit. O, the fortunate island: mass, he has bound himself to a strict law there.

Cor. Why so?

Mit. He cannot lightly alter the scene, without crossing the seas.

Cor. He needs not, having a whole island to run through, I think.

Mit. No? how comes it then, that in some one play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdoms, passed over with such admirable dexterity?

Cor. O, that but shews how well the authors can travel in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their auditory. But leaving this, I would they would begin

once: this protraction is able to sour the best-settled patience in the theatre.

Mit. They have answered your wish, sir; they sound.

Cor. O, here comes the prologue. Now, sir, if you had staid a little longer, I meant to have spoke your prologue for you, i'faith.

The third sounding.

PROLOGUE.

Pro. Marry, will all my heart, sir, you shall do it yet, and I thank you.

Cor. Nay, nay, stay, stay, hear you?

Pro. You could not have studied to ha' done me a greater benefit at the instant; for I protest to you, I am imperfect, and, had I spoke it, I must of necessity have been out.

Cor. Why, but do you speak this seriously?

Pro. Seriously! I, (wit's my help, do I) and esteem myself indebted to your kindness for it.

Cor. For what?

Pro. Why, for undertaking the prologue for me.

Cor. How, did I undertake it for you?

Pro. Did you! I appeal to all these gentlemen, whether you did or no? Come, come, it pleases you to cast a strange look on't now; but 'twill not serve.

Cor. 'Fore me, but it must serve; and therefore speak your prologue.

Pro. An' I do, let me die poison'd with some venomous hiss, and never live to look as high as the two-penny room again.

Mit. He has put you to it, sir.

Cor. 'Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this! Gentlemen, good faith I can speak no prologue, however his weak wit has had the fortune to make this strong use of me here before you: but I protest—

[Enter Carlo Buffone, with a boy and wine.

Car. Come, come, leave these fustian protestations; away, come, I cannot abide these grey-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glass quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome; give 'em a health here. I marle whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yond' sackbut's mouth; they might well think he'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.

Cor. Hang him, dull block.

Car. O good words, good words; a well-timber'd fellow, he would ha' made a good column, an' he had been thought on, when the house was a building. O, art thou come? Well said; give me, boy, fill, so. Here's a cup of wine sparkles like a diamond. Gentlewomen (I am sworn to put

¹¹ What a humorous fellow is this? But the first folio reads, 'Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this?

them in first) and gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad prologue; I drink this good draught to your health here, Canary, the very elixir and spirit of wine.¹ This is that our poet calls Castalian liquor, when he comes abroad (now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good meal among players, where he has *caninum appetitum*; marry, at home he keeps a good philosophical diet, beans and butter-milk; an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, four, five of these, one after another, and look villainously when he has done, like a one-headed Cerberus (he does not hear me, I hope), and then (when his belly is well bulled, and his brain rigg'd a little) he sails away with all, as though he would work wonders when he comes home. He has made a play here, and he calls it, *Every Man out of his Humour*: but an' he get me out of the humour he has put me in, I'll trust none of his tribe again while I live. Gentles, all I can say for him, is, you are welcome: I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an old rule, *No pledging your own health*. Marry, if any here be thirsty for it, their best way (that I know) is, sit still, seal up their lips, and drink so much of the play in at their ears. [Exit.

¹ *Canary, the very ELIXIR OF WINE.*] It was a cant term in that age for sick, alluding to the elixir of the alchymists for the renewal or prolongation of life.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Macilente.

VIRI est, fortuna; cecitatem facile ferre.

'Tis true; but, Stoic, where (in the vast world) [command

Doth that man breathe, that can so much

His blood and his affection? Well, I see

I strive in vain to cure my wounded soul;

For every cordial that my thoughts apply

Turns to a corr'sive, and doth eat it farther.

There is no taste in this philosophy;

'Tis like a potion that a man should drink,

But turns his stomach with the sight of it.

I am no such pil'd Cynique to believe,

That beggary is the only happiness;

Or (with a number of these patient fools)

To sing: "My mind to me a kingdom is,"¹

When the lank hungry belly barks for food.

I look into the world, and there I meet

With objects, that do strike my blood-shot

eyes

Into my brain: where, when I view myself,

Having before observ'd this man is great,

Mighty and fear'd; that lov'd, and highly

favour'd; [rich,

A third thought wise and learned; a fourth

And therefore honour'd; a fifth rarely
featur'd;

A sixth admired for his nuptial fortunes:

When I see these (I say) and view myself,

I wish the organs of my sight were crack'd;

And that the engine of my grief would cast

Mine eye-balls, like two globes of wild-

fire, forth,

To melt this unproportion'd frame of nature.

Oh, they are thoughts that have transfixt

my heart,

And often (i' the strength of apprehension)

Made my cold passion stand upon my face,

Like drops of dew on a stiff cake of ice.

GREX.

Cor. This alludes well to that of the poet,

Invidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,

Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.

Mit. O peace, you break the scene.

Maci. Soft, who be these?

I'll lay me down awhile till they be past.

GREX.

Cor. Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.

¹ *My mind to me a kingdom is.*] Words of an old ballad, the thought from Seneca.

Mit. What is he?

Cor. A tame rook, you'll take him presently; list.

SCENE II.

Sogliardo, Carlo Bufone, Macilente.

Sog. Nay, look you, Carlo: this is my humour now! I have land and money, my friends left me well, and I will be a gentleman whatsoever it cost me.

Car. A most gentleman-like resolution.

Sog. Tut, an' I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your taylor's needle, I go through; but, for my name, signior, how think you? will it not serve for a gentleman's name, when the Signior is put to it? ha?

Car. Let me hear: how is't?

Sog. Signior Insulso Sogliardo: methinks it sounds well.

Car. O excellent! tut, an' all fitted to your name, you might very well stand for a gentleman: I know many Sogliardo's gentlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might be a justice of peace.

Car. I, and a constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my lordship you see here, and those farns you came by.

Car. Good steps to gentility too, marry: but Sogliardo, if you affect to be a gentleman indeed, you must observe all the rare qualities, humours, and compliments of a gentleman.

Sog. I know it, signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learn, I'll assure you.

Car. Enough, sir: I'll make admirable use of the projection of my medicine upon this lump of copper here. I'll bethink me for you, sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thank you, and think on you.

GREX.

Cor. Is this not purely good?

Maci. Why, why should such a prick-car'd hind as this [gull] Be rich? ha? a fool! such a transparent That may be seen through! wherefore should he have land, [entrails, Houses, and lordships? O, I could eat my And sink my soul into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First (to be an accomplish'd gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time) you must give o'er house-keeping in the country, and live altogether in the city amongst gallants; where at your first appearance, 'twere good you turn'd four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel (you may do

it without going to a conjurer) and be sure you mix yourself still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular¹: study their carriage and behaviour in all; learn to play at primero and passage, and ever (when you lose) ha' two or three peculiar oaths to swear by, that no man else swears: but above all, protest in your play, and affirm upon your credit as you are a true gentleman, (at every cast) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

Sog. O admirable rare! he cannot chuse but be a gentleman that has these excellent gifts: more, more, I beseech you.

Car. You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your ordinary, sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak: and when you come to plays, be humorous, look with a good starch'd face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That's a special grace you must observe.

Sog. I warrant you, sir.

Car. I, and sit o' the stage and flout, provided you have a good suit.

Sog. O, I'll have a suit only for that, sir.

Car. You must talk much of your kindred and allies.

Sog. Lies! no, signior, I shall not need to do so, I have kindred i' the city to talk of: I have a niece is a merchant's wife; and a nephew, my brother Sordido's son, of the inns of court.

Car. O, but you must pretend alliance with courtiers and great persons: and ever when you are to dine or sup in any strange presence, hire a fellow with a great chain (though it be copper, it's no matter) to bring you letters, feign'd from such a nobleman, or such a knight, or such a lady, "To their worshipful, right rare and nobly qualified friend and kinsman, Signior Insulso Sogliardo;" give yourself stile enough. And there (while you intend circumstances of news, or enquiry of their health, or so) one of your familiars (whom you must carry about you still) breaks it up (as 'twere in a jest) and reads it publicly at the table: at which you must seem to take as unpardonable offence, as if he had torn your mistress's colours, or breath'd upon her picture; and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would advance a challenge upon it presently.

Sog. Stay, I do not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted; but I'll tell you what's my humour now, I will do this: I will take occasion of sending one of my suits to the taylor to have the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as you talk of (broke open and all) shall be left: O, the taylor will presently give out what I

¹ *Least popular*] is least vulgar; most removed from the common people.

am, upon the reading of it, worth twenty of your gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your man's negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beat him too: I'll have a man for the purpose.

Mac. You may, you have land and crowns: O partial fate!

Car. Mass, well remembered, you must keep your men gallant at the first, fine pyed liveries laid with good gold lace; there's no loss in it, they may rip't off and pawn it when they lack victuals.

Sog. By'r lady, that is chargeable, signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

Car. Debt? why that's the more for your credit, sir: it's an excellent policy to owe much in these days, if you note it.

Sog. As how, good signior? I would fain be a politician.

Car. O! look where you are indebted any great sum, your creditor observes you with no less regard, than if he were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to give you the least cause of offence, lest he lose his money. I assure you (in these times) no man has his servant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moiety, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave 'em a new-year's gift.

Sog. I perceive you, sir: I will take up and bring myself in credit sure¹.

Car. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians: they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stir, nor how they play fast and loose with a poor gentleman's fortunes, to get their own. Marry, these rich fellows (that ha' the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses) they are ten times more placable, they; either fear, hope, or modesty restrains them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a penny more in arrearage for them, an' you list yourself.

Sog. No? how should I keep 'em then?

Car. Keep 'em? 'sblood let them keep themselves, they are no sheep, are they? what? you shall come in houses, where plate, apparel, jewels, and divers other pretty commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would ha' those Mercuries follow me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not so good methinks.

Car. Why, after you have kept 'em a fortnight, or so, and shew'd 'em enough to the world, you may turn 'em away, and keep no more but a boy, it's enough.

Sog. Nay, my humour is not for boys, I'll keep men, an' I keep any; and I'll give coats, that's my humour: but I lack a cullisen².

Car. Why, now you ride to the city, you may buy one. I'll bring you where you shall ha' your choice for money.

Sog. Can you, sir?

Car. O, I: you shall have one take measure of you, and make you a coat of arms to fit you, of what fashion you will.

Sog. By word of mouth, I thank you, signior: I'll be once a little prodigal in a humour, I'faith, and have a most prodigious coat.

Mac. Torment and death! break head and brain at once,
To be deliver'd of your fighting issue.
Who can endure to see blind fortune dote
thus?

To be enamour'd on this dusty turf?
This clod? a whoreson puck-ist? O God,
God, God,

I could run wild with grief now, to behold
The rankness of her bounties, that doth
breed [men,
Such bull-rushes; these mushroom gentle-
That shoot up in a night to place and worship.

Car. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.

Sog. Nay, I will examine him before I go, sure.

Car. The lord of the soil has all wefts and strays here, has he not?

Sog. Yes, sir.

Car. Faith then I pity the poor fellow, he's fallen into a fool's hands.

Sog. Sirrah, who gave you a commission to lye in my lordship?

Mac. Your lordship?

Sog. How, my lordship? do you know

Mac. I do know you, sir. [une, sir?

Car. He answers him like an echo.

Sog. Why, who am I, sir?

Mac. One of those that fortune favours.

Car. The periphrasis of a fool³; I'll observe this better.

Sog. That fortune favours? how mean you that, friend?

Mac. I mean simply, that you are one that lives not by your wits.

Sog. By my wits? no, sir, I scorn to live by my wits, I. I have better means I tell

¹ *I will take up*] That is, goods on credit. The phrase common to those times. So Falstaff: "If a gentleman wou'd be thorough with 'em, in honest taking up, they stand upon security."

² *But I lack a CULLISEN.*] No dictionary that I can find, will help us to the meaning of this word; nor does the context lead us to discover it.

³ *The periphrasis of a fool.*] According to the Latin adage, *fortuna favet fatuis*.

thee, than to take such base courses, as to live by my wits. What, dost thou think I live by my wits?

Mac. Methinks, jester, you should not relish this well.

Car. Ha? does he know me?

Mac. Though yours be the worst use a man can put his wit to, of thousands, to prostitute it at every tavern and ordinary; yet (methinks) you should have turn'd your broad-side at this, and have been ready with an apology, able to sink this bulk of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his contempt.*

Car. Oh! 'tis Macilente! Signior, you are well encounter'd, how is't? O, we must not regard what he says, man; a trout, a shallow fool, he has no more brain than a butterfly, a mere stuff suit, he looks like a musty bottle new wicker'd, his head's the cork, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd, signior.

Mac. You are? grammarcy, good Janus.

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

Car. God's precious, come away, man, what do you mean? an' you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you'd do the plague.

Sog. Why, sir?

Car. O, he's a black fellow, take heed of him.

Sog. Is he a scholar, or a soldier?

Car. Both, both; a lean mungril, he looks as if he were chop-fall'n, with barking at other men's good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, he carries oil and fire in his pen, will scald where it drops: his spirit's like powder, quick, violent: he'll blow a man up with a jest: I fear him worse than a rotten wall does the cannon; shake an hour after at the report*. Away, come not near him.

Sog. For God's sake let's be gone; an' he be a scholar, you know I cannot abide him, I had as lieve see a cockatrice, specially as cockatrices go now.

Car. What, you'll stay, signior? this gentleman Sogliardo, and I, are to visit the knight Puntarvolo, and from thence to the city, we shall meet there. [meet.]

Mac. I, when I cannot shun you, we will

'Tis strange! of all the creatures I have I envy not this Buffone, for indeed [seen, Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserve it: But I do hate him, as I hate the devil, Or that brass-visag'd monster Barbarism.

O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd cur, 'That bites at all, but eats on those that feed him.

A slave, that to your face will (serpent-like) Creep on the ground, as he would eat the dust;

And to your back will turn the tail, and sting More deadly than a scorpion: stay, who's this?

¹⁰ Now 'fore my soul another minion Of the old lady Chance's: I'll observe him:

SCENE III.

Sordido, Macilente, Hind.

Sord. O rare! good, good, good, good, good!

I thank my stars, I thank my stars for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speak

Out of my divination? O my senses, Why lose you not your powers, and become Dull'd if not deaded with this spectacle?

I know him, 'tis Sordido, the farmer, A boor, and brother to that swine was here.

Sord. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I would wish, as I would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet fortune tickles him, [O, O.

And makes him swoon with laughter, O, *Sord.* Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this year. Let me see what harvest shall we have? June, July, August?

Mac. What is't, a prognostication raps him so?

Sord. The xx, xxi, xxii days, rain and wind, O good, good! the xxiii, and xxiv, rain and some wind, good! the xxv, rain, good still! xxvi, xxvii, xxviii, wind and some rain; would it had been rain and some wind! well 'tis good (when it can be no better:) xxix, inclining to rain: inclining to rain? that's not so good now: xxx, and xxxi, wind and no rain: no rain? 'slid stay; this is worse and worse: what says he of saint Swithins? turn back, look, saint Swithins: no rain?

* *Able to sink this BULK of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his contempt.* Bulk of ignorance, though not absolutely without sense, doth not agree with the rest of the sentence. The metaphor is taken from an engagement at sea, and directs us to read *bulk*; which is a shattered vessel, without masts or sails. Upon farther examination I find *bulk* is the reading only of the last copies.

⁷ *O, he's a black fellow, take heed of him.* *Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, careto.* Horat.

⁸ *Shake an hour after at the report.* i. e. At the discharge of a cannon, it will shake an hour after.

⁹ *That bites at all, but eats not those that feed him.* The word not disguises the whole meaning; the true reading is *on*.

¹⁰ *Now 'fore my soul another minion*

Of the old lady Chance's. I apprehend the words *for my soul* are corrupt, and should be read *'fore my soul*; a phrase similar to the modern *on*, or *by my soul*. We have an equivalent expression in the prologue; *'fore me, but it must serve*.

Mac. O, here's a precious dirty damned rogue,

That fts himself with expectation
Of rotten weather and unseason'd hours;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother!
His barns are full! his reeks and mows well

trod! [ha, ha, ha;
His garners crack with store! O, 'tis well;
A plague consume thee, and thy house!

Jord. O, here, St. Swithins, the xv day,
variable weather, for the most part rain,
good; for the most part rain: why, it should
rain forty days after, now, more or less, it
was a rule held, afore I was able to hold a
plough, and yet here are two days no rain;
ha? it makes me muse. We'll see how the
next month begins, if that be better.

September, first, second, third, and fourth days,
rainy and blustering; this is well now:
fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth, rainy,
with some thunder; I marry, this is excel-
lent; the other was false printed sure: the
tenth and eleventh, great store of rain; O
good, good, good, good, good! the twelfth,
thirteenth, and fourteenth days, rain; good
still: fifteenth, and sixteenth, rain; good
still: seventeenth and eighteenth, rain,
good still; nineteenth and twentieth, good
still, good still, good still, good still, good
still! one and twentieth, some rain; some
rain? well we must be patient, and attend
the heavens pleasure, would it were more
though: the one and twentieth, two and
twentieth, three and twentieth, great tem-
pests of rain, thunder and lightning.

O good again, past expectation good!
I thank my blessed angel; never, never
Laid I a penny better out than this,
To purchase this dear book: not dear for

price,
And yet of me as dearly priz'd as life,
Since in it is contain'd the very life,
Blood, strength and sinews of my happiness.
Best be the hour, wherein I bought this

book:
His studies happy that compos'd the book,
And the man fortunate that sold the book.
Sleep with this charm, and be as true to me,
As I am joy'd and confident in thee.

Mac. Ha, ha, ha? Is not this good? Is't
not pleasing this?

[The Hind enters with a paper.
Ha, ha, ha! God pardon me! ha, ha!
Is't possible that such a specious villain
Should live, and not be plagu'd? or lies he
hid

Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,
Where heaven cannot see him? why (me-
thinks) [and walk,

'Tis rare, and strange, that he should breathe
Feed with digestion, sleep, enjoy his health,
And (like a boist'rous whale, swallowing the
poor) [strange?

Still swim in wealth and pleasure! is't not
Unless his house and skin were thunder-
proof,

I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the hectick,
Gout, leprosy, or some such loth'd disease,
Might light upon him; or that fire (from
heaven)

Might fall upon his barns; or mice and rats
Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot
Within the hoary reeks, e'en as it stands:
Methinks this might be well; and after all
The devil might come and fetch him. I,
'tis true!

Meantime he surfeits in prosperity,
And thou (in envy of him) gnaw'st thyself:
Peace, fool, get hence, and tell thy vexed
spirit, [merit."

"Wealth in this age will scarcely look on
Sord. Who brought this same, sirrah?

Hin. Marry, sir, one of the justices men,
he says 'tis a precept, and all their hands be
at it.

Sord. I, and the prints of them stick in
my flesh, [me
Deeper than i' their letters: they have sent
Pills wrapt in paper here, that should I take
'em,

Would poison all the sweetness of my book,
And turn my honey into hemlock-juice.
But I am wiser than t'observe their pre-
cepts" [device,

Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a
To charge me bring my grain unto the
markets: [garner",

I, much! when I have neither barn nor
Nor earth to hide it in, I'll bring't; till then
Each corn I send shall be as big as Paul's.

O, but (say some) the poor are like tostarve.
Why, let 'em starve, what's that to me? are
bees [no:

Bound to keep life in drones and idle moths?
Why, such are these (that term themselves
the poor,

Only because they would be pitied,
And are indeed a sort of lazy beggars)
Licentious rogues, and sturdy vagabonds,
Bred (by the sloth of a fat plenteous year)
Like snakes in heat of summer, out of
dung;

¹¹ But I am wiser than to serve their precepts,
Or follow their prescriptions.] A man is said to be served with a precept from a ma-
gistrate, when it is sent or given him; and to do as it directs, is to obey, or observe it.
We should therefore read,

But I am wiser than t' observe their precepts.
¹² I, much, when I have neither barn nor garner.] We should point the line in this
manner:

I, much! when I have, &c.
Much is a word of disdain, in use at that time.

And this is all that these cheap times are good for:

Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth
Purges the soil of such vile excrements,
And kills the vipers up.

Hin. O but, master,
Take heed they hear you not.

Sord. Why so?

Hin. They will exclaim against you.

Sord. I, their exclaims

Move me as much, as thy breath moves a mountain!

Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home

Can be contented to applaud myself,
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leap,

Knocking my head against my roof, with
To see how plump my bags are, and my barns.

Sirrah, go hie you home, and bid your fellows
Get all their flays ready again' I come.

Hin. I will, sir.

Sord. I'll instantly set all my hinds to threshing
Of a whole reek of corn, which I will
Under the ground; and with the straw thereof

I'll stuff the outsides of my other mows:
That done, I'll have them empty all my garners,

And i' the friendly earth bury my store,
That, when the searchers come, they may suppose

All's spent, and that my fortunes were
And to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,
(Which else would still be baying at my door)

Each market-day, I will be seen to buy
Part of the purest wheat, as for my household;

Where when it comes, it shall increase my
'Twill yield me treble gain at this dear time,
Promis'd in this dear book: I have cast all.

Till then I will not sell an ear, I'll hang first.
O, I shall make my prices as I list,

My house and I can feed on peas and barley;

What though a world of wretches starve the while;

"He that will thrive must think no courses vile."

GREX.

Cor. Now, signior, how approve you this? have the humourists express themselves truly or no?

Mit. Yes, (if it be well prosecuted) 'tis hitherto happy enough: but methinks Macilente went hence too soon, he might have been made to stay, and speak somewhat in

reproof of Sordido's wretchedness now at the last.

Cor. O, no, that had been extremely improper; besides he had continued the scene too long with him, as 'twas, being in no more action.

Mit. You may inforce the length as a necessary reason; but for propriety, the scene would very well have borne it in my judgment.

Cor. O, worst of both; why, you mistake his humour utterly then.

Mit. How? do I mistake it? is't not envy?

Cor. Yes, but you must understand, signior, he envies him not as he is a villain, a wolf i' the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of envy is, *Dolor aliena felicitatis*, to have our eyes continually fixt upon another man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness, and to grieve at that. Whereas if we make his monstrous and abhorr'd actions our object, the grief (we take then) comes nearer the nature of hate than envy, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in ourselves.

Mit. So you'll infer it had been hate, not envy in him, to reprehend the humour of Sordido?

Cor. Right, for what a man truly envies in another, he could always love and cherish in himself; but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loves in himself; therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himself made in a speech there (if you mark'd it) where he says, "I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him."

Mit. Stay, sir: "I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him;" why might he not as well have hated Sordido as him?

Cor. No, sir, there was subject for his envy in Sordido, his wealth: so was there not in the other. He stood possess'd of no one eminent gift, but a most odious and fiend-like disposition, that would turn charity itself into hate, much more envy, for the present.

Mit. You have satisfied me, sir. O, here comes the fool and the jester again methinks.

Cor. 'Twere pity they should be parted, sir.

Mit. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

Cor. No, sir, this is one Monsieur Fastidius Brisk, otherwise called the fresh Frenchified courtier.

Mit. A humourist too?

Cor. As humorous as quick-silver, do but observe him; the scene is the country still, remember.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Fast. Brisk, Cinedo, Carlo Buffone, Sogliardo.

Fast. CINEDO, watch when the knight comes, and give us word.

Cin. I will, sir.

Fast. How lik'st thou my boy, Carlo?

Car. O, well, well. He looks like a colonel of the pigmies horse, or one of these motions, in a great antique clock; he would shew well upon a haberdasher's stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

Fast. 'Sheart, what a damn'd witty rogue's this? how he confounds with his similes?

Car. Better with similes than smiles: and whither were you riding now, signior?

Fast. Who, I? what a silly jest's that; whither should I ride but to the court?

Car. O, pardon me, sir, twenty places more; your hot-house, or your whore-house—

Fast. By the virtue of my soul, this knight dwells in Elizium here.

Car. He's gone now, I thought he would flie out presently. These be our nianble-spirited catso's, that ha' their evasions at pleasure, will run over a bog like your wild Irish; no sooner started, but they'll leap from one thing to another, like a squirrel, heigh! dance and do tricks i'their discourse, from fire to water, from water to air, from air to earth, as if their tongues did but c'en lick the four elements over, and away.

Fast. Sirrah, Carlo, thou never saw'st my grey-bobby yet, didst thou?

Car. No; ha' you such a one?

Fast. The best in Europe (my good villain) thou'lt say, when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a nobleman i' the court offered me a hundred pounds for him, by this light; a fine little fiery slave, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent! with the very sound of the spur!

Car. How, the sound of the spur?

Fast. O, it's your only humour now extant, sir; a good gingle, a good gingle.¹

Car. 'Sblood, you shall see him turn morrice-dancer, he has got him bells, a good suit, and a hobby-horse.

Sog. Signior, now you talk of a hobby-horse, I know where one is will not be given for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that, sir?

Sog. Marry, sir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobby-horse, it was my father's indeed, and (though I say it)——

Car. That should not say it) on, on.

Sog. He did dance in it, with as good humour, and as good regard as any man of his degree whatsoever, being no gentleman; I have danc'd in it myself too.

Car. Not since the humour of gentility was upon you? did you?

Sog. Yes, once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might do in a humour.

Car. O, very good.

GREG.

Mit. Why, this fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word humour.²

Car. O bear with him; an' he should lack matter and words too, 'twere pitiful.

Sog. Nay, look you, sir, there's ne'er a gentleman i' the country has the like humours, for the hobby-horse, as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the——

Car. How, the method?

Sog. I, the leigerity for that, and the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger³, and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure.

Car. Do so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophy to hang over your tomb.

Sog. Mass, and I'll have a tomb (now I think on't), 'tis but so much charges.

Car. Best build it in your life-time then, your heirs may hap to forget it else.

Sog. Nay, I mean so, I'll not trust to them.

Car. No, for "heirs and executors are grown damnable careless, specially since "the ghosts of testators left walking;" how like you him, signior?

Fast. 'Fore heav'ns, his humour arrides me exceedingly.

Car. Arrides you?

¹ It's your only humour now extant, sir; a good gingle, a good gingle.] An allusion to a fashion of the age: the spurs then worn had little rings, or something of that nature belonging to them, which made a gingling sound, as a person walked or rode.

² This fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word HUMOUR.] This affectation hath been observed before. Shakspeare's *Nym* is a character of the same turn; and as the poet expresseth it, frights humour out of its wits.

³ The daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger.] Tricks of legerdemain usually performed by the master of the hobby-horse, as he danced: a diversion with which our simpler ancestors were extremely entertained.

Fast. I, pleases me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the court, and at my lodging, with your refin'd choice spirits, that it makes me clean of another garb, another sheaf, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my genius.

Sog. Signior Carlo.

GREGX.

Car. This is right to that of Horace, *Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt*; so this gallant, labouring to avoid popularity, falls into a habit of affectation, ten thousand times hatefuller than the former.

Car. Who he? a gull, a fool, no salt in him i' the earth, man; he looks like a fresh salmon kept in a tub, he'll be spent shortly. His brain's lighter than his feather already, and his tongue more subject to lye, than that's to wag; he sleeps with a mink-cat every night, and walks all day hang'd in pomander chains for penance; he has his skin tann'd in civet, to make his complexion strong, and the sweetness of his youth lasting in the sense of his sweet lady; a good empty puff, he loves you well, signior.

Sog. There shall be no love lost, sir, I'll assure you.

Fast. Nay, Carlo, I am not happy i' thy love, I see: pray thee suffer me to enjoy thy company a little (sweet mischief) by this air, I shall envy this gentleman's place in thy affections, if you be thus private, i' faith. How now? is the knight arriv'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cin. No, sir, but 'tis guest he will arrive presently, by his fore-runners.

Fast. His hounds! by Minerva, an excellent figure; a good boy.

Car. You should give him a French crown for it; the boy would find two better figures i' that, and a good figure of your bounty beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crowns.

Car. No crown; speak i' the singular number, and we'll believe you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirrah damnation, I have heard this knight Puntarvolo reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour, thou know'st him; pry'three, how is his disposition? I ne'er was so favour'd of my stars, as to see him yet. Boy, do you look to the hobby?

Cin. I, sir, the groom has set him up.

Fast. 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his—Nay, good wickedness, his humour, his humour.

Car. Why, he loves dogs, and hawks, and his wife well; he has a good riding face,

and he can sit a great horse; he will taint a staff well at tilt; when he is mounted he looks like the sign of the George, that's all I know; save, that instead of a dragon, he will brandish against a tree, and break his sword as confidently upon the knotty bark, as the other did upon the scales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that's deliver'd of him. They say he has dialogues and discourses between his horse, himself, and his dog; and that he will court his own lady, as she were a stranger never encounter'd before.

Car. I, that he will, and make fresh love to her every morning; this gentleman has been a spectator of it, Signior Insulso.

Sog. I am resolute to keep a page: say you, sir?

[*He leaps from whispering with the boy.*]

Car. You have seen Signior Puntarvolo accost his lady?

Sog. O, I, sir.

Fast. And how is the manner of it pr'y-thee, good signior?

Sog. Faith, sir, in very good sort, he has his humours for it, sir; as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding or hunting, or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting gentlewoman, she looks out, and then he speaks, and then she speaks, — very pretty i' faith, gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

Sog. O yes, sir, first, the gentlewoman, she looks out at the window.

Car. After the trumpet has summon'd a parley, not before?

Sog. No, sir, not before; and then says he, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. What says he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Says he, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Fast. Nay, speak, speak.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, says he; God save you, says he; ha, ha, &c.

Car. Was this the ridiculous motive to all this passion?

Sog. Nay, that, that comes after is, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Doubtless he apprehends more than he utters, this fellow; or else, —

[*A cry of hounds within.*]

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting; stand by, close under this terrace, and you shall see it done better than I can shew it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the observation else.

Sog. Faith, I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O, withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing object.

* You should give him a French crown for it.] Meaning what is called the *Corona cerea*; a caries in the head, occasioned by the last stage of the venereal disease.

SCENE II.

[To the rest] *Puntarvolo, Huntsman, Gentlewoman.*

Pant. Forrester, give wind to thy horn. Enough; by this the sound hath touch'd the ears of the inclosed: depart, leave the dog, and take with thee what thou hast deserved, the horn, and thanks.

Car. I, marry, there's some taste in this.

Fast. Is't not good?

Sag. Ah, peace, now above, now above!

[The gentlewoman appears at the window.]

Pant. Stay; mine eye hath (on the instant) through the bounty of the window, receiv'd the form of a nymph. I will step forward three paces; of the which, I will barely retire one; and (after some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute her (one, two, and three.) Sweet lady, God save you.

Gent. No, forsooth; I am but the waiting gentlewoman.

Car. He knew that before.

Pant. Pardon me: *huncum est errare.*

Car. He learn'd that of his chaplain.

Pant. To the perfection of compliment (which is the dial of the thought, and guided by the sun of your beauties) are requir'd these three specials; the gnomon, the puntilios, and the superficies; the superficies, is that we call place; the puntilios, circumstance; and the gnomon, ceremony; in either of which, for a stranger to err, 'tis easy and facile, and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her horizon, he must needs err; which I fear he knows too well.

Pant. What call you the lord of the castle, sweet face?

Gent. The lord of the castle is a knight, sir; signior Puntarvolo.

Pant. Puntarvolo? O.

Car. Now must he ruminate.

Fast. Does the wench know him all this while, then?

Car. O, do you know me, man? why, therein lies the syrup of the jest; it's a project, a designment of his own, a thing studied, and rehearst as ordinarily at his coming from hawking or hunting, as a jig after a play.

Sag. I, e'en like your jig, sir.

Pant. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice! of what years is the knight, fair damsel?

Gent. Faith, much about your years, sir.

Pant. What complexion or what stature bears he?

Gent. Of your stature, and very near upon your complexion.

Pant. Mine is melancholy.

Car. So is the dog's, just.

Pant. And doth argue constancy, chiefly in love. What are his endowments? is he courteous?

Gent. O, the most courteous knight in Christian land, sir.

Pant. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin between your brows, sir.

Pant. Is he bountiful?

Car. 'Slud, he takes an inventory of his own good parts.

Gent. Bountiful? I, sir, I would you should know it; the poor are serv'd at his gate, early and late, sir.

Pant. Is he learned?

Gent. O, I, sir, he can speak the French and Italian.

Pant. Then he has travell'd.

Gent. I, forsooth, he hath been beyond seas once or twice.

Car. As far as Paris, to fetch over a fashion, and come back again.

Pant. Is he religious?

Gent. Religious? "I know not what you call religious, but he goes to church, I am sure."

Fast. 'Slid, methinks these answers should offend him.

Car. Tut no; he knows they are excellent, and to her capacity that speaks 'em.

Pant. Would I might see his face.

Car. She should let down a glass from the window at that word, and request him to look in't.

Pant. Doubtless the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified; doth the castle contain him?

Gent. No, sir he is from home, but his lady is within.

Pant. His lady? what, is she fair? splendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O, Lord, sir!

Pant. Prythee, dear nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

Car. That he may erect a new dial of compliment, with his gnomones and puntilios.

[Gent. leaves the window.]

Fast. Nay, thou art such another cynique now, a man had need walk uprightly before thee.

Car. Heart, can any man walk more upright than he does? Look, look; as if he went in a frame, or had a suit of waincoat on; and the dog watching him, lest he should leap out on't.

Fast. O, villain!

Car. Well, and e'er I meet him in the city, I'll ha' him jointed, I'll pawn him in East-cheap, among the butchers, else.

Fast. Peace, wuo be these, Carlo?

SCENE III.

[To the rest] *Sordido, Fungoso, Lady.*

Sord. Yonder's your god-father; do your duty to him, son.

Sag. This, sir? a poor elder brother of

mine, sir, a yeoman, may dispend some seven or eight hundred a year; that's his son, my nephew, there.

Punt. You are not ill-come, neighbour Sordido, though I have not yet said, well-come: what, my god-son is grown a great proficient by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. I, sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

Car. What call you your nephew, signior?

Sog. Marry, his name is Fungoso.

Car. Fungoso? O, he look'd somewhat like a sponge in that pinet yellow doublet, methought; well, make much of him; I see he was never born to ride upon a moyl.*

Gentlewoman return'd above.

Gent. My lady will come presently, sir.

Sog. O, now, now.

Punt. Stand by, retire yourselves a space; nay, pray you, forget not the use of your hat; the air is piercing.

[*Sordido and Fungoso withdraw to the other part of the stage, while the Lady is come to the window.*]

Fast. What? will not their presence prevail against the current of his humour?

Car. O, no; it's a mere flood, a torrent carries all afore it.

Punt. "What more than heav'nly pulchritude is this?"

"What magazine, or treasury of bliss?"

"Dazzle, you organs to my optic sense,

"To view a creature of such eminence:

"O, I am planet-struck, and in yond' sphere

"A brighter star than Venus doth appear!"

Fast. How? in verse!

Car. An extasy, an extasy, man.

Lady. Is your desire to speak with me, sir knight?

Car. He will tell you that anon; neither his brain, nor his body, are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonaire, and luculent lady, I decline me low as the basis of your altitude.

GREX.

Cor. He makes congees to his wife in geometrical proportions.

Mit. Is't possible there should be any such humourist?

Cor. Very easily possible, sir, you see there is.

Punt. I have scarce collected my spirits,

but lately scatter'd in the admiration of your form; to which, if the bounties of your mind be any way responsible, I doubt not, but my desires shall find a smooth and secure passage. I am a poor knight errant, lady, that, hunting in the adjacent forest, was by adventure in the pursuit of a hart, brought to this place; which hart, dear madam, escaped by enchantment; the evening approaching, (myself, and servant wearied) my suit is, to enter your fair castle, and refresh me.

Lady. Sir knight, albeit it be not usual with me, chiefly in the absence of a husband, to admit any entrance to strangers, yet in the true regard of those innated virtues, and fair parts, which so strive to express themselves, in you; I am resolv'd to entertain you to the best of my unworthy power; which I acknowledge to be nothing, valued with what so worthy a person may deserve. Please you but stay while I descend.

Punt. Most admir'd lady, you astonish me!

Car. What! with speaking a speech of your own penning?

[*She departs: Puntarvolo falls in with Sordido and his son.*]

Fast. Nay, look; pr'ythee peace.

Car. Pox on't; I am impatient of such foppery.

Fast. O, let's hear the rest.

Car. What? a tedious chapter of courtship, after sir Lancelot, and queen Guevener? away. I mar'l in what dull cold nook he found this lady out? that (being a woman) she was blest with no more copy of wit, but to serve his humour thus. 'Slud I think he feeds her with porridge, I; she could ne'er have such a thick brain else.

Sog. Why, is porridge so hurtful, signior?

Car. O, nothing under heav'n more prejudicial to those ascending subtle powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call *acumen ingenii*, than your gross fare: why, I'll make you an instance; your city wives, but observe 'em, you ha' not more perfect true fools in the word bred, than they are generally; and yet you see (by the fineness and delicacy of their diet, diving into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larks, sparrows, potatoe-pies, and such good unctuous meats), how their wits are refin'd and rarified; and sometimes a very quintessence of conceit flows from 'em, able to drown a weak apprehension.

Fast. Peace, here comes the lady.

* *I see he was never born to ride upon a MOYL.*] I. e. a mule. He was never born to be a great lawyer. It was the custom antiently for the judges or serjeants at law to go to Westminster in great state, and riding on mules.

* *After Sir LANCELOT, and Queen GUEVENER.*] The old romance of *Sir Lancelot and the Lady of the Lake*.

* *She was blest with no more copy of wit.*] *Copy*, from the Latin *copia*, plenty, abundance; familiar in this sense to *Shakspeare* as well as our author.

Lady. Gad's me, here's company ; turn again :

[Lady with her Gent. descended, seeing them, turns in again.]

Fat. 'Slight, our presence has cut off the convoy of the jest.

Car. All the better, I am glad on't ; for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discover, and salute the knight.

[Carlo and the other two step forth.]

Punt. Stay ; who be these that address themselves towards us ? What, Carlo ? Now by the sincerity of my soul, welcome ; welcome, gentlemen : and how dost thou, thou grand scourge, or second untruss of the time ?

Car. Faith, spending my metal in this reeling world, here and there, as the sway of my affection carries me, and perhaps stumble upon a yeoman feuterer², as I do now ; or one of fortune's moils, laden with treasure, and an empty cloke-bag, following him, gaping when a bag will untie.

Punt. Peace, you bandog, peace. What brisk Nymfadoro is that in the white virgin-boot there ?

Car. Marry, sir, one that I must intreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary respect, mon-sieur Fastidius.

Punt. Sir, I could wish, that for the time of your vouchsaf't abiding here, and more real entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses' hill, and these my orchards were those of the Hesperides.

Fat. I possess as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of the Indies ; and I pray you believe it.

Car. I have a better opinion of his faith, than to think it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come, brother, I'll bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace than—

Sord. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance : do you take heed, lest—

[Carlo is coming toward them.]

Sog. Husht : my brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding to the boor, the clown ; but I request you in private, sir.

Fung. By heav'n, it is a very fine suit of clothes.

G R E X.

Cor. Do you observe that, signior ? There's another humour has new-crack't the shell.

Mit. What ? he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he ?

Cor. O, you forestall the jest.

Fung. I mar'l what it might stand him in !

Sog. Nephew ?

Fung. 'Fore me, it's an excellent suit, and as neatly becomes him. What said you, uncle ?

Sog. When saw you my niece ?

Fung. Marry, yesternight I supt there. That kind of boot does very rare too !

Sog. And what news hear you ?

Fung. The gilt spur and all ! Would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. Say you, uncle ?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with somewhat else : I ask what news you hear !

Fung. 'Tisroth, we hear none. In good faith, I was never so pleased with a fashion, days of my life. O, (an' I might have but my wish) I'd ask no more of God now, but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose, such a boot, and such a—

Sog. They say, there's a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas, and the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge. You can tell, cousin ?

Fung. Here's such a world of questions with him now : yes, I think there be such a thing, I saw the picture. Would he would once be satisfied. Let me see, the doublet, say fifty shillings the doublet, and between three or four pound the hose ; then boots, hat, and band : some ten or eleven pound will do it all, and suit me, 'fore the heavens.

Sog. I'll see all those devices, an' I come to London once.

Fung. Gods 'slid, an' I could compass it, 'twere rare. Hark you, uncle.

Sog. What says my nephew ?

Fung. Faith, uncle, I'd ha' desir'd you to have made a motion for me to my father, in a thing that—Walk aside, and I'll tell you, sir ; no more but this : there's a parcel of law-books, some twenty-pounds worth, that lie in a place for little more than half the money they cost ; and I think for some twelve pound, or twenty mark, I could go near to redeem 'em ; there's Plowden, Dyar, Brooke, and Fitz-Herbert, divers such as I must have ere long ; and you know, I were as good save five or six pound, as not, uncle. I pray you, move it for me.

Sog. That I will : when would you have me do it ? presently ?

Fung. O, I, I pray you, good uncle : God send me good luck : Lord (an't be thy will) prosper it : O my stars, now, now, if it take now, I am made for ever.

Fat. Shall I tell you, sir ? by this air, I am the most beholden to that lord, of any gentleman living ; he does use me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed than can be utter'd with any opinion of truth.

² A yeoman FEUTERER.] Meaning Puntarvolo.—Feuterer is a dog-keeper, corrupted from the French *vautrier* or *vauttrier* ; one that leads a lime-hound or grey-hound for the chase.

Punt. Then have you the Count Gratiano.

Fast. As true noble a gentleman too as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his love: by this hand, (I protest to you, signior, I speak it not gloriously, nor out of affection, but) there's he, and the Count Frugale, Signior Illustre, Signior Luculento, and a sort of 'em, that, when I am at court, they do share me amongst 'em; happy is he can enjoy me most privately. I do wish myself sometime an ubiquitous for their love, in good faith.

Car. There's ne'er a one of these but might lie a week on the rack, ere they could bring forth his name; and yet he pours them out as familiarly, as if he had seen 'em stand by the fire in the presence, or ta'en tobacco with them over the stage in the lord's room.

Punt. Then you must of necessity know our court-star there, that planet of wit, Madonna Saviolina?

Fast. O lord, sir! say mistress.

Punt. Is she your mistress?

Fast. Faith, here be some slight favours of hers, sir, that do speak it, she is; as this scarf, sir, or this ribband in my ear, or so: this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes,* though now it be my poor fortune to wear it, as you see, sir; slight, slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, she is the lady of a most exalted and ingenious spirit.

Fast. Did you ever hear any woman speak like her? or enriched with a more plentiful discourse?

Car. O villainous! nothing but sound, sound, a mere echo; she speaks as she goes 'tis'd, in cobweb-lawn, light, thin; good enough to catch flies withal.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou be'st not plagu'd for this blasphemous one day—

Punt. Come, regard not a jester: "It is in the power of my purse to make him speak well or ill of me."

Fast. Sir, I affirm it to you, upon my credit and judgment, she has the most harmonious and musical strain of wit that ever tempted a true year; and yet to see, a rude tongue would profane heav'n, if it could.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it, sir.

Fast. Oh, it flows from her like nectar, and she doth give it that sweet quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that (by this good air, as I am an honest man, would I might never stir, sir, but) she does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the Arcadia.

Car. Or rather in Green's works, whence she may steal with more security.¹⁰

Sord. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'em, you shall have it; but I'll part with no more.

Fast. I'll try what that will do, if you please.

Sord. Do so; and when you have 'em, study hard.

Fast. Yes, sir. An' I could study to get forty shillings more now! Well, I will put myself into the fashion, as far as this will go, presently.

Sord. I wonder it rains not! the almanack says, we should have store of rain to-day.

Punt. W-e-y, sir, to-morrow I will associate you to court myself, and from thence to the city, about a business, a project I have; I will expose it to you, sir: Carlo, I am sure, has heard of it.

Car. What's that, sir?

Punt. I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel: and, because I will not altogether go upon expence, I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone: if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pound to entertain time withal. Nay, go not, neighbour Sordido, stay to-night, and help to make our society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick: Carlo? what dull now?

Car. I was thinking on your project, sir, an' you call it so? Is this the dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the dog, sir.

Car. He do not go bare-foot, does he?

Punt. Away, you traitor, away.

Car. Nay, afore God, I speak simply, he

* *This scarf, sir, or this ribband in my ear, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes.* In these days of gallantry, it was an honourable mode for the men to wear publicly some token of their mistress, or favour she was supposed to give them. Gloves, ribbands, &c. were the usual insignia of this kind. The fans then in use were made of feathers.

¹⁰ *Or rather in Green's works, whence she may steal with more security.* Because they were less read, though they had their admirers with the mob of readers. Robert Green was the author of numberless pieces both in verse and prose; scarce the titles of them are known in this age. If we may judge however from the fragments of some, his talent was not contemptible. He was extremely vicious in his morals, and indigent in his circumstances. As he subsisted by his wits, his compositions were chiefly adapted to the taste of the people; they were most of them wrote in a hurry, consequently careless and incorrect. We may partly know in what class to rank him, from what is said by Sir Thomas Overbury, in the character of a chambermaid, who reads Green's works over and over.

may prick his foot with a thorn, and be as much as the whole venture is worth. Besides, for a dog that never travell'd before, it's a huge journey to Constantinople. I'll tell you now (and he were mine) I'd have some present conference with a physician, what antidotes were good to give him, preservatives against poison; for (assure you) if once your money be out, there'll be divers attempts made against the life of the poor animal.

Pant. Thou art still dangerous.

Fust. Is Signior Deliro's wife your kinswoman?

Sog. I, sir, she is my niece, my brother's daughter here, and my nephew's sister.

Sord. Do you know her, sir?

Fust. O God, sir, signior Deliro, her husband, is my merchant.

Fung. I, I have seen this gentleman there often.

Fust. I cry you mercy, sir; let me crave your name, pray you.

Fung. Fungoso, sir.

Fust. Good signior Fungoso, I shall request to know you better, sir.

Fung. I am her brother, sir.

Fust. In fair time, sir.

Pant. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

Fust. Nay, pray you, sir; we shall meet at Signior Deliro's often.

Sog. You shall ha' me at the herald's office, sir, for some weeks or so at my first coming up. Come, Carlo.

CREX.

Mit. Methinks, Cordatus, he dwelt somewhat too long on this scene; it hung i' the hand.

Cor. I see not where he could have insisted less, and I have made the humours perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his subject lies; but he might have altered the shape of his argument, and explicated 'em better in single scenes.

Cor. That had been single indeed. Why, be they not the same persons in this, as they would have been in those? and is it not an object of more state, to behold the scene full, and relieved with variety of speakers to the end, than to see a vast empty stage, and the actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt down with a feather into the eye of the spectators?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and therefore I'll subscribe to your judgment; marry, you shall give me leave to make objections.

Cor. O, what else? It's the special intent of the author you should do so; for thereby

others (that are present) may as well be satisfied, who haply would object the same you would do.

Mit. So, sir: but when appears Macilente again?

Cor. Marry, he stays but till our silence give him leave: here he comes, and with him Signior Deliro, a merchant, at whose house he is come to sojourn: make your own observation now, only transfer your thoughts to the city, with the scene: where, suppose they speak.

SCENE IV.

Deliro, Macilente, Fido, Fallace.

Deli. I'll tell you by-and-by, sir.

Welcome (good Macilente) to my house, To sojourn at my house for ever; if my best In cases, and every sort of good intreaty May move you stay with me.

[*Deliro censeth. His boy strews flowers.*

Maci. I thank you, sir.

And yet the muffled fates (hath it pleas'd them)

Might have supply'd me from their own Without this word (I thank you) to a fool.

I see no reason why that dog (call'd Chance) Should fawn upon this fellow, more than me:

I am a man, and I have limbs, flesh, blood, Bones, sinews, and a soul, as well as he: My parts are every way as good as his; If I said better, why, I did not lie.

Nath'less, his wealth (but nodding on my wants)

Must make me bow, and cry, I thank you, *Del.* Dispatch, take heed, your mistress see you not.

Fido. I warrant you, sir, I'll steal by her softly.

Deli. Nay, gentle friend, be merry, raise your looks

Out of your bosom: I protest (by heav'n) You are the man most welcome in the world.

Maci. (I thank you, sir) I know my cue, I think.

Fido. Where will you have 'em burn, sir? [With more perfumes and herbs.

Deli. Here, good Fido. What, she did not see thee?

Fido. No, sir.

Deli. That's well. [so. Strew, strew, good Fido, the freshest flowers;

Maci. What means this, signior Deliro? all this censuring?

Deli. Cast in more frankincense, yet more; well said.

O, Macilente, I have such a wife! So passing fair! so passing fair unkind! But of such worth, and right to be unkind,

²² So passing fair! so passing fair! unkind.] The edition of 1616, reads the latter part of the line thus, *so passing fair unkind*; but it seems to be a mistake of the press. I imagine the two last words should be connected by a hyphen, and read *so passing fair-unkind*!

(Since no man can be worthy of her kindness.)

Maci. What can there not?

Deli. No, that is sure as death,
No man alive! I do not say, is not,
But cannot possibly be worth her kindness!
Nay, it is certain, let me do her right.

How, said I? do her right? as though I
could, [could utter
As though this dull gross tongue of mine
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite
rights,

That sit (as high as I can look) within her!

Maci. This is such dotage as was never
heard.

Deli. Well, this must needs be granted.

Maci. Granted, quoth you?

Deli. Nay, Macilente, do not so discredit
The goodness of your judgment to deny it,
For I do speak the very least of her;
And I would crave, and beg no more of
heaven,

For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To utter first in fit terms, what she is,
And then the true joys I conceive in her.

Maci. Is't possible she should deserve so
As you pretend? [well,

Deli. I, and she knows so well
Her own deserts, that (when I strive t' enjoy
them) [merits:

She weighs the things I do, with what she
And (seeing my worth out-weigh'd so in her
graces)

She is so solemn, so precise, so froward,
That no observance I can do to her
Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,
I mend that fault; and then she says, I
faulted, [advise me,

That I did mend it. Now, good friend,
How I may temper this strange spleen in
her.

Maci. You are too amorous, too obse-
quious, [mand you.

And make her too assur'd, she may con-
When women doubt most of their husbands'
loves, [heed

They are most loving. Husbands must take
They give no gifts of kindness to their
wives, [feed

But use them like their horses; whom they
Not with a manger full of meat together,
But half a peck at once; and keep them so
Still with an appetite to that they give them.
He that desires to have a loving wife,
Must bridle all the show of that desire:

Be kind, not amorous; nor bewraying kind-
ness,

As if love wrought it, but considerate duty.

"Offer no love-rites, but let wives still seek
them, [do as like them."

"For when they come unsought, they sei-

Deli. Believe me, Macilente, this is gospel.
O that a man were his own man so much,
To rule himself thus. I will strive i' faith,
To be more strange and careless; yet I hope
I have now taken such a perfect course,

To make her kind to me, and live contented,
That I shall find my kindness well return'd,
And have no need to fight with my affec-
tions. [room

She (late) hath found much fault with every
Within my house; one was too big (she said)

Another was not furnish'd to her mind,
And so through all; all which, now, I have
alter'd.

Then here, she hath a place (on my back-
side) [said]

Wherein she loves to walk; and that (she
Had some ill smells about it. Now, this
walk

Have I (before she knows it) thus perfum'd
With herbs, and flowers, and laid in divers
places,

(As 'twere on altars, consecrate to her)

Perfum'd gloves, and delicate chains of
amber,

To keep the air in awe of her sweet nostrils:
This have I done, and this I think will please
Behold she comes. [her.

Fal. Here's a sweet stink indeed:

What, shall I ever be thus crost and plagu'd?
And sick of husband? O, my head doth
ake, [savours,

As it would cleave asunder, with these.
All my rooms alter'd, and but one poor
walk

That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My brain doth sweat so) I have caught the
plague. [too sweet?

Deli. Why, (gentle wife) is now thy walk
Thou said'st of late, it had sour airs about
it, [rect it.

And found'st much fault, that I did not cor-
Fal. Why, an' I did find fault, sir?

Deli. Nay, dear wife; [fumes,
I know, thou hast said, thou hast lov'd per-
No woman better.

Fal. I, long since perhaps,
But now that sense is alter'd; you would
have me

(Like to a puddle, or a standing pool)

To have no motion, nor no spirit within me.
No, I am like a pure and sprightly river,
That moves for ever, and yet still the same;
Or fire, that burns much wood, yet still one
flame.

Deli. But yesterday, I saw thee at our
garden,

Smelling on roses, and on purple flowers;
And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
Is nothing chang'd.

Fal. Why, those were growing flowers,
And these within my walk are cut and
strew'd.

Deli. But yet they have one scent.

Fal. I! have they so?

In your gross judgment. If you make no
difference

Between the scent of growing flowers, and
cut ones,

You have a sense to taste lamp-oil i' faith.

And with such judgment have you chang'd
the chambers,
Leaving no room, that I can joy to be in,
In all your house : and now my walk, and
all,

You smoke me from, as if I were a fox,
And long, belike, to drive me quite away.
Well, walk you there, and I'll walk where I
list.

Del. What shall I do ? O, I shall never
please her. [re'd his birth ?

Maci. Out on thee, dotard ! what star
That brought him such a star ? blind fortune
still

Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use them :
How long shall I live, ere I be so happy,
To have a wife of this exceeding form ?

Del. Away with 'em ; would I had broke
a joint, [her.

When I devis'd this, that should so dislike
Away, hear all away.

[*Fido bears all away.*

Fal. I, do ; for fear [man,
Aught that is there should like her¹¹. O, this
How cunningly he can conceal himself !
As though he lov'd ? nay, honour'd and
ador'd ?

Del. Why, my sweet heart ?

Fal. Sweet heart ! O ! better still !
And asking, why ? wherefore ? and looking
strangely,

As if he were as white as innocence.

Alas, you're simple, you ; you cannot
change,

Look pale at pleasure, and then red with
wonder :

No, no, not you ! 'tis pity o' your naturals.
I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,
Upon a pair of gloves, that somewhat lik'd

me,
And straight he noted it, and gave command
All should be ta'en away.

Del. Be they my bane then. [again

What, sirrah, *Fido*, bring in those gloves
You took from hence.

Fal. 'Sbody, sir, but do not,¹²

Bring in no gloves, to spite me ; if you do—
Del. Ay me, most wretched ! how am I
misconstru'd ?

Maci. O, how she tempts my heart-strings
with her eye.

To knit them to her beauties, or to break !
What mov'd the heavens, that they could
not make

Me such a woman ? but a man, a Beast,
That hath no bliss like others. Would to
heaven

(In wreak of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
To some fair water-nymph, that (set upon
The deepest whirl-pool of the rav'nous seas)
My adamant eyes might headlong hale
This iron world to me, and drown it all.

GREN.

Cor. Behold, behold, the translated gal-
Mit. O, he is welcome. [lanc.

SCENE V.

[*To the rest*] *Fungoso.*

Fung. Save you, brother and sister, save
you, sir ; I have commendations for you
out o' the country : (I wonder they take no
knowledge of my suit :) mine uncle Sogli-
ardo is in town. Sister, methinks you are
melancholy ; why are you so sad ? I think
you took me for master Fastidious Brisk,
(sister) did you not ?

Fal. Why should I take you for him ?

Fung. Nay, nothing — I was lately in
master Fastidious his company, and methinks
we are very like.

Del. You have a fair suit, brother, 'give
you joy on't.

Fung. Faith, good enough to ride in, bro-
ther ; I made it to ride in.

Fal. O, now I see the cause of this idle
demand was his new suit.

Del. Pray you, good brother, try if you
can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let me alone. I'll
put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like
you my suit ?

Fal. O, you are a gallant in print now,
brother.

Fung. Faith, how like you the fashion ?
it's the last edition, I assure you.

Fal. I cannot but like it, to the desert.

Fung. Troth, sister, I was fain to borrow
these spurs, I ha' left my gown in gage for
'em, pray you lend me an angel.

Fal. Now, beshrew my heart then.

Fung. Good truth, I'll pay you again at
my next exhibition : I had but bare ten
pound of my father, and it would not reach
to put me wholly into the fashion.

Fal. I care not.

Fung. I had spurs of mine own before,

¹¹ ————— *For fear*

Aught that is there should like her.] i. e. should please her. So in the line just above
this, "that should so dislike her," that is, displease her ; and this is the language likewise
of the poet's contemporaries :

"His face likes me not."—SHAKESPEARE'S *Lear*.

¹² *You took from hence.* *Fal.* *Sir, but do not.*] These speeches are all in verse, but the
quantity of this is deficient. It might be easy to make up the deficiency, and perhaps more
agreeably than by the word restored. But as that is the reading of the oldest folio, we are
obliged to represent it faithfully :

————— *Bring in those gloves*
————— *You took from hence.* *Fal.* *'Sbody, sir, but do not.*

but they were not gingers. Monsieur Fastidius will be here anon, sister.

Fal. You jest?

Fung. Never lend me penny more, (while you live then) and that I'd be loth to say, in truth.

Fal. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir Puntarvolo's: nay, sweet sister.

Maci. I fain would know of heav'n now, why yond' fool

Should wear a suit of safin? he? that rook? That painted jay, with such a deal of outside?

What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Good heaven, give me patience, patience, patience.

A number of these popenjays there are, Whom if a man confer, and but examine Their inward merit, with such men as want; Lord, lord, what things they are!

Fal. Come, when will you pay me again, now?

Fung. O God, sister!

Maci. Here comes another.

SCENE VI.

[To the rest] *Fastidius Brisk.*

Fal. Save you, signior Deliro: how do'st thou, sweet lady, let me kiss thee.

Fung. How? a new suit? ay me.

Del. And how does master Fastidius Brisk?

Fal. Faith, live in court, signior Deliro; in grace, I thank God, both of the noble masculine and feminine. I must speak with you in private by-and-by.

Del. When you please, sir.

Fal. Why look you so pale, brother?

Fung. 'Slid, all this money is cast away now.

Maci. I, there's a newer edition come forth.

Fung. 'Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'll have my suit chang'd, I'll go fetch my taylor presently, but first I'll devise a letter to my father. Ha' you any pen and ink, sister?

Fal. What would you do withal?

Fung. I would use it. 'Slight, an' it had come but four days sooner, the fashion.

Fal. There was a countess gave me her hand to kiss to-day, i' the presence: did me more good by that light than — and yesternight sent her coach twice to my lodging, to intreat me 'company her, and my sweet mistress, with some two or three nameless ladies more: O, I have been grac'd by 'em beyond all aim of affection: this is her garter my dagger hangs in: and they do so commend and approve my apparel, with my judicious wearing of it, it's above wonder.

Fal. Indeed, sir, 'tis a most excellent suit, and you do wear it as extraordinary.

Fal. Why, I'll tell you now (in good faith) and by this chair, which (by the grace of God) I intend presently to sit in, I had three suits in one year made three great ladies in love with me: I had other three, undid three gentlemen in imitation: and other three got three other gentlemen widows of three thousand pound a year.

Del. Is't possible?

Fal. O, believe it, sir; your good face is the witch, and your apparel the spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their circle.

Fal. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier!

Maci. Well, would my father had left me but a good face for my portion yet; though I had shar'd the unfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not car'd; I might have past for somewhat i' the world then.

Fal. Why, assure you, signior, "rich apparel has strange virtues: it makes him that hath it without means, esteemed for an excellent wit: he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of nature, and gives lustre to her beauties; makes continual holy-day where it shines; sets the wits of ladies at work, that otherwise would be idle; furnisheth your two-shilling ordinary; takes possession of your stage at your new play; and enricheth your oars, as becoming to go with your scull."

Maci. Pray you, sir, add this; "it gives respect to your fools, makes many thieves, as many strumpets, and no few bankrupts."

Fal. Out, out, unworthy to speak where he breatheth.

Fal. What's he, signior?

Del. A friend of mine, sir.

Fal. By heav'n I wonder at you, citizens, what kind of creatures you are!

Del. Why, sir?

Fal. That you can comfort yourselves with such poor seam-rent fellows.

Fal. He says true.

Del. Sir, I will assure you (however you esteem of him) he's a man worthy of regard.

Fal. Why? what has he in him of such virtue to be regarded? ha?

Del. Marry, he is a scholar, sir.

Fal. Nothing else?

Del. And he is well travell'd.

Fal. He should get him clothes; I would cherish those good parts of travel in him, and prefer him to some nobleman of good place.

Del. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for ever (in my friend's right), and I doubt not, but his desert shall more than answer my praise.

Fal. Why, an' he had good clothes, I'd carry him to court with me to-morrow.

Del. He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him.

Fat. You say well, sir: faith, signior Deliro, I am come to have you play the alchymist with me, and change the species of my land into that metal you talk of.

Del. With all my heart, sir; what sum will serve you?

Fat. Faith some three or four hundred.

Del. Troth, sir, I have promis'd to meet a gentleman this morning in Paul's, but upon my return I'll dispatch you.

Fat. I'll accompany you thither.

Del. As you please, sir; but I go not thither directly.

Fat. 'Tis no matter, I have no other designation in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Del. I were as good have a quartan fever follow me now, for I shall ne'er be rid of him: (bring me a cloke there, one) still, upon his grace at court, I am sure to be vated; I was a beast to give him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and—Come, signior Macilente, I must confer with you, as we go. Nay, dear wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods: look not like winter thus. Here take my keys, open my counting-houses, spread all my wealth before thee, choose any object that delights thee: if thou wilt eat the spirit of gold, and drink dissolv'd pearl in wine¹⁴, 'tis for thee.

Fal. So, sir.

Del. Nay, my sweet wife.

Fal. Good lord! how you are perfum'd! in your terms and all! pray you leave us.

Del. Come, gentlemen.

Fat. Adieu, sweet lady.

Fal. I, I! Let thy words ever sound in mine ears, and thy graces disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady above other ladies, that enjoys so absolute a gentleman to her servant! A countess gives him her hand to kiss? ah, foolish countess! he's a man worthy (if a woman may speak of a man's worth) to kiss the lips of an empress.

Fung. What's master Fastidius gone, sister?

[Returned with his taylor.

Fal. I, brother (he has a face like a cherubin!)

Fung. Gods me, what luck's this? I have fetch'd my taylor and all: which way went he, sister? can you tell?

Fal. Not I, in good faith (and he has a body like an angel!)

Fung. How long is't since he went?

Fal. Why, but e'en now: did you not meet him? (and a tongue able to ravish any woman in the earth!)

Fung. O, for God's sake (I'll please you for your pains) but e'en now, say you? Come, good sir: 'slid I had forgot it too: sister, if any body ask for mine uncle So-

gliardo, they shall ha' him at the Herald's office yonder by Paul's.

Fal. Well, I will not altogether despair: I have heard of a citizen's wife has been belov'd of a courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho: well, I will into my private chamber, lock the door to me, and think over all his good parts, one after another.

GREX.

Mit. Well, I doubt, this last scene will endure some grievous torture.

Cor. How? you fear 'twill be rack'd by some hard construction?

Mit. Do not you?

Cor. No, in good faith; unless mine eyes could light me beyond sense. I see no reason why this should be more liable to the rack than the rest: you'll say, perhaps, the city will not take it well that the merchant is made here to dote so perfectly upon his wife; and she again to be so fastidiously affected as she is?

Mit. You have utter'd my thought, sir, indeed.

Cor. Why, (by that proportion) the court might as well take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place transcends, and goes before in dignity and virtue; but can you imagine that any noble or true spirit in court (whose sinewy and altogether unaffected graces, very worthily express him a courtier) will make any exception at the opening of such an empty trunk, as this Brisk is? or think his own worth impeached, by beholding his motley inside?

Mit. No, sir, I do not.

Cor. No more, assure you, will any grave wise citizen, or modest matron, take the object of this folly in Deliro, and his wife; but rather apply it as the foil to their own virtues. For that were to affirm, that a man writing of Nero, should mean all emperors; or speaking of Machiavel, comprehend all statesmen; or in our Sordido, all farmers; and so of the rest: than which nothing can be utter'd more malicious, or absurd. Indeed, there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd decyphers, I confess, that will extort strange and abstruse meanings out of any subject, be it never so conspicuous and innocently deliver'd. But to such (where'er they sit conceal'd) let them know, the author defies them and their writing tables; and hopes no sound or safe judgment will infect itself with their contagious comments, who (indeed) come here only to pervert and poison the sense of what they hear, and for nought else.

Mit. Stay, what new mute is this, that walks so suspiciously?

Cor. O, marry, this is one, for whose bet-

¹⁴ And drink dissolv'd pearl in wine.] As is said of Cleopatra.

ter illustration, we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle aisle in Paul's, and that, the west end of it.

Mit. So, sir, and what follows?

Cor. Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the unclaspings.

Mit. As how? what name do you give him first?

Cor. He hath shift of names, sir; some call him Apple-John, some Signior Whiff; marry, his main standing name is Cavalier

Shift: "the rest are but as clean shirts to his natures."

Mit. And what makes he in Paul's now?

Cor. Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a *siquis*, or two; wherein he has so varied himself, that if any of 'em take, he may hull up and down in the humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It seems then he bears a very changing sail?

Cor. O, as the wind, sir: here comes more.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Shift, Orange, Clove.

Shift. THIS is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery.

Oran. What? Signior Whiff! what fortune has brought you into these west parts?

Shift. Troth, signior, nothing but your rheum; I have been taking an ounce of tobacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come to spit private in Paul's. 'Save you, sir.

Oran. Adieu, good signior Whiff.

Clove. Master Apple-John! you are well met: when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those good wenches? ha?

Shift. Faith, sir, I must now leave you, upon a few humours and occasions; but when you please, sir.

Clove. Farewell, sweet Apple-John: I wonder there are no more store of gallants here!

GREG.

Mit. What be these two, signior?

Cor. Marry a couple, sir, that are mere strangers to the whole scope of our play; only come to walk a turn or two i' this scene of Paul's by chance.

Oran. Save you, good master Clove.

Clove. Sweet master Orange.

GREG.

Mit. How? Clove and Orange?

Cor. I, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an Orange as ever grew; nothing but salutation; and, O God, sir; and, it pleases you to say so, sir; one that can laugh at a jest for company with a most plausible and extemporal grace; and some hour after in private ask you what it was: the other monsieur Clove, is a more spic'd youth; he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes in a bookseller's shop, reading the Greek,

Italian, and Spanish, when he understands not a word of either; if he had the tongues to his suits, he were an excellent linguist.

Clove. Do you hear this reported for certainty?

Oran. O God, sir!

SCENE II.

Puntarcolo, Carlo.

Punt. Sirrah, take my cloke; and you, sir knave, follow me closer. If thou lovest my dog, thou shalt die a dog's death; I will hang thee.

Car. Tut, fear him not, he's a good lean slave, he loves a dog well, I warrant him; I see by his looks, I: mass, he's somewhat like him. 'Slud poison him, make him away with a crooked pin, or somewhat, man? thou may'st have more security of thy life: and so sir, what? you ha' not put out your whole venture yet? ha' you?

Punt. No, I do want yet some fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds; but my lady (my wife) is out of her humour, she does not now go.

Car. No? how then?

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc'd to give it out, upon the return of myself, my dog, and my cat.

Kar. Your cat? where is she?

Punt. My squire has her there, in the bag: sirrah, look to her: how lik'st thou my change, Carlo?

Car. Oh, for the better, sir; your cat has nine lives, and your wife ha' but one.

Punt. Besides, she will never be sea-sick, which will save me so much in conserves? when saw you signior Sogliardo?

Car. I came from him but now, he is at the heralds office yonder; he requested me to go afore, and take up a man or two for him in Paul's, against his cognisance was ready.

Punt. What, has he purchas'd arms, then?

¹ O God, sir.] This, as the clown in Shakspeare terms it, is the answer that will serve all men. See it humourously ridiculed in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. Sc. 4.

Car. I, and rare ones too; of as many colours as e'er you saw any fool's coat in your life. I'll go look among yond' bills, as I can fit him with legs to his arms—

Punt. With legs to his arms! Good! I will go with you, sir.

[They go to look upon the bills.]

SCENE III.

Fastidius, Deliro, Macilente.

Fast. Come, let's walk in mediterraneo: I assure you, sir, I am not the least respected among ladies; but let that pass! do you know how to go into the presence, sir?

Maci. Why, on my feet, sir.

Fast. No, on your head, sir; for 'tis that must bear you out, I assure you; as thus, sir. You must first have an especial care so to wear your hat, that it oppress not confusedly this your predominant, or fore-top; because (when you come at the presence-door) you may with once or twice stroking up your forehead thus, enter with your predominant perfect; that is, standing up stiff.

Maci. As if one were frighted?

Fast. I, sir.

Maci. Which, indeed, a true fear of your mistress should do, rather than gum-water, or whites of eggs; is't not so, sir?

Fast. An ingenious observation; give me leave to crave your name, sir?

Del. His name is Macilente, sir.

Fast. Good signior Macilente, if this gentleman, signior Deliro, furnish you (as he says he will) with clothes, I will bring you, to-morrow by this time, into the presence of the most divine and acute lady in court; you shall see sweet silent rhetoric, and dumb eloquence speaking in her eye; but when she speaks herself, such an anatomy of wit, so fine wiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold. Oh! she strikes the world into admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot express 'em, believe me.

Maci. O, your only admiration, is your silence, sir.

Punt. 'Fore God, Carlo, this is good; let's read 'em again.

The first BILL.

"If there be any lady or gentlewoman of good carriage that is desirous to entertain (to her private uses) a young, straight, and upright gentleman, of the age of five or six and twenty at the most; who can serve in the nature of a gentleman-usher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a black sattin suit of his own, to go before her in; which suit (for the more sweetning) now lies in lavender; and can hide his face with her fan, if

"need require; or sit in the cold at the stair-foot for her, as well as another gentleman: let her subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect shall be given."

Punt. This is above measure excellent! ha!

Car. No, this, this! here's a fine slave.

The second BILL.

"If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman, of the first, second, or third head, more or less, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertain the most gentleman-like use of tobacco; as first, to give it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it; as also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebullition, eurius and whiff; which he shall receive, or take in here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: may it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie; and most sweet attendance, with tobacco and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministred!" *Stet, quæso, candidè Lector.*

Punt. Why this is without parallel, this!

Car. Well, I'll mark this fellow for Sogliardo's use presently.

Punt. Or rather, Sogliardo for his use.

Car. Faith, either of them will serve, they are both good properties: I'll design the other a place too, that we may see him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be spectators with you, Carlo. Soft, behold who enters here: Signior Sogliardo! save you.

SCENE IV.

[To them] Sogliardo.

Sog. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo; your dog's in health, sir, I see; how now, Carlo? *Car.* We have ta'en simple pains, to chuse you out followers here.

Punt. Come hither, signior.

Clov. Monsieur Orange, yond' gallants observe us; pr'ythee let's talk fustian a little, and gull 'em; make 'em believe we are great scholars. *[They shew him the bills.]*

Oran. O lord, sir.

Clov. Nay, pr'ythee let's, believe me, you have an excellent habit in discourse.

Oran. It pleases you to say so, sir.

Clov. By this church, you ha' la; nay,

come, begin: "Aristotle, in his *Dæmonologia*, approves Scaliger for the best navigator in his time; and in his hypercriticks, he reports him to be *Heautontimorumenos*:" you understand the Greek, sir.

Oran. O God, sir.

Maci. For society's sake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame parrots.

Clor. Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity of the time, and the souls *Synderisis* are but *Embruous* in nature, added to the panch of *Esquiline*, and the *Intervallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *ectiptic* line being optic, and not mental, but by the contemplative and theoretic part thereof, doth demonstrate to us the vegetable circumference, and the ventosity of the tropicks, and whereas our intellectual, or mincing capereal (according to the *Metaphysicks*) as you may read in *Plato's Histrionastix*—You conceive me, sir?

Oran. O lord, sir.

Clor. Then coming to the pretty animal, as reason long since is fled to animals², you know, or indeed for the more modeling, or enamelling or rather diamondizing of your subject, you shall perceive the *Hypothesis*, or *Galaxia*, (whereof the meteors long since had their initial inceptions and notions) to be merely *Pythagorical*, *Mathematical* and *Aristocratical*—For look you, sir, there is ever a kind of concinnity and species—Let us turn to our former discourse, for they mark us not.

Fast. Mass, yonder's the knight *Puntarvolo*.

Del. And my cousin *Sogliardo*, methinks.

Maci. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the devil with the shining face.

Del. Let 'em alone, observe 'em not.

[*Sogliardo, Puntarvolo, Carlo, walk.*]

Sog. Nay, I will have him, I am resolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I have been so toil'd among the harrots yonder, you will not believe, they do speak i' the strangest language, and give a man the hardest terms for his money, that ever you knew.

Car. But ha' you arms, ha' you arms?

Sog. Y'faith, I thank them, I can write myself gentleman now, here's my patent, it cost me thirty pound by this breath.

Punt. A very fair coat, well charged and full of armory.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of colours in it, as you have seen a coat have; how like you the crest, sir?

Punt. I understand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry, sir, it is your boar without a head rampant. A boar without a head, that's very rare!

Car. I, and rampant too; troth, I commend the herald's wit, he has decyphered him well; a swine without a head, without brain, wit, any thing indeed, ramping to gentility. You can blazon the rest, signior, can you not?

Sog. O, I, I have it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking.

Car. Let's hear, let's hear.

Punt. It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous escutcheon that ever this eye surviv'd. Save you, good monsieur *Fastidius*.

[*They salute as they meet in the walk.*]

Car. Silence, good night; on, on.

Sog. Gyrony, of eight pieces; azure and gules, between three plates: a chev'ron, engrailed checkey, or, vert, and ermins; on a chief argent between two ann'lets, saables; a boar's head, proper.

Car. How's that, on a chief argent?

Sog. On a chief argent, a boar's head proper, between two ann'lets saables.

Car. 'Slud, it's a hogs-cheek, and puddings in a pewter field this.

[*Here they shift. Fastidius mixes with Puntarvolo, Carlo, and Sogliardo, Deliro and Macilente, Cloro and Orange, four couple.*]

Sog. How like you 'em, signior?

Punt. Let the word be, *Not without mustard*; your crest is very rare, sir.

Car. A frying-pan to the crest, had had no fellow.

Fast. Intreat your poor friend to walk off a little, signior, I will salute the knight.

Car. Come, lap't up, lap't up.

Fast. You are right well encounter'd, sir, how does your fair dog?

Punt. In reasonable state, sir; what citizen is that you were consorted with? a merchant of any worth?

Fast. 'Tis signior *Deliro*, sir.

Punt. Is it he? save you, sir. [*Salute.*]

Del. Good sir *Puntarvolo*.

Maci. O what copy of fool would this place minister, to one endued with patience to observe it?

Car. Nay look you, sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habit to a more austere form, be exceeding proud, stand upon your gentility, and scorn every man, speak nothing humbly, never discourse under a nobleman, though you ne'er saw him but riding to the star-chamber, it's all one. Love no man. Trust no man. Speak ill of no man to his face; nor well of any man behind his back. Salute fairly on the front, and wish 'em hanged upon the turn. Spread yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat in private.

² *As reason long since is fled to animals.*] Designed as a sneer on those philosophers, who, from the tractable and imitative qualities in brutes, maintained that they were reasonable creatures.

These be principles, think on them, I'll come to you again presently.

Pant. Sirrah, keep close; yet not so close; thy breath will thaw my ruff¹.

Sog. O, good cousin, I am a little busy, how does my niece? I am to walk with a knight, here.

SCENE V.

[To them] *Fungoso, Taylor.*

Fung. O he is here, look you, sir, that's the gentleman.

Tay. What, he? the blush-colour'd satten?

Fung. I, he sir; though his suit blush, he blushes not, look you, that's the suit, sir: I would have mine such a suit without difference, such stuff, such a wing, such a sleeve, such a skirt, belly and all; therefore, pray you observe it. Have you a pair of tables?

Fast. Why, do you see, sir? they say I am phantastical: why, true, I know it, and I pursue my humour still, in contempt of this censorious age. 'Slight, an' a man should do nothing but what a sort of stale judgments about this town will approve in him, he were a sweet ass: I'd ugg him i' faith. I ne'er knew any more find fault with a fashion, than they that knew not how to put themselves into 't. For mine own part, so I please mine own appetite, I am careless what the fusty world speaks of me. Puh.

Fung. Do you mark, how it hangs at the knee there?

Tay. I warrant you, sir.

Fung. For God's sake do, note all; do you see the collar, sir?

Tay. Fear nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir.

Fung. Pray heav'n it do not, you'll make these linings serve; and help me to a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tay. I'll do my best, sir; you'll put it off presently.

Fung. I, go with me to my chamber, you shall have it—but make haste of it, for the love of a customer, for I'll sit i' my old suit, or else lye a bed, and read the *Arcadia* till you have done.

Car. O, if ever you were struck with a

jest, gallants, now, now, now, I do usher the most strange piece of military profession that ever was discovered in *insula Paulina*.

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a creature?

Car. A pimp, a pimp, that I have observ'd yonder, the rarest superficiality of a humour; he comes every morning to empty his lungs in Paul's here; and offers up some five or six hecatombs of faces and sighs, and away again. Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, be not seen to note him, and we shall have excellent sport⁴.

SCENE VI.

[To them] *Shift.*

Punt. 'Slid, he vented a sigh e'en now, I thought he would have blown up the church.

Car. O, you shall have him give a number of those false fires ere he depart.

Fast. See, now he is expostulating with his rapier! look, look.

Car. Did you ever in your days observe better passion over a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a cutler's boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour, I should think it impossible.

Car. See again, he claps his sword o' the head, as who should say, well, go to.

Fast. O violence! I wonder the blade can contain itself, being so provok'd.

Car. "With that the moody squire thumpt his breast, [revenge,

"And rear'd his eye to heaven for

Sog. Troth, an' you be good gentlemen, let's make 'em friends, and take up the matter between his rapier and him.

Car. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay down the matter; for this rapier (it seems) is in the nature of a hanger on, and the good gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Fast. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected, I'll ask him.

Muci. O, here's rich stuff, for life's sake, let us go.

A man would wish himself a senseless pillar, Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:
*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit—*

Fast. Signior.

¹ *Thy breath will DRAW MY RUFF.*] The reading of the last editions; the elder folios give it *thaw my ruff*: the expression is humorous, for the ruffs then wore were made very stiff with starch.

⁴ *Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, &c.*] A modern reader will be surprized perhaps to find business of the foregoing and following scenes, to be transacted in the middle aisle of St. Paul's church; but in the poet's days, it was a customary resort for bullies, knights of the post, and others of the like reputable professions to make their markets in; and indeed bargains of all kinds were then made there, as honourably as they now are in Exchange-Alley itself. An extract from a little piece published in the same age, will give us a true idea of it. "In like manner it is agreed upon, that what day soever St. Paul's church hath in the middle isle of it, neither a broker, masterless man, or a pennyless companion, the usurers of London shall be sworn by oath to bestow a steeple upon it."

Pennyless Parliament of Threadbare Poets, 1608.

Shift. At your service.

Fast. Will you sell your rapier?

Car. He is turn'd wild upon the question, he looks as he had seen a serjeant.

Shift. Sell my rapier? now fate bless me.

Punt. Amen.

Shift. You ask'd me, if I would sell my rapier, sir?

Fast. I did indeed.

Shift. Now, Lord have mercy upon me.

Punt. Amen, I say still.

Shift. 'Slid, sir, what should you behold in my face, sir, that should move you (as they, say, sir) to ask me, sir, if I would sell my rapier?

Fast. Nay (let me pray you, sir) be not mov'd: I protest, I would rather have been silent, than any way offensive, had I known your nature.

Shift. Sell my rapier? 'ods lid! Nay, sir (for mine own part) as I am a man that has serv'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling foul, but (sell my rapier?) I will tell you, sir, I have serv'd with this foolish rapier, where some of us dare not appear in haste; I name no man: but let that pass. (Sell my rapier?) death to my lungs. This rapier, sir, has travell'd by my side, sir, the best part of France, and the Low Country: I have seen Flushing, Brill, and the Hague, with this rapier, sir, in my lord of Leyster's time: and (by God's will) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would—Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here, if you have any disposition to travel, for the sight of service, or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to divers officers and commanders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause do you all the good offices, that shall pertain or belong to gentlemen of your—Please you to shew the bounty of your mind, sir, to impart some ten groats or half a crown to our use, till our ability be of growth to return it, and we shall think ourself—'Sblood, sell my rapier?

Sog. I pray you, what said he, signior? he's a proper man.

Fast. Marry he tells me, if I please to shew the bounty of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his use, or so—

Punt. Break his head and give it him.

Car. I thought he had been playing o' the Jews-trump, I.

Shift. My rapier? no, sir; my rapier is my guard, my defence, my revenue, my

honour; (if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you) and I will maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water. (Hurd is the choice when the valiant must eat their arms, or clem¹;) Sell my rapier? no, my dear, I will not be divorc'd from thee, yet; I have ever found thee true as steel—and (you cannot impart, sir.) Save you, gentlemen; (nevertheless if you have a fancy to it, sir.)

Fast. Prythee away; is signior Deliro departed?

Car. Ha! you seen a pimp out-face his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him, that can dissemble 'em so well.

Punt. True, and having no better a cloke for it than he has neither.

Fast. God's precious, what mischievous luck is this! adieu, gentlemen.

Punt. Whither in such haste, monsieur Fastidius?

Fast. After my merchant, signior Deliro, sir.

Car. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his tide, a good flounder i' faith.

Orange. Hark you, signior Whiff, a word with you.

[*Orange and Clove call Shift aside.*]

Car. How? signior Whiff?

Orange. What was the difference between that gallant that's gone, and you, sir?

Shift. No difference; he would ha' given me five pound for my rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all.

Clove. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had been upon some terms.

Shift. No other than you saw, sir.

Clove. Adieu, good master Apple-John.

Car. How? Whiff, and Apple-John too? Heart, what'll you say if this be the appendix, or label, to both yond' indentures?

Punt. It may be.

Car. Resolve us of it, Janus, thou that look'st new every way; or thou Hercules, that hast travell'd all countries.*

Punt. Nay, Carlo, spend no time in invocations now, 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir.

Shift. Sir, my name is cavalier Shift: I am known sufficiently in this walk, sir.

Car. Shift? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it.

Shift. True, sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent tobaccoconist) to give me the style of Signior Whiff; as I am a poor esquire about the town here, they call me

* *Must eat their arms, or clem.*] i. e. starve. *Clem*; or *clam* is a word yet in use in the midland parts of the kingdom.

* *Or thou Hercules, that hast travell'd all countries.*] Jupiter, upon the arrival of Claudius among the gods, dispatches Hercules, who had travelled all countries, to know who he was. *Tum Jupiter Herculem, quia totum orbem terrarum pererraverat, & nosse videbatur omnes nationes, jubet ire, &c. Seneca de morte Claudii.* The invocation of Janus is in the same spirit of humour.

master Apple-John. Variety of good names does well, sir.

Car. I, and good parts, to make those good names; out of which I imagine yond' bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should deny the manuscripts, I were worthy to be banisht the middle aile for ever.

Car. I take your word, sir; this gentleman has subscrib'd to 'em, and is most desirous to become your pupil. Marry you must use expedition. Signor Insulso Sogliardo, this is the professor.

Sog. In good time, sir; nay, good sir, house your head; do you profess these slights in tobacco?

Shift. I do more than profess, sir, and, if you please to be a practitioner, I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any ordinary, theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, i' the most popular assembly that is.

Pant. But you cannot bring him to the whiff, so soon?

Shift. Yes, as soon, sir; he shall receive the first, second, and third whiff, if it please him, and (upon the receipt) take his horse, drink his three cups of canary, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stains, and a third at Bagshot.

Car. Baw-waw!

Sog. You will not serve me, sir, will you? I'll give you more than countenance.

Shift. Pardon me, sir, I do scorn to serve any man.

Car. Who? he serve? he! he keeps high men, and low men, he! he has a fair living at Fullam.*

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'll be your follower, if you please.

Sog. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haste: I am very bountiful to men of quality. Where shall we go, signior?

Pant. Your *Mitre* is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffs as I list, and he shall retain, or effume them, at my pleasure.

Pant. By your patience, follow me, fellows.

Sog. Sir, Puntarvolo!

Pant. Pardon me, my dog shall not eat in his company for a million.

Car. Nay, be not you amazed, signior

Whiff, whate'er that stiff-neckt gentleman says.

Sog. No, for you do not know the humour of the dog, as we do; where shall we dine, Carlo? I would fain go to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

Car. So you may; were you never at any yet?

Sog. No faith, but they say there resort your most choice gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'em, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast, brought out of Affrick; but that'll be help'd with a good adventurous face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect; when any thing's propounded above your capacity, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'll think you have travell'd; though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass. Only, now and then, give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a great wager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute; come, good signior, there's a poor French crown for your ordinary.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullice of coin before.*

GREX.

Mit. I travel with another objection, signior, which I fear will be enforc'd against the author, ere I can be deliver'd of it.

Car. What's that, sir?

Mit. That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting maid; some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man, better than to be thus near, and familiarly allied to the time.

Car. You say well, but I would fain hear one of these autumn-judgments define once, *Quid sit comedia*? if he cannot, let him content himself with Cicero's definition, (till he have strength to propose to himself a better,) who would have a comedy to be *imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis*; a thing throughout pleasant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the cor-

* He keeps HIGH men, and LOW men; he! he has a fair living at FULLAM.] He is a sharpening gamester, and uses false dice. The dice were loaded to run high or low; hence they were called *high* or *low* men; and sometimes high and low *Fullams*. Either because they were made there, or because it might be a resort for sharpeners and others of the like fraternity: but the phrase is common in the authors of this age.

* I had not so much as the least PORTCULLIS of coin before.] Some old coins have a portcullice stamped on their reverse; which I suppose gave rise to the expression. Thus Stow gives us an account of the fall of base money, in the second year of Queen Elizabeth: "It was published by proclamation, that the teston coined for twelve-pence, and in the reign of Edward VI. called down to sixpence, should now forthwith (of the best sort marked with the portcullice) be taken for four-pence half-penny."—*Annals*, p. 1115.

rection of manners: if the maker have fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily tax him; but if not, why—be you (that are for them) silent, as I will be for him; and give way to the actors.

SCENE VII.

Sordido, with a halter about his neck; Hind.

Sord. Nay, God's pretious, if the weather and season be so disrespectful, that beggars shall live as well as their betters; and that my hunger and thirst for riches, shall not make them hunger and thirst with poverty; that my sleep shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shall be full, and yet care; their's empty, and yet merry! 'Tis time, that a cross should bear flesh and blood, since flesh and blood cannot bear this cross.

GREX.

Mit. What, will he hang himself?

Cor. Faith I, it seems his prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despair.

Mit. Beshrew me, he will be out of his humour then, indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-inonger knaves, who would trust 'em? one says dark and rainy, when 'tis as clear as crystal; another says, tempestuous blasts and storms, and 'twas as calm as a milk-bowl; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with: you sky-staring coxcombs you, you fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat night-caps, and make rug-gowns dear! you learned men, and have not a legion of devils, a *vostre service!* a *vostre service!* by heav'n, I think I shall die a better scholar than they! but soft, how now, sirrah?

Hind. Here's a letter come from your son, sir.

Sord. From my son, sir! what would my son, sir? some good news no doubt.

The LETTER.

" Sweet and dear father, (desiring you
" first to send me your blessing, which is
" more worth to me than gold or silver,) I
" desire you likewise to be advertised, that
" this Shrove-tide, contrary to custom, we
" use always to have revels; which is in-
" deed dancing, and makes an excellent
" shew in truth; especially if we gentlemen
" be well attir'd, which our seniors note,
" and think the better of our fathers, the
" better we are maintain'd, and that they
" shal know if they come up, and have any
" thing to do in the law; therefore, good
" father, these are (for your own sake as
" well as mine) to re-desire you, that you
" let me not want that which is fit for the
" setting up of our name, in the honourable

" volume of gentility, that I may say to our
" calumniators, with Tully, *Ego sum ortus*
" *domūs meæ, tu occasus tuæ.* And thus,
" not doubting of your fatherly benevolence,
" I humbly ask your blessing, and pray
" God to bless you.

" Yours, if his own."

How's this! Yours, if his own? is he not my son, except he be his own son? belike this is some new kind of subscription the gallants use. Well! wherefore dost thou stay, knave? away: go. Here's a letter indeed! revels? and benevolence? is this a weather to send benevolence? or is this a season to revel in? 'Slid, the devil and all takes part to vex me, I think! this letter would never have come now else, now, now, when the sun shines, and the air thus clear. Soul, if this hold, we shall shortly have an excellent crop of corn spring out of the highways: the streets and houses of the town will be hid with the rankness of the fruits, that grow there in spite of good husbandry. Go to, I'll prevent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent the sight of it. I have this remedy, heaven. Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little. O, nothing, nothing. Well now! shall my son gain a benevolence by my death? or any body be the better for my gold, or so forth? no; alive, I kept it from 'em, and, dead, my ghost shall walk about it, and preserve it; my son and daughter shall starve ere they touch it, I have hid it as deep as hell from the sight of heav'n, and to it I go now. *[Falls off.]*

SCENE VIII.

[To him] Rustici.

1 *Rust.* Ay me, what pitiful sight is this! help, help, help.

2 *Rust.* How now? what's the matter?

1 *Rust.* O, here's a man has hang'd himself, help to get him again.

2 *Rust.* Hang'd himself? 'Slid carry him afore a justice, 'tis chance-medley, o' my word.

3 *Rust.* How now? what's here to do?

4 *Rust.* How comes this?

2 *Rust.* One has executed himself, contrary to order of law, and by my consent he shall answer't.

5 *Rust.* Would he were in case to answer it.

1 *Rust.* Stand by, he recovers, give him breath.

Sord. Oh!

5 *Rust.* Mass, 'twas well you went the foot-way, neighbour.

1 *Rust.* I, an' I had not cut the halter.

Sord. How! cut the halter? ay me, I am undone, I am undone.

2 *Rust.* Marry, if you had not been

undone, you had been hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You thread-bare horse-bread-eating rascals, if you would needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you must cut it; and in the midst too!

2 Rust. Out on me, 'tis the caterpillar Sordido! how cursed are the poor, that the viper was blest with this good fortune!

3 Rust. Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poor?

3 Rust. I, and to save so wretched a catiff?

4 Rust. Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him.

2 Rust. Some desperate fury possess thee, that thou may'st hang thyself too.

5 Rust. Never may'st thou be sav'd, that sav'd so damn'd a monster.

Sord. What curses breathe these men! how have my deeds

Made my looks differ from another man's, That they should thus detest, and lothe my life!

Out on my wretched humour, it is that Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eyes.

3 Rust. Pardon me (gentle friends) I'll make fair For my foul errors past, and twenty fold Restore to all men, what with wrong I robb'd them:

My barns and garners shall stand open still To all the poor that come, and my best grain

Be made alms-bread, to feed half-famish'd mouths.

Though hitherto amongst you I have liv'd, Like an unsavoury muck-hill to myself, Yet now my gather'd heaps being spread abroad,

Shall turn to better and more fruitful uses. Bless then this man, curse him no more for saving

My life and soul together. O, how deeply The bitter curses of the poor do pierce! I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me And witness my repentance; now I prove, "No life is blest, that is not grac'd with love."

2 Rust. O miracle! see when a man has grace!

3 Rust. Had't not been pity, so good a man should have been cast away?

2 Rust. Well, I'll get our clerk put his conversion in the acts and monuments.

4 Rust. Do, for I warrant him he's a martyr.

2 Rust. O God, how he wept, if you mark'd it! did you see how the tears trill'd?

3 Rust. Yes believe me, like master

'Well, I'll get our clerk put his conversion in the acts and monuments.'

4 Rust. Do, for I warrant him he's a martyr.] Satirically alluding to Fox's history of martyrs; many of whom, we are told, when he published the second edition of his book, were found to be alive and well.

"Plautus, in his comedy called *Cistellaria*."] Act 3. scene the last.

Vicar's bowls upon the green for all the world.

3 or 4. O neighbour, God's blessing o' your heart, neighbour, 'twas a good grateful deed.

GREX.

Cor. How now, 'Mitis? what's that you consider so seriously?

Mit. Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the warping condition of this green and soggy multitude; but in good faith, signior, your author hath largely outstript my expectation in this scene, I will liberally confess it. For when I saw Sordido so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.

Cor. What? you suppos'd he should have hung himself indeed?

Mit. I did, and had fram'd my objection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly urg'd, and with some necessity; for though his purpos'd violence lost th' effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the object was more than the nature of a comedy will in any sort admit.

Cor. I? what think you of Plautus, in his comedy called *Cistellaria*, there? where he brings in Alcesimarchus with a drawn sword ready to kill himself, and as he is e'en fixing his breast upon it, to be restrain'd from his resolv'd outrage, by Silenium and the bawd; is not his authority of power to give our scene approbation?

Mit. Sir, I have this only evasion left me, to say, I think it be so indeed, your memory is happier than mine; but I wonder, what engine he will use to bring the rest out of their humours!

Cor. That will appear anon, never preoccupy your imagination withal. Let your mind keep company with the scene still, which now removes itself from the country to the court. Here comes Macilente and Signior Brisk, freshly suited, lose not yourself, for now the epitasis or busy part of our subject is in act.

SCENE IX.

Macilente, Brisk, Cinedo, Serviolina.

Fast. Well, now, signior Macilente, you are not only welcome to the court, but also to my mistress's withdrawing chamber: boy, get me some tobacco, I'll but go in, and shew I am here, and come to you presently, sir.

Maci. What's that he said? by heav'n, I mark'd him not:

My thoughts and I were of another world. I was admiring mine own out-side here,

To think what privilege and palm it bears
Here, in the court! be a man ne'er so vile,
In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else;
If he can purchase but a silken cover,
He shall not only pass, but pass regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er so richly parted, you shall have

A fellow (that knows nothing but his beef,
Or how to rinse his clammy guts in beer)
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat, [state
And kick him down the stairs. Such is the
Of virtue in bad clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha,
That raiment should be in such high request!
How long should I be, ere I should put off
To^u the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the
sheriff's posts? [year.

By heav'n (I think) a thousand, thousand
His gravity, his wisdom, and his faith
To my dread sovereign, (graces that survive him)

These I could well endure to reverence,
But not his tomb; no more than I'd commend

The chapel-organ, for the gilt without,
Or this base-viol, for the varnish'd face.

Fast. I fear I have made you stay somewhat long, sir; but is my tobacco ready, boy?

Cinc. I, sir.

Fast. Give me, my mistress is upon coming, you shall see her presently, sir,—you'll say you never exposed a more piercing wit. This tobacco is not dried, boy, or else the pipe is defective. Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to her! her brain's a very quiver of jests! and she does dart them abroad with that sweet, loose, and judicial aim, that you would—here she comes, sir.

[*She is seen, and goes in again.*]

Maci. 'Twas time, his invention had been bog'd else.

Sari. Give me my fan there.

Maci. How now, monsieur Brisk?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reverence strikes me with a cold shivering, methinks.

Maci. I like such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with fear and trembling; and before their Maker, like impudent mountaineers.

Fast. By this hand, I'd spend twenty pound my vaulting-horse stood here now, she might see me do but one trick.

Maci. Why, does she love activity?

Cinc. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a galliard, as she comes by.

Fast. I, either. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire; she comes. My good genius embolden me: boy, the pipe quickly.

Maci. What? will he give her musick?

Fast. A second good morrow to my fair mistress.

Sari. Fair servant, I'll thank you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answer? is't not admirable?

Maci. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

Fast. Troth, sweet lady, I shall—he prepar'd to give you thanks for those thanks, and—study more officious, and obsequious regards—to your fair beauties,—Mend the pipe, boy.

[*He talks, and takes tobacco between.*]

Maci. I ne'er knew tobacco taken as a parenthesis before.

Fast. 'Fore God, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love.

Sari. I, you need not tell me that, sir: I do think you do prize a rush before my love.

Maci. Is this the wonder of nations?

Fast. O, by this air, pardon me, I said for your love, by this light; but it is the accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to—mass, your viol's new strung, methinks.

[*He takes down the viol, and plays between.*]

Maci. Ingenuity! I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably, if he had said wit for ingenuity, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soul of musick, lady, (hum, hum.)

Sari. Would we might hear it once.

Fast. I do more adore and admire your (hum, hum) predominant perfections, than (hum, hum) ever I shall have power and faculty to express (hum.)

Sari. Upon the viol de gambo, you mean?

Fast. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

Sari. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Maci. It makes good harmony with her wit.

Fast. Sweet lady, tune it. Boy, some tobacco.

Maci. Tobacco again? he does court his mistress with very exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior Macilente, you take none, sir?

Maci. No, unless I had a mistress, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tobacco.

Fast. How like you her wit?—

Maci. Her ingenuity is excellent, sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there?—Oh, she tickles it so, that—she makes it laugh most divinely;—I'll tell you a good jest now, and your—

¹¹ To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the sheriff's posts.] The sheriff had posts set up before his door, on which proclamations were fastened; and these it was usual, out of respect, to read bare-headed.

self shall say it's a good one: I have wish'd myself to be that instrument (I think) a thousand times, and not so few, by heav'n.—

Maci. Not unlike, sir; but how? to be cas'd up, and hung by on the wall?

Fast. O, no, sir, to be in use I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testify.—

Seri. Here, servant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet lady.—In good faith, here's most divine tobacco!

Seri. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

Fast. Good! nay, dear lady, stay; by this sweet smoke, I think your wit be all fire.—

Maci. And he's the salamander belongs to it.

Seri. Is your tobacco perfum'd, servant, that you swear by the sweet smoke?

Fast. Still more excellent! (before heav'n, and these bright lights) I think—you are made of ingenuity, I.—

Maci. True, as your discourse is: O abominable!

Fast. Will your ladyship take any?

Seri. O, peace I pray you; I love not the breath of a woodcock's head.

Fast. Meaning my head, lady?

Seri. Not altogether so, sir; but (as it were fatal to their follies that think to grace themselves with taking tobacco, when they

want better entertainment) you see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.

Fast. O admirable simile!

Seri. 'Tis 'best leaving of you in admiration, sir.

Maci. Are these the admired lady-wits, that having so good a plain song, can run no better division upon it? All her jests are of the stamp, (March was fifteen years ago.) Is this the comet, monsieur Fastidius, that you gallants wonder at so?

Fast. Heart of a gentleman, to neglect me afore presence thus! sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the muses, I was never in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too. Report it not for a million, good sir; let me be so far, endear'd to your love.

GREX.

Mit. What follows next, signior Cordatus? this gallant's humour is almost spent, methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his mistress.

Cor. O, but it will flow again for all this, till there come a general drought of humour among all our actors, and then I fear not but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himself here!

Mit. What, 't' the old case?

Cor. I, faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you understand where the scene is?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Fallace, Fungoso.

Fal. WHY are you so melancholy, brother?

Fung. I am not melancholy, I thank you, sister.

Fal. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the world, and if we should not be comforts one to another, God help us.

Fung. Faith, I cannot tell, sister, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours' throats, to make his son a gentleman; and yet when he has cut 'em, he will see his son's throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first head of our house, and yet he will not give me the head till I be made so. Is any man term'd a gentleman, that is not always 't' the fashion? I would know but that.

Fal. If you be melancholy for that, brother, I think I have as much cause to be melancholy as any one: for I'll be sworn,

I live as little in the fashion as any woman in London. By the faith of a gentlewoman, (beast that I am to say it) I ha' not one friend 't' the world besides my husband. When saw you master Fastidius Brisk, brother?

Fun. But a while since, sister, I think: I know not well in truth. By this hand, I could fight with all my heart, methinks.

Fal. Nay, good brother, be not resolute.

Fung. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fal. Oh, sweet Fastidius Brisk! O fine courtier! thou art he mak'st me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband! and how miserable a dame she is, that hath neither husband, nor friend 't' the court! O sweet Fastidius! O fine courtier! How comely he bows him in his court'sie! how full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses! how upright he sits at the table! how daintily he carves! how sweetly he talks, and tells news of this lord, and of that lady! how cleanly he wipes his spoon at every spoonful of any white-meat he eats! and

what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him still! O, sweet Fastidius! O, fine courtier!

SCENE II.

Deliro, Musicians, Macilente, Fungoso.

Deli. See, yonder she is, gentlemen. Now, (as ever you'll bear the name of musicians) touch your instruments sweetly, she has a delicate ear, I tell you: play not a false note. I beseech you.

Musi. Fear not, signior Deliro.

Deli. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing: lord, how my imagination labours with the success of it! Well said, good, P'faith! Heav'n grant it please her. I'll not be seen, for then she'll be sure to dislike it.

Fal. Hey-da! this is excellent! I'll lay my life this is my husband's dotage. I thought so; nay, never play bo-peep with me, I know you do nothing but study how to anger me, sir.

Deli. Anger thee, sweet wife? why, didst thou not send for musicians at supper last night thyself?

Fal. To supper, sir? now come up to supper, I beseech you: as though there were no difference between supper-time, when folks should be merry, and this time, when they should be melancholy? I would never take upon me to take a wife, if I had no more judgment to please her.

Del. Be pleas'd, sweet wife, and they shall ha' done, and would to fate my life were done, if I can never please thee.

Maci. Save you, lady, where is master Deliro?

Deli. Here, master Macilente: you are welcome from court, sir; no doubt you have been grac'd exceedingly of master Brisk's mistress, and the rest of the ladies for his sake.

Maci. Alas, the poor phantastick! he's scarce known [him,

To any lady there; and those that know know him the simplest man of all they know: [mours,

Deride, and play upon his amorous hum-
Though he but apishly doth imitate

The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies' pumps, [wits,

Holding the cloth for them, praising their
And servilely observing every one

May do them pleasure: fearful to be seen
With any man (though he be ne'er so

worthy) [greatest,

That's not in grace with some that are the
Thus courtiers do, and these he counterfeits,

But sets not such a slightly carriage
Upon their vanities, as they themselves;

And therefore they despise him: for in-
He's like the zany to a tumbler, [deed

That tries tricks after him, to make men
laugh.

Fal. Here's an unthankful spiteful wretch!

the good gentleman vouchsaf'd to make him his companion (because my husband put him into a few rags), and now see how the unrudd rascal back-bites him!

Deli. Is he no more grac'd amongst 'em then, say you?

Maci. Faith, like a pawn at chess: fills up a room, that's all.

Fal. O monster of men! can the earth bear such an envious catfist?

Deli. Well, I repent me I e'er credited him so much: but (now I see what he is, and that his masking visor is off) I'll forbear him no longer. All his lands are mortgag'd to me, and forfeited: besides, I have bonds of his in my hand, for the receipt of now fifty pound, now a hundred, now two hundred: still, as he has had a fan but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new suit. Well, I'll salute him by a serjeant, the next time I see him P'faith, I'll suit him.

Maci. Why, you may soon see him, sir, for he is to meet signior Puntarvolo at a notary's by the Exchange, presently; where he means to take up, upon return—

Fal. Now, out upon thee, Judas; canst thou not be content to back-bite thy friend, but thou must betray him? wilt thou seek the undoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you, sir, get your living by the counsel of traitors?

Deli. Dear wife, have patience.

Fal. The house will fall, the ground will open and swallow us: I'll not bide here, for all the gold and silver in heav'n.

Deli. O, good Macilente, let's follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end.

Maci. Now peace, and not peace, feed that life, whose head hangs so heavily over a woman's manger.

Fal. Help me, brother: 'oids body, an' you come here I'll do myself a mischief.

[*Deliro follows his wife.*]

Deli. Nay, hear me, sweet wife, unless thou wilt have me go, I will not go.

Fal. Tut, you shall ne'er ha' that vantage of me, to say, you are undone by me. I'll not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's four angels, I'll give you towards your suit: for the love of gentry, and as ever you came of christian creature, make haste to the water-side, (you know where master Fastidius uses to land) and give him warning of my husband's malicious intent; and tell him of that lean rascal's treachery: O heav'n's! how my flesh rises at him! Nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say, I would have writ to him, but that the necessity of the time would not permit. He cannot chuse but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me to him, good brother; say, I sent you.

Fung. Let me see, these four angels, and then forty shillings more I can borrow or—

my gown in Fetter-lane. Well, I will go presently; 'say on my suit, pay as much money as I have, and swear myself into credit with my taylor for the rest.

Del. O, on my soul you wrong her, Macilente.

Though she be forward, yet I know she is [*Deliro and Macilente pass over the stage.*]
Maci. Well, then have I no judgment. Would any woman (but one that were wild in her affections) have broke out into that immodest and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible—

Del. If you love me, forbear; all the arguments of the world shall never wrest my heart to believe it.

GREG.

Cor. How like you the decyphering of his dotage?

Mit. O, strangely! and of the other's envy too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight adventurer.

Cor. I, and his scrivener with him.

SCENE III.

Pantacrulo, Notary, Carlo, Servants.

Pun. I wonder monsieur Fastidius comes not! But, Notary, if thou please to draw the indentures the while, I will give thee thy instructions.

Not. With all my heart, sir; and I'll fall in hand with 'em presently.

Pun. Well then, first the sum is to be understood.

Not. Good, sir.

Pun. Next, our several appellations, and character of my dog and cat, must be known. Shew him the cat, sirrah.

Not. So, sir.

Pun. Then, that the intended bound is the Turk's court in Constantinople; the time limited for our return, a year; and that if either of us miscarries, the whole venture is lost. These are general, conceive'st thou; or if either of us turn Turk.

Not. I, sir.

Pun. Now for particulars: that I may make my travels by sea or land, to my best liking; and that (hiring a coach for myself) it shall be lawful for my dog or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

Not. Very good, sir.

Pun. That I may chuse to give my dog, or cat, fish, for fear of bones; or any other nutriment that (by the judgment of the most authentical physicians where I travel) shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, sir.

Pun. That (after the receipt of his money) he shall neither in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect means, as magick, witchcraft, or other such exotic arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing to the prejudice of me, my dog, or my cat: neither shall I use the help of any such sorceries or enchantments, as unctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to travel invisible by virtue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly convey'd into his collar, (understand you?) but that all be performed sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

Not. So, sir.

Pun. That (for testimony of the performance) myself am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dog a Grecian hair's lip, and my cat the train or tail of a Thracian rat.

Not. 'Tis done, sir.

Pun. 'Tis said, sir; not done, sir. But forward; that upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid testimony, I am to receive five for one¹, according to the proportion of the sums put forth.

Not. Well, sir.

Pun. Provided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either myself or these be visited with sickness, or any other casual event, so that the whole course of the adventure be hindered thereby, that then he is

¹ Or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly convey'd into his collar.] Alluding probably to Cornelius Agrippa's dog. Paulus Jovius gives the following account of the master and his dog: (Elog. doct. viror. edit. l'asil. 1577. p. 187.) *Excessit è vitâ nomen senex apud Lugdunum, ignobili et tenebrâ in diversorio, multis eum tanquam necromantia suspitione infamem execrantibus; quod cacodæmonem nigri canis specie circumduceret; ita ut quum propinquâ morte ad paritendum urgeretur, cani collare loreum magicis per clavorum embicemato inscriptum notis exolverit; in hæc suprema verba iratè prorumpens, Abi, perditâ bestia, quæ me totum perdidisti! nec usquam familiaris ille canis, aut casidius itinerum omnium comes, et tum morientis domini desertor postea conspectus est, quum præcipiti fugæ saltu in Ararim se immersisse, nec enutasse, ab his qui id vidisse asserbant, existimetur.* DR. GREY.

² I am to receive five for one.] As travelling in search of adventures was now the mode, it was customary for those who engaged in expeditions of this kind, to place out a sum of money, on condition of receiving great interest for it, at their return home. This circumstance we find likewise alluded to in SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*:

"Each putter out on five for one will bring us

"Good warrant of—"

Act III. Sc. 3.

Five for one was the usual terms, we find, on which these agreements were generally made.

to return, and I am to receive the prenominated proportion upon fair and equal terms.

Not. Very good, sir; is this all?

Pun. It is all, sir; and dispatch them, good Notary.

Not. As fast as is possible, sir.

Pun. O Carlo! welcome: saw you monsieur Brisk?

Car. Not I: did he appoint you to meet here?

Pun. I, and I muse he should be so tardy; he is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintain his promise.

Car. Is his hour past?

Pun. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Car. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner break all the commandments, than his hour; upon my life, in such a case trust him.

Pun. Methinks, Carlo, you look very smooth! ha?

Car. Why, I came but now from a hot-house, I must needs look smooth.

Pun. From a hot-house!

Car. I, do you make a wonder on't? why it's your only physick. Let a man sweat once a week in a hot-house, and be well rubb'd, and frosted, with a good plump juicy wench, and sweet linen, he shall ne'er ha' the pox.

Pun. What, the French pox?

Car. The French pox! our pox. We have them in as good a form as they, man: what?

Pun. Let me perish, but thou art a salt one! was your new-created gallant there with you? Sogliardo?

Car. O porpuse! hang him, no: he's a leiger at Horn's ordinary yonder; his villainous Ganymede and he ha' been droning a tobacco-pipe there ever sin' yesterday noon.

Pun. Who? Signior Tripartite, that would give my dog the whiff?

Car. I, he. They have hir'd a chamber und all, private to practise in, for the making of the patoun, the receipt reciprocal, and a number of other mysteries not yet extant. I brought some dozen or twenty gallants this morning to view 'em (as you'd do a piece of perspective) in at a key-hole; and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, holding his snout up like a sow under an apple-tree, while th' other open'd his nostrils with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery. They had spit some three or four score ounces between 'em, afore we came away.

Pun. How! spit three or four score ounces?

Car. I, and preserv'd it in porringers, as a barber does his blood when he opens a vein.

Pun. Out, pagan! how dost thou open the vein of thy friend?

Car. Friend? is there any such foolish

thing i' the world? ha? 'slid, I ne'er relish'd it yet.

Pun. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

Car. No, not a whit, signior. Tut, a man must keep time in all; I can oil my tongue when I meet him next, and look with a good sleek forehead; 'twill take away all soil of suspicion, and that's enough: what Lynceus can see my heart? Pish, the title of a friend, it's a vain idle thing, only venerable among fools; you shall not have one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

SCENE IV.

[To them] *Deliro, Macilente.*

Del. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo.

Pun. Signior Deliro! welcome.

Del. Pray you, sir, did you see master Fastidius Brisk?

I heard he was to meet your worship here.

Pun. You heard no figment, sir; I do expect him at every pulse of my watch.

Del. In good time, sir.

Car. There's a fellow now looks like one of the patricians of Sparta; marry, his wit's after ten i' the hundred: a good blood-hound, a close-mouthed dog, he follows the scent well; marry, he's at a fault now methinks.

Pun. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

Car. O, I cannot abide these limbs of satten, or rather Satan indeed, that'll walk (like the children of darkness) all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of blanks, ready to swallow up as many poor unthrifits as come within the verge.

Pun. So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

Car. O, (damn me) immortality! I'll not meddle with him, the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction.

Pun. How Carlo? ha? what is he, man?

Car. A scholar, Macilente, do you not know him? a rank raw-bon'd anatomy, he walks up and down like a charg'd musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest there.

Pun. His rest? why has he a forked head?

Car. Pardon me, that's to be suspended, you are too quick, too apprehensive.

Del. Truth (now I think on't) I'll defer it till some other time.

Maci. Not by any means, signior, you shall not lose this opportunity, he will be here presently now.

Del. Yes, faith, Macilente, 'tis best. For look you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that —

Maci. Your wife? now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your own spirits. Should I (if I had a wife) suffer myself to be thus passionately carried to and fro with the stream of her humour?

and neglect my deepest affairs, to serve her affections? 'Slight, I would geld myself first.

Deli. O but, signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would——

Maci. Such a wife? Now hate me, sir, if ever I discern'd any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I have: I have seen some that ha' been thought fairer than she, in my time; and I have seen those, ha' not been altogether so tall, esteem'd properer women; and I have seen less noses grow upon sweeter faces¹, that have done very well too, in my judgment: but in good faith, signior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good pretty proud hard-favour'd thing, marry not so peerlessly to be doted upon, I must confess: nay, be not angry.

Deli. Well, sir, (however you please to forget yourself) I have not deserved to be thus play'd upon; but henceforth, pray you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the savour of his breath at my table, that shall thus jade me from my courtesies.

Maci. Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman, and by my life, I suspect her honesty, that's more, which you may likewise suspect (if you please:) do you see? I'll urge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

Deli. Good, sir.

Maci. Good sir? now horn upon horn pursue thee, thou blind egregious dotard.

Car. O, you shall hear him speak like envy. Signior Macilente, you saw monsieur Brisk lately? I heard you were with him at court.

Maci. I, Buffone, I was with him.

Car. And how is he respected there? (I know you'll deal ingenuously with us) is he made much of amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

Maci. Faith I, his civet and his casting-glass

Have help'd him to a place amongst the rest: And there, his seniors give him good slight looks,

After their garb, smile, and salute in French With some new compliment.

Car. What, is this all?

Maci. Why say, that they should shew the trothy fool [heart,

Such grace as they pretend comes from the He had a mighty wind-fall out of doubt.

Why, all their graces are not to do grace To virtue, or desert: but to ride both With their gilt spurs quite breathless, from themselves.

'Tis now esteem'd precisianism in wit, And a disease in nature, to be kind

Toward desert, to love, or seek good names. Who feeds with a good name? who thrives with loving?

Who can provide feast for his own desires, With serving others? ha, ha, ha:

'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings prov'd, (If not to gain by love) to be belov'd.

Car. How like you him? is't not a good spiteful slave? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd.

Car. Damn me, I could eat his flesh now: divine sweet villain!

Maci. Nay, pr'ythee leave: what's he there?

Car. Who? this i' the starch'd beard? it's the dull stiff knight Puntarvolo, man; he's to travel now presently: he has a good knotty wit, marry, he carries little on't out of the land with him.

Maci. How then?

Car. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money upon the return of a dog, and cat.

Maci. Is this he?

Car. I, this is he; a good tough gentleman; he looks like a shield of brawn at Shrovetide, out of date, and ready to take his leave; or a dry poul of lung upon Easter-eve, that has furnish'd the table all Lent, as he has done the city this last vacation.

Maci. Come, you'll never leave your stabbing similes: I shall ha' you aiming at me with 'em by-and-by, but——

Car. O, renounce me then: pure, honest, good devil, I love thee above the love of women: I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now! Gods so, look here, man; sir Dagonet, and his squire!

SCENE V.

[To them] *Sogliardo, Shift.*

Sog. Save you, my dear gallant's: nay, come approach, good cavalier: pr'ythee (sweet knight) know this gentleman, he's one that it pleases me to use as my good friend and companion; and therefore do him good offices: I beseech you, gentles, know him, know him all over.

Punt. Sir (for signior Sogliardo's sake), let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why (as I am a gentleman) I thank you, knight, and it shall suffice. Hark you, sir Puntarvolo, you'd little think it; he's as resolute a piece of flesh as any i' the world.

Punt. Indeed, sir?

Sog. Upon my gentility, sir: Carlo, a word with you; do you see that same fellow, there?

Car. What, cavalier Shift?

Sog. O, you know him; cry you metey:

¹ And I have seen less roses grow upon sweeter faces.] Had the lady been represented as using paint, the satire would have been just enough; but as that doth not seem to be the case, we adopt the reading of the first folio, which gives it, *less noses grow upon sweeter faces.*

before me, I think him the tallest man living within the walls of Europe.

Car. The walls of Europe! take heed what you say, signior, Europe's a huge thing within the walls.

Sog. Tut, (an' 'twere as huge again) I'd justify what I speak. 'Slid, he swagger'd e'en now in a place where we were: I never saw a man do it more resolute.

Car. Nay, indeed swaggering is a good argument of resolution. Do you hear this, signior?

Maci. I, to my grief. O, that such muddy flags,

For every drunken flourish, should atchieve
The name of manhood; whilst true perfect valour

(Hating to shew itself) goes by despis'd!
Heart, I do know now (in a fair just cause)
I dare do more than he, a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of
this? ha?

And give my worth allowance before his?
Because I cannot swagger! now the pox
Light on your pickt-hatch prowess.

Sog. Why, I tell you, sir, he has been the only bid-stand that ever kept New-market, Salisbury-plain, Hockley i' the Hole, Gads-hill; and all the high places of any request: he has had his mares and his geldings, he ha' been worth forty, threescore, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' sprung you over hedge and ditch like your grey-hound: he has done five hundred robberies in his time, more or less, I assure you.

Punt. What? and scap'd?

Sog. Scap'd! i' faith, I: he has broken the gaol when he has been in irons and irons; and been out, and in again; and out, and in; forty times, and not so few, he.

Maci. A fit trumpet, to proclaim such a person.

Car. But can this be possible?

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man gives his affections to it.

Sog. Good Pylades, discourse a robbery or two, to satisfy these gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Parlon me, my dear Orestes: causes have their quiddits, and 'tis ill jesting with bell-ropes.

Car. How? Pylades and Orestes?

Sog. I, he is my Pylades, and I am his Orestes: how like you the conceit?

Car. O, it's an old stale enterlude device: no, I'll give you names myself, look you, he shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on.

Maci. Pylades, rather, let him be captain Pod, and this his motion*; for he does nothing but shew him.

Car. Excellent: or thus, you shall be Holden, and he your camel.

Shift. You do not mean to ride, gentlemen?

Punt. Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you shall be his countenance, and he your resolution.

Sog. Troth, that's pretty: how say you, cavalier, shall't be so?

Car. I, I, most voices.

Shift. Faith, I am easily yielding to any good impressions.

Sog. Then give hands, good resolution.

Car. Mass, he cannot say, good countenance, now (properly) to him again.

Punt. Yes, by an irony.

Maci. O, sir, the countenance of resolution should, as he is, be altogether grim and unpleasant.

SCENE VI.

[To them] *Fustidius Brisk.*

Fast. Good hours, make musick with your mirth, gentlemen, and keep time to your humours: how now, Carlo?

Punt. Monsieur Brisk! many a long look have I extended for you, sir.

Fast. Good faith I must crave pardon: I was invited this morning ere I was out of my bed, by a bevy of ladies, to a banquet: whence it was almost one of Hercules's labours for me to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so prevail with me. I know they'll take it very ill, especially one, that gave me this bracelet of her hair but over night, and this pearl another gave me from her forehead, marry she ——— what? are the writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, go you to the notary's, and learn if he be ready: leave the dog, sir.

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend, Sogliardo? Oh, signior Macilente! by these eyes, I saw you not, I had saluted you sooner else, o' my troth: I hope, sir, I may presume upon you, that you will not divulge my late check, or disgrace (indeed) sir.

Maci. You may, sir.

Car. He knows some notorious jests by this gull, that he hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur Fastidius, do you see this fellow there? does he not look like a clown? would you think there were any thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him? beshrew me, I: the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this element, he is as ingenious a tall man as ever swagger'd about London: he, and I, call countenance and resolution, but his name is Cavalier Shift.

Punt. Cavalier, you knew signior Clog, that was hang'd for the robbery, at Harrow o' the Hill?

* Let him be captain Pod, and this his motion.] The celebrated owner of a puppet-show, which in our author's days was called a motion. Pod is often mentioned in Jonson's works.

Sog. Knew him, sir! why, 'twas he gave all the directions for the action.

Pant. How, was it your project, sir?

Shift. Pardon me, countenance, you do me some wrong to make occasions public, which I imparted to you in private.

Sog. Gods will! here are none but friends, resolution.

Shift. That's all one; things of consequence must have their respects: where, how, and to whom. Yes, sir, he shewed himself a true Clog in the coherence of that affair, sir: for if he had managed matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a forty or fifty score of pounds, sir, and he himself might ha' liv'd (in despite of fates) to have led on woodcocks, with the rest: but it was his heavy fortune to sink, poor Clog, and therefore talk no more of him.

Pant. Why had he more aidsers then?

Sog. O Go I, sir! I, there were some present there, that were the nine worthies to him, I faith.

Shift. I, sir, I can satisfy you at more convenient conference: but (for mine own part) I have now reconcil'd myself to other courses, and profess a living out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now (I assure you) and is able to live like a gentleman, by his qualities. By this dog, he has the most rare gift in tobacco that ever you knew.

Car. He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever BANKES did with his horse^a, or the fellow with the elephant.

Muci. He will hang out his picture shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.

Sog. O, he does manage a quarrel the best that ever you saw, for terms and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith, signior, (now you speak of a quarrel) I'll acquaint you with a difference, that happened between a gallant, and myself; sir Puntarvolo, you know him if I should name him, signior Luculento.

Pant. Luculento! what inauspicious chance interpos'd itself to your two loves?

Fast. Faith, sir, the same that sundred Agamemnon and great Thetis' son; but let the cause escape, sir: he sent me a challenge (mixt with some few braves) which I restor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed, sir, (I must tell you) he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment: for, look you, sir; I cast myself into this figure; now he comes violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm (for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard.) Sir, I miss'd my pur-

pose in his arm, rash'd his doublet sleeve, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He again lights me here, (I had on a gold cable hat-band, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had), cuts my hat-band (and yet it was massy goldsmiths work), cuts my frims, which by good fortune (being thick embroidered with gold twist and pangles) disappointed the force of the blow: nevertheless, it graz'd on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut-work band I wore (cost me three pound in the Exchange but three days before.)

Pant. This was a strange encounter.

Fast. Nay, you shall hear, sir: with this we both fell out, and breath'd. Now (upon the second sign of his assault) I betook me to the former manner of my defence; he (on the other side) abandon'd his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows: but I (being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side) made a kind of stramazoun, ran him up to the hilts through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet miss'd the skin. He (making a reverse blow) falls upon my embossed girdle, (I had thrown off the hangers a little before) strikes off a skirt of a tick-lac'd satin doublet I had (lin'd with four tafataes), cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.

Fast. Here (in the opinion of mutual damage) we paus'd; but (ere I proceed) I must tell you, signior, that (in this last encounter) not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the ruffle of my boot, and (being Spanish leather, and subject to tear) overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach-colour and another) and strikes me some half-inch deep into the side of the calf: he (seeing the blood come) presently takes horse, and away: I (having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt)——

Car. O! comes in it there?

Fast. Rid after him, and (lighting at the court-gate both together) embrac'd and march'd hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

Muci. Well? yes, and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

Pant. Fore valour, it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowess, and ended with more

^a He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever BANKES did with his horse.] This same Mr. BANKES was a man of note too in his time; famous for a horse, which was taught to shew tricks, and perform several feats of art, to the great admiration of the virtuoso spectator.

See SIR KENELM DIGBY of Bodies, p. 393.

humanity. How now, what says the notary?

Serv. He says, he is ready, sir; he stays but your worship's pleasure.

Pant. Come, we will go to him, monsieur. Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

Sag. You shall entreat me, sir. Come, resolution.

Shift. I follow you, good countenance.

Car. Comf, signior, come, come.

Maci. O, that there should be fortune To clothe these men, so naked in desert! And that the just storm of a wretched life Beats 'em not ragged, for their wretched souls,

And, since as fruitless, even as black as

GREX.

Mit. Why, but, signior, how comes it that Fungoso appear'd not with his sister's intelligence to Brisk?

Cor. Marry, 'long of the evil angels that she gave him, who have indeed tempted the good simple youth to follow the tail of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends. Behold, here he comes, very worshipfully attended, and with good variety.

SCENE VII.

Fungoso, Taylor, Shoe-maker, Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercy, good shoe-maker, I'll put to strings myself. Now, sir, let me see, what must you have for this hat?

Habe. Here's the bill, sir.

Fung. How does't become me? well?

Tay. Excellent, sir, as ever you had any hat in your life.

Fung. Nay, you'll say so all.

Habe. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man in this town can serve you, and will maintain fashion as long; ne'er trust me for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my suit?

Tay. Exceeding well, sir.

Fung. How lik'st thou my suit, haberdasher?

Habe. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we have no set to please our friends, we.

Fung. Here, haberdasher, tell this same.

Habe. Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.

Fung. Nay (believe me) I think I have as good a body in clothes as another.

Tay. You lack points to bring your apparel together, sir.

Fung. I'll have points anon: how now? is't right?

Habe. Faith, sir, 'tis too little; but upon farther hopes—Good morrow to you, sir.

Fung. Farewell, good haberdasher. Well now, master Snip, let me see your bill.

GREX.

Mit. Methinks he discharges his followers too thick.

Cor. O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this taylor, in place of a page, to follow him still.

Fung. This bill is very reasonable, in faith (hark you, master Snip,) troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnish'd at this present, as I could wish I were; but— if you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you shall have all I have, by this hand—

Tay. Sir—

Fung. And but give me credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next term.

Tay. O lord, sir—

Fung. 'Fore God, and by this light, I'll pay you to the utmost, and acknowledge myself very deeply engag'd to you by the courtesy.

Tay. Why, how much have you there, sir?

Fung. Marry, I have here four angels, and fifteen shillings of white money, it's all I have, as I hope to be blest.

Tay. You will not fail me at the next term with the rest?

Fung. No, an' I do, pray heav'n I be hang'd. Let me never breathe again upon this mortal stage, as the philosopher calls it. By this sir, (and as I am a gentleman) I'll hold.

GREX.

Cor. He were an iron-hearted fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit upon his volley of oaths.

Tay. Well, sir, I'll not stick with any gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis remains?

Fung. I, sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O fate! how happy am I made in this good fortune! well, now I'll go seek out monsieur Brisk. 'Ods so, I have forgot ribband for my shoes, and points. 'Sind, what luck's this! how shall I do? master Snip, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points and ribbands; as I am an honest man, I have utterly disurnished myself, in the default of memory, pray let me be beholding to you, it shall come home i' the bill, believe me.

Tay. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money, but I'll take up and send you some by my boy, presently. What colour'd ribband would you have?

Fung. What you shall think meet i' your judgment, sir, to my suit.

Tay. Well, I'll send you some presently.

Fung. And points too, sir?

Tay. And points too, sir.

Fung. Good lord! how shall I study to deserve this kindness of you, sir? Pray let your youth make haste, for I should have done a business an hour since, that I doubt

I shall come too late. Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my suit.

GREX.

Cor. Do you observe the plunges that this poor gallant is put to (signior) to purchase the fashion?

Mit. I, and to be still a fashion behind with the world, that's the sport.

Cor. Stay: O here they come from *scald and deliver'd*.

SCENE VIII.

Puntarvolo, Fastidius Brisk, Servants, Carlo, Sogliardo, Macilente, Shift, Fungoso.

Punt. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolve to depart shortly.

Fast. Faith, sir Puntarvolo, go to the court, and take leave of the ladies first.

Punt. I care not, if it be this afternoon's labour. Where is Carlo?

Fast. Here he comes.

Car. Faith, gallants, I am persuading this gentleman to turn courtier. He is a man of fair revenue, and his estate will bear the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the mind, or so, why they are as nature lent him 'em, pure, simple, without any artificial drug or mixture of these two threadbare beggarly qualities, learning, and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate and genuine. Now, for the life itself—

Fast. O, the most celestial, and full of wonder and delight, that can be imagined, signior, beyond thought and apprehension of pleasure! A man lives there, in that divine rapture, that he will think himself i' the ninth heaven for the time, and lose all sense of mortality whatsoever, when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortal) beauties, hear such angelical and harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and ambrosial spirits, whose wits are as sudden as lightning, and humorous as nectar; oh, it makes a man all quintessence and flame, and lifts him up, in a moment, to the very crystal crown of the sky, where (hovering in the strength of his imagination) he shall behold all the delights of the Hesperides, the *insula fortunata*, Adonis' gardens, Tempe or what else (confind within the amplest verge of poesie) to be mere Umbræ, and imperfect figures, confer'd with the most essential felicity of your court.

Maci. Well, this encomium was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.

Car. Besides, sir, you shall never need to go to a hot-house, you shall sweat there

with courting your mistress, or losing your money at primero, as well as in all the stoves in Sweden. Marry this, sir, you must ever be sure to carry a good strong perfume about you, that your mistress's dog may smell you out amongst the rest; and (in making love to her) never fear to be out: for you may have a pipe of tobacco, or a bass viol shall hang o' the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your resolution has taught you in tobacco (the whiff, and those sleights) will stand you in very good ornament there.

Fast. I, to some perhaps; but, an' he should come to my mistress with tobacco (this gentleman knows) she'd reply upon him, i' faith. O, (by this bright sun) she has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit, that—tut, there's no spirit able to stand her. You can report it, signior, you have seen her.

Punt. Then can he report no less, out of his judgment, I assure him.

Maci. Troth, I like her well enough, but she's too self-conceited, methinks.

Fast. Indeed, she's a little too self-conceited, an' 'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admir'd lady in the world.

Punt. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellencies.

Maci. Why it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

Fast. Easily, sir, then are all impossibilities easy.

Maci. You conclude too quick upon me, signior; what will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appear now, that yourself shall confess nothing more possible?

Fast. Marry, I will say, I will both applaud, and admire you for it.

Punt. And I will second him in the admiration.

Maci. Why, I'll shew you, gentlemen. Carlo, come hither. *[They whisper.]*

Sog. Good faith, I have a great humour to the court, what thinks my resolution? shall I adventure?

Shift. Troth, countenance, as you please; the place is a place of good reputation and capacity.

Sog. O, my tricks in tobacco (as Carlo says) will shew excellent there.

Shift. Why, you may go with these gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see correspondence.

Sog. You say true. You will go with me, resolution?

Shift. I will meet you, countenance,

* Fast. O, the most celestial, and full of wonder, &c.] This interruption of Brisk's is very artful in the poet: Carlo was more a man of the town, whose elysium was the inside of a tavern, or an ordinary, and not the presence-chamber at court; but Brisk, whose happiness centred in the circle of courtiers, may with great propriety break out into a rapturous harangue on the pleasures of a court life.

† A hot-house.] A bagno.

about three or four o'clock; but to say to go with you, I cannot, for (as I am Apple-John) I am to go before the cockatrice you saw this morning, and therefore pray, present me excus'd, good countenance.

Sog. Farewell, good resolution, but fail not to meet.

Sgt. As I live.

Punt. Admirably excellent!

Maci. If you can but persuade Sogliardo to court, there's all now.

Car. O let me alone, that's my task.

Fung. Now, by wit, Macilente, it's above measure excellent: 'twill be the only court-exploit that ever prov'd courtier ingenious.

Punt. Upon my soul, it puts the lady quite out of her humour, and we shall laugh with judgment.

Car. Come, the gentleman was of himself resolv'd to go with you, afore I mov'd it.

Maci. Why then, gallants, you two, and Carlo, go alone to prepare the jest: Sogliardo and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

Punt. That's true; Carlo comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leave it to the faculty of monsieur Brisk, and myself; upon our lives, we will manage it happily. Carlo shall bespeak supper at the *Mitre*, again t we come back; where we will meet, and dimple our cheeks with laughter at the success.

Car. I, but will you promise to come?

Punt. Myself shall undertake for them; be that fails, let his reputation lie under the lash of thy tongue.

Car. Gods so, look who comes here!

Sog. What, nephew!

Fung. Uncle, God save you; did you see a gentleman, one monsieur Brisk, a courtier? he goes in such a suit as I do.

Sog. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such a suit.

Fung. Another suit! [*He swoons.*]

Sog. How now, nephew?

Fung. Would you speak with me, sir?

Car. I, when he has recovered himself, poor Poll!

Punt. Some rosa-so's.

Maci. How now, signior?

Fung. I am not well, sir.

Maci. Why, this it is, to dog the fashion.*

Car. Nay, come, gentlemen, remember your affairs; his disease is nothing but the flux of apparel.

Punt. Sirs, return to the lodging, keep

the cat safe: I'll be the dog's guardian myself.

Sog. Nephew, will you go to court with us? these gentlemen and I are for the court: nay, be not so melancholy.

Fung. By Gods lid, I think no man in Christendom has that rascally fortune that I have.

Maci. Faith, your suit is well enough, signior.

Fung. Nay, not for that, I protest, but I had an errand to monsieur Fastidious, and I have forgot it.

Maci. Why, go along to court with us, and remember it; come, gentlemen, you three take one boat, and Sogliardo and I will take another, we shall be there instantly.

Fung. Content: good sir, vouchsafe us your pleasure.

Punt. Farewell, Carlo; remember.

Car. I warrant you: would I had one of Kemp's shoes to throw after you.¹⁰

Punt. Good fortune will close the eyes of our jest, fear not: and we shall frolick.

GREX.

Mit. This Macilente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden, methinks, than he was before: there's some portent in't, I believe.

Car. O, he's a fellow of a strange nature. Now does he (in this calm of his humour) plot, and store up a world of malicious thoughts in his brain, till he is so full with 'em, that you shall see the very torrent of his envy break forth like a land-flood; and, against the course of all their affections oppose itself so violently, that you will almost have wonder to think, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receive so quick and strong an alteration.

Mit. I marry, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you, signior, (though I was loth to interrupt the scene) yet I made it a question in mine own private discourse, how he should properly call it *Every man out of his humour*, when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?

Car. Why, therein his art appears most full of lustre, and approacheth nearest the life: especially when in the flame and height of their humours, they are laid flat, it fills the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree leapt, and cut down by degrees, when it might be fell'd in a mo-

* *Poor Poll!* He calls him parrot, from his imitating the dress of others, as that bird is taught to repeat a set of words.

⁹ *This it is to dogge the fashion.* The oldest folio reads *dog*, which is the true word. Fungoso follows the fashion at a distance, as a dog follows after his master.

¹⁰ *I could I had one of KEMP'S SHOES to throw after you.* "I'll sling an old shoe after you," is jocularly said to any one whom we wish good luck to. But why *Kemp's shoe* is mentioned preferably to any other's, I cannot say; it refers perhaps to the origin of the proverb, or to Kemp a celebrated player of that age.

ment? and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride and fulness, were, as not to have it grow.

Mit. Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talk of.

Cor. To help your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter than a pair of

oars: and by this, suppose *Puntarvolo*, *Brisk*, *Fungoso*, and the dog, arriv'd at the court-gate, and going up to the great chamber. *Macilente*, and *Sogliardo*, we'll leave them on the water, 'till possibility and natural means may land 'em. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Puntarvolo, *Fastidius Brisk*, *Fungoso*, *Groom*, *Macilente*, *Sogliardo*.

Punt. **C**OME, gentles! Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast. Who, I, sir?

Punt. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog, he is no competent attendant for the presence.

Fast. Mass, that's true indeed, knight, you must not carry him into the presence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.

Fast. Why, you were best leave him at the porter's lodge.

Punt. Not so; his worth is too well known amongst them, to be forth-coming.

Fast. 'Slight how'll you do then?

Punt. I must leave him with one that is ignorant of his quality, if I will have him to be safe. And see! here comes one that will carry coals¹, ergo will hold my dog. My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

Groom. You may, if you please, sir.

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my return; it shall not be long, till I will ease thee of thy employment, and please thee. Forth, gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leave him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge upon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no; there were no policy in that; that were to let him know the value of the gem he holds, and so to tempt frail nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honesty be sweet, as it shall be short.

Groom. Yes, sir.

Punt. But hark you, gallants, and chiefly monsieur *Brisk*, when we come in eye-shot, or presence of this lady, let not other mat-

ters carry us from our project; but (if we can) single her forth to some place—

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And be not too sudden, but let the device induce itself with good circumstance. On.

Fung. Is this the way? Good truth, here be fine hangings.

Groom. Honest sweet, and short? marry it shall, sir, doubt you not; for even at this instant if one would give me twenty pounds, I would not deliver him; there's for the sweet: but now, if any man come offer me but two pence, he shall have him; there's for the short now. 'Sidd, what a mad humours gentleman is this to leave his dog with me? I could run away with him now an' he were worth any thing.

Maci. Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted lady, most naturally, and like yourself.

Sog. Faith, an' you say the word, I'll begin to her in tobacco.

Maci. O, lie on't; no; you shall begin with, how does my sweet lady, or, why are you so melancholy, madam? though she be very merry, it's all one; be sure to kiss your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how, more than most fair she is. Screw your face at' one side thus, and protest; let her leer, and look askew², and hide her teeth with her fan, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing; you must talk forward (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing) 'tis most court-like, and well.

Sog. But shall I not use tobacco at all?

Maci. O, by no means, 'twill but make your breath suspected, and that you use it only to confound the rankness of that.

Sog. Nay, I'll be advis'd, sir, by my friends.

¹ *Come, gentile signior.*] The folio has the words as above, "Come, gentles. Signior, you are sufficiently instructed."

² *Here comes one that will carry coals.*] A phrase at that time in use, to signify the bearing injuries, or putting up an affront. So *Shakspeare*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Scene I. "Gregory, we'll not carry coals, that's certain."

³ *Leer and look askew.*] The first folio *askance*. The speech ridicules the folly of the amorous courtiers of those days, who could not find words even for common conversation with their mistress.

Maci. God's my life, see where sir Puntar's dog is.

Groom. I would the gentleman would return for his follower here, I'll leave him to his fortune else.

Maci. 'Twere the only true jest in the world to poison him now; ha? by this hand I'll do it, if I could but get him of the fellow. Signior Sogliardo, walk aside, and think upon some device to entertain the lady with.

Sog. So I do, sir.

Maci. How now, mine honest friend? whose dog-keeper art thou?

Groom. Dog-keeper, sir? I hope I scorn that faith.

Maci. Why? dost thou not keep a dog?

Groom. Sir, now I do, and now I do not: I think this be sweet and short. Make me his dog-keeper! [*He throws off the dog.*]

Maci. This is excellent, above expectation! nay, stay, sir, you'd be travelling; but I'll give you a dram shall shorten your voyage, here. So, s.r. I'll be bold to take my leave of you. Now to the Turk's court in the devil's name, for you shall never go o' God's name. Sogliardo, come.

Sog. I ha' 't i' faith now, will sting it.

Maci. Take heed you leese it not, signior, ere you come there; preserve it.

GREG.

Cor. How like you this first exploit of his?

Mit. O, a piece of true envy; but I expect the issue of the other device.

Cor. Here they come, will make it appear.

SCENE II.

[*To them*] *Saviolina, Puntarvolo, Fastidius Brisk, Fungoso, Macilente, Sogliardo.*

Savi. Why, I thought, sir Puntarvolo, you had been gone your voyage?

Punt. Dear, and most amiable lady, your divine beauties do bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Savi. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir; but how might we do to have a sight of your dog and cat?

Fast. His dog is in the court, lady.

Savi. And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir?

Punt. Troth, madam, she hath sore eyes, and she doth keep her chamber; marry I have left her under sufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

Savi. I'll give you some water for her eyes; when do you go, sir?

Punt. Certes, sweet lady, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather, madam, to present your acute judgment with so courtly and well-parted a gentleman as yet your ladyship hath never seen.

Savi. What's he, gentle monsieur Brisk? not that gentleman?

Fast. No, lady, this is a kinsman to justice Silence.

Punt. Pray, sir, give me leave to report him; he's a gentleman (lady) of that rare and admirable faculty, as (I protest) I know not his like in Europe; he is exceedingly valiant, an excellent scholar, and so exactly travel'd, that he is able, in discourse, to deliver you a model of any prince's court in the world; speaks the languages with that purity of phrase, and facility of accent, that it breeds astonishment; his wit, the most exuberant, and (above wonder) pleasant, of all that ever enter'd the concave of this ear.

Fast. 'Tis most true, lady; marry he is no such excellent proper man.

Punt. His travels have chang'd his complexion, madam.

Savi. O, sir Puntarvolo, you must think every man was not born to have my servant Brisk's feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, lady; he doth so peerlessly imitate any manner of person for gesture, action, passion, or whatever—

Fast. I, especially a rustick, or a clown, madam, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit (in the world) to discern any sparks of the gentleman in him, when he does it.

Savi. O, monsieur Brisk, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compass of your own: not find the sparks of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman?

Fung. No in truth (sweet lady) I believe you cannot.

Savi. Do you believe so? why, I can find sparks of a gentleman in you, sir.

Punt. I, he is a gentleman, madam, and a reveller.

Fung. Indeed, I think I have seen your ladyship at our revels.

Savi. Like enough, sir; but would I might see this wonder you talk of: may one have a sight of him, for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes, madam, he will arrive presently.

Savi. What, and shall we see him clown it?

Fast. I'faith (sweet lady) that you shall; see, here he comes.

Punt. This is he! pray observe him, lady.

Savi. Beshrew me, he clowns it properly, indeed.

Punt. Nay, mark his courtship.

Sog. How does my sweet lady? hot and moist? beautiful and lusty? ha?

Savi. Beautiful, an' it please you, sir, but not lusty.

Sog. O ho, lady: it pleases you to say so in truth; and how does my sweet lady?

in health? *bona roba, quæso, quæ novelles?*
quæ novelles? sweet creature!

Sari. O excellent! why, gallants, is this he that cannot be decipher'd? they were very blear-witted, i'faith, that could not discern the gentleman in him.

Punt. But you do, in earnest, lady.

Sari. Do I, sir? why, if you had any true court-judgment in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that forms his countenance, you might perceive his counterfeiting as clear as the noon-day; alas!—nay, if you would have tried my wit, indeed, you should never have told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clown indeed; and then have seen if I could have decipher'd him.

Fast. 'Fore God, her ladyship says true (knight) but does he not affect the clown most naturally, mistress?

Punt. O, she cannot but affirm that, out of the bounty of her judgment.

Sari. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for a gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman, much better than his clownery.

Fast. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladyship should see so far into him!

Punt. I, is't not?

Sari. Faith, as easily as may be; not decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good sadness, I wonder at it!

Maci. Why, has she decipher'd him, gentlemen?

Punt. O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration!

Maci. Is't possible?

Fast. She hath gather'd most infallible signs of the gentleman in him, that's certain.

Sari. Why, gallants, let me laugh at you a little; was this your device, to try my judgment in a gentleman?

Maci. Nay, lady, do not scorn us, though you have this gift of perspicacy above others: what if he should be no gentleman now, but a clown indeed, lady?

Punt. How think you of that? would not your ladyship be out of your humour?

Fast. O, but she knows it is not so.

Sari. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say? nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith, lady, he is a very perfect clown, both by father and mother; that I'll assure you.

Sari. O, sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, do but look on his hand, and that shall resolve you; look you, lady, what a palm here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Maci. The plough! did you discern any such thing in him, madam?

Fast. Faith no, she saw the gentleman as

bright as at noon-day, she; she decipher'd him at first.

Maci. Troth, I am sorry your ladyship's sight should be so suddenly struck.

Sari. O, you're goodly beagles!

Fast. What, is she gone?

Sog. Nay, stay, sweet lady, *quæ novelles? quæ novelles?*

Sari. Out, you fool, you.

Fung. She's out of her humour i'faith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour we shall make her blush in the presence; my spleen is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life, I believe, sir. Come, signior, your looks are too dejected, methinks; why mix you not mirth with the rest?

Fung. By God's will, this suit trets me at the soul. I'll have it alter'd to-morrow, sure.

SCENE III.

Shift, Fastidius, Puntarvolo, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.

Shift. I am come to the court, to meet with my countenance Soghardo; poor men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Well, need may insult upon a man, but it shall never make him despair of consequence. 'The world will say, 'tis base; tush, base! 'tis base to live under the earth, not base to live above it by any means.

Fast. The poor lady is most miserably out of her humour, i'faith.

Punt. There was never so witty a jest broken, at the tilt of all the court-wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it foully.

Sog. I think I did my part in courting. O! resolution!

Punt. Ay me, my dog.

Maci. Where is he?

Fast. God's precious, go seek for the fellow, good signior.

[*He sends away Fungoso.*]

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why, none was here when we came in now, but cavalier Shift; enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir Puntarvolo's dog here, cavalier, since you came?

Shift. His dog, sir? he may look his dog, sir. I saw none of his dog, sir.

Maci. Upon my life, he has stol'n your dog, sir, and been hir'd to it by some that have ventur'd with you; you may guess by his peremptory answers.

Punt. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious thief by his own confession. Sirrah, where is my dog?

Shift. Charge me with your dog, sir? I ha' none of your dog, sir.

Punt. Villain, thou lvest.

Shift. Lye, sir? y' are but a man, sir.

Punt. Rogue, and thief, restore him.

Sog. Take heed, sir Puntarvolo, what you do; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you (o' my word.)

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he stabs you not; by this light, he hath stab'd forty, for forty times less matter, I can tell you of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoop, thou abject.

Sog. Make him stoop, sir! Gentlemen, pacify him or he'll be kill'd.

Maci. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man? if you love his life, stand betwixt 'em: make him stoop!

Punt. My dog, villain, or I will hang thee; thou hast confest robberies, and other felonious acts, to this gentleman thy countenance—

Sog. I'll bear no witness.

Punt. And, without my dog, I will hang thee, for them.

Sog. What? kneel to thine enemies?

[*Shift kneels.*]

Shift. Pardon me, good sir; God is my witness, I never did robbery in all my life.

[*Fungoso returned.*]

Fung. O, sir Puntarvolo, your dog lies giving up the ghost in the wood-yard.

Maci. Heart! is he not dead yet!

Punt. O, my dog born to disastrous fortune! pray you conduct me, sir.

Sog. How? did you never do any robbery in your life?

Maci. O, this is good; so he swore, sir.

Sog. I, I heard him. And did you swear true, sir?

Shift. I, (as I hope to be forgiven, sir) I ne'er robb'd any man, I never stood by the high-way side, sir, but only said so, because I would get myself a name, and be counted a tall man.

Sog. Now out, base villaco; thou my resolution? I thy countenance? By this light, gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most inexorable company of robberies, and damn'd himself that he did 'em; you never heard the like: out, scoundrel, out; follow me no more, I command thee, out of my sight, go, hence, speak not; I will not hear thee; away, Camouccio.

Maci. O, how I do feed upon this now, and fat myself! here were a couple unexpectedly dishumour'd; well, by this time, I hope, sir Puntarvolo and his dog are both out of humour to travel. Nay, gentlemen, why do you not seek out the knight, and comfort him? our supper at the Mitre must of necessity hold to-night, if you love your reputations.

Fant. 'Fore God, I am so melancholy for his dog's disaster, but I'll go.

Sog. Faith, and I may go too, but I know I shall be so melancholy.

Maci. 'Tush, melancholy? you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a tury: Carlo will rack your sinews asunder, and rail you to dust, if you come not.

GREX.

Mit. O, then their fear of Carlo, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

Cor. I, here he comes; conceive him but to be entered the Mitre, and 'tis enough.

SCENE IV.

Carlo, Drawer, George.

Car. Holla; where be these shot-sharks?

Draw. Lye-and-by; you're welcome, good master Buffone.

Car. Where's George? call me George hither, quickly.

Draw. What wine please you have, sir? I'll draw you that's new, master Buffone.

Car. Away, Neophite, do as I bid thee, bring my dear George to me: mass, here he comes.

George. Welcome, master Carlo.

Car. What! is supper ready, George?

George. I, sir, almost; will you have the cloth laid, master Carlo?

Car. O, what else? are none of the gallants come yet?

George. None yet, sir.

Car. Stay, take me with you, George; let me have a good fat loin of pork laid to the fire, presently.

George. It shall, sir.

Car. And withal, hear you? draw me the biggest shaft you have, out of the butt you wot of; away, you know^a my meaning, George, quick.

George. Done, sir.

Car. I never hungered so much for any thing in my life, as I do to know our gallant's success at court; now is that lean-rib Macilente, that salt villain, plotting some mischievous device, and lies a soaking in their frothy humours like a dry crust, till he has drunk 'em all up; could the pummise but hold up his eyes at other men's happiness, in any reasonable proportion, 'slid, the slave were to be lov'd next heav'n, above honour, wealth, rich fare, apparel, wenches, all the delights of the belly and the groin, whatever.

George. Here, master Carlo.

Car. Is't right, boy?

George. I, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Car. Well said, my dear George, depart:

^a *Is he so tall a man?* For the explication of this phrase, see *Every Man in his Humour*, Act IV. Sc. 7, not. 14.

come, my small gimblet, you in the false scabbard, away, so. Now to you, sir Burgomaster, let's taste of your bounty.

[*He puts forth the drawers, and shuts the door.*]

GREX.

Mit. What will he deal upon such quantities of wine, alone?

Cor. You will perceive that, sir.

Car. I marry, sir, here's purity; O George, I could bite off his nose for this, now: sweet rogue, he has drawn nectar, the very soul of the grape! I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drink some half a score draughts; 'twill heat the brain, kindle my imagination, I shall talk nothing but crackers and fire-works to-night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.^b

[*He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinks with the one, and pledges with the other.*]

GREX.

Cor. This is worth the observation, signior.

Car. 1 *Cup.* Now, sir; here's to you; and I present you with so much of my love.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you, sir, and will return you the like proportion; but withal, sir, remember the merry night we had at the countess's, you know where, sir.

1. By heav'n, you put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I will propose in your pledge, sir; the health of that honourable countess, and the sweet lady that sat by her, sir.

2. I do vail to it with reverence. And now, signior, with these ladies, I'll be bold to mix the health of your divine mistress.

1. Do you know her, sir?

2. O lord, sir, I; and in the respectful memory and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drug in the world.

1. Good faith, sir, you do honour me in't exceedingly.

GREX.

* *Mit.* Whom should he personate in this, signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not, sir; observe, observe him.

^b *So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.*] The reader may possibly imagine the following scene to be extremely ridiculous, and that the incident it contains could hardly be copied from real life. Mr. Dryden, I believe, thought otherwise. He hath given us a close imitation of it in one of his comedies, if I mistake not, *The Wild Gallant*. A person is represented playing by himself at back-gammon, who throws first out of one dice-box, and then out of the other; just as Carlo drinks alternately out of the two cups. In the progress of the game, words arise between the players, which bring on a quarrel; and it ends in the actor's overturning the tables, and throwing the men about the floor. This may sufficiently vindicate our author from the charge of singularity in this instance. Perhaps, he may be further justified, by supposing the character to be personal. A hint of this kind hath been already given; the following note will explain it more fully.

* *Mit.* Whom should he personate in this, signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not, sir, observe, observe him.] The question of Mitis is natural enough, upon seeing so peculiar an extravagance: but the answer of Cordatus is not in the usual manner. It is rather an evasion of the question, than a satisfactory reply. He doth not attempt to clear the poet by a parallel example, either in some ancient comic writer, or from what might be observed in common life; but puts off the inquirer's curiosity, by desiring him to attend to what follows. This looks as if the matter would not bear a very nice examination, lest a discovery should be made of what the author did not choose to have publicly known. Hence one is induced to imagine, that the character is personal; and that the humour exposed in it was the humour of a particular man. An author of the following age, places this suspicion out of all doubt. Cleaveland, in an elegy upon Jonson, refers to this very character; he mentions what our poet's adversaries were wont to accuse him of; and from thence we find, that he was taxed with quarrelling with the person represented under the name of Carlo, and afterwards revenging himself by exposing his foibles on the stage. The verses of Cleaveland are as follow:

"That thou didst quarrel first, and then in spite
"Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write;
"That 'twas revenge, not truth; that on thy stage
"CARLO was not presented, but thy rage."

CLEAVELAND'S *Works*, p. 313.

Who was the real person intended by it, I cannot take upon me to determine. Our poet, in different places, purgeth himself from accusations of this sort, by professing to spare the party, and brand only the offence; and I believe he seldom trespassed against this rule. The *Poetaster* indeed must be excepted, which is a personal satire against Decker the poet, who first began the attack. But these instances, and more which may be taken notice of, confute the observation which some have made, that Jonson never copied from living manners, and that the characters of his plays were only passions or humours personized.

2. If it were the basest filth, or mud that runs in the channel, I am bound to pledge it respectively, sir. And now, sir, here is a replenish'd bowl, which I will reciprocally turn upon you, to the health of the count Frugale.

1. The count Frugale's health, sir? I'll pledge it on my knees, by this light.

2. Will you, sir? I'll drink it on my knees then, by the light.

GREG.

Mit. Why this is strange!

Cor. Ha' you heard a better drunken dialogue?

2. Nay, do me right, sir?

1. So I do, in good faith.

2. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller.

1. Why, believe me, it was not.

2. Believe me it was; and you do lye.

1. Lye, sir?

2. I, sir.

1. 'Swounds!

2. O, come, stab if you have a mind to it.

1. Stab? dost thou think I dare not?

Cor. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, what means this? nay, look, for shame respect your reputations.

[Speaks in his own person, and overturns wine, pot, cups, and all.]

SCENE V.

Macilente, Carlo, George.

Maci. Why, how now, Carlo! what humour's this?

Car. O, my good mischief! art thou come? where are the rest? where are the rest?

Maci. Faith, three of our ordinance are burst.

Car. Burst? how comes that?

Maci. Faith, over-charg'd, over-charg'd.

Car. But did not the train hold?

Maci. O, yes, and the poor lady is irrecoverably blown up.

⁷ Nay, do me right, sir.

[So I do in good faith.] This was the usual expression in pledging healths. By the rules of drinking, if man was to pledge the other in the same quantity of liquor, which he drank to him. Bishop Hall alludes to the expression in his *Censure of Travel*; "where had we those forms of ceremonious quaffing, in which men have learned to make gods of others, and beasts of themselves? and lose their reason, while they pretend to do reason." When Piereskus was in England, he was introduced into the company of Thorius, a celebrated poet, and physician to James I.—Thorius, a boon companion, drank to Piereskus in a large bumper of wine: Piereskus would have gladly been excused from pledging him; but to do the physician right, at last returned the compliment in kind. Piereskus, to cool his stomach, and by way of punishment to the challenger, immediately replenished the glass with water, and took off the whole at one draught. The doctor, *quia ex conducto agebatur*, says Gassendus, who tells the story, (*vitâ Piereskii*, p. 51.) was thunderstruck at this ingenious piece of revenge, and with much regret submitted to the task. But, continues Gassendus, *toties admonit, removitque ora, tot interea curmina ex omnibus Græcis Latinisque poetis profudit, ut diem penè contriverit stillandæ aquæ in insuetum guttur.*

⁸ Spare no jest that may come out of that SWEATY forge of thine.] Mr. Theobald puts in the margin, *qu. sooty*, and claps L. T. to support his emendation; but I must leave it to the reader for his mature consideration.

Car. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried? ha?

Maci. *Imprimis*, sir Puntarvolo; next, the countenance and resolution.

Car. How, how, for the love of wit?

Maci. Troth, the resolution is prov'd recreant; the countenance hath chang'd his copy; and the passionate knight is shedding funeral tears over his departed dog.

Car. What's his dog dead?

Maci. Poison'd, 'tis thought; marry, how, or by whom, that's left for some cunning woman here o' the bank-side to resolve. For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like to have an exceeding melancholy supper of it.

Car. 'Slife, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunk off a good preparative of old sack here; but will they come, will they come?

Maci. They will assuredly come; marry, Carlo, (as thou lov'st me) run over 'em all freely to-night, and especially the knight; spare no sulphurous jest that may come out of that sweaty forge of thine; but ply 'em with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

Car. I warrant thee, my dear case of pettrionels, so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why, my good German tapster, I will.

Car. What, George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.

[He danceth.]

George. Did you call, master Carlo?

Car. More nectar, George: Lomtero, &c.

George. Your meat's ready, sir, an' your company were come.

Car. Is the loin of pork enough?

George. I, sir, it is enough.

Maci. Pork? heart, what dost thou with such a greasy dish? I think thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it looks so like a glue-pot.

Car. True, my raw bon'd rogue, and if thou would'st farce thy lean ribs with it too,

they would not, like ragged laths, rub out so many doublets as they do; but thou know'st not a good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No marvel tho' that saucy, stubborn generation, the Jews, were forbidden it; for what would they ha' done, well pamper'd with fat pork, that durst murmur at their maker out of garlick and onions? 'Slight, fed with it, the whoreson strummel, patch'd, goggle-eyed grumbledories, would ha' gigantomachiz'd. Well said, my sweet George, fill, fill.

GREX.

Mit. This savours too much of profanation.

Cor. O ————— *Scrvetur ad imum,
Qualis ab inczepto processerit, et sibi
constat.*

The necessity of his vein compels a toleration, for, bar this, and dash him out of humour before his time.

Car. 'Tis an axiom in natural philosophy, "What comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, converts quicker to nourishment, and doth sooner essentiate." Now nothing in flesh and entrails, assimilates or resembles man more than a hog or swine —

Maci. True; and he, to requite their courtesy, oftentimes doffeth his own nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunk as a sow; but to your conclusion.

Car. Marry, I say, nothing resembling man more than a swine, it follows, nothing can be more nourishing; for indeed, but that it abhors from our nice nature, if we fed one upon another, we should shoot up a great deal faster, and thrive much better; I refer me to your usurous cannibals, or such like; but since it is so contrary, pork, pork, is your only feed.

Maci. I take it, your devil be of the same diet; he would ne'er ha' desir'd to have been incorporated into swine else. O, here comes the melancholy mess; upon 'em Carlo, charge, charge.

Car. 'Fore God, sir Puntarvolo, I am sorry for your heaviness; body o' me, a shrewd mischance! why, had you no unicorn's horn, nor Bezoars stone about you? ha?

SCENE VI.

*Puntarvolo, Carlo, Macilente, Fast. Brisk,
Sogliardo, Fungoso.*

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Maci. Nay, to him again.

Car. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat ha' recovered her catarrh, fear nothing; your dog's mischance may be holpen.

Fast. Say how, sweet Carlo, for so God mend me, the poor knight's moans draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discourag'd, good sir Puntarvolo, I

am content your adventure shall be performed upon your cat.

Maci. I believe you, musk-cod, I believe you; for rather than thou would'st make present repayment, thou would'st take it upon his own bare return from Calais.

Car. Nay, 'ds life, he'd be content, so he were well rid out of his company, to pay him five for one, at his next meeting him in Paul's. But for your dog, sir Puntar, if he be not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine, a quack-salver, shall put life in him again, that's certain.

Fung. O, no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods precious, knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer, get me a candle and hard wax presently.

Sog. I, and bring up supper; for I am so melancholy.

Car. O, signior, where's your resolution?

Sog. Resolution! hang him, rascal: O Carlo, if you love me, do not mention him.

Car. Why, how so?

Sog. O, the arrant'st crocodile that ever christian was acquainted with. By my gentry, I shall think the worse of tobacco while I live, for his sake: I did think him to be as tall a man —

Maci. Nay, Buffone, the knight, the knight.

Car. 'Slud, he looks like an image carve'd out of box, full of knots; his face is, for all the world, like a Dutch purse, with the mouth downward, his beard the tassels; and he walks, let me see, as melancholy as one o' the master's side in the Counter? Do you hear, sir Puntar?

Punt. Sir, I do intreat you no more, but enjoin you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Car. Nay, but, dear knight, understand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha' you do this now; flea me your dog presently, (but in any case keep the head) and stuff his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholomew fair.

Punt. I shall be sudden, I tell you.

Car. Or if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a less dog, and clap into the skin; here's a slave about the town here, a Jew, one Yohan; or a fellow that makes perukes will glue it on artificially, it shall ne'er be discern'd; besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to travel in, you know.

Maci. Sir Puntarvolo, death, can you be so patient?

Car. Or thus, sir; you may have, as you come through Germany, a familiar for little or nothing, shall turn itself into the shape of your dog, or any thing, what you will, for certain hours — *[The knight beats him.]*

'Ods my life, knight, what do you mean? you'll offer no violence, will you? hold, hold.

Punt. 'Sdeath, you slave, you ban-dog, you.

Car. As you love wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

Punt. By my knight-hood, he that stirs in his rescue, dies. Drawer, begone.

Car. Murder, murder, murder.

Punt. I, are you howling, you wolf? gentlemen, as you tender your lives, suffer no man to enter, till my revenge be perfect. Sirrah, Buffone, lie down; make no exclamations, but down; down, you cur, or I will make thy blood flow on my rapier-hilts.

Car. Sweet knight, hold in thy fury, and 'fore heaven I'll honour thee more than the Turk does Mahomet.

Punt. Down, I say. Who's there?

Cons. Here's the constable, open the doors. [*Within.*]

Car. Good Macilente—

Punt. Open no door, if the Adalantado of Spain were here, he should not enter: one help me with the light, gentlemen; you knock in vain, sir officer.

Car. Et tu, Brute!

Punt. Sirrah, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes, by heav'n.

Car. O, O. [*He seals up his lips.*]

Cons. Open the door, or I will break it open.

Maci. Nay, good constable, have patience a little, you shall come in presently, we have almost done.

Punt. So, now, are you out of your humour, sir? Shift, gentlemen.

[*They all draw and disperse.*]

SCENE VII.

[*To them.*] *Constable, Officers, Drawers.*

Cons. Lay hold upon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me, sir, for what?

Cons. Marry, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your companions.

Fast. My riot! master Constable, take heed what you do. Carlo, did I offer any violence?

Cons. O, sir, you see he is not in case to answer you, and that makes you so peremptory.

Fast. Peremptory? 'Slife I appeal to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

George. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

Cons. Well, sir, you are like to answer till the rest can be found out.

Fast. 'Slid, I appeal to George, here.

Cons. Tut, George was not here; away with him to the Counter, sirs. Come, sir, you were best get yourself drest somewhere.

George. Good lord, that master Carlo could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if he be angry.

Draw. A pox on 'em, they have left all

the meat on our hands, would they were chok'd with it for me!

Maci. What, are they gone, sirs?

[*Macilente comes back.*]

George. O, here's master Macilente.

Maci. Sirrah, George, do you see that concealment there? that napkin under the table?

George. Gods so, signior Fungoso!

Maci. He's good pawn for the reckoning; be sure you keep him here, and let him not go away till I come again, though he offer to discharge all: I'll return presently.

George. Sirrah, we have a pawn for the reckoning.

Draw. What, of Macilente?

George. No, look under the table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not; masters, I pray you tell me, is the constable gone? [*He looks out under the table.*]

George. What? master Fungoso?

Fung. Was't not a good device this same of me, sirs?

George. Yes faith; ha' you been here all this while?

Fung. O God, I; good sir, look an' the coast be clear, I'd fain be going.

George. All's clear, sir, but the reckoning; and that you must clear and pay before you go, I assure you.

Fung. I pay? 'Slight, I eat not a bit since I came into the house, yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you please, 'tis all ready below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken? not by me, I hope?

George. By you, sir? I know not that; but 'twas for you and your company, I am sure.

Fung. My company? 'Slid, I was an invited guest, so I was.

Draw. Faith we have nothing to do with that, sir. They're all gone but you, and we must be answer'd; that's the short and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I have a cross about me.

George. What, and have such apparel? do not say so, signior; that mightily discredits your clothes.

Fung. As I am an honest mah, my taylor had all my money this morning, and yet I must be fain to alter my suit too; good sirs, let me go, 'tis Friday night, and in good truth I have no stomach in the world to eat any thing.

Draw. That's no matter, so you pay, sir.

Fung. God's light, with what conscience can you ask me to pay that I never drank for?

George. Yes, sir, I did see you drink once.

Fung. By this cup, which is silver, but

you did not; you do me infinite wrong, I look'd in the pot once indeed, but I did not drink.

Draw. Well, sir, if you can satisfy our master, it shall be all one to us. (By-and-by.)

GREG.

Cor. Lose not yourself now, signior.

SCENE VIII.

Macilente, Deliro, Fallace.

Maci. Tut, sir, you did bear too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my love to you most transparent, in spite of any dust of suspicion that may be raised to cloud it: and henceforth, since I see it is so against your humour, I will never labour to persuade you.

Deli. Why, I thank you, signior; but what's that you tell me may concern my peace so much?

Maci. Faith, sir, 'tis thus. Your wife's brother, signior Fungoso, being at supper to-night at a tavern, with a sort of gallants, there happened some division amongst 'em, and he is left in pawn for the reckoning; now, if ever you look that time shall present you with an happy occasion to do your wife some gracious and acceptable service, take hold of this opportunity, and presently go and redeem him; for, being her brother, and his credit so amply engag'd as now it is, when she shall hear (as he cannot himself, but he must out of extremity report it) that you came, and offered yourself so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Deli. Now, by heaven, Macilente, I acknowledge myself exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your love; and I am sorry to remember that I was ever so rude to neglect a friend of your importance; bring me shoes and a cloke there; I was going to bed, if you had not come; what tavern is it?

Maci. The Mitre, sir.

Deli. O, why Fido, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly.

Fal. Come, I mar'l what piece of night-work you have in hand now, that you call for a cloke, and your shoes! what, is this your pandar?

Deli. O, sweet wife, speak lower, I would not he should hear thee for a world—

Fal. Hang him rascal, I cannot abide him for his treachery, with his wild quickset beard there.* Whither go you now with him?

Deli. No whither with him, dear wife, I go alone to a place, from whence I will re-

turn instantly. Good Macilente, acquaint not her with it by any means, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answer. I'll come back immediately.

Fal. Nay, an' I be not worthy to know whither you go, stay till I take knowledge of your coming back.

Maci. Hear you, mistress Deliro?

Fal. So, sir, and what say you?

Maci. Faith, lady, my intents will not deserve this slight respect, when you shall know 'em.

Fal. Your intents? why, what may your intents be, for God's sake?

Maci. I roth, the time allows no circumstance, lady, therefore know this was but a device to remove your husband hence, and bestow him securely, whilst, with more convenience, I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to monsieur Brisk—nay comfort, sweet lady. This night, being at supper, a sort of young gallants committed a riot, for the which he, only, is apprehended and carried to the Counter; where if your husband, and other creditors, should but have knowledge of him, the poor gentleman were undone for ever.

Fal. Ay me! that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can think upon any present means for his delivery, do not foreslow it. A bribe to the officer that committed him, will do it.

Fal. O God, sir, he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visit him presently?

Maci. No, lady, I shall do you better service, in protracting your husband's return, that you may go with more safety.

Fal. Good truth, so you may; farewell, good sir. Lord, how a woman may be mistaken in a man! I would have sworn upon all the testaments in the world, he had not lov'd master Brisk. Bring me my keys there, maid. Alas, good gentleman, if all I have i' this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his service.

GREG.

Mit. How Macilente sweats i' this business, if you mark him.

Cor. I, you shall see the true picture of spight anon: here comes the pawn, and his redeemer.

SCENE IX.

Deliro, Fungoso, Dragers, Macilente.

Deli. Come, brother, be not discourag'd for this, man; what?

Fung. No truly, I am not discourag'd; but I protest to you, brother, I have done imitating any more gallants either in purse

* With his wild QUICK-SET BEARD there.] His beard cut like a quick-set hedge. The several figures into which they pruned their beards, and this among the rest, are mentioned by Taylor the Water-poet, in his *Whip of pride*:

"And some to set their loves desire on edge,

"Are cut and prun'd, like to a quick-set hedge.

or apparel, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

Delio. You say well. This is all i' the bill here; is't not?

George. I, sir.

Delio. There's your money, tell it; and, brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my love to you.

Fung. I will study to deserve it in good truth, an' I live.

Delio. What, is't right?

George. I, sir, and I thank you.

Fung. Let me have a capon's leg sav'd, now the reckoning is paid.

George. You shall, sir.

Maci. Where's signior Deliro?

Delio. Here, Macilente.

Maci. Hark you, sir, ha' you dispatcht this same?

Delio. I marry have I.

Maci. Well then, I can tell you news, Brisk is i' the Counter.

Delio. I' the Counter?

Maci. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stir here to-night. Now would I have you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindness done him, to his sister, which will so pleasantly possess her, and out of his mouth too, that i' the mean time you may clap your action on Brisk, and your wife, being in so happy a mood, cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

Delio. 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I think.

Maci. I think? why 'tis past thought, you shall never meet the like opportunity, I assure you.

Delio. I will do it. Brother, pray you go home afore, this gentleman and I have some private business, and tell my sweet wife, I'll come presently.

Fung. I will, brother.

Maci. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally, and out of his bounty, your brother hath us'd you, (do you see?) made you a man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you never were possess'd of, credit; gave you as gentleman-like terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keep your distance, and be not made a shot-clog any more. Come, signior, let's make haste.

SCENE X.

Fallace, Fastidius Brisk.

Fal. O master Fastidius, what pity is't to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sour a place?

GREX.

Cor. As upon her lips, does she mean?

Mat. O, this is to be imagin'd the Counter belike?

Fast. Troth, fair lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the fates, and next of the constable, to have it so: but I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visit.

Fal. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if you please, sir. I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to 'rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiv'd it or no.

Fast. No believe it, sweet creature, your brother gave me no such intelligence.

Fal. O, the lord!

[pose?]

Fast. But has your husband any such pur-

Fal. O sweet master Brisk, yes: and therefore be presently discharged, for if he come with his actions upon you (Lord deliver you) you are in for one half a score year; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once twelve year for sixteen shillings. Where's your keeper? for love's-sake call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No, sweet mistress, why are you in this passion?

Fal. O lord, master Fastidius, if you knew how I took up my husband to-day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that persuaded him to't, the scholar here, (who on my conscience loves you now) and what care I took to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gave him four sovereigns for his pains: and now, how I came running out hither without man or boy with me, so soon as I heard on't; you'd say I were in a passion indeed: your keeper, for God's sake. O, master Brisk, (as 'tis in Euphues), "Hard is the choice", "when one is compell'd either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to live with shame."

Fast. Fair lady, I conceive you, and may this kiss assure you, that where adversity hath (as it were) contracted, prosperity shall not — Gods me! your husband.

Fal. O me!

SCENE XI.

Deliro, Macilente, Fallace, Fastidius Brisk.

Delio. I? is't thus!

Maci. Why, how now, signior Deliro? has the wolf seen you? ha? hath Gorgon's head made marble of you?

Delio. Some planet strike me dead.

Maci. Why, look you, sir, I told you,

¹⁰ O master Brisk, as 'tis in EUPHUES, Hard is the choice.] Euphues is the title of a romance, wrote by one Lilly, that was in the highest vogue at this time. The court-ladies had all the phrases by heart. The language is extremely affected; and like the specimen here quoted; consists chiefly of antitheses in the thought and expression.

you might have suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd, and ha' sav'd this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this frail lump of flesh is subject unto. Nay, why do you not dote now, signior? methinks you should say it were some enchantment, *deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuade yourself it were a dream now, 'twere excellent: faith, try what you can do, signior; it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time; there's nothing impossible.

Fal. Sweet husband.

Del. Out, lascivious strumpet.

Maci. What? did you see how ill that stale vein became him afore, of sweet wife, and dear heart? and are you fall'n just into the same now, with sweet husband? away, fellow him, go, keep state; what? remember you are a woman, turn impudent; gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the horns. Away. And yet methinks you should take your leave of *enfans perdus* here, your forlorn hope. How now, monsieur Brisk? what? Friday-night? and in affliction too? and yet your pulpamenta? your delicate morsels? I perceive, the affection of ladies and gentlewomen pursues you wheresoever you go, monsieur.

Fal. Now in good faith (and as I am gentle) there could not have come a thing of this world to have distracted me more, than the wrinkled fortunes of this poor spinster.

Maci. O yes, sir; I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, believe it. Signior Deliro has entered three actions against you, three actions, monsieur; marry, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but three thousand, and the other two, some five thousand apiece: trifles, trifles.

Fal. O, I am undone.

Maci. Nay, not altogether so, sir; the knight must have his hundred pound repaid, that'll help too; and then six-score pounds for a diamond, you know where. These be

things will weigh, monsieur, they will weigh.

Fal. O heav'n!

Maci. What, do you sigh? this it is to kiss the hand of a countess, to have her coach sent for you, to hang poniards in ladies' garters, to wear bracelets of their hair, and for every one of these great favours to give some slight jewel of five hundred crowns, or so, why 'tis nothing. Now, monsieur, you see the plague that treads o' the heels o' your foppery: well, go your ways in, remove yourself to the two-penny ward quickly, to save charges, and there set up your rest to spend sir Puntar's hundred pound for him. Away, good pomander, go. Why, here's a change! now is my soul at I am as empty of all envy now, [peace: As they of merit to be envied at.

My humour (like a flame) no longer lasts Than it hath stuff to feed it; and their folly Being now rak'd up in their repentant ashes, Affords no ampler subject to my spleen. I am so far from malicing their states, That I begin to pity 'em. It grieves me To think they have a being. I could wish They might turn wise upon it, and be sav'd now, [vapours.

So heav'n were pleas'd; but let them vanish, Gentlemen, how like you it! has't not been tedious?

GREG.

Cor. Nay, we ha' done censuring now.

Mit. Yes, faith.

Maci. How so?

Cor. Marry, because we'll imitate your actors, and be out of our humours. Besides, here are those (round about you) of more ability in censure than we, whose judgments can give it a more satisfying allowance; we'll refer you to them.

Maci. I? is't e'en so? Well, gentleman, I should have gone in, and returned to you as I was Asper at the first; but (by reason the shift would have been somewhat long,

¹¹ And yet methinks you should take your leave of *ENFANS PERDUS* here, your forlorn hope.] These are military terms, well known by common use, and denote a body of select men, placed even in the cannon's mouth, or sent out upon any desperate service; but as I do not remember to have seen any account of the origin of this expression, the reader will permit me to transcribe a passage from Paulus Jovius, which is to be met with in *MENAGE*, under the article *Perdus*. *Illuc audacissimorum juvenum globus, aliquanto certiore exitu, quam victoriis, pervadere non dubitavit. Erant enim ex omnibus pagis florenti aetate, & singulari promptitudine, leciissimi; qui periculis gentis more, ut rarios, ante propectum aetatis, militis honores aliquo insigni virtutis opere edito consequantur, aspera quoque & difficilia belli munera ultro sibi deposcere, & saepius cum exitiabili laude propositam mortem subire consueverunt. Hos ab immoderata fortitudine PERDITOS vocant, & in summo honore atque admiratione habent. Licetque illis, una virtutis praerogativa, & vexillum ferre, & ducere ordines, & duplicata per omnem aetatem stipendia accipere. Neque alio felicitis audacia insigni à ceteris perditis dignoscuntur, quam candidissimis pennarum manipulis, quos more ducum, è pileis speciosa luxurie defluentes, in tergum vertunt.* PAUL. JOV. Hist. l. 15. fol. verso 175. edit. Paris. 1558. It is not clear from this passage, of what nation he is speaking, whether of the Turks, or Hungarians, or any other northern European nation, and I have not the book itself by me to consult; but *MENAGE* adds, *Il y a apparence, que c'est de ces jeunes gens qui nous avons appelé nos ENFANS PERDUS.*

and we are loth to draw your patience farther) we'll intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may see I will be out of humour for company) I stand wholly to your kind approbation, and (indeed) am nothing so peremptory as I was in the beginning: marry, I will not do as Plautus in his Am-

phytrio, for all this (*summi Jovis causâ plaudite*;) beg a plaudite for God's sake; but if you (out of the bounty of your good-living) will bestow it, why, you may (in time) make lean Macilente as fat as sir John Falstaff.

THE EPILOGUE,

At the PRESENTATION before QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By MACILENTE.

NEVER till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content: but in her graces¹
All my malicious powers have lost their stings.
Envy is fled my soul at sight of her,
And she hath chas'd all black thoughts from my bosom, [world.
Like as the sun doth darkness from the
My stream of humour is run out of me.
And as our cities torrent (bent t' infect
The hallow'd bowels of the silver Thames)
Is check'd by strength and clearness of the river,
Till it hath spent itself ev'n at the shore;
So in the ample and unmeasur'd flood
Of her perfections, are my passions drown'd;
And I have now a spirit as sweet and clear
As the more rarify'd and subtil air:
With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
(Yet humble as the earth) do I implore,

O heav'n that she (whose presence hath effected [change
This change in me) may suffer most late
In her admir'd and happy government:
May still this Island be call'd Fortunate,
And rugged treason tremble at the sound,
When fame shall speak it with an emphasis.
Let foreign polity be dull as lead,
And pale invasion come with half a heart,
When he but looks upon her blessed soil.
The throat of war be stopt within her land,
And turtle-footed peace dance fairie rings
About her court²; where never may there
come
Suspect or danger, but all trust and safety.
Let flattery be dumb, and envy blind
In her dread presence; death himself admire her:
And may her virtues make him to forget
The use of his inevitable hand. [throne;
Fly from her, age; sleep, time, before her
Our strongest wall falls down, when she is gone.

¹ *Her Graces.*] The Queen's.

² *And turtle-footed peace dance FAIRIE rings About her court.*] There is a true poetical spirit in the preceding and following verses; and the principal occurrences which distinguished the reign of queen Elizabeth, are touched upon with extreme delicacy and justice. The allusion of this line refers to SPENSER's *Fairy Queen*, which was a compliment to the princess then on the throne.

This comical Satire was first acted in the year 1599.

The principal Comedians were,

RIC. BURBADGE,
AUG. PHILIPS,
WIL. SLV,

JOH. HEMINGS,
HEN. CONDEL,
THO. POPE.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYNTHIA.
MERCURY.
HESPERUS.
CRITES.
AMORPHUS.
ASOTUS.
HEDON.
ANAIDES.
MORPHIDES.
PROSAITES.
MORUS.
CUPID.

ECCHO.
ARETE.
PHANTASTE.
ARGURION.
PHILAUTIA.
MORIA.
COS.
GELATA.
PHRONESIS,
THAUMA, } *Mutes.*
TIME,

SCENE, Gargaphie.

After the second Sounding.

INDUCTION.

By three of the Children.

1 Child. **P**RAY you away ; why, fellows?
Gods so? what do you mean?

2. Marry, that you shall not speak the prologue, sir.

3. Why? do you hope to speak it?

2. I, and I think I have most right to it : I am sure I studied it first.

3. That's all one, if the author think I can speak it better.

1. I plead possession of the cloke : gentles, your suffrages I pray you.

¶ Why children, are you not asham'd? come in there. [*Within.*]

3. Slid, I'll play nothing if the play, unless I speak it.

1. Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen? let that decide it.

3. O, no, sir gallant; you presume to have the start of us there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.

1. No, would I were whip'd, if I had any such thought; try it by lots either.

2. Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venture than this.

3. Well said, resolute Jack, I am content too; so we draw first. Make the cuts.

1. But will you not snatch my cloke, while I am stooping?

3. No, we scorn treachery.

2. Which cut shall speak it?

3. The shortest.

1. Agreed: draw. The shortest is come to the shortest. Fortune was not altogether

blind in this. Now, sir, I hope I shall go forward without your envy.

2. A spite of all mischievous luck! I was once plucking at the other.

3. Stay, Jack: 'slid, I'll do somewhat now afore I go in, though it be nothing but to revenge myself on the author: since I speak not his prologue. I'll go tell all the argument of his play afore-hand, and so stale his invention to the auditory before it come forth.

1. O, do not so.

2. By no means.

[*At the breaches in this speech following, the other two interrupt him still.*]

3. First, the title of his play is *Cynthia's Revels*, as any man (that hath hope to be saved by his book) can witness; the scene Gargaphie, which I do vehemently suspect for some fustian country; but let that vanish. Here is the court of Cynthia, whither he brings Cupid (travelling on foot) resolv'd to turn page. By the way Cupid meets with Mercury, (as that's a thing to be noted, take any of our play-books without a Cupid, or a Mercury in it, and burn it for an heretick in poetry)—Pray thee let me alone. Mercury, he (in the nature of a conjurer) raises up Eccho, who weeps over her love, or daffodil, Narcissus, a little; sings; curses the spring wherein the pretty foolish gentleman melted himself away: and there's an end of her.—Now I am to inform you, that Cupid and Mercury do both become pages. Cupid attends on Philautia or Self-love, a court-lady: Mercury follows Hedon, the Voluptuous, and a

[*I plead possession of the cloke.*] The usual dress of the person who spoke the prologue,

courtier; one that ranks himself even with Anides, or the Impudent, a gallant, and that's my part; one that keeps Laughter, Gelaia the daughter of Folly, (a wench in boy's attire) to wait on him—These in the court meet with Amorphus, or the Deformed, a traveller that hath drunk of the fountain, and there tells the wonders of the water. They presently dispatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and themselves go to visit the ladies. But I should have told you—(Look, these emmets put me out here) that with this Amorphus, there comes along a citizen's heir, Asotus, or the Prodigal, who (in imitation of the traveller, who hath the whetstone following him) entertains the beggar, to be his attendant—Now, the nymphs who are mistresses to these gallants, are Philautia, Self-love; Phantaste, a light Wit-tiness; Argurion, Money; and their guardian, mother Moria or mistress Folly.—

1. Pray thee no more.

3. There Cupid strikes Money in love with the Prodigal, makes her dote upon him, give him jewels, bracelets, ear-rings, &c. All which he most ingeniously departs withal to be made known to the other ladies and gallants; and in the heat of this, increases his train with the fool to follow him, as well as the beggar—By this time, your beggar begins to wait close, who is return'd with the rest of his fellow bottle-men.—There they all drink, save Argurion, who is fall'n into a sudden apoplexy.—

1. Stop his mouth.

3. And then, there's a retired scholar there, you would not wish a thing to be better condemn'd of a society of gallants, than it is; and he applies his service (good gentleman) to the lady Arete or Virtue, a poor nymph of Cynthia's train, that's scarce able to buy herself a gown, you shall see her play in a black robe anon: a creature that (I assure you) is no less scorn'd than himself. Where am I now? at a stand?

2. Come, leave at last, yet.

3. O, the night is come, 'twas somewhat dark, methought) and Cynthia intends to come forth: (that helps it a little yet.) All the courtiers must provide for revels; they conclude upon a masque, the device of which, is—(what, will you ravish me?) that each of these vices, being to appear before Cynthia, would seem other than indeed they are; and therefore assume the most neighbouring virtues as their masking habit.—(I'd cry a rape, but that you are children.)

2. Come, we'll have no more of this anti-gipation; to give them the inventory of their eates aforehand, were the discipline of a tavern, and not fitting this presence.

1. Tut, this was but to shew us the happiness of his memory. I thought at first he would have play'd the ignorant critick with

every thing, along as he had gone; I expected some such device.

3. O, you shall see me do that, rarely; lend me thy cloke.

1. Soft, sir, you'll speak my prologue in it.

3. No, would I might never stir then.

2. Lend it him, lend it him.

1. Well, you have sworn.

3. I have. Now, sir, suppose I am one of your gentle auditors, that am come in (having paid my money at the door, with much ado), and here I take my place and sit down: I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I begin. [*At the breaches he takes his tobacco.*] By this light, I wonder that any man is so mad, to come to see these rascally tits play here.—They do act like so many wrens or pismires—not the fifth part of a good face amongst them all.—And then their musick is abominable—able to stretch a man's ears worse than ten—pillories, and their ditties—most lamentable things, like the pitiful fellows that make them—poets. By this vapour, an' 'twere not for tobacco—I think—the very stench of 'em would poison me, I should not dare to come in at their gates—A man were better visit fifteen jails,—or a dozen or two of hospitals—than once adventure to come near them. How is't? well?

1. Excellent; give me my cloke.

3. Stay; you shall see me do another now; but a more sober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is (as it may be thought) some friend, or well-wisher to the house: and here I enter.

1. What? upon the stage too?

2. Yes; and I step forth like one of the children, and ask you, would you have a stool, sir?

3. A stool, boy?

2. I, sir, if you'll give me six-pence I'll fetch you one.

3. For what, I pray thee? what shall I do with it?

2. O lord, sir! will you betray your ignorance so much? why throne yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir.

3. Away, wag; what, would'st thou make an implement of me? 'Slid, the boy takes me for a piece of perspective (I hold my life) or some silk curtain, come to hang the stage here! Sir Crack, I am none of your fresh pictures, that use to beautify the decayed dead arras in a public theatre.

2. 'Tis a sign, sir, you put not that confidence in your good cloaths, and your better face, that a gentleman should do, sir. But I pray you, sir, let me be a suiter to you, that you will quit our stage then, and take a place, the play is instantly to begin.

3. Most willingly, my good wag; but I would speak with your author, where's he?

2. Not this way, I assure you, sir; we are not so officiously befriended by him, as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the book-holder, swear for our properties, curse the poor tire-man, rail the musick out of tune, and sweat for every venial trespass we commit, as some author would, if he had such fine engines as we. Well, 'tis but our hard fortune.

3. Nay, crack, be not dishearten'd.

2. Not I, sir; but if you please to confer with our author, b. attorney, you may, sir; our proper self here, stands for him.

3. Troth, I have no such serious affair to negotiate with him, but what may very safely be turn'd upon thy trust. It is in the general behalf of this fair society here that I am to speak, at least the more judicious part of it, which seems much distasted with the immodest and obscene writing of many in their plays. Besides, they could wish, your poets would leave to be promoters of other men's jests, and to way-lay all the stale apophthegms, or old books, they can hear of (in print, or otherwise) to farce their scenes withal. That they would not so penuriously glean wit from every laundress or hackney-man, or derive their best grace (with servile imitation) from common stages, or observation of the company they converse with; as if their invention liv'd wholly upon another man's trencher. Again, that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have twice or thrice cook'd, they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had dress'd it; nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, besides hobby-horses, and foot-cloth nags.

2. So, sir, this is all the reformation you seek?

3. It is; do not you think it necessary to be practis'd, my little wag?

2. Yes, where any such ill-habited custom is receiv'd.

3. O (I had almost forgot it too) they say, the *umbras*, or ghosts of some three or four plays, departed a dozen years since, have been seen walking on your stage here; take heed, boy, if your house be haunted with such hobgoblins, 'twill fright away all your spectators quickly.

2. Good, sir; but what will you say now, if a poet (untouch'd with any breath of this disease) find the tokens upon you, that are of the auditory? As some one civet-wit among you, that knows no other learning,

than the price of sattin and velvets; nor other perfection, than the wearing of a neat suit; and yet will censure as desperately as the most profess'd critick in the house: presuming his cloths should bear him out in't. Another (whom it hath pleas'd nature to furnish with more beard, than brain) prunes his mustaccio, lips, (and with some score of affe-cted oaths) swears down all that sit about him; "That the old *Hicranio* (as 't was first acted) was the only best, and "judiciously penn'd play of Europe." A third great-bellied juggler talks of twenty years since, and when Monsieur was here, and would enforce all wits to be of that fashion, because his doubet is still so. A fourth miscalls all by the name of iustian, that his grounded capacity cannot aspire to. A fifth only slakes his bottle-head, and out of his corky brain squeezeth out a pitiful-learned face, and is silent.

3. By my faith, Jack, you have put me down: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace. Here, take your cloke, and promise some satisfaction in your prologue, or (I'll be sworn) we have marr'd all.

2. Tut, fear not, child, this will never distaste a true sense: be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadst some sugar-candied to sweeten thy mouth.

The Third Sounding.

PROLOGUE.

IF gracious silence, sweet attention,
Quick sight, and quicker apprehension,
(The lights of judgment's throne) shine any where;

Our doubtful author hopes this is their sphere.
And therefore opens he himself to those;
To other weaker beams his labours close:
As loth to prostitute their virgin-strain,
To ev'ry vulgar and adul'trate brain.

In this alone, his muse her sweetness hath,
She shuns the print of any beaten path;
And proves new ways to come to learned ears:
Pied ignorance she neither loves nor fears.
Nor hunts she after popular applause, [jaws:
Or foamy praise, that drops from common
The garland that she wears, their hands
must twine,

Who can both censure, understand, define
What merit is: then cast those piercing rays,
Round as a crown, instead of honour'd bays,
About his poesie; which (he knows) affords
Words, above action; matter, above words.

² They should not wantonly give out, how soon they had dress'd it.] In this speech, the poet obliquely commends himself; and in these words he retorts the accusation of his adversaries, who charged him with being a year about every play.

³ A third talks of twenty years since, and when Monsieur was here.] In 1579 the duke of Anjou came into England, and made his addresses personally to queen Elizabeth.

Mr. THEOBALD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Cupid, Mercury.**Cup.* WHO goes there?*Mer.* 'Tis I, blind archer.*Cup.* Who? Mercury?*Mer.* I.*Cup.* Farewell.*Mer.* Stay, Cupid.*Cup.* Not in your company, Hermes, except your hands were rivetted at your back.*Mer.* Why so, my little rover?*Cup.* Because I know, you ha' not a finger, but is as long as my quiver, (cousin Mercury) when you please to extend it.*Mer.* Whence derive you this speech, boy?*Cup.* O! 'tis your best policy to be ignorant. You did never steal Mars his sword out of the sheath, you? nor Neptune's trident? nor Apollo's bow? no, not you? Alas, your palms (Jupiter knows) they are as tender as the foot of a foundered nag, or a lady's face new mercuried, they'll touch nothing.*Mer.* Go to (infant) you'll be daring still.*Cup.* Daring? O Janus! what a word is there? why, my light feather-heel'd couz, what are you? any more than my uncle Jove's pandar, a lacquey that runs on errands for him, and can whisper a light message to a loose wench with some round volubility, wait mannerly at a table with a trencher, and warble upon a crowd a little, fill out Nectar when Ganyমেদে's away, one that sweeps the gods' drinking-room every morning, and sets the cushions in order again, which they threw one at another's head over night, can brush the carpets, call the stools again to their places, play the cryer of the court with an audible voice, and take state of a president upon you at wrappings, pleadings, negotiations, &c. Here's the catalogue o' your employments now. O no, I err, you have the marshaling of all the ghosts too that pass the Stygian ferry, and I suspect you for a share with the old sculler there, if the truth were known; but let that scape. One other peculiar virtue you possess, in lifting¹, or *lieger-du-main*, (which few of the house of heaven have else besides) I must confess. But (methinks) that should not make you put that extreme distance 'twixt yourself and others, that we should be said to over-dare in speaking to your nimble deity? So Hercules might challenge priority of us both, because he can throw the bar farther, or lift more joy'n'd stools at the arms end,

than we. If this might carry it, then we who have made the whole body of divinity tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforce'd Saturnius himself to lay by his curled front, thunder, and three-fork'd fires, and put on a masking suit, too light for a reveler of eighteen to be seen in—

Mer. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo-sexto*! charm your skipping tongue, or I'll—*Cup.* What? use the virtue of your snakey tipstaff there upon us?*Mer.* No, boy, but the smart vigour of my palm about your ears. You have forgot since I took your heels up into air (on the very hour I was born) in sight of all the bench of deities, when the silver roof of the Olympian palace rung again with applause of the fact.*Cup.* O no, I remember it freshly, and by a particular instance; for my mother Venus (at the same time) but stoop'd to embrace you, and (to speak by metaphor) you borrow'd a girdle of hers, as you did Jove's scepter (while he was laughing) and would have done his thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.*Mer.* 'Tis well, sir.*Cup.* I heard, you but look'd in at Vulcan's forge the other day, and intreated a pair of his new tongs along with you for company: 'tis joy on you (y' faith) that you will keep your hook'd talons in practice with any thing. 'Slight, now you are on earth, we shall have you filch spoons and candlesticks rather than fail: pray Jove the perfum'd courtiers keep their casting-bottles, pick-tooths, and shuttle-cocks from you; or our more ordinary gallants their tobacco-boxes, for I am strangely jealous of your nails.*Mer.* Ne'er trust me, Cupid, but you are turn'd a most acute gallant of late, the edge of my wit is clean taken off with the fine and subtle stroke of your thin-ground tongue, you fight with too poignant a phrase for me to deal with.*Cup.* O Hermes, your craft cannot make me confident. I know my own steel to be almost spent, and therefore intreat my peace with you, in time: you are too cunning for me to encounter at length, and I think it my safest ward to close.*Mer.* Well, for once, I'll suffer you to win upon me, wag, but use not these strains too often, they'll stretch my patience. Whither might you march, now?*Cup.* Faith (to recover thy good thoughts) I'll discover my whole project. The huntress and queen of these groves, Diana, (in regard of some black and envious slanders¹ *Jo LIFTING*] Stealing: hence the modern word *Shop-lifter*.

hourly breath'd against her, for her divine justice on Actæon, as she pretends) hath here in the vale of Gargaphie*, proclaim'd a solemn revels, which (her god-head put off) she will descend to grace, with the full and royal expence of one of her clearest moons: in which time it shall be lawful for all sorts of ingenious persons, to visit her palace, to court her nymphs, to exercise all variety of generous and noble pastimes, as well to intimate how far she treads such malicious imputations beneath her, as also to shew how clear her beauties are from the least wrinkle of austerity they may be charg'd with.

Mer. But, what is all this to Cupid?

Cup. Here do I mean to put off the title of a god, and take the habit of a page, in which disguise (during the interim of these revels) I will get to follow some one of Diana's maids, where (if my bow hold, and my shafts fly but with half the willingness, and aim they are directed) I doubt not, but I shall really redeem the minutes I have lost, by their so long and over-nice proscription of my deity from their court.

Mer. Pursue it, (divine Cupid) it will be rare.

Cup. But will Hermes second me?

Mer. I am now to put in act an especial designment from my father Jove, but, that perform'd, I am for any fresh action that offers itself.

Cup. Well, then we part.

Mer. Farewell, good way. *[speak,]*
Now to my charge: Eccho, fair Eccho,
'Tis Mercury that calls thee, sorrowful nymph,

Salute me with thy repercussive voice,
That I may know what cavern of the earth
Contains thy airy spirit, how, or where
I may direct my speech, that thou may'st hear.

SCENE II.

Eccho, Mercury.

Ecce. Here.

Mer. So nigh?

Ecce. I. *[from Jove,*

Mer. Know (gentle soul) then, I am sent
Who (pitying the sad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of words,
To vent thy passion for Narcissus' death)
Commands, that now (after three thousand years,

Which have been exercis'd in Juno's spight)
Thou take a corporal figure, and ascend,
Enrich'd with vocal and articulate power.

Make haste, sad nymph, thrice shall my
winged rod *[way.]*

Strike the obsequious earth, to give thee

Arise, and speak thy sorrows, Eccho, rise;

Here, by this fountain, where thy love did
pine,

Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrin'd in this yellow flower, that bears his

name. *[from earth.]*

Ecce. His name revives, and lifts me up

O, which way shall I first convert myself?

Or in what mood shall I essay to speak,

That (in a moment) I may be delivered

Of the prodigious grief I go withal?

See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs

weep yet

Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy,

That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,

Who (now transform'd into this drooping

flower) *[stream,*

Hangs the repentant head, back from the

As if it wish'd, would I had never look'd

In such a flattering mirror. O Narcissus;

Thou that wast once (and yet art) my Nar-

cissus; *[thoughts,*

Had Eccho but been private with thy

She would have dropt away herself in tears,

Till she had all turn'd water, that in her;

(As in a truer glass) thou might'st have gaz'd,

And seen thy beauties by more kind re-

flexion.

But self-love never yet could look on truth,

But with blear'd beams; slick flattery and

she

Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,

As, if you sever one, the other dies.

Why did the gods give thee a heav'nly form,

And earthly thoughts to make thee proud

of it?

Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease

That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense

Of her own self-conceived excellence.

O, hadst thou known the worth of heav'n's

rich gift,

Thou would'st have turn'd it to a truer use,

And not (with starv'd, and covetous igno-

rance)

Pin'd in continual eyeing that bright gem,

The glance whereof to others had been

more, *[store:]*

Than to thy famish'd mind the wide world's

"So wretched is it to be merely rich."

* *Here in the vale of Gargaphie.* The vale where Actæon was tore to pieces by his own bounds;

Fallis erat piceis, et acuta densa cupresso,

Nomine Gargaphie.

OID. Metam. 1. 3.

* *His name revives, and lifts me up from earth.* The poet, by this piece of machinery in giving Eccho a body, hath avoided an inconsistency which some writers have committed, in making the invisible Eccho hold a continued conversation. Jonson might perhaps have prevented this objection by the ridicule of Aristophanes, who rallied Euripides for a dialogue of this nature in a tragedy now lost. But he hath made Eccho begin her speeches, by the repetition of Mercury's last words.

Witness thy youth's dear sweets, here spent
untasted,

Like a fair taper, with his own flame wasted.

Mer. Eccho, be brief, Saturnia is abroad,
And if she hear, she'll storm at Jove's high
will. [Time.]

Ecc. I will (kind Mercury) be brief as
Vouchsafe me, I may do him these last
rites, [strain]

But kiss his flower, and sing some mourning
Over his wat'ry bearse.

Mer. Thou dost obtain.

I were no son to Jove, should I deny thee.

Begin, and (more to grace thy cunning
voice) [tunes]

The humorous air shall mix her solemn
With thy sad words: strike musick from the
spheres, [ears]

And with your golden raptures swell our

SONG.

"Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with
my salt tears;

"Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle springs:

"List to the heavy part the musick bears,

"Woe weeps out her division, when she
sings.

"Droop herbs and flowers;

"Fall grief in showers;

"Our beauties are not ours:

"O, I could still

"(Like melting snow upon some craggy
hill)

"Drop, drop, drop, drop,

"Since Nature's pride is, now, a wither'd
daffodil."

Mer. Now, ha' you done?

Ecc. Done presently, (good Hermes)
bide a little,

Suffer my thirsty eye to gaze a while*,
But e'en to taste the place, and I am
vanish'd.

Mer. Forego thy use, and liberty of
tongue, [thee there.]

And thou may'st dwell on earth, and sport

Ecc. Here young Actæon fell, pursued
and torn [hounds]

By Cynthia's wrath (more eager than his
And here (ah me, the place is fatal) see

The weeping Niobe, translated hither
From Phrygian mountains; and by Phœbe

rear'd,

As the proud trophy of her sharp revenge.

Mer. Nay, but hear. [self-love,

Ecc. But here, O here, the fountain of
In which Latona, and her careless nymphs,
(Regardless of my sorrows) bathe them-
In hourly pleasures. [selves]

Mer. Stint thy babbling tongue:

Fond Eccho, thou profan'st the grace is
done thee;

So idle worldlings (merely made of voice),
Censure the powers above them. Come,
away, [no stay.]

Jove calls thee hence, and his will brooks
Ecc. O, stay: I have but one poor thought
to clothe

In airy garments, and then (faith) I go.

Henceforth, thou treacherous and murder-
ing spring,

Be ever call'd the *Fountain of Self-love*:

And with thy water let this curse remain,

(As an inseparable plague) that who but
tastes [touch,

A drop thereof, may, with the instant
Grow dotingly enamour'd on themselves.

Now, Hermes, I have finish'd.

Mer. Then thy speech

Must here forsake thee, Eccho, and thy
voice

(As it was wont) rebound but the last words.
Farewell.

Ecc. Well.

Mer. Now, Cupid, I am for you, and
your mirth, [earth.]

To make me light before I leave the

SCENE III.

Amorphus, Eccho, Mercury.

Amo. Dear spark of beauty, make not so
Ecc. Away. [fast away.]

Mer. Stay, let me observe this portent
yet.

Amo. I am neither your Minotaure, nor
your Centaure, nor your Satyr, nor your
Hyæna, nor your Babilon, but your mere
traveller, believe me.

Ecc. Leave me.

Mer. I guess'd it should be some travel-
ling motion pursu'd Eccho so. [whence?

Amo. Know you from whom you fly? or

Ecc. Hence.

Amo. This is somewhat above strange! a
nymph of her feature and lineament, to be
so preposterously rude! well, I will but
cool myself at yon' spring, and follow her.

Mer. Nay, then I am familiar with the
issue: I'll leave you too.

Amo. I am a rhinoceros, if I had thought
a creature of her symmetry could have
dared so disproportionable and abrupt a di-
gression. Liberal, and divine fount, suffer
my profane hand to take of thy bounties.
By the purity of my taste, here is most am-
brosiac water; I will sup of it again. By
thy favour, sweet fount. See, the water (a
more running, subtle, and humorous nymph
than she) permits me to touch and handle
her. What should I infer? if my behaviours
had been of a cheap or customary garb; my
accent or phrase vulgar; my garments trite;
my countenance illiterate, or unpractis'd in
the encounter of a beautiful and brave attie'd

* Suffer thy thirsty eye to gaze a while.]
eye.]

Read, according to the first edition, my thirsty

piece; then I might (with some change of colour) have suspected my faculties: but knowing myself an essence so sublimated, and refin'd by travel; of so studied, and well exercis'd a gesture; so alone in fashion; able to render the face of any statesman living; and to speak the mere extraction of language; one that hath now made the sixth return upon venture; and was your first that ever enrich'd his country with the true laws of the duello; whose optiques have drunk the spirit of beauty, in some eight-score and eighteen princes' courts, where I have resided, and been there fortunate in the amours of three hundred forty and five ladies (all nobly, if not princely descended) whose names I have in catalogue; to conclude, in all so happy, as even admiration herself doth seem to fasten her kisses upon me: certes, I do neither see, nor feel, nor taste, nor savour the least steam, or tunc of a reason, that should invite this foolish fastidious nymph, so peevishly to abandon me. Well, let the memory of her fleet into air; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

SCENE IV.

Crites, Aclus, Amorphus.

Cri. What! the well-dieted Amorphus become a water-drinker? I see he means not to write verses then.

Amo. No, Crites? why?

Cri. Because—

*Nec placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Rus scribuntur aqua potioribus.*

Amo. What say you to your Helicon?

Cri. O, the muses' well! that's ever expected.

Amo. Sir, your muses have no such water, I assure you; your nectar, or the juice of your nepenthe is nothing to it; 'tis above your metinglin, believe it.

Amo. Metheglin! what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

Amo. A kind of Greek wine I have met with, sir, in my travels; it is the same that Demosthenes usually drunk, in the composition of all his exquisite and mellifluous orations.

Cri. That's to be argued (Amorphus) if we may credit ^a Lucian, who in his encomio Demosthenis, affirms, he never drunk but water in any of his compositions.

Amo. Lucian is absurd, he knew nothing: I will believe mine own travels, before all

the Lucians of Europe. He doth feed you with fittous^b, figments, and leasings.

Cri. Indeed (I think) next a traveller, he does prettily well.

Amo. I assure you it was wine, I have tasted it, and from the hand of an Italian antiquary, who derives it authentically from the duke of Ferrara's bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in rank with there, sir?

Cri. 'Tis Asotus, son to the late deceas'd Philargyrus the citizen.

Amo. Was his father of any eminent place or means?

Cri. He was to have been prætor next year.

Amo. Ha! A pretty formal young gallant, in good sooth: pity, he is not more gently propagated. Hark you, Crites, you may say to him, what I am, if you please: though I affect not popularity, yet I would be loth to stand out to any, whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

Cri. Sir, I fear I may do wrong, to your sufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or misplacing some one; yourself can best inform him of yourself, sir; except you had some catalogue, or list of your faculties ready drawn, which you would request me to shew him for you, and him to take notice of.

Amo. This Crites is sour: I will think, sir.

Cri. Do so, sir. O heaven! that any thing (in the likeness of man) should suffer these rack'd extremities, for the uttering of his sophisticated good parts.

Amo. Crites, I have a suit to you; but you must not deny me: pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

Cri. Friends! why? is there any difference between you?

Amo. No, I mean acquaintance, to know one another.

Cri. O, now I apprehend you; your phrase was without me before.

Amo. In good faith, he's a most excellent rare man, I warrant him!

Cri. 'Slight, they are mutually enamour'd by this time!

Amo. Will you, sweet Crites?

Cri. Yes, yes.

Amo. Nay, but when? you'll defer it now, and forget it.

Cri. Why, is't a thing of such present necessity, that it requires so violent a dispatch?

^a Able to RENDER the face of any statesman living.] To explain his looks, and guess at his intention, and thoughts by them. The first folio hath, *tender* the face, which seems to be corrupt.

^b Lucian, in his encomio Demosthenis, affirms he never drunk but water.] These are the words of Lucian, *καὶ οὐδὲν ἂν Δημοσθένους οὐκ ἐπὶ τῷ ποτὶ μέθῃ τοι λόγους, ἀλλ' ἕως πινόν.*

^c He doth feed you with FITTIONS.] Perhaps the reading of the quarto is most eligible, and that is *fictions*: unless we suppose that *fittions* is an affected expression of this travelled gallant, which is not improbable.

Asa. No, but (would I might never stir) he's a most ravishing man! good Crites, you shall endear me to you, in good faith-law.

Cri. Well, your longing shall be satisfied, sir.

Asa. And withal, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heir.

Cri. Leave it to me, I'll forget none of your dear graces, I warrant you.

Asa. Nay, I know you can better marshal these affairs than I can — O gods! I'd give all the world (if I had it) for abundance of such acquaintance.

Cri. What ridiculous circumstance might I devise now, to bestow this reciprocal brace of butter-flies one upon another?

Asa. Since I trod on this side the Alpes, I was not so frozen in my invention. Let me see: to accost him with some choice remnant of Spanish, or Italian? that would indifferently express my languages now: marry then, if he should fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard and harsh. How else? step into some *ragioni del stato*, and so make my induction? that were above him too; and out of his element, I fear. Feign to have seen him in Venice or Padua? or some face near his in similitude? 'tis too pointed, and open. No, it must be a more quaint, and collateral device, as — stay: to frame some encomiastic speech upon this our metropolis, or the wise magistrates thereof, in which politic number, 'tis odds, but his father fill'd up a room? descend into a particular admiration of their justice, for the due measuring of coals, burning of cans, and such like? *as also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it? ha? 'twill do well. Or to talk of some hospital, whose walls record his father a benefactor? or of so many buckets bestow'd on his parish-church, in his life-time, with his name at length (for want of arms) trickt upon them? any of these? or to praise the cleanness of the street, wherein he dwelt? or the provident painting of his posts, against he should have been prator? or (leaving his parent) come to some special ornament about himself, as his rapier, or some other of his accoutrements? I have it: thanks, gracious Minerva.

* *As also their religion, in pulling down a superstitious cross, and advancing a Venus, or Priapus, in place of it.* This alludes to the temper and practices of the Puritans at that time. Stow tells us, that many of the lower images belonging to the cross in Cheapside, were frequently broke, or pulled down: and particularly, that about the year 1596, under the image of Christ's resurrection defaced, was set up a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble; and in the same, an alabaster image of Diana, a woman for the most part naked, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast.—*Stow's Survey by Strype*, l. 3. p. 35.

† *Or the provident painting of his posts, against he should have been prator.* Alluding to the custom of sheriffs, who had *posts* at their doors, upon which were *posted* proclamations, &c.—*Dr. GREY*.

Asa. Would I had but once spoke to him, and then — he comes to me.

Asa. 'Tis a most curious and neatly-wrought band, this same, as I have seen, sir.

Asa. O god, sir.

Asa. You forgive the humour of mine eye, in observing it.

Cri. His eye waters after it, it seems.

Asa. O lord, sir, there needs no such apology, I assure you.

Cri. I am anticipated: they'll make a solemn deed of gift of themselves, you shall see.

Asa. Your ribband too does most gracefully, in troth.

Asa. 'Tis the most gentle, and receiv'd wear now, sir.

Asa. Believe me, sir, (I speak it not to humour you) I have not seen a young gentleman (generally) put on his cloaths with more judgment.

Asa. O, 'tis your pleasure to say so, sir.

Asa. No, as I am virtuous (being altogether untravell'd) it strikes me into wonder.

Asa. I do purpose to travel, sir, at spring.

Asa. I think I shall affect you, sir. This last speech of yours hath begun to make you dear to me.

Asa. O god, sir, I would there were any thing in me, sir, that might appear worthy the least worthiness of your worth, sir. I protest, sir, I should endeavour to shew it, sir, with more than common regard, sir.

Cri. O, here's rare motley, sir.

Asa. Both your desert, and your endeavours are plentiful, suspect them not: but your sweet disposition to travel (I assure you) hath made you another myself in mine eye, and struck me enamour'd on your beauties.

Asa. I would I were the fairest lady of France for your sake, sir, and yet I would travel too.

Asa. O, you should digress from yourself else: for (believe it) your travel is your only thing that rectifies, or (as the Italian says) *vi rendi pronto all' attioni*, makes you fit for action.

Asa. I think it be great charge though, sir.

Asa. Charge? why 'tis nothing for a gentleman that goes private, as yourself, or so; my intelligence shall quit my charge at

all time. Good faith, this hat hath possest mine eye exceedingly; 'tis so pretty, and fantastic: what? is't a beaver?

Aso. I, sir, I'll assure you 'tis a beaver, it cost me eight crowns but this morning.

Amo. After your French account?

Aso. Yes, sir.

Cri. And so near his head? beshrew me, dangerous.¹⁰

Aso. A very pretty fashion, believe me, and a most novel kind of trim: your band is conceited too!

Aso. Sir, it is all at your service.

Amo. O, pardon me.

Aso. I beseech you, sir, if you please to wear it, you shall do me a most infinite grace.

Cri. 'Slight, will he be prais'd out of his clothes?

Aso. By heaven, sir, I do not offer it you after the Italian manner; I would you should conceive so of me.

Amo. Sir, I shall fear to appear rude in denying your courtesies, especially being invited by so proper a distinction: may I pray your name, sir?

Aso. My name is Asotus, sir.

Amo. I take your love, gentle Asotus, but let me win you to receive this, in exchange—

Cri. They'll change doublets anon.

Amo. And (from this time) esteem yourself, in the first rank, of those few, whom I profess to love. What make you in company of this scholar here? I will bring you known to gallants, as Anides of the ordinary, Hedon the courtier, and others, whose society shall render you grac'd and respected: this is a trivial fellow, too mean, too cheap, too coarse for you to converse with.

Aso. 'Slic'd, this is not worth a crown, and mine cost me eight but this morning.

Cri. I look'd when he would repent him, he has begun to be sad a good while.

Amo. Sir, shall I say to you for that hat? be not so sad, be not so sad: it is a relick I could not so easily have departed with, but as the hieroglyphick of my affection; you shall alter it to what form you please, it will take any block; I have receiv'd it varied (on record) to the three-thousandth-time, and not so few: it hath these virtues beside; your head shall not ake under it; nor your brain leave you, without licence; it will preserve your complexion to eternity; for no beam of the sun (should you wear it under *zona torrida*) hath power to approach it by two ells. It is proof against thunder,

and enchantment: and was given me by a great man (in Russia) as an especial-priz'd present; and constantly affirm'd to be the hat that accompanied the polatic Ulysses, in his tedious and ten years travels.

Aso. By Jove, I will not depart withal, whosoever would give me a million.

SCENE V.

Cos, Crites, Amorplus, Asotus, Prosaites.

Cos. Save you, sweet bloods: does any of you want a creature, or a dependant?

Cri. Beshrew me, a fine blunt slave!

Amo. A page of good timber! it will now be my grace to entertain him first, though I cashier him again in private: how art thou call'd?

Cos. Cos, sir, Cos.

Cri. Cos? how happily hath fortune furnish'd him with a whetstone!¹¹

Amo. I do entertain you, Cos, conceal your quality till we be private; if your parts be worthy of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you: gentles, shall we go?

Aso. Stay, sir; I'll but entertain this other fellow, and then—I have a great humour to taste of this water too, but I'll come again alone for that—mark the place. What's your name, youth?

Pros. Prosaites, sir.

Aso. Prosaites? a very fine name, Crites? is't not?

Cri. Yes, and a very ancient one, sir, the beggar.

Aso. Follow me, good Prosaites: let's talk.

Cri. He will rank even with you, ere't be long,

If you hold on your course. O vanity, How are thy painted beauties doated on, By light, and empty ideots! how pursu'd With open and extended appetite!

How they do sweat, and run themselves from breath,

Rais'd on their toes, to catch thy airy forms, Still turning giddy, till they reel like drunkards,

“That buy the merry madness of one hour,
“With the long irksomeness of following time!”

O how despis'd and base a thing is man, If he not strive t' erect his groveling thoughts Above the strain of flesh! but how more cheap,

When, ev'n his best and understanding part (The crown and strength of all his faculties) Floats like a dead drown'd body, on the stream

¹⁰ And so near his head? Beshrew me, dangerous.] This alludes to the *corona Veneris*: See Every Man out of His Humour, Act. 2. Not. 4.

¹¹ Cos? how happily hath fortune furnish'd him with a WHETSTONE? Cos is the Latin word for a whetstone; and the joke consists in the allusion of his name to his brannars. A sketstone was a cant term of that age, to denote the faculty of lying, or any incitement to tell a lye. So in the induction, the traveller is said to have the whetstone following him.

Of vulgar humour, mixt with common'st dregs?

I suffer for their guilt now, and my soul
(Like one that looks on ill affected eyes)
Is hurt with mere intention on their follies.
Why will I view them then? my sense
might ask me:

Or is't a rarity, or some new object,
That strains my strict observance to this point?
O would it were, therein I could afford
My spirit should draw a little near to theirs,
To gaze on novelties: so vice were one.
Tut, she is stale, rank, foul, and were it not
That those, that woo her, greet her with
lockt eyes, [drugs,
(In spite of all th' impostures, paintings,
Which her bawd custom dawbs her cheeks
withal)

She would betray her loth'd and leprous face,
And fright th' enamour'd dotards from
themselves:

But such is the perverseness of our nature,
That if we once but fancy levity,
(How antick and ridiculous soe'er
It suit with us) yet will our muffled thought
Chuse rather not to see it, than avoid it:
And if we can but banish our own sense,
We act our mimic tricks with that free
licence,

That lust, that pleasure, that security,
As if we practis'd in a paste-board case,
And no one saw the motion, but the
motion.¹ [loud:

Well, check thy passion, lest it grow too
"While fools are pities, they wax fat and
proud."

¹ *As if we practis'd in a paste-board case,
And no one saw the MOTION, but the MOTION.*] A simile taken from the management
of puppets, behind the curtain, with strings and wires: the cause of whose *motion* must be
kept from the eyes of the spectators. The obscurity lies in the different senses of the word
motion; the first is taken in the common sense, the last signifies the puppet itself.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Cupid, Mercury.

Cup. **W**HY, this was most unex-
pectedly followed, (my divine
delicate Mercury,) by the beard of Jove,
thou art a precious deity.

Mer. Nay, Cupid, leave to speak improp-
erly, since we are turn'd cracks, let's study
to be like cracks; practise their language
and behaviours, and not with a dead imita-
tion: act freely, carelessly, and capriciously,
as if our veins ran with quick-silver, and
not utter a phrase, but what shall come forth
steep in the very brine of conceit, and
sparkle like salt in fire.

Cup. That's not every one's happiness,
(Hermes) though you can presume upon
the easiness and dexterity of your wit, you
shall give me leave to be a little jealous of
mine; and not desperately to hazard it after
your capring humour.

Mer. Nay, then, Cupid, I think we must
have you hood-winkt again; for you are
grown too provident, since your eyes were
at liberty.

Cup. Not so, (Mercury) I am still blind
Cupid to thee.

Mer. And what to the lady nymph you serve?

Cup. Troth, page, boy, and sirrah: these
are all my titles.

Mer. Then thou hast not altered thy
name, with thy disguise?

Cup. O, no, that had been supereroga-
tion; you shall never hear your courtier
call but by one of these three.

Mer. Faith, then both our fortunes are
the same.

Cup. Why? what parcel of man hast
thou lighted on for a master?

Mer. Such a one, as (before I begin to de-
crypt him) I dare not affirm to be any
thing less than a courtier. So much he is,
during this open time of revels, and would
be longer, but that his means are to leave
him shortly after. His name is Hedon, a
gallant wholly consecrated to his pleasures.—

Cup. Hedon? he uses much to my lady's
chamber, I think,

Mer. How is she call'd, and then I can
shew thee?

Cup. Madam Philautia.

Mer. O I, he affects her very particularly
indeed. These are his graces. He doth
(besides me) keep a barber and a monkey:
he has a rich wrought waistcoat to enter-
tain his visitants in, with a cap almost suit-
able. His curtains and bedding are thought
to be his own: his 'bathing-tub is not sus-
pected. He loves to have a fencer, ²a pe-
dant, and a musician seen in his lodging
a-mornings.

¹ *His bathing-tub is not suspected.*] He is not suspected of being tainted with the venereal
disease. In the regimen used at that time for the cure of this distemper, the patient was
obliged to a long course of bathing.

² *A pedant.*] i. e. a teacher of the languages.

Cop. And not a poet?

Mer. Fie no: himself is a rhymers, and that's thought better than a poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer, no, though he come when he takes physick, which is commonly after his play. He beats a taylor very well, but a stocking-seller admirably: and so consequently any one he owes money to, that dares not resist him. He never makes general invitement, but against the publishing of a new suit; marry then you shall have more drawn to his lodging, than come to the launching of some three ships; especially if he be furnish'd with supplies for the retiring of his old wardrobe from pawn: if not, he does hire a stock of apparel, and some forty or fifty pound in gold, for that forenoon to siew. He's thought a very necessary perfume for the presence, and for that only cause welcome thither: six milliners shops afford you not the like scent. He courts ladies with how many great horse he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or half the pom-mado in a seven-night before: and sometime ventures so far upon the virtue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'em how many shirts he has sweat at tennis that week, but wisely conceals so many dozen of balls he is on the score. Here he comes, that is all this.

SCENE II.

Hedon, Mercury, Anaisdes, Gelaia, Cupid.

Hed. Boy.

Mer. Sir.

Hed. Are any of the ladies in the presence?

Mer. None yet, sir.

Hed. Give me some gold, more.

Ana. Is that thy boy, Hedon?

Hed. I, what think'st thou of him?

Ana. I'd geld him; I warrant he has the philosopher's stone.

Hed. Well said, my good melancholy devil: sirrah, I have devis'd one or two of the prettiest oaths, this morning in my bed, as ever thou heard'st, to protest withal in the presence.

Ana. Prythee, let's hear 'em.

Hed. Soit, thou'lt use 'em afore me.

Ana. No, dam' me then, I have more oaths than I know how to utter, by this air.

Hed. Faith, one is, by the tip of your ear, sweet lady. Is't not pretty, and gentle?

Ana. Yes, for the person 'tis applied to, a lady. It should be light, and—

Hed. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the invention is farther fet too. By the white valley that lies between the alpine hills of your bosom, I protest— &c.

Ana. Well, you travel'd for that, Hedon.

Mer. I, in a map, where his eyes were but blind guides to his understanding, it seems.

Hed. And then I have a salutation will nick all, by this caper: lay!

Ana. How is that?

Hed. You know I call madam Philautia, my honour; and she calls me, her ambition. Now (when I meet her in the presence anon) I will come to her, and say, sweet honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip; and, withal, kiss her: to which she cannot but blushing answer, nay, now you are too ambitious. And then do I reply: I cannot be too ambitious of honour, sweet lady. Will't not be good? ha? ha?

Ana. O, assure your soul.

Hed. By heav'n, I think 'twill be excellent, and a very politic achievement of a kiss.

Ana. I have thought upon one for Moria, of a sudden too, if it take.

Hed. What is't, my dear invention?

Ana. Marry, I will come to her, (and she always wears a muff, if you be remembered) and I will tell her, madam, your whole self cannot but be perfectly wise: for your hands have wit enough to keep themselves warm.

Hed. Now, before Jove, admirable! look, thy page takes it too; by Phœbus, my sweet facetious rascal, I could eat water-gruel with thee a month, for this jest, my dear rogue.

Ana. O, (by Hercules) 'tis your only dish above all your potato's, or oyster-pyes in the world.

Hed. I have ruminated upon a most rare wish too, and the prophesy to it, but I'll have some friend to be the prophet; as thus: I do wish myself one of my mistress's cioppini. Another demands, why should he be one of his mistress's cioppini? a third answers, because he would make her higher. A fourth 'shall say, that will make her proud. And a fifth shall conclude, then do I prophesy pride will have a fall, and he shall give it her.

Ana. I'll be your prophet. By gods so, it will be most exquisite; thou art a fine in-ventionous rogue, sirrah.

Hed. Nay, an' I have poesies for rings too, and riddles that they dream not of.

Ana. Tut, they'll do that, when they come to sleep on 'em, time enough: but were thy devices never in the presence yet, Hedon?

Hed. O, no I disdain that.

Ana. 'I were good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the room where they shall act, lest the strangeness of it put them out of countenance, when they should come forth.

Cup. Is that a courtier too?

Mer. Troth no; he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride, and ignorance; marry, the rest come somewhat after the ordinary gallant. 'Tis impudence itself, Anaisdes;

one that speaks all that comes in his cheeks, and will blush no more than a sackbut. He lightly occupies the jester's room at the table, and keeps laughter, Gelaia, (a wench in page's attire) following him in place of a squire, whom he now and then tickles with some strange ridiculous stuff, utter'd (as his land came to him) by chance. He will censure or discourse of any thing, but as absurdly as you would wish. His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinks below the salt¹. He does naturally admire his wit that wears gold lace, or tissue. Stabs any man that speaks more contemptibly of the scholar than he. He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences, as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like: never kneels but to pledge healths, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding-tobacco. He will blaspheme in his shirt. The oaths which he vomits at one supper, would maintain a town of garrison in good swearing a twelve-month. One other genuine quality he has, which crowns all these, and that is this: to a friend in want, he will not depart with the weight of a soldred groat, lest the world might censure him prodigal, or report him a gull: marry, to his cockatrice, or punquetto, half a dozen taffata gowns, or satin kirtles, in a pair or two of months, why they are nothing.

Cup. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

SCENE III.

Amorphus, Asotus, Cos, Prosaides, Cupid, Mercury.

Amo. Come, sir. You are now within regard of the presence, and see, the privacy of this room how sweetly it offers itself to our retir'd intendments. Page, cast a vigilant and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely surpriz'd, by the approach of some ruder stranger.

Cos. I warrant you, sir. I'll tell you when the wolf enters², fear nothing.

Mer. O, what a mass of benefit shall we possess, in being the invisible spectators of this strange show now to be acted.

Amo. Plant yourself there, sir: and observe me. You shall, now, as well be the ocular, as the ear-witness, how clearly I can refel that paradox, or rather pseudodox, of those, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which (I assure you) is not so, in any politic creature: for instance; I will now give you the particular, and distinct face of every your most noted species of persons, as your merchant, your scholar, your soldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c. and each of these so truly, as you would swear, but that your eye shall see the variation of the lineament, it were my most proper and genuine aspect. First, for your merchant, or city-face, 'tis thus, a dull, plodding face, still looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then have you your student's, or academe-

¹ *He never DRINKS below the SALT.*] He never drinks to those at the lower end of the table. It refers to the manner, in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependents, or inferior relations of the master of the house. An allusion to this custom occurs in a satire of bishop Hall. As it is but short, the reader perhaps will not be displeased if I transcribe the whole.

- " A gentle squire wou'd gladly entertain
- " Into his house some trencher chaplain;
- " Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,
- " And that wou'd stand to good conditions.
- " First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
- " Whilst his young master lieth o'er his head,
- " Secondly, that he do on no default,
- " Ever presume to sit above the salt.
- " Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
- " Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
- " Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
- " Last, that he never his young master beat,
- " But he must ask his mother to define,
- " How many jerks she wou'd his breech shou'd line.
- " All these observ'd, he cou'd contented be,
- " To give five marks, and winter livery.

Again, by a reference to this fashion, we are told in a little piece, called *News from the lower end of the table*, that the best company makes the upper end of the table, and not the salt-cellar. This custom is yet preserved at the lord-mayor's, and some other public tables.

² *I'll tell you when the wolf enters.*] The mere English reader should perhaps be told, this is an allusion to a Latin proverb, and applied when the person talk'd of comes in unexpectedly, and puts an end to the discourse.

mique face, which is here an honest, simple, and methodical face; but somewhat more spread than the former. The third is your soldier's face, a menacing, and astounding face, that looks broad and big: the grace of this face consisteth much in a beard. The anti-face, to this, is your lawyer's face, a contracted, subtle, and intricate face, full of quirks, and turnings, a labyrinthean face, now angularly, now circularly, every way aspected. Next is your statist's face, a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity; the eye (for the most part) deeply and artificially shadow'd: there is great judgment required in the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtier's face, 'tis of three sorts, according to our subdivision of a courtier, elementary, practice, and theoretic. Your courtier theoretic, is he, that hath arriv'd to his farthest, and doth now know the court, rather by speculation than practice; and this is his face: a fastidious and oblique face; that looks as it went with a vice, and were screw'd thus. Your courtier practice, is he, that is yet in his path, his course, his way, and hath not touch'd the puntilio, or point of his hopes; his face is here: a most promising, open, smooth, and over-flowing face, that seems as it would run and pour itself into you. Somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementary, is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the alphabet, or *u-re-mi-fa-sol-la* of courtship. Note well this face, for it is this you must practise.

Aso. I'll practise 'em all, if you please, sir.

Amo. I, hereafter, you may: and it will not be altogether an ungrateful study. For, let your soul be assur'd of this, (in any rank, or profession whatever) the more general or major part of opinion goes with the face, and simply, respects nothing else. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly, it is enough: but (for the present) you shall only apply yourself to this face of the elementary courtier, a light, revelling, and protesting face, now blushing, now smiling, which you may help much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach you) or with kissing your finger that hath the ruby, or playing with some string of your band, which is a most quaint kind of melancholy besides: or (if among ladies) laughing loud, and crying up your own wit, though perhaps borrow'd, it is not amiss. Where is your page? call for your casting-bottle, and place your mirror in your hat, as I told you: so. Come, look not pale, observe me, set your face, and enter.

Mer. O, for some excellent painter, to have ta'en the copy of all these faces!

Aso. Prosaites.

Amo. Fie, I premonish you of that: in the court, boy, lacquey, or sirrah.

Cos. Master, Lupus in—O, 'tis Prosaites.

Aso. Sirrah, prepare my casting-bottle, I think I must be enforc'd to purchase me another page, you see how at hand *Cos* waits here.

Mer. So will he too in time.

Cup. What's he, Mercury?

Mer. A notable snelt. One that hath newly entertain'd the beggar to follow him, but cannot get him to wait near enough. 'Tis *Asotus*, the heir of *Philargyrus*; but first I'll give ye the other's character, which may make his the clearer. He that is with him is *Amorphus* a traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of forms, that himself is truly deform'd. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth, he is the very mint of compliment, all his behaviours are printed, his face is another volume of Essays; and his beard is an *Aristarchus*. He speaks all cream skim'd, and more affected than a dozen of waiting women. He is his own promoter in every place. The wife of the ordinary gives him his diet to maintain her table in discourse, which (indeed) is a mere tyranny over her other guests, for he will usurp all the talk: ten constables are not so tedious. He is no great shifter, once a year his apparel is ready to revolt. He doth use much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himself, exceeding well (out at a window.) He will lye cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks; for which he is right properly accommodated to the *Whetstone*, his page. The other gallant is his *Zany*, and doth most of these tricks after him; sweats to imitate him in every thing (to a hair) except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, *Maccaroni*, *Bovoli*, *Fagioli*, and *Caviare*, because he loves 'em; speaks as he speaks, looks, walks, goes so in clothes and fashion: is in all as if he were moulded of him. Marry (before they met) he had other very pretty sufficiencies, which yet he retains some light impression of; as frequenting a dancing-school, and grievously torturing strangers with inquisition after his grace in his galliard. He buys a fresh acquaintance at any rate. His eyes and his raiment confer much together as he goes in the street. He treads nicely like the fellow that walks upon ropes; especially the first sunday of his silk stockings; and when he is most neat and new, you shall beard him with commendations.

Cup. Here comes another.

Mer. I, but one of another strain, Cupid: this fellow weighs somewhat.

[*Crites* passeth by.

Cup. His name, *Hermes*?

* *Master, Lupus in —*] *fabulâ*, the Latin proverb referred to in the last note.

Mer. Crites. A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one, in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency; he is neither too phantastically melancholy, too slowly phlegmatic, too lightly sanguine, or too rashly choleric, but in all so compos'd and order'd, as it is clear, Nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man, when she made him. His discourse is like his behaviour, uncommon, but not displeasing; he is prodigal of neither. He strives rather to be that which men call judicious, than to be thought so; and is so truly learned, that he affects not to shew it. He will think, and speak his thought both freely; but as distant from depraving another man's merit, as pre-claiming his own. For his valour, 'tis such, that he dares as little to offer an injury as receive one. In sum, he hath a most ingenuous and sweet spirit, a sharp and season'd wit, a straight judgment, and a strong mind. Fortune could never break him, nor make him less. He counts it his pleasure to despise pleasures, and is more delighted with good deeds than goods. It is a competency to him that he can be virtuous. He doth neither covet nor fear; he hath too much reason to do either; and that commends all things to him.

Cup. Not better than Mercury commends him.

Mer. O, Cupid, 'tis beyond my deity to give him his due praises: I could leave my place in heaven to live among mortals, so I were sure to be no other than he.

Cup. 'Slight, I believe he is your minion, you seem to be so ravish with him.

Mer. He's one I would not have a wry thought darted against, willingly.

Cup. No, but a straight shaft in his bosom, I'll promise him, if I am Cytherea's son.

Mer. Shall we go, Cupid?

Cup. Stay, and see the ladies now: they'll come presently. I'll help to paint them.

Mer. What! lay colour upon colour? that affords but an ill blazon.

Cup. Here comes metal to help it, the lady Argurion. [*Argurion passeth by.*]

Mer. Money, money.

Cup. The same. A nymph of a most wand'ring and giddy disposition, humorous as the air, she'll run from gallant to gallant (as they sit at primero in the presence) most strangely, and seldom stays with any. She spreads as she goes. To-day you shall have her look as clear and fresh as the morning, and to-morrow as melancholic as midnight. She takes special pleasure in a close obscure lodging, and for that cause, visits the city so often, whereshe has many secret true concealing favourites. When she comes abroad, she's more loose and scattering than dust, and will fly from place to place, as she were rapt with a whirl-

wind. Your young student (for the most part) she affects not, only salutes him, and away: a poet, nor a philosopher, she is hardly brought to take any notice of, no, though he be some part of an alchemist. She loves a player well, and a lawyer infinitely; but your fool above all. She can do much in court for the obtaining of any suit whatsoever, no door but flies open to her, her presence is above a charm. The worst in her is want of keeping state, and too much descending into inferior and base offices, she's for any coarse employment you will put upon her, as to be your procurer, or pandar.

Afer. Peace, Cupid, here comes more work for you, another character or two.

SCENE IV.

Phantaste, Moria, Philautia, Mercury, Cupid.

Phan. Stay, sweet Philautia, I'll but change my fan, and go presently.

Mor. Now, (in very good serious) ladies, I will have this order reverst, the presence must be better maintain'd from you: a quarter past eleven, and ne'er a nymph in prospective? beshrew my hand, there must be a reform'd discipline. Is that your new ruff, sweet lady-bird? by my truth, 'tis most intricately rare.

Mer. Good Jove, what reverend gentleman in years might this be?

Cup. 'Tis madam Moria, guardian of the nymphs. One that is not now to be persuaded of her wit, she will think herself wise against all the judgments that come. A lady made all of voice and air, talks any thing of any thing. She is like one of your ignorant poetasters of the time, who when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they have wrung it in, though it loosen the whole fabrick of their sense.

Mer. That was pretty and sharply noted, Cupid.

Cup. She will tell you, philosophy was a fine reveller, when she was young, and a gallant, and that then (though she say it), she was thought to be the dame Dido and Helen of the court: as also, what a sweet dog she had this time four years, and how it was called Fortune; and that (if the Fates had not cut his thread) he had been a dog to have given entertainment to any gallant in this kingdom; and unless she had whipt it herself, she could not have lov'd a thing better i' this world.

Mer. O, I prythee no more, I am full of her.

Cup. Yes (I must needs tell you) she composes a sack-posset well; and would court a young page sweetly, but that her breath is against it.

Afer. Now, her breath (or something

more strong) protect me from her: th' other, th' other, Cupid.

Cup. O, that's my lady and mistress, madam Philautia. She admires not herself for any one particularity, but for all: she is fair, and she knows it; she has a pretty light wit too, and she knows it; she can dance, and she knows that too; play at shuttle-cock, and that too: no quality she has, but she shall take a very particular knowledge of, and most lady-like commend it to you. You shall have her at any time read you the history of herself, and very subtilly run over another lady's sufficiencies to come to her own. She has a good superficial judgment in painting, and would seem to have so in poetry. A most complete lady in the opinion of some three beside herself.

Phi. Faith, how lik'd you my quip to Hedon, about the garter? was't not witty?

Mor. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did so aggravate the jest withal.

Phi. And did I not dance movingly the last night?

Mor. Movingly? out of measure (in troth) sweet charge.

Mer. A happy commendation, to dance out of measure.

Mor. Save only you wanted the swim i' the turn: O! when I was at fourteen—

Phi. Nay, that's mine own from any nymph in the court (I am sure on't;) therefore you mistake me in that, guardian: both the swim and the trip are properly mine; every body will affirm it that has any judgment in dancing, I assure you.

Phi. Come now, Philautia, I am for you; shall we go?

Phi. I, good Phantaste: what! have you chang'd your head-tire?

Phi. Yes faith, th' other was so near the common: it had no extraordinary grace; besides, I had worn it almost a day, in good troth.

Phi. I'll be sworn, this is most excellent for the device, and rare, 'tis after the Italian print we look'd on t'other night.

Phi. 'Tis so: by this fan, I cannot abide any thing that savours the poor over-worn cut, that has any kindred with it; I must have variety, I: this mixing in fashion, I hate it worse than to burn juniper in my chamber, I protest.

Phi. And yet we cannot have a new peculiar court-tire, but these retainers will have it; these suburb-sunday-waiters; these courtiers for high days; I know not what I should call 'em—

Phi. O, I, they do most pitifully imitate, but I have a tire a coming (y' faith) shall—

Mor. In good certain, madam, it makes you look most heavenly; but (lay your hand upon your heart) you never skinn'd a new beauty more prosperously in your life, as more metaphysically: look, good lady, sweet lady, look.

Phi. 'Tis very clear and well, believe me. But if you had seen mine yesterday, when 'twas young, you would have—who's your doctor, Phantaste?

Phi. Nay, that's counsel, Ph'laudia, you shall pardon me: yet (I'll assure you) he's the most dainty, sweet, absolute, rare man of the whole college. O! his very looks, his discourse, his behaviour, all he does is physick, I protest.

Phi. For heaven's sake, his name, good dear Phantaste—

Phi. No, no, no, no, no, no, (believe me) not for a million of heavens: I will not make him cheap. Fie—

Cup. There is a nymph too of a most curious and elaborate strain, light, all motion, an ubiquitary, she is every where, Phantaste—

Mer. Her very name speaks her, let her pass. But are these (Cupid) the stars of Cynthia's court? Do these nymphs attend upon Diana?

Cup. They are in her court (Mercury) but not as stars, these never come in the presence of Cynthia. The nymphs that make her train are the divine Arete, Time, Phronesis, Thaumata, and others of that high sort. These are privately brought in by Moria in this licentious time, against her knowledge: and (like so many meteors) will vanish when she appears.

SCENE V.

Prosaites, Gelaia, Cos, Mercury, Cupid.

SONG.

"Come follow me, my wags, and say, as I say. [hey day.
"There's no riches but in rags; hey day,
"You that profess this art, come away, come away, [day, &c."
"And help to bear a part. Hey day, hey

Mer. What! those that were our fellow pages but now, so soon prefer'd to be yeomen of the bottles? the mystery, the mystery, good wags?

Cup. Some diet-drink they have the guard of.

Pro. No, sir, we are going in quest of a strange fountain, lately found out.

Cup. By whom?

Cos. My master, or the great discoverer, Amorphus.

Mer. Thou hast well intitled him, Cos, for he will discover all he knows.

Gel. I, and a little more too, when the spirit is upon him.

Pro. O, the good travelling gentleman yonder has caus'd such a drought i' the presence, with reporting the wonders o. this new water, that all the ladies and gallants lye languishing upon the rushes, like so many pounded cattle i' the midst of harvest,

sighing one to another, and gasping, as if each of them expected a cock from the fountain, to be brought into his mouth; and without we return quickly, they are all (as a youth would say) no better than a few

trouts cast ashore, or a dish of eels in a sand-bag.

Mer. Well then, you were best dispatch, and have a care of them. Come, Cupid, thou and I'll go peruse this dry wonder.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Amorplus, Asotus.

Amo. **S**IR, let not this discountenance or disgallant you a whit; you must not sink under the first disaster. 'Tis with your young grammatical courtier, as with your neophyte player, a thing usual to be daunted at the first presence or interview: you saw, there was Hedon, and Anaides, (far more practis'd gallants than yourself) who were both out, to comfort you. 'Tis no disgrace, no more than for your adventurous reveller, to fall by some inauspicious chance in his galliard, or for some subtil politic, to undertake the bastinado, that the state might think worthily of him, and respect him as a man well beaten to the world. What! hath your taylor provided the property (wespake of) at your chamber, or no?

Aso. I think he has.

Amo. Nay (I intreat you) be not so flat and melancholic. Erect your mind: you shall redeem this with the courtship I will teach you against the afternoon. Where eat you to-day?

Aso. Where you please, sir, any where, I.

Amo. Come, let us go and taste some light dinner, a dish of slic'd caviare, or so; and after, you shall practise an hour at your lodging some few forms that I have recall'd. If you had but so far gather'd your spirits to you, as to have taken up a rush (when you were out) and wagg'd it thus, or cleans'd your teeth with it; or but turn'd aside, and feign'd some business to whisper with your page, till you had recovered yourself, or but found some slight stain in your stocking, or any other pretty invention (so it had been sudden) you might have come off with a most clear and courtly grace.

Aso. A poison of all, I think I was fore-spoke, I.

Amo. No, I must tell you, you are not audacious enough, you must frequent ordinaries, a month more, to initiate yourself: in which time, it will not be amiss, if (in private) you keep good your acquaintance with Critics, or some other of his poor coat; visit his lodging secretly and often; become an earnest suitor to hear some of his labours.

Aso. O Jove! sir, I could never get him to read a line to me.

Amo. You must then wisely mix yourself in rank with such as you know can; and, as your ears do meet with a new phrase, or an acute jest, take it in: a quick nimble memory will lift it away, and at your next public meal, it is your own.

Aso. But I shall never utter it perfectly, sir.

Amo. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talk you shall play it away, as you do your light crowns at primero: it will pass.

Aso. I shall attempt, sir.

Amo. Do. It is your shifting age for wit, and I assure you, men must be prudent. After this you may to court, and there fall in, first with the waiting-woman, then with the lady. Put case they do retain you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches some pair of months or so; or to read them asleep in afternoons upon some pretty pamphlet to breathe you; why, it shall in time imbolden you to some farther achievement: in the interim, you may fashion yourself to be careless and impudent.—

Aso. How if they would have me to make verses? I heard Hedon spoke to for some.

Amo. Why, you must prove the aptitude of your genius; if you find none, you must harken out a vein, and buy; provided you pay for the silence as for the work, then you may securely call it your own.

Aso. Yes, and I'll give out my acquaintance with all the best writers, to countenance me the more.

Amo. Rather seem not to know 'em, it is your best. I, be wise, that you never so much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mention'd; but if they be offer'd to you in discourse, shake your light head, make between a sad and a smiling face, pity some, rail at all, and commend yourself: 'tis your only safe and unsuspected course. Come, you shall look back upon the court again to-day, and be restor'd to your colours: I do now partly aim at the cause of your repulse—which was ominous indeed) for as you enter at the door, there is oppos'd to you the frame of a wolf in the hangings, which (surprising your eye suddenly) gave a false alarm to the heart; and that was it called your blood

out of your face, and so routed the whole rank of your spirits: I beseech you labour to forget it. And remember (as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort) Hedon, and Anaides.

SCENE II.

Hedon, Anaides.

Hed. Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted, and spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster?

Ana. Nay, be not impatient, Hedon.

Hed. 'Slight, I would fain know his name.

Ana. Hang him, poor grogram rascal, prythee think not of him: I'll send for him to my lodging, and have him blanketed when thou wilt, man.

Hed. By gods-so, I would thou couldst. Look, here he comes. Laugh at him, laugh at him, ha, ha, ha. [*Crites passeth by.*]

Ana. Fough, he smells all lamp-oil with studying by candle-light.

Hed. How confidently he went by us, and carelessly! never mov'd! nor stir'd at any thing! did you observe him?

Ana. I, a pox on him, let him go, dormouse; he "is in a dream now. He has "no other time to sleep but thus when he "walks abroad to take the air."

Hed. God's precious, this afflicts me more than all the rest, that we should so particularly direct our hate and contempt against him, and he to carry it thus without wound or passion! 'tis insufferable.

Ana. 'Slid (my dear envy) if thou but say'st the word now, I'll undo him eternally for thee.

Hed. How, sweet Anaides?

Ana. Marry, half a score of us get him in (one night) and make him pawn his wit for a supper.

Hed. Away, thou hast such unseasonable jests. By this heaven, I wonder at nothing more than our gentlemen ushers, that will suffer a piece of serge, or perpetuana, to come into the presence: methinks they should (out of their experience) better distinguish the sicken disposition of courtiers, than to let such terrible coarse rags mix with us, able to fret any smooth or gentle society to the threads with their rubbing devices.

¹ *He does nothing but stab the SLAVE:*] No slave appears whom Crites had treated in this manner: we must reform the pointing to make out the sense.

He does nothing but stab: the slave!

It is the poignancy of Crites's wit they were afraid of; and against which they had no defence. *Slave* is an appellation they bestow on him in return.

² *I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men, &c.*] One would be tempted to imagine, from some particulars in the character of Crites, that the poet designed it for his own picture. If that be really the case, it will be no easy matter to acquit him of the charge of vanity, which his enemies so often brought against him; but I will not affirm the similitude to be perfectly exact. It is only probable, that as he hath glanced at his adversaries in some passages of the play, he might have intended to sketch the out-lines of his own character.

Ana. Unless 'twere Lent, Ember-weests, or Fasting-days, when the place is most penuriously empty of all other good outsides. Darn't me, if I should adventure on his company once more, without a suit of buff to defend my wit; he¹ does nothing but stab: the slave! how mischievously he cross'd thy device of the prophecy there! and *Moria*, she comes without her muff too, and there my invention was lost.

Hed. Well, I am resolv'd what I'll do.

Ana. What, my good spirituous spark?

Hed. Marry, speak all the venom I can of him; and poison his reputation in every place where I come.

Ana. 'Fore god, most courtly.

Hed. And if I chance to be present where any question is made of his sufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done private or public, I'll censure it slightly and ridiculously—

Ana. At any hand beware of that, so thou may'st draw thine own judgment in suspect. No, I'll instruct thee what thou shalt do, and by a safer means: approve any thing thou hearest of his, to the received opinion of it; but if it be extraordinary, give it from him to some other whom thou more particularly affect'st; that's the way to plague him, and he shall never come to defend himself. 'Slud, I'll give out all he does is dictated from other men,² and swear it too (if thou'lt ha' me) and that I know the time and place where he stole it, tho' my soul be guilty of no such thing; and that I think, out of my heart, he hates such barren shifts: yet to do thee a pleasure, and him a disgrace, I'll damn myself, or do any thing.

Hed. Gramercy, my dear devil; we'll put it seriously in practice, I faith.

SCENE III.

Crites.

Do, good Detraction, do, and I the while Shall shake thy spite off with a careless smile.

Poor piteous gallants! what lean idle slights Their thoughts suggest to flatter their starv'd hopes?

As if I knew not how to entertain

These straw-devices; but, of force must yield [tongues,

To the weak stroke of their calumnious

What should I care what every Dor¹ doth
buzz

In credulous ears? It is a crown to me,
That the best judgments can report me
wrong'd;

Then liars, and their slanders impudent,
Perhaps (upon the rumour of their speeches)
Some grieved friend will whisper to me;

Crites,
Men speak ill of thee. So they be ill men,
If they spake worse, 'twere better: for of such
To be disparis'd, is the most perfect praise.
What can his censure hurt me, whom the
world

[Chrestus,
Hath censur'd vile before me! If good
Euthus, or Phronimus, had spoke the words,
They would have mov'd me, and I should
have call'd

My thoughts, and actions, to a strict account
Upon the hearing: but when I remember,
'Tis Hedon and Analdes, alas, then,
I think but what they are, and am not stirr'd:
The one a light voluptuous reveller,
The other a strange arrogating puff,
Both impudent, and ignorant enough;
That talk (as they are wont) not as I merit:
Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark,
Do nothing out of judgment, but disease,
Speak ill, because they never could speak
well.

[tures?
And who'd be angry with this face of crea-
What wise physician have we ever seen
Mov'd with a frantic man? the same affects⁴
That he doth bear to his sick patient,
Should a right mind carry to such as these.
And I do count it a most rare revenge,
That I can thus (with such a sweet neglect)
Pluck from them all the pleasure of their
malice.

[drifts⁵,
For that's the mark of all their ingenious
To wound my patience, howsoe'er they seem
To aim at other objects; which if miss'd,
Their envy's like an arrow shot upright,
That, in the fall, endangers their own heads.

SCENE IV.

Arcte, Crites.

Arcte. What, Crites! where have you
drawn forth the day?

You have not visited your jealous friends?

Cri. Where I have seen (most honour'd
Arcte)

The strangest pageant, fashion'd like a court,
(At least I dreamt I saw it) so diffus'd,
So painted, pied, and full of rainbow strains,
As never yet (either by time, or place)
Was made the food to my distasted sense:
Nor can my weak imperfect memory
Now render half the forms unto my tongue,
That were convolv'd within this thrifty room.
Here, stalks me by a proud and spangled sir,
That looks three handfuls higher than his
foretop;

Savours himself alone, is only kind
And loving to himself; one that will speak
More dark and doubtful than six oracles;
Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch;⁶
Is his own chronicle, and scarce can eat
For registering himself; is waited on
By mimicks, jesters, pandars, parasites,
And other such like prodigies of men.
He past, appears some mincing marmoset
Made all of clothes, and face; his limbs so set
As if they had some voluntary act [so
Without man's motion, and must move just
In spite of their creation: one that weighs
His breath between his teeth, and dares not
smile

Beyond a point, for fear t' unstarch his look;
Hath travell'd to make legs, and seen the
cringe [time
Of several courts, and courtiers; knows the
Of giving titles, and of taking walls;
Hath read court-common-places; made
them his: [rules
Studied the grammar of state, and all the
Each formal usher in that politic school
Can teach a man. A third comes, giving
nodes

To his repenting creditors, protests
To weeping suitors, takes the coming gold
Of insolent and base ambition,
That hourly rubs his dry and itchy palms:
Which grip'd, like burning coals, he hurls
away

Into the laps of bawds, and buffoons' mouths.
With him there meets some subtle Proteus,
one

Can change, and vary with all forms he sees;

¹ *What every Dor doth buzz.* Dor is an old word that signifies a beetle, or drone; and was used also to express a calumniating envious person. Decker has fastened on this speech, as a mark of arrogance and vanity in our author; and with this view he hath quoted these, and some other verses towards the end of it, in his *Satiriconastix*, which he wrote as a reply to Jonson's *Poetaster*.

⁴ *The same affects.* i. e. Affections, dispositions.

⁵ *For that's the mark of all their ingenious drifts.* This line is not very harmonious, but not unsuitable to the general flow of Jonson's verses. It may be made however something smoother by adopting the reading of the first folio, which instead of *ingenious* exhibits *ingenious*, in the sense of malicious or designing; but this is only a contraction of *ingenious*.

⁶ *Salutes a friend, as if he had a stitch*

In his own chronicle, and scarce can eat

For registering himself. The want of a single stop, and a small error in the beginning of the second line, has greatly disturbed the sense. To cure the mistake we must read the lines, as they stand above.

Be any thing but honest ; serves the time ;
Hovers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both ; which (with cross face)
he bears

To the divided heads, and is receiv'd
With mutual grace of either : one that dares
Do deeds worthy the hurdle, or the wheel,
To be thought somebody ; and is (in sooth)
Such as the satirist points truly forth,
That only to his crimes owes all his worth. '

Are. You tell us wonders, Crites.

Cri. This is nothing.

There stands a neophyte glazing of his face,
Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his hair,
Against his idol enters ; and repeats [sick]
(Like an unperfect prologue, at third mu-
His part of speeches, and confederate jests,
In passion to himself. Another swears
His scene of courtship over ; bids, believe
him,

Twenty times ere they will ; anon, doth seem
As he would kiss away his hand in kindness ;
Then walks off melancholic, and stands
wreath'd,

As he were pinu'd up to the arras, thus.

A third is most in action, swims and frisks,
Plays with his mistress' paps, salutes her
pumps, [curls,

Adores her heels, her skirts, her knots, her
Will spend his patrimony for a garter,
Or the least feather in her bounteous fan.

A fourth, he only comes in for a mute ;
Divides the act with a dumb shew, and exit.
Then must the ladies laugh, straight comes
their scene,

A sixth times worse confusion than the rest.
Where you shall hear one talk of this man's
eye ;

Another of his lip ; a third, his nose ;
A fourth commend his leg ; a fifth, his foot ;
A sixth, his hand ; and every one a limb :
That you would think the poor distorted
gallant [course

Must there expire. Then fall they in dis-
Of tires and fashions, how they must take
place,

Where they may kiss, and whom ; when to
sit down,

And with what grace to rise ; if they salute,

What court'sie they must use : such cobweb
stuff

As would enforce the common'st sense abhor
Th' Arachnean workers.

Are. Patience, gentle Crites.

This knot of spiders will be soon dissolv'd,
And all their webs swept out of Cynthia's
court,

When once her glorious deity appears,
And but presents itself in her full light :
Till when, go in, and spend your hours
with us

Your honour'd friends, Time and Phronesis,
In contemplation of our goddess' name.

Think on some sweet and choice invention
now,

Worthy her serious and illustrious eyes,
That from the merit of it we may take
Desir'd occasion to prefer your worth,
And make your service known to Cynthia.

It is the pride of Arete to grace
Her studious lovers ; and (in scorn of time,
Envy, and ignorance) to lift their state
Above a vulgar height. True happiness

Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. Nor would I
have

Virtue a popular regard pursue : [few.
Let them be good that love me, though but

Cri. I kiss thy hands, divinest Arete,
And vow myself to thee and Cynthia.

SCENE V.

Amorphus, Asotus.

Amo. A little more forward : so, sir.
Now go in, discloke yourself, and come
forth. Taylor, bestow thy absence upon
us ; and be not prodigal of this secret, but
to a dear customer. 'Tis well enter'd, sir.
Stay, you come on too fast ; your pace is
too impetuous. Imagine this to be the pa-
lace of your pleasure, or place where your
lady is pleas'd to be seen. First, you pre-
sent yourself, thus : and spying her, you
fall off, and walk some two turns ; in which
time, it is to be suppos'd, your passion hath
sufficiently whited your face ; then (stifling
a sigh or two, and closing your lips) with a
trembling boldness, and bold terror, you

² Such as the satirist points truly forth,

That only to his crimes owes all his worth.] The satirist is Juvenal, and the lines alluded
to are the following.

*Aude aliquid brevis garris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis : probitus laudatur et alget ;
Criminibus debent hortos, pratoria, mensae,
Argentum vetus, et stantem extra pocula caprum.*

JUVENAL. Sat. 1. v. 73, &c.

Dr. GREY.

³ With a trembling boldness, and bold terror ; you advance yourself forward.] To pre-
serve the antithesis more literally, Mr. Theobald hath put in his margin, *anon, bold tremor* ;
which must be acknowledged a very ingenious correction, though all the printed copies
exhibit the present reading. Some modern critics would say, that if Jonson did not write
so, he ought to have done ; and hence they take the trouble of doing it for him : but we
suspend our judgment.

advance yourself forward. Prove thus much, I pray you.

Aso. Yes, sir, (pray Jove I can light on it.) Here, I come in, you say, and present myself?

Amo. Good.

Aso. And then I spy her, and walk off?

Amo. Very good.

Aso. Now, sir, I stifle, and advance forward?

Amo. Trembling.

Aso. Yes, sir, trembling: I shall do it better when I come to it. And what must I speak now?

Amo. Marry, you shall say; dear beauty or sweet honour, (or by what other title you please to remember her) methinks you are melancholy. This is, if she be alone now, and discompanied.

Aso. Well, sir, I'll enter again; her title shall be, my dear Lindabrides.

Amo. Lindabrides?

Aso. I, sir, the emperor Alicandroe's daughter, and the prince Meridian's sister (in the Knight of the Sun) she should have been married to him, but that the princess Claridiana—

Amo. O, you betray your reading.

Aso. Nay, sir, I have read history, I am a little humanitian. Interrupt me not, good sir. My dear Lindabrides, my dear Lindabrides, my dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy.

Amo. I, and take her by the rosie-finger'd hand.

Aso. Must I so? O, my dear Lindabrides, methinks you are melancholy.

Amo. Or thus, sir. All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musick, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.

Aso. Believe me, that's pretty. All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musick, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.

Amo. And then, offering to kiss her hand, if she shall coyly recoil, and signify your repulse; you are to re-enforce yourself with, more than most fair lady, let not the rigour of your just disdain thus coarsely censure of your servant's zeal; and withal, protest her to be the only and absolute unparallel'd creature you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Aso. This is hard, by my faith. I'll begin it all again.

Amo. Do so, and I will act it for your lad.

Aso. Will you vouchsafe, sir? All variety of divine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musick, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this dear beauty.

Amo. So, sir, pray you away.

Aso. More than most fair lady, let not the rigour of your just disdain thus coarsely censure of your servant's zeal; I protest you are the only, and absolute, unapparelled—

Amo. Unparallel'd.

Aso. Unparallel'd creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Amo. This is, if she abide you. But now, put the case she should be passant when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gait thereafter, and call upon her, lady, nymph, sweet refuge, star of our court. Then if she be guardant, here; you are to come on, and (laterally disposing yourself) swear by her blushing and well-coloured cheek, the bright dye of her hair, her ivory teeth (though they be ebony), or some such white and innocent oath, to induce you. If regardant, then maintain your station, brisk, and irpe, shew the supple motion of your pliant body, but (in chief) of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

Aso. I conceive you, sir; I shall perform all these things in good time, I doubt not, they do so hit me.

Amo. Well, sir, I am your lady; make use of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your own invention; and prove, how you can hold up, and follow it. Say, say.

Aso. Yes, sir. My dear Lindabrides—

Amo. No, you affect that Lindabrides too much; and (let me tell you) it is not so courtly. Your pedant should provide you some parcels of French, or some pretty commodity of Italian to commence with, if you would be exotic and exquisite.

Aso. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gave him a doublet.

Amo. Double your benevolence, and give him the hose too; clothe you his body, he will help to apparel your mind. But now, see what your proper genius can perform alone, without adjection of any other Minerva.

Aso. I comprehend you, sir.

Amo. I do stand you, sir: fall back to your first place. Good, passing well; very properly pursu'd.

Aso. Beautiful, ambiguous, and sufficient lady, what! are you all alone?

Amo. We would be, sir, if you would leave us.

Aso. I am at your beauty's appointment, bright angel; but—

Amo. What but?

Aso. No harm, more than most fair feature.

Amo. That touch relished well.

Aso. But, I protest—

Amo. And why should you protest?

Aso. For good-will (dear esteem'd ma

dano) and I hope your ladyship will so conceive of it :

And will, in time, return from your disdain,
And rue the suffrance of our friendly pain.

Amo. O, that piece was excellent ! if you could pick out more of these play-particles, and (as occasion shall salute you) embroider or damask your discourse with them, persuade your soul, it would most judiciously commend you. Come, this was a well discharg'd and auspicious bout. Prove the second.

Amo. Lady, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow.

Amo. Why, if you can revel it in white, sir, 'tis sufficient.

Amo. Say you so, sweet lady ? " Lan, " tede, de, de, de, dant, dant, dante, " &c." No (in good faith) madam, who-

soever told your ladyship so, abus'd you ; but I would be glad to meet your ladyship in a measure.

Amo. Me, sir ? belike you measure me by yourself, then ?

Amo. Would I might, fair feature.

Amo. And what were you the better, if you might ?

Amo. The better it please you to ask, fair lady.

Amo. Why, this was ravishing, and most acutely continu'd. Well, spend not your humour too much, you have now competently exercised your conceit : this (once or twice a day) will render you an accomplish'd, elaborate, and well-levell'd gallant. Convey in your courting-stock, we will (in the heat of this) go visit the nymphs' chamber.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Phantaste, Philautia, Argurion, Moria, Cupid.

Phi. I WOULD this water would arrive once, our travelling friend so commended to us.

Arg. So would I, for he has left all us in travel with expectation of it.

Phi. Pray Jove, I never rise from this touch, if ever I thirsted more for a thing in my whole time of being a courtier.

Phi. Nor I, I'll be sworn : the very mention of it sets my lips in a worse heat, than if he had sprinkled them with mercury. Reach me the glass, sirrah.

Cup. Here, lady.

Mor. They do not peel, sweet charge, do they ?

Phi. Yes, a little, guardian.

Mor. O, 'tis an eminent good sign. Ever when my lips do so, I am sure to have some delicious good drink or other approaching.

Arg. Marry, and this may be good for us ladies ; for (it seems) 'tis far set by their stay.

Mor. My palate for yours (dear honour) it shall prove most elegant, I warrant you : O, I do fancy this gear that's long a coming, with an unmeasurable strain.

Phi. Pray thee sit down, Philautia, that rebatu becomes thee singularly.

Phi. Is't not quaint ?

Phi. Yes, faith. Methinks, thy servant Hedon is nothing so obsequious to thee, as he was wont to be : I know not how, he's grown out of his garb alate, he's wrapt !

Mor. In truiness, and so methinks too ; he's much converted.

Phi. Tut, let him be what he will, 'tis an animal I dream not of. This tire (methinks) makes me look very ingeniously, quick, and spirited ; I should be some Laura, or some Delia, methinks.

Mor. As I am wise (fair honours) that title she gave him, to be her ambition, spoil'd him : before, he was the most propitious and observant young novice—

Phi. No, no, you are the whole heaven awry, guardian ; 'tis the swaggering coach-horse Anaides, draws with him there, has been the diverter of him.

Phi. For Cupid's sake speak no more of him ; would I might never dare to look in a mirror again, if I respect e'er a marmoset of 'em all, otherwise than I would a feather, or my shuttle-cock, to make sport with now and then.

Phi. Come, sit down ; troth (an' you be good beauties) let's run over 'em all now : which is the proper'st man amongst them ? I say, the traveller, Amorpus.—

Phi. O, fie on him, he looks like a Venetian trumpeter, i' the battle of Lepanto¹, in the gallery yonder ; and speaks to the tune of a country-lady, that comes ever i' the rereward, or train of a fashion.

¹ *He's grown out of his garb alate, he's WRAPT.*] The reading of the last edition ; the true word *wrapt*, exhibited by the first folio.

² *He looks like a Venetian trumpeter, i' the battle of Lepanto.*] Alluding to the famous sea-battle between the Turks and Christians in the year 1571, in which the Turks were defeated. See PAULO PARUTA's *History of Venice*, translated by the earl of Monmouth.

Mor. I should have judgment in a feature, sweet beauties.

Pha. A body would think so, at these years.

Mor. And I prefer another now, far before him, a million at least.

Pha. Who might that be, guardian?

Mor. Marry (fair charge) Anaiides.

Pha. Anaiides! you talk'd of a tune, Philautia, there's one speaks in a key; like the opening of some justice's gate, or a post-boy's horn, as if his voice fear'd an arrest for some ill words it should give, and were loth to come forth.

Phi. I, and he has a very imperfect face.

Pha. Like a sea-monster, that were to ravish Andromeda from the rock.

Phi. His hands too great too, by at least a straw's breadth.

Pha. Nay he has a worse fault than that, too.

Phi. A long heel?

Pha. That were a fault in a body, rather than him: no, they say, he puts off the calves of his legs, with his stockings, every night.

Phi. Out upon him; turn to another of the pictures, for love's sake. What says Argurion? whom does she commend, afore the rest?

Cup. I hope, I have instructed her sufficiently for an answer.

Mor. Troth, I made the motion to her ladyship for one to-day, i' the presence, but it appear'd she was otherwise furnish'd before: she would none.

Pha. Who was that, Argurion?

Mor. Marry, the poor plain gentleman, i' the black there.

Pha. Who, Crites?

Arg. I, I, he. A fellow that nobody so much as look'd upon, or regarded, and she would have had me done him particular grace.

Pha. That was a true trick of yourself, Moria, to persuade Argurion to affect the scholar.

Arg. Tut, but she shall be no chuser for me. In good faith, I like the citizen's son there, Asotus; methinks, none of them all come near him.

Pha. Not Hedon?

Arg. Hedon? in troth no. Hedon's a pretty slight courtier, and he wears his clothes well, and sometimes in fashion; marry, his face is but indifferent, and he has no such excellent body. No, th' other is a most delicate youth, a sweet face, a straight body, a well-proportion'd leg and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

Phi. How now, Argurion?

Pha. O, you should have let her alone,

she was bestowing a copy of him upon us. Such a nose were enough to make me love a man, now.

Phi. And then his several colours, he wears; wherein he flourisheth changeably, every day.

Pha. O, but his short hair, and his narrow eyes!

Phi. Why she doats more palpably upon him, than e'er his father did upon her.

Pha. Believe me, the young gentleman deserves it. If she could doat more, 'twere not amiss. He is an exceeding proper youth, and would have made a most neat barber-surgeon, if he had been put to it in time.

Phi. Say you so? methinks he looks like a taylor already.

Pha. I, that had 'sayed on one of his customer's suits. His face is like a squeeze'd orange, or—

Arg. Well, ladies, jest on: the best of you both would be glad of such a servant.

Mor. I, I'll be sworn would they, though he be a little shame-fac'd.

Pha. Shame-fac'd, Moria! out upon him! Your shame-fac'd servant is your only gull.

Mor. Go to, beauties, make much of time, and place, and occasion, and opportunity, and favourites, and things that belong to 'em, for I'll ensure you, they will all relinquish; they cannot endure above another year; I know it out of future experience; and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reveller myself, and though I speak it (as mine own trumpet) I was then esteem'd—

Phi. The very march-pane of the court!

Pha. And all the gallants came about you like flies, did they not?

Mor. Go to, they did somewhat, that's no matter now.

Pha. Nay, good Moria, be not angry. Put case that we four now had the grant from Juno, to wish ourselves into what happy estate we could, what would you wish to be, Moria?

Mor. Who I? let me see now. I would wish to be a wise-woman, and know all the secrets of court, city, and country. I would know what were done behind the arras, what upon the stairs, what i' the garden, what i' the nymphs' chamber, what by barge, and what by coach. I would tell you which courtier were scabbed, and which not; which lady had her own face to lye with her a-nights, and which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their hair, who their complexion; and in which box they put it. There should not a nymph, or a widow be got with child i' the verge, but I would guess (within one or two) who

³ *The very MARCH-PANE of the court.*] It should be *march-pane*; a confection made of pistachio nuts, almonds, sugar, &c. much esteemed in the poet's age. See *PICK'S Deciderata Curiosa*, vol. 2. p. 29. DR. GREY.

was the right father; and in what month it was gotten; with what words; and which way. I would tell you, which madam lov'd a monsieur, which a player, which a page; who slept with her husband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-usher, who with her horse-keeper, who with her monkey, and who with all. Yes, and who jigg'd the cock too.

Pha. Fye, you'd tell all, Moria. If I should wish now, it should be to have your tongue out. But what says Philautia? who should she be?

Phi. Troth, the very same I am. Only I would wish myself a little more command and sovereignty; that all the court were subject to my absolute beck, and all things in it depending on my look; as if there were no other heaven but in my smile, nor other hell but in my frown; that I might send for any man I list, and have his head cut off when I have done with him, or made an eunuch if he denied me; and if I saw a better face than mine own, I might have my doctor to poison it. What would you wish, Phantaste?

Pha. Faith, I cannot (readily) tell you what: but (methinks) I should wish myself all manner of creatures. Now I would be an empress, and by-and-by a dutchess; then a great lady of state, then one of your miscellany madams, then a waiting-woman, then your citizen's wife, then a coarse country-gentlewoman, then a dairy-maid, then a shepherd's lass, then an empress again, or the queen of fairies: and thus I would prove the vicissitudes and whirl of pleasures about and again. As I were a shepherdess, I would be pip'd and sung to*: as a dairy-wench, I would dance at may-poles, and make syllabubs; as a country-gentlewoman, keep a good house, and come up to term to see motions; as a citizen's wife, be troubled with a jealous husband, and put to my shifts; (others' miseries should be my pleasures.) As a waiting-woman, I would taste my lady's delights to her; as a miscellany madam, invent new tires, and go visit courtiers; as a great lady, lye a-bed, and have courtiers visit me; as a dutchess, I would keep my state; and as an empress, I'd do any thing. And, in all these shapes, I would ever be follow'd with th' affections of all that see me. Marry, I myself would affect none; or if I did, it should not be heartily, but so as I might save myself in 'em still, and take pride in tormenting the poor wretches. Or, (now I think on't) I would for one year, wish myself one woman, but the richest, fairest, and delicatest in a kingdom, the very centre of wealth and beauty, wherein all lines of love should meet; and

in that person I would prove all manner of suiters, of all humours, and of all complexions, and never have any two of a sort: I would see how love (by the power of his object) could work inwardly alike, in a choleric man and a sanguine, in a melancholic and a phlegmatic, in a fool and a wise man, in a clown and a courtier, in a valiant man and a coward; and how he could vary outward, by letting this gallant express himself in dumb gaze; another with sighing, and rubbing his fingers; a third, with play-ends and painful verses; a fourth, with stabbing himself, and drinking healths, or writing languishing letters in his blood; a fifth, in colour'd ribbands and good clothes; with this lord to smile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to doat, and one lord to hang himself. And then, I to have a book made of all this, which I would call the book of humours, and every night read a little piece, ere I slept, and laugh at it. Here comes Hedon.

SCENE II.

Hedon, Anaiides, Mercury, Phantaste, Philautia, Moria, Argurion, Cupid.

Hed. Save you, sweet and clear beauties: by the spirit that moves in me, you are all most pleasingly bestow'd, ladies. Only I can take it for no good omen, to find mine honour so dejected.

Phi. You need not fear, sir; I did of purpose humble myself against your coming, to decline the pride of my ambition.

Hed. Fair honour, ambition dares not stoop; but if it be your sweet pleasure I shall lose that title, I will (as I am Hedon) apply myself to your bounties.

Phi. That were the next way to dis-title myself of honour. O, no, rather be still ambitious, I pray you.

Hed. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to be yourself, lady. Sweet Phantaste, dear Moria, most beautiful Argurion—

Ana. Farewell, Hedon.

Hed. Anaiides, stay, whither go you?

Ana. 'Slight, what should I do here? an' you engross 'em all for your own use, 'tis time for me to seek out.

Hed. I engross 'em? away, mischief, this is one of your extravagant jests now, because I begin to salute 'em by their names—

Ana. Faith, you might have spar'd us madam Prudence, the guardian there, though you had more covetously aim'd at the rest.

Hed. 'Sheart, take 'em all, man: what speak you to me of aiming or covetous?

Ana. I, say you so? nay, then, have at 'em: ladies, here's one hath distinguish'd

* As I were a shepherdess, I would be pip'd and sung too.] In the last edition, a sentence is wanting after this, which the first folio thus supplieth, "as a dairy-wench, I would dance at may-poles, and make syllabubs."

you by your names already. It shall only become me to ask how you do.

Hed. Godso, was this the design you travelld with?

Pha. Who answers the brazen head? it spoke to some body.

Asa. Lady Wisdom, do you interpret for these puppets?

Mor. In truth and sadness (honours) you are in great offence for this. Go too; the gentleman (I'll undertake with him) is a man of fair living, and able to maintain a lady in her two caroches a day*, besides pages, monkeys and parachiters, with such attendants as she shall think meet for her turn; and therefore there is more respect requirable, howsoe'er you seem to connive. Hark you, sir, let me discourse a syllable with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close and open behaviour, as haply you may suspend[†], their carriage is well known to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinary.

Mer. O, here comes the other pair.

SCENE III.

Amorphus, Asotus, Hedon, Anides, Mercury, Cupid, Morus, Phantaste, Philautia, Argurion, Moria.

Asa. That was your father's love, the nymph Argurion. I would have you direct all your courtship thither; if you could but endear yourself to her affection, you were eternally engallanted.

Asa. In truth, sir? pray Phæbus I prove favourable in her fair eyes.

Asa. All divine mixture, and increase of beauty to this bright bevy of ladies; and to the male courtiers, compliment and courtesy.

Hed. In the behalf of the males, I gratify you, Amorphus.

Pha. And I of the females.

Asa. Succinctly return'd. I do veil to both your thanks, and kiss them; but primarily to yours, most ingenious, acute, and polite lady.

Phi. Ods my life, how he does all-to-be-quality her! ingenious, acute, and polite!

as if there was not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite as she.

Hed. Yes, but you must know, lady, he cannot speak out of a dictionary method.

Pha. Sit down, sweet Amorphus: when will this water come, think you?

Asa. It cannot now be long, fair lady.

Cup. Now observe, Mercury.

Asa. How! most ambiguous beauty! love you? that I will by this handkerchief.

Mer. 'Slid, he draws his oaths out of his pocket.

Arg. But will you be constant?

Asa. Constant, madam? I will not say for constantness; but by this purse (which I would be loth to swear by, unless it were embroider'd) I protest (more than most fair lady) you are the only absolute, and unparalleled creature, I do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom: methinks you are melancholy.

Arg. Does your heart speak all this?

Asa. Say you?

Mer. O, he is groping for another oath.

Asa. Now by this watch, I marle how forward the day is, I do unfeignedly vow myself, 'sight, 'tis deeper than I took it, past five, yours entirely addicted, madam.

Arg. I require no more, dearest Asotus; henceforth let me call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to wear this chain and this diamond.

Asa. O god, sweet lady!

Cup. There are new oaths for him: what? doth Hermes taste no alteration in all this?

Mer. Yes, thou hast strook Argurion enamour'd on Asotus, methinks.

Cup. Alas, no; I am nobody, I; I can do nothing in this disguise.

Mer. But thou hast not wounded any of the rest, Cupid.

Cup. Not yet; it is enough that I have begun so prosperously.

Arg. Nay, these are nothing to the gems I will hourly bestow upon thee; be but faithful and kind to me, and I will lade thee

* *Able to maintain a lady in her two CAROCHES a day.* The quarto of 1601 reads *two coaches*, but that is only a smoother way of pronouncing the genuine word. It is generally agreed that chariots were first used in Italy, and from thence made their way into the northern parts of Europe. The Italian *carrozza* is said to be a corruption of *carro rosso*, a red carriage: for it was an antient custom amongst the Florentines, when they went to war, to have chariots painted red, with a white cross upon them; and these came afterwards to be used by the men of quality, on all occasions. From thence comes the French word, *carrosse* a chariot, and the old English *caroche*. Both the name and the thing seem to have been first current in France, a little before our author's time: and the first coach was brought into England by a German artist, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, who had been seven years a queen before she had a coach to ride in.

† *These ladies are not of that CLOSE and OPEN behaviour, as haply you may SUSPEND.* I imagine that the poet intended a similar idea in his epithets *close* and *open*, which at present they are very far from giving. *Loose* comes so near the letters of the first word, and appears so apposite to the sense, that the reader probably may think with me, it was really the word designed. *Suspend* has the sense of *suspect*, if it should not be, after all, the juster reading.

with my richest bounties: behold, here my bracelets from mine arms.

Aso. Not so, good lady, by this diamond.

Arg. Take 'em, wear 'em; my jewels, chain of pearl, pendants, all I have.

Aso. Nay then, by this pearl you make me a wanton.

Cup. Shall she not answer for this, to maintain him thus in swearing?

Mer. O no, there is a way to wean him from this, the gentleman may be reclaim'd.

Cup. I, if you had the airing of his apparel, couz, I think.

Aso. Loving? 'twere pity I should be living else, believe me. Save you, sir; save you, sweet lady; save you, monsieur Anaides; save you, dear madam.

Ama. Dost thou know him that saluted thee, Hedon?

Hed. No, some idle Fungoso, that hath got above the cupboard since yesterday.

Ama. 'Slud, I never saw him till this morning, and he salutes me as familiarly as if we had known together since the deluge, or the first year of Troy-action.

Ama. A most right-handed and auspicious encounter. Confine yourself to your fortunes.

Phi. For sport's sake let's have some riddles or purposes; hough.

Phi. No faith, your prophecies are best, the t' other are stale.

Phi. Prophecies? we cannot all sit in at them; we shall make a confusion. No; what call'd you that we had in the forenoon?

Phi. Substantives and adjectives, is't not, Hedon?

Phi. I, that; who begins?

Phi. I have thought; speak your adjectives, sirs.

Phi. But do not you change then.

Phi. Not I. Who says?

Mor. Odoriferous.

Phi. Popular.

Arg. Humble.

Ama. White-liver'd.

Hed. Barbarous.

Ama. Pythagorical.

Hed. Yours, signior.

Aso. What must I do, sir?

Ama. Give forth your adjective with the rest; as prosperous, good, fair, sweet, well—

Hed. Any thing that hath not been spoken.

Aso. Yes, sir, well-spoken shall be mine.

Phi. What, ha' you all done?

All. I.

Phi. Then the substantive is breeches. Why odoriferous breeches, guardian?

Mor. Odoriferous, because odoriferous; that which contains most variety of savour and smell we say is most odoriferous: now breeches, I presume, are incident to that variety, and therefore odoriferous breeches.

Phi. Well, we must take it howsoever. Who's next? Philautia?

Phi. Popular.

Phi. Why popular breeches?

Phi. Marry, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will press forth on common stages and broker's stalls, to the public view of the world.

Phi. Good. Why humble breeches, Argurion?

Arg. Humble? because they use to be sat upon; besides, if you tie 'em not up, their property is to fall down about your heels.

Mer. She has worn the breeches, it seems, which have done so.

Phi. But why white-liver'd?

Ama. Why? are not their linings white? besides, when they come in swaggering company, and will pocket up any thing, may they not properly be said to be white-liver'd?

Phi. O yes, we must not deny it. And why barbarous, Hedon?

Hed. Barbarous? because commonly, when you have worn your breeches sufficiently, you give them to your barber.

Ama. That's good; but how pythagorical?

Phi. I, Amorphus, why pythagorical breeches?

Ama. O most kindly of all; 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my brain for.

Phi. How is't, exquisite Amorphus?

Ama. O, I am wrapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy—

Phi. Nay do not rack us thus.

Ama. I never truly relisht myself before. Give me your ears. Breeches pythagorical, by reason of their transmigration into several shapes.

Mor. Most rare, in sweet troth. Marry this young gentleman, for his well-spoken—

Phi. I, why well-spoken breeches?

Aso. Well-spoken? marry, well-spoken, because—whatsoever they speak is well-taken; and whatsoever is well-taken is well-spoken.

Mor. Excellent! believe me.

Aso. Not so, ladies, neither.

Hed. But why breeches, now?

Phi. Breeches, quasi bear riches; when a gallant bears all his riches in his breeches.

Ama. Most fortunately etymologiz'd.

Phi. 'Nay, we have another sport afore

¹ *Phi.* Nay, we have another sport afore this, &c.] The preceding and following sport, as the author calls it, was probably the diversion of the age, and of the same stamp with our modern cross-purposes, or questions and commands; but trifling as it is, Jonson is not to be censured for representing his courtiers as they really were.

this, of "A thing done, and who did it, &c."

Phi. I, good Phantaste, let's have that: distribute the places.

Phi. Why, I imagine, "A thing done;" Hedon thinks, "Who did it; Moria, with what it was done; Anaides, where it was done; Argurion, when it was done; Amorphus, for what cause was it done; you, Philautia, what followed upon the doing of it; and this gentleman, who would have done it better." What? is't conceiv'd about?

All. Yes, yes.

Phi. Then speak you, sir, "Who would have done it better?"

Aso. How! does it begin at me?

Phi. Yes, sir: this play is called the Crab, it goes backward.

Aso. May I not name myself?

Phi. If you please, sir, and dare abide the venture of it.

Aso. Then I would have done it better, whatever it is.

Phi. No doubt on't, sir: a good confidence. What followed upon the act, Philautia?

Phi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth.

Phi. For what cause, Amorphus?

Aso. For the delight of ladies.

Phi. When, Argurion?

Arg. Last progress.

Phi. Where, Anaides?

Ana. Why, in a pair of pain'd slops.

Phi. With what, Moria?

Mor. With a glyster.

Phi. Who, Hedon?

Hed. A traveller.

Phi. Then the thing done was, an oration was made. Rehearse. An oration was made.

Hed. By a traveller.

Mor. With a glyster.

Ana. In a pair of pain'd slops.

Arg. Last progress.

Aso. For the delight of ladies.

Phi. A few heat drops, and a month's mirth followed.

Phi. And, this silent gentleman would have done it better.

Aso. This was not so good, now.

Phi. In good faith, these unhappy pages would be whipt for staying thus.

Mor. Beshrew my hand, and my heart else.

Aso. I do wonder at their protraction!

Ana. Pray Venus my whore have not discover'd herself to the rascally boys, and that be the cause of their stay.

Aso. I must suit myself with another page: this idle Prosaïtes will never be brought to wait well.

Mor. Sir, I have a kinsman I could willingly wish to your service, if you will deign to accept of him.

Aso. And I shall be glad, most sweet lady, to embrace him; where is he?

Mor. I can fetch him, sir, but I would be loth to make you to turn away your other page.

Aso. You shall not, most sufficient lady, I will keep both: pray you let's go see him.

Arg. Whither goes my love?

Aso. I'll return presently, I go but to see a page with this lady.

Ana. As sure as fate, 'tis so; she has opened all: a pox of all cockatrices. Dam' me, if she have play'd loose with me, I'll cut her throat, with a hair's breadth, so it may be heal'd again.

Mor. What, is he jealous of his hermaphrodite?

Cup. O, I, this will be excellent sport.

Phi. Phantaste! Argurion! what? you are suddenly struck, methinks! for love's sake let's have some musick till they come. Ambition, reach the lyra, I pray you.

Hed. Any thing to which my honour shall direct me.

Phi. Come, Amorphus, cheer up, Phantaste.

Aso. It shall be my pride, fair lady, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that, alone, is able to infuse soul into the most melancholic and dull-disposed creature upon earth. O! let me kiss thy fair knees. Beauteous ears attend it.

Hed. Will you have the kiss, Honour?

Phi. I, good Ambition.

SONG.

"O, that joy so soon should waste!

"Or so sweet a bliss

"As a kiss,

"Might not for ever last!

"So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious,

"The dew that lies on roses,

"When the morn herself discloses,

"Is not so precious.

"O rather than I would it smother,

"Were I to taste such another;

"It should be my wishing

"That I might die kissing."

Hed. I made this ditty, and the note to it, upon a kiss that my honour gave me; how like you it, sir?

Aso. A pretty air; in general, I like it well: but in particular, your long die-note did arride me most, but it was somewhat too long. I can shew one almost of the same nature, but much before it, and not so long, in a composition of mine own. I think I have both the note and ditty about me.

Hed. Pray you, sir, see.

Aso. Yes, there is the note; and all the parts, if I misthink not. I will read the ditty to your beauties here; but first I am to make you familiar with the occasion, which presents itself thus. Upon a time

going to take my leave of the emperor, and kiss his great hands; there being then present the kings of France, and Arragon, the dukes of Savoy, Florence, Orleans, Bourbon, Brunswick, the Lantgrave, Count Palatine; all which had severally feasted me; besides, infinite more of inferior persons, as counts and others: it was my chance (the emperor detained by some exorbitant affair) to wait him the fifth part of an hour, or much near it. In which time, retiring myself into a bay-window, the beauteous lady Annabel, niece to the empress, and sister to the king of Arragon, who having never before eyed me, (but only heard the common report of my virtue, learning, and travel) fell into that extremity of passion for my love, that she there immediately swooned: physicians were sent for, she had to her chamber, so to her bed; where (languishing some few days) after many times calling upon me, with my name in her lips, she expired. As that (I must mournfully say) is the only fault of my fortune, that, as it hath ever been my hap to be sued to, by all ladies and beauties, where I have come; so I never yet sojourn'd, or rested in that place, or part of the world, where some high-born, admirable, fair feature died not for my love.

Mer. O, the sweet power of travel! are you guilty of this, Cupid?

Cup. No, Mercury, and that his page Cos knows, if he were here present to be sworn.

Phi. But how doth this draw on the ditty, sir?

Mer. O, she is too quick with him; he hath not devis'd that yet.

Amo. Marry, some hour before she departed, she bequeath'd to me this glove: which golden legacy, the emperor himself took care to send after me, in six coaches, cover'd all with black velvet, attended by the state of his empire; all which he freely presented me with: and I reciprocally (out of the same bounty) gave to the Jords that brought it; only reserving the gift of the deceas'd lady, upon which I compos'd this ode, and set it to my most affected instrument, the lyra.

SONG.

"Thou more than most sweet glove,
"Unto my more sweet love,
"Suffer me to store with kisses
"This empty lodging that now misses
"The pure rosy hand, that wear thee,
"Whiter than the kid that bare thee.
"Thou art soft, but that was softer;
"Cupid's self hath kist it oft
"Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
"Supposing her the queen of loves,
"That was thy mistress,
"Best of gloves."

Mer. Blasphemy, blasphemy, Cupid.

Cup. I, I'll revenge it time enough, Hermes.

Phi. Good Amorphus, let's hear it sung.

Amo. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth Philautia to request it.

Hed. Here, sir. [*After he hath sung.*]

Amo. Nay, play it, I pray you, you do well, you do well—How like you it, sir?

Hed. Very well in troth.

Amo. But very well? O, you are a mere Mammothrept in judgment, then. Why, do you not observe how excellently the ditty is affected in every place? that I do not marry a word of short quantity to a long note? nor an ascending syllable to a descending tone? Besides, upon the word (best) there, you see how I do enter with an old minnum, and drive it through the brief, which no intelligent musician (I know) but will affirm to be very rare, extraordinary, and pleasing.

Mer. And yet not fit to lament the death of a lady, for all this.

Cup. Tut, here be they will swallow any thing.

Phi. Pray you, let me have a copy of it, Amorphus.

Phi. And me too, in troth, I like it exceedingly.

Amo. I have denied it to princes, nevertheless to you (the true female twins of perfection) I am won to depart with all.

Hed. I hope, I shall have my Honour's copy.

Phi. You are ambitious in that, Hedon.

Amo. How now, Anaxides! what is it hath conjured up this distemperature in the circle of your face?

[*Who is returned from seeking his page.*]

Ana. Why, what have you to do? A pox upo' your filthy travelling face, hold your tongue.

Hed. Nay, do'st hear, Mischief?

Ana. Away, Musk-cat.

Amo. I say to thee, thou art rude, debauched, impudent, coarse, impolish'd, a frapler, and base.

Hed. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has half a year's haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a tuff-taffata jerkin to town but the other day, and a pair of pennylesse hose, and now he is turn'd Hercules, he wants but a club.

Ana. Sir, you with the pencil on your chin; I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all.

Mer. 'Slid, what rare fire-works be here? flash, flash.

Phi. What's the matter, Hedon? can you tell?

Hed. Nothing, but that he lacks crowns, and thinks we'll lend him some to be friends.

Amo. Come, sweet lady, in good truth I'll have it, you shall not deny me. Morus,

persuade your aunt I may have her picture, by any means.

[*Asotus returns with Moria and Morus.*]

Mo. Yea, sir: good aunt now, let him have it, he will use me the better; if you love me, do, good aunt.

Mor. Well, tell him he shall have it.

Mo. Master, you shall have it, she says.

Aso. Shall I? thank her, good page.

Cup. What, has he entertain'd the fool?

Mor. I, he'll wait close, you shall see, though the beggar hang off a while.

Mo. Aunt, my master thanks you.

Mor. Call him hither.

Mo. Yes, master.

Mor. Yes, in verity, and gave me this purse, and he has promis'd me a most fine dog; which he will have drawn with my picture, he says: and desires most vehemently to be known to your ladyships.

Pha. Call him hither, 'tis good groping such a gull.

Mo. Master Asotus, master Asotus.

Aso. For love's sake, let me go: you see, I am call'd to the ladies.

Arg. Wilt thou forsake me then?

Aso. Godso, what would you have me do?

Mor. Come hither, master Asotus. I do ensure your ladyships, he is a gentleman of a very worthy desert; and of a most bountiful nature. You must shew and insinuate yourself responsible, and equivalent now to my commendment. Good honours grace him.

Aso. I protest (more than most fair ladies) I do wish all variety of divine pleasures, choice sport, sweet musick, rich fare, brave attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend these fair beauties. Will it please your ladyship to wear this chain of pearl, and this diamond, for my sake?

Arg. O.

Aso. And you, madam, this jewel and pendants?

Arg. O.

Pha. We know not how to deserve these bounties, out of so slight merit, Asotus.

Phi. No, in faith, but there's my glove for a favour.

Pha. And soon after the revels, I will bestow a garter on you.

Aso. O lord, ladies! it is more grace than ever I could have hop'd, but that it pleaseth your ladyships to extend. I protest, it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my — if your ladyships want embroider'd gowns, tires of any fashion, rebatoes, jewels, or carkanets, anything whatsoever, if you vouchsafe to accept —

Cup. And for it they will help you to shoe-ties, and devices.

Aso. I cannot utter myself (dear beauties) but, you can conceive —

Arg. O.

Pha. Sir, we will acknowledge your ser-

vice, doubt not, henceforth, you shall be no more Asotus to us, but our gold-finch, and we your cages.

Aso. O Venus! madams! how shall I deserve this? if I were but made acquainted with Hedon, now, I'll try: pray you away.

Mor. How he prays Money to go away from him!

Aso. Amorphus, a word with you; here's a watch I would bestow upon you, pray you make me known to that gallant.

Amo. That I will, sir. Monsieur Hedon, I must entreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis a thing (next to the water we expect) I thirst after, sir. Good monsieur Asotus.

Aso. Good monsieur Hedon, I would be glad to be lov'd of men of your rank and spirit, I protest. Please you to accept this pair of bracelets, sir; they are not worth the bestowing —

Mor. O Hercules, how the gentleman purchases! this must needs bring Argurion to a consumption.

Hed. Sir, I shall never stand in the merit of such bounty, I fear.

Aso. O Venus, sir; your acquaintance shall be sufficient. And if at any time you need my bill, or my bonil —

Arg. O, O. [*Argurion swoons.*]

Amo. Help the lady there.

Mor. Gods-dear, Argurion! madam, how do you?

Arg. Sick.

Pha. Have her forth, and give her air.

Aso. I come again straight, ladies.

Mor. Well, I doubt, all the physick he has will scarce recover her; she's too far spent.

SCENE IV.

Philautia, Gelaia, Anaides, Cos, Prosaites, Phantaste, Moria, Amorphus, Hedon.

Phi. O here's the water come; fetch glasses, page.

Gel. Heart of my body, here's a coil indeed, with your jealous humours; nothing but whore and bitch, and all the villainous swaggering names you can think on? 'Slid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'll see you poxt ere I follow you any longer.

Ana. Nay, good punk, sweet rascal; dam'me if I am jealous now.

Gel. That's true indeed; pray let's go.

Mor. What's the matter, there?

Gel. 'Slight, he has me upon interrogatories, (nay, my mother shall know how you use me) where I have been; and why I should stay so long, and, how is't possible? and withal calls me at his pleasure I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

Mor. In truth and sadness, these are no good epitaphs, Anaides, to bestow upon any

gentlewoman; and (I'll ensure you) if I had known you would have dealt thus with my daughter, she should never have fancied you so deeply as she has done. Go to.

Ana. Why, do you hear, mother Moria? Heart!

Mor. Nay, I pray you, sir, do not swear. *Ana.* Swear? why? I have sworn afore now, I hope. Both you and your daughter mistake me. I have not honour'd Arete, that is held the worthiest lady in court (next to Cynthia) with half that observance and respect, as I have done her in private, howsoever outwardly I have carried myself careless, and negligent. Come, you are a foolish punk, and know not when you are well employed. Kiss me, come on; do it, I say.

Mor. Nay, indeed, I must confess, she is apt to misprision. But I must have you leave it, minion.

Ana. How now, Asotus? how does the lady?

Aso. Faith, ill. I have left my page with her, at her lodging.

Hed. O here's the rarest water that ever was tasted: fill him some.

Pro. What! has my master a new page?

Mer. Yes, a kinsman of the lady Moria's: you must wait better now, or you are cashiered, Prosaites.

Ana. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour; when I am angry, that any thing crosses me, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drink to you.

Phi. O, that we had five or six bottles more of this liquor.

Phi. Now I commend your judgment, Amorphus; who's that knocks? look, page.

Mor. O, most delicious; a little of this would make Argurion well.

Phi. O, no, give her no cold drink, by any means.

Ana. This water is the spirit of wine, I'll be hang'd else.

Cos. Here's the lady Arete, madam.

SCENE V.

Arete, Moria, Phantaste, Philautia, Anai-des, Gelasia, Cos, Prosaites, Amorphus, Asotus, Hedon, Mercury, Cupid.

Are. What, at your bever, gallants?

Mor. Will't please your ladyship to drink? 'tis of the new fountain water.

Are. Not I, Moria, I thank you. Gallants, you are for this night free to your peculiar delights; Cynthia will have no sports: when she is pleas'd to come forth, you shall have knowledge. In the mean time, I could

wish you did provide for solemn revels*, and some unlook'd-for device of wit, to entertain her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

Ana. What say you to a mask?

Hed. Nothing better, if the project were new and rare.

Are. Why, I'll send for Crites, and have his advice: be you ready in your endeavours: he shall discharge you of the inventive part.

Phi. But will not your ladyship stay?

Are. Not now, Phantaste.

Phi. Let her go, I pray you, good lady Sobriety, I am glad we are rid of her.

Phi. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as she were still going to a sacrifice?

Phi. O, she is the extraction of a dozen of puritans, for a look.

Mor. Of all nymphs in the court, I cannot away with her; 'tis the coarsest thing—

Phi. I wonder how Cynthia can affect her so above the rest! Here be they every way as fair as she, and a thought fairer, I trow.

Phi. I, and as ingenious and conceited as she.

Mor. I, and as politic as she, for all she sets such a forehead on't:

Phi. Would I were dead, if I would change to be Cynthia.

Phi. Or I.

Mor. Or I.

Ana. And there's her minion Crites! why his advice more than Amorphus? have not I invention afore him? learning to better that invention above him? and infanted-with pleasant travel—

Ana. Death, what talk you of his learning? he understands no more than a school-boy; I have put him down myself a thousand times (by this air) and yet I never talk'd with him but twice in my life: you never saw his like. I could never get him to argue with me but once, and then, because I could not construe an author I quoted at first sight, he went away, and laugh'd at me. By Hercules, I scorn him, as I do the sodden nymph that was here e'en now, his mistress Arete: and I love myself for nothing else.

Hed. I wonder the fellow does not hang himself, being thus scorn'd and contemn'd of us that are held the most accomplish'd society of gallants.

Mer. By your selves, none else.

Hed. I protest, if I had no musick in me, no courtship, that I were not a reveller and could dance, or had not those excellent qualities that give a man life and perfection, but a mere poor scholar as he is, I think I

* Swear? why? I have sworn afore now, I hope.] The expletive inserted in the elder folio, renders the expression more humorous:

* Swear? why? s'lood, I have sworn afore now.

* You did provide for solemn revels.] Perhaps for should be read some; though the sense is perfect either way,

should make some desperate way with myself; whereas now, (would I might never breathe more,) if I do know that creature in this kingdom with whom I would change.

Cup. This is excellent: well, I must alter all this soon*.

Mer. Look you do, Cupid. The bottles have wrought, it seems.

Aso. O, I am sorry the revels are crost. I should ha' tickled it soon. I did never appear till then. 'Slid, I am the neatest-made gallant i' the company, and have the best presence; and my dancing — well, I know what our usher said to me last time I was at the school: would I might have led Philautia in the measures, an' it had been the gods' will. I am most worthy, I am sure.

Morus. Master, I can tell you news; the lady kiss'd me yonder, and play'd with me, and says she lov'd you once as well as she does me, but that you cast her off.

Aso. Peace, my most esteemed page.

Morus. Yes.

Aso. What luck is this, that our revels are dash'd? now was I beginning to glisten, i' the very highway of preferment. An' Cynthia had but seen me dance a strain, or do but one trick, I had been kept in court, I should never have needed to look towards my friends again.

Amo. Contain yourself, you were a fortunate young man, if you knew your own good; which I have now projected, and will presently multiply upon you. Beauties and valours, your vouchsaf'd applause to a motion. The humorous Cynthia hath, for this night, withdrawn the light of your delight——

Pha. 'Tis true, Amorphus; what may we do to redeem it?

Amo. Redeem that we cannot, but to create a new flame is in our power. Here is a gentleman, my scholar, whom (for some private reasons me specially moving) I am covetous to gratify with title of master in the noble and subtil science of courtship: for which grace, he shall this night in court, and in the long gallery, hold his public act, by open challenge, to all masters of the mystery whatsoever, to play at the four choice and principal weapons thereof, viz. the bare accost, the better regard, the solemn address, and the perfect close. What say you?

All. Excellent, excellent, Amorphus.

Amo. Well, let us then take our time by the forehead: I will instantly have bills drawn, and advanc'd in every angle of the court. Sir, betray not your too much joy. Anides, we must mix this gentleman with you in acquaintance, monsieur Asotus.

Ana. I am easily entreated to grace any of your friends, Amorphus.

Aso. Sir, and his friends shall likewise grace you, sir. Nay, I begin to know myself now.

Amo. O, you must continue your bounties.

Aso. Must I? why, I'll give him this ruby on my finger. Do you hear, sir? I do heartily wish your acquaintance, and I partly know myself worthy of it; please you, sir, to accept this poor ruby in a ring, sir. The poesy is of my own device, *Let this blush for me, sir.*

Ana. So it must for me too, for I am not asham'd to take it.

Morus. Sweet man! by my troth, master, I love you, will you love me too? for my aunt's sake? I'll wait well, you shall see. I'll still be here. Would I might never stir, but you are a fine man in these clothes; master, shall I have 'em when you have done with them?

Aso. As for that, Morus, thou shalt see more hereafter; in the mean time, by this air, or by this feather, I'll do as much for thee, as any gallant shall do for his page, whatsoever, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Mer. I wonder this gentleman should affect to keep a fool! methinks he makes sport enough with himself.

Cup. Well, Prosaites, 'twere good you did wait closer.

Pro. I, I'll look to it; 'tis time.

Cos. The revels would have been most sumptuous to-night, if they had gone forward.

Mer. They must needs, when all the choicest singularities of the court were up in pantofles; ne'er a one of them but was able to make a whole show of itself.

Aso. Sirrah, a torch, a torch. [within.]

Pro. O, what a call is there! I will have a canzonet made, with nothing in it but sirrah; and the burthen shall be, I come.

Mer. How now, Cupid, how do you like this change?

Cup. Faith, the thread of my device is crack'd, I may go sleep 'till the revelling musick awake me.

Mer. And then too, Cupid, without you had prevented the fountain. Alas, poor god, that remembers not self-love to be proof against the violence of his quiver! Well, I have a plot upon these prizers, for which I must presently find out Crites, and with his assistance pursue it to a high strain of laughter, or Mercury hath lost of his metal.

* This is excellent well; I must alter all this soon.] The first folio gives it in this manner: This is excellent: well, I must alter all this soon.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Mercury, Crites.

Mer. IT is resolv'd on, Crites, you must do it.

Cri. The grace divinest Mercury hath done me,

In this vouchsaf'd discovery of himself,
Binds my observance in the utmost term
Of satisfaction to his godly will:
Though I profess (without the affectation
Of an enforc'd and form'd austerity)
I could be willing to enjoy no place
With so unequal natures.

Mer. We believe it.

But for our sake, and to inflict just pains
On their prodigious follies, aid us now:
No man is, presently, made bad, with ill.
And good men, like the sea, should still maintain

Their noble taste, in midst of all fresh hu-
That flow about them, to corrupt their
streams,

Bearing no season, much less salt of good-
It is our purpose, Crites, to correct,
And punish, with our laughter, this night's
sport,

Which our court-dors so heartily intend:
And by that worthy scorn, to make them
know

How far beneath the dignity of man
Their serious and most practis'd actions are.

Cri. I, but though Mercury can warrant
out

His undertakings, and make all things
Out of the powers of his divinity,
Th' offence will be return'd with weight on
That am a creature so despis'd and poor;
When the whole court shall take itself abus'd
By our ironical confederacy.

Mer. You are deceiv'd. The better race
in court,

That have the true nobility call'd virtue,
Will apprehend it, as a grateful right
Done to their separate merit; and approve
The fit rebuke of so ridiculous heads,
Who with their apish customs and forc'd
garbs,

Would bring the name of courtier in con-
Did it not live unblemish'd in some few,
Whom equal Jove hath lov'd, and Phœbus
form'd

Of better metal, and in better mould.

Cri. Well, since my leader-on is Mer-
I shall not fear to follow. If I fall,

My proper virtue shall be my relief,
That follow'd such a cause and such a chief.

SCENE II.

Asotus, Amorphus.

Aso. No more, if you love me, good
master; you are incompatible to live withak
send me for the ladies.

Amo. Nay, but intend me.

Aso. Fear me not; I warrant you, sir.

Amo. Render not yourself a refractory on
the sudden. I can allow well, you should
repute highly, heartily (and to the most)
of your own endowments; it gives you forth
to the world the more assur'd: but with re-
servation of an eye, to be always turn'd du-
tifully back upon your teacher.

Aso. Nay, good sir, leave it to me. Trust
me with trussing all the points of this action,
I pray. 'Slid, I hope we shall find wit to
perform the science, as well as another.

Amo. I confess you to be of an apted¹
and docible humour. Yet there are certain
punctilios, or (as I may more nakedly in-
sinnate them) certain intrinsecate strokes and
wards, to which your activity is not yet
amounted, as your gentile dor in colours.
For supposition, your mistress appears here
in prize, ribbanded with green and yellow;
now it is the part of every obsequious ser-
vant, to be sure to have daily about him
copy and variety of colours, to be presently
answerable to any hourly or half-hourly
change in his mistress's revolution —

Aso. (I know it, sir.

Amo. Give leave, I pray you) which if
your antagonist, or player against you, shall
ignorantly be without, and yourself can pro-
duce, you give him the dor.

Aso. I, I, sir.

Amo. Or, if you can possess your oppo-
site, that the green your mistress wears, is
her rejoicing or exultation in his service;
the yellow, suspicion of his truth, (from her
height of affection:) and that he (greenly
credulous) shall withdraw thus, in private,
and from the abundance of his pocket (to
displace her jealous conceit) steal into his
hat the colour, whose blueness doth express
trueness, (she being not so, nor so affected)
you give him the dor.

Aso. Do not I know it, sir?

Amo. Nay, good — swell not above
your understanding. There is yet a third
dor in colours.

¹ I confess you to be of an APED and docible humour.] Here appears to be a mistake in the word aped, and I am glad to have Mr. Theobald's conjecture in support of my own. I imagined that apted was the true word; and confirmed by his authority, it has now a place in the text. Apted, in the age of Jonson, meant the same as the modern abbreviation, apt.

Aso. I know it too, I know it.

Amo. Do you know it too? what is it? make good your knowledge.

Aso. Why it is — no matter for that.

Amo. Do it, on pain of the dor.

Aso. Why; what is't say you?

Amo. Lo, you have given yourself the dor. But I will remonstrate to you the third dor, which is not, as the two former dors, indicative, but deliberative: as how? as thus. Your rivalis, with a dutiful and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to observe his mistress, dispatcheth his lacquey to the chamber early, to know what her colours are for the day, with purpose to apply his wear that day accordingly: you lay wait before, pre-occupy the chambermaid, corrupt her to return false colours; he follows the fallacy, comes out accounted to his believ'd instructions; your mistress smiles, and you give him the dor.

Aso. Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

Amo. Told me? It is a strange outrecuidance! your humour too much rounddeth.

Aso. Why, sir, what, do you think you know more?

Amo. I know that a cook may as soon and properly be said to smell well, as you to be wise. I know these are most clear and clean strokes. But then, you have your passages and imbrogata's in courtship; as the bitter bob in wit; the reverse in face or wry-mouth; and these more subtil and secure offenders. I will example unto you; your opponent makes entry, as you are engag'd with your mistress. You seeing him, close in her ear with this whisper (here comes your Baboon, disgrace him) and withal, stepping off, fall on his bosom, and turning to her, politely, aloud say, lady, regard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court; and then, stooping over his shoulder, your hand on his breast, your mouth on his backside, you give him the reverse stroke, with this sanna or stork's-bill, which makes up your wits bob most bitter.

Aso. Nay, for heaven's sake, teach me no more. I know all as well — 'Slid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you choose me? why did the ladies prick out me? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest? by that light, and as I am a courtier, would I might never stir, but 'tis strange. Would to the lord the ladies would come once.

SCENE III.

Morphides, Amorphus, Asotus, Hedon, Amides, the Throng, Ladies, Citizen, Wife, Pages, Taylor, Mercer, Perfumer, Jeweller, &c.

Mor. Signior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you ready, sir?

Amo. Instantly. Go, accomplish your attire: cousin Morphides, assist me to make good the door with your officious tyranny.

Cit. By your leave my masters there, pray you let's come by.

Pag. You by? why should you come by more than we?

Wif. Why, sir? because he is my brother that plays the prizes.

Mor. Your brother? [in.]

Cit. I, her brother, sir, and we must come

Tay. Why, what are you?

Cit. I am her husband, sir.

Tay. Then thrust forward your head.

Amo. What tumult is there?

Mor. Who's there? bear back there. Stand from the door.

Amo. Enter none but the ladies and their hangbyes; welcome beauties and your kind shadows.

Hed. This country lady, my friend, good signior Amorphus.

Ana. And my cockatrice here.

Amo. She is welcome.

Mor. Knock those same pages there; and, Goodman coxcomb the citizen, who would you speak withal?

Amo. With whom? your brother?

Mor. Who is your brother?

Amo. Master Asotus? is he your brother? he is taken up with great persons; he is not to know you to-night.

Aso. O Jove, master! an' there come e'er a citizen gentlewoman in my name, let her have entrance, I pray you. It is my sister.

Wif. Brother.

Cit. Brother, master Asotus.

Aso. Who's there?

Wif. 'Tis I, brother.

Aso. Gods me! there she is, good master, intrude her.

Mor. Make place; bear back there.

Amo. Knock that simple fellow there.

Wif. Nay, good sir, it is my husband.

Mor. The simpler fellow he. Away, back with your head, sir.

Aso. Brother, you must pardon your non-entry: husbands are not allow'd here in truth. I'll come home soon with my sister, pray you meet us with a lanthorn, brother.

^a *It is a strange OUTRECUIDANCE.*] Pride, arrogance, or presumption.

^b *With this SANNA, or STORK'S BILL.*] *Sanna* is a Latin word which implies some gesture of scorn and contempt; which the poet calls *stork's bill*, in allusion to the *ciconia* of the ancients; a manner of deriding a person, by extending the fore-finger at him. See Casaubon on this verse of Persius,

O Junc, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit.—Sat. 1.

Be merry, sister; I shall make you laugh anon.

Pha. Your prize is not ready, Amorplus.

Amo. Apprehend your places, he shall be soon, and at all points.

Ana. Is there any body come to answer him? shall we have any sport?

Amo. Sport of importance; howsoever, give me the gloves.

Hed. Gloves! why gloves, signior?

Phi. What's the ceremony?

[He distributes gloves.]

Amo. Beside their receiv'd fitness, at all prizes, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my scholar's 'baviour to the lady Courtship. Please you apparel your hands. Madam Phantaste, madam Philantia, guardian, signior Hedon, signior Anacles, gentlemen all, ladies.

All. Thanks, good Amorplus.

Amo. I will now call forth my provost, and present him.

Ana. Heart! why should not we be masters as well as he?

Hed. That's true, and play our masters' prizes as well as the t'other?

Mor. In sadness, for using your court-weapons, methinks you may.

Pha. Nay, but why should not we ladies play our prizes, I pray? I see no reason but we should take 'em down at their own weapons.

Phi. Troth, and so we may if we handle 'em well.

Wif. I indeed, forsooth, madam, if 'twere i' the city, we would think foul scorn but we would, forsooth.

Pha. Pray you, what should we call your name?

Wif. My name is Downfall.

Hed. Good mistress Downfall! I am sorry your husband could not get in.

Wif. 'Tis no matter for him, sir.

Ana. No, no, she has the more liberty for herself.

Pha. Peace, peace: they come.

[A flourish.]

Amo. So, keep up your ruff; the tincture of your neck is not all so pure, but it will ask it. Maintain your sprig upright; your cloke on your half-shoulder falling; so: I will read your bill, advance it, and present you. Silence.

THE CHALLENGE.

"Be it known to all that profess courtship, by these presents (from the white satin reveller, to the cloth of tissue and bodkin) that we, Ulysses-Politropus-Amorplus, master of the noble and subtle science of courtship, do give leave and licence to our provost, Aclostus-Polypragmon-Asotus, to play his master's prize, against all masters whatsoever, in this subtle mystery, at these four, the

"choice and most cunning weapons of
"court-compliment, viz. the bare accost;
"the better regard; the solemn address;
"and the perfect close. These are therefore to give notice to all comers, that he, the said Aclostus-Polypragmon-Asotus, is here present (by the help of his mercer, taylor, milliner, sempster, and so forth) at his designed hour, in this fair gallery, the present day of this present month, to perform and do his uttermost for the achievement and bearing away of the prizes, which are these: viz. For the bare accost, two wall-eyes in a face forced: for the better regard, a face favourably simpering, with a fan waving: for the solemn address, two lips wagging, and never a wise word: for the perfect close, a wring by the hand, with a banquet in a corner. And Phoebus save Cynthia."

Appareth no man yet, to answer the prize? no voice? Musick, give them their summons. *[Musick sounds.]*

Pha. The solemnity of this is excellent.

Amo. Silence. Well, I perceive your name is their terror, and keepeth them back.

Ana. Faith, master, let's go; nobody comes. *Victus, victa, victum; victi, victa, victi*—let's be retrograde.

Amo. Stay. That were dispunt to the ladies. Rather, ourself shall be your encounter. Take your state up to the wall; and, lady, may we implore you to stand forth, as first term or bound to our courtship?

Hed. 'Fore heaven, 'twill shew rarely.

Amo. Sound a charge. *[A charge.]*

Ana. A pox on't. Your vulgar will count this fabulous and impudent now; by that candle, they'll ne'er conceit it.

Pha. Excellent well! admirable!

Phi. Peace. *[They act their accost separately to the lady that stands forth.]*

Hed. Most fashionably, believe it.

Phi. O, he is a well-spoken gentleman.

Ana. Now the other.

Phi. Very good.

Hed. For a scholar, Honour.

Ana. O, 'tis too Dutch. He reels too much.

Hed. This weapon is done. *[A flourish.]*

Amo. No, we have our two bouts at every weapon, expect.

SCENE IV.

[To them] Crites, Mercury.

Cri. Where be these gallants, and their brave prize here?

Mor. Who's there? bear back: keep the door.

Amo. What are you, sir?

Cri. By your licence, grand master. Come forward, sir.

Ana. Heart! who let in that rag there,

amongst us? Put him out, an impecunious creature.

Hed. Out with him.

Mor. Come, sir.

Amo. You must be retrograde.

Cri. Soft, sir, I am Truchman⁴, and do flourish before this Monsieur, or French-behav'd gentleman, here; who is drawn hither by report of your chartels, advanced in court, to prove his fortune with your prizer, so he may have fair play shewn him, and the liberty to chuse his stickler⁵.

Amo. Is he a master?

Cri. That, sir, he has to shew here; and confirmed under the hands of the most skilful and cunning complimentaries alive: Please you read, sir.

Amo. What shall we do?

Ana. Death, disgrace this fellow! the black stuff, whatever you do.

Amo. Why, but he comes with the stranger.

Hed. That's no matter. He is our own countryman.

Ana. I, and he is a scholar besides. You may disgrace him here with authority.

Amo. Well, see these first.

Amo. Now shall I be observed by you' scholar, till I sweat again; I would to Jove it were over.

Cri. Sir, this is the wight of worth, that dares you to the encounter. A gentleman of so pleasing and ridiculous a carriage; as, even standing, carries meat in the mouth, you see; and I assure you, although no bred courtling, yet a most particular man, of goodly havings, well fashion'd 'haviour, and of as hard'ned and excellent a bark, as the most naturally qualified amongst them, inform'd, reform'd, and transform'd, from his original citycism; by this elixir, or mere magazine of man. And for your spectators, you behold them what they are: the most choice particulars in court: this tells tales well; this provides coaches; this repeats jests; this presents gifts; this holds up the arras; this takes down from horse; this protests by this light; this swears by that candle: this delighteth; this adareth. Yet all but three men. Then for your ladies, the most proud witty creatures, all things apprehending, nothing understanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintainers of fools, mercers and minstrels, costly to be kept, miserably keeping, all disdaining, but their painter, and apothecary, 'twixt whom and them there is this reciprocal commerce, their beauties maintain their painters, and their painters their beauties.

Mer. Sir, you have play'd the painter yourself, and limn'd them to the life. I desire to deserve before 'em.

Amo. This is authentic. We must re-

solve to entertain the monsieur, howsoever we neglect him.

[*Having read the certificate.*]

Hed. Come, let's all go together, and salute him.

Ana. Content, and not look o' the other.

Amo. Well devis'd; and a most punishing disgrace.

Hed. On.

Amo. Monsieur, we must not so much betray ourselves to discourtesy, as to suffer you to be longer unsaluted: please you to use the state, ordain'd for the opponent; in which nature, without envy we receive you.

Hed. And embrace you.

Ana. And commend us to you, sir.

Phi. Believe it, he is a man of excellent silence.

Phi. He keeps all his wit for action.

Ana. This hath discountenanc'd our Scholaris, most richly.

Hed. Out of all emphasis. The monsieur sees we regard him not.

Amo. Hold on; make it known how bitter a thing it is, not to be look'd on in court.

Hed. 'Slud, will he call him to him yet? does not monsieur perceive our disgrace?

Ana. Heart, he is a fool, I see. We have done ourselves wrong to grace him.

Hed. 'Slight, what an ass was I to embrace him!

Cri. Illustrious and fearful judges—

Hed. Turn away, turn away.

Cri. It is the suit of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not to turn your tails, and whose noses I must follow) that he may have the justice, before he encounter his respected adversary, to see some light stroke of his play, commenc'd with some other.

Hed. Answer not him, but the stranger, we will not believe him.

Amo. I will demand him myself.

Cri. O dreadful disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feel it!

Amo. Is it your suit, monsieur, to see some prelude of my scholar? Now, sure the monsieur wants language!

Hed. And take upon him to be one of the accomplish'd? 'Slight, that's a good jest; would we could take him with that nullity. *Non sapete voi parlar? Italiano!*

Ana. 'Sfoot, the carp has no tongue.

Cri. Signior, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbear, and satisfy the monsieur's request.

Amo. Well, I will strike him more silent with admiration, and terrify his daring hither. He shall behold my own play with my scholar. Lady, with the touch of your white hand, let me re-instate you. Provost,

⁴ *Sir, I am TRUCHMAN.*] Interpreter; the word is originally Turkish.

⁵ *To chuse his STICKLER.*] i. e. his second.

begin to me, at the bare accost. Now, for the honour of my discipline. [*A charge.*]

Hed. Signior Amorphus, reflect, reflect: what means he by that mouthed wave?

Cri. He is in some distaste of your fellow-disciple.

Mer. Signior, your scholar might have play'd well still, if he could have kept his seat longer: I have enough of him, now. He is a mere piece of glass, I see through him by this time.

Amo. You come not to give us the scorn, monsieur?

Mer. Nor to be frighted with a face, signior! I have seen the lions. You must pardon me. I shall be loth to hazard a reputation with one that has not a reputation to lose!

Amo. How!

Mer. Meaning your pupil, sir.

Ana. This is that black devil there.

Amo. You do offer a strange affront, monsieur.

Cri. Sir, he shall yield you all the honour of a competent adversary, if you please to undertake him—

Mer. I am prest for the encounter.

Amo. Me? challenge me?

Amo. What! my master, sir? 'Slight, monsieur, meddle with me, do you hear? but do not meddle with my master.

Mer. Peace, good squib, go out.

Cri. And stink, he bids you.

Amo. Master?

Amo. Silence, I do accept him. Sit you down and observe. Me? he never profest a thing at more charges. Prepare yourself, sir. Challenge me? I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

Cri. How tender a traveller's spleen is? comparison to men that deserve least, is ever most offensive.

Amo. You are instructed in our chartel, and know our weapons?

Mer. I appear not without their notice, sir.

Amo. But must I lose the prizes, master?

Amo. I will win them for you, be patient. Lady, vouchsafe the tenure of this ensign. Who shall be your stickler?

Mer. Behold him.

Amo. I would not wish you a weaker. Sound musicks. I provoke you at the bare accost. [*A charge.*]

Phi. Excellent comely!

Cri. And worthily studied. This is the exalted foretop.

Hed. O, his leg was too much produc'd.

Ana. And his hat was carried scurvily.

Phi. Peace; let's see the monsieur's accost: Rare!

Phi. Sprightly and short.

Ana. True, it is the French courteau: he lacks but to have his nose slit.

Hed. He does hop. He does bound too much.

Amo. The second bout, to conclude this weapon. [*A flourish.*]

Phi. Good, believe it!

Phi. An excellent offer!

Cri. This is called the solemn band-string.

Hed. Foh, that cringe was not put home.

Ana. He makes a face like a stab'd Lucrece.

Amo. Well, he would needs take it upon him, but would I had done it for aill this. He makes me sit still here, like a baboon as I am.

Cri. Making villainous faces.

Phi. See the French prepares it richly.

Cri. I, this is cyepled the serious trine.

Ana. 'Slud, 'tis the horse-start out o' the brown study.

Cri. Rather the bird-ey'd stroke, sir. Your observance is too blunt, sir.

Amo. Judges, award the prize. Take breath, sir. This bout hath been laborious.

[*A flourish.*]

Amo. And yet your critick, or your Besso'gno, will think these things foppery, and easy, now.

Cri. Or rather mere lunacy. For would any reasonable creature make these his serious studies and perfections? much less, only live to these ends? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true love of none, and the just laughter of all.

Hed. We must prefer the monsieur, we courtiers must be partial.

Ana. Speak, guardian. Name the prize, at the bare accost.

Mer. A pair of wall-eyes in a face forced.

Ana. Give the monsieur. Amorphus hath lost his eyes.

Amo. I! is the palate of your judgment down? gentles, I do appeal.

Amo. Yes, master, to me. The judges be fools.

Ana. How now, sir? Tye up your tongue, mungrel. He cannot appeal.

Amo. Say you, sir?

Ana. Sit you still, sir.

Amo. Why, so I do. Do not I, I pray you?

Mer. Reimercy, madam, and these honourable censors.

Amo. Well, to the second weapon, the better regard:

I will encounter you better. Attempt.

Hed. Sweet Honour.

Phi. What says my good Ambition?

Hed. Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a Discretion with you, on Amorphus's head.

Phi. Why, I take the French-behav'd gentleman.

Hed. 'Tis done, a Discretion.

Cri. A Discretion? A pretty court-wager! would any discreet person hazard his wit, so?

Phi. I'll lay a Discretion with you, Anaides.

Ana. Hang 'em, I'll not venture a doit of Discretion on either of their heads—

Cri. No, he should venture all then.

Ana. I like none of their plays.

Hed. See, see, this 's strange play! [A charge.]

Ana. 'Tis too full of uncertain motion. He hobbles too much.

Cri. 'Tis call'd your court-staggers, sir.

Hed. That same fellow talks so, now he has a place.

Ana. Hang him, neglect him.

Mer. "Your good ladyships affectioned."

Wif. Gods so! they speak at this weapon, brother!

Ans. They must do so, sister, how should it be the better regard, else?

Pha. Methinks he did not this respectfully enough.

Phi. Why, the monsieur but dallies with him.

Hed. Dallies? 'Slight see, he'll put him to't in earnest. Well done, Amorpus.

Ana. 'T hat puff' was good indeed.

Cri. Gods me! This is desperate play. He hits himself o' the shins.

Hed. An' he make th's good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

Cri. Indeed he displays his feet, rarely.

Hed. See, see! he does the respective leer damnably well.

Ana. "The true idolater of your beauties, shall never pass their deities undored: I rest your poor knight."

Hed. See, now the oblique leer, or the Janus: he satisfies all with that aspect most nobly.

Cri. And most terribly he comes off; like your rodomontado. [A flourish.]

Pha. How like you this play, Analdes?

Ana. Good play; but 'tis too rough and boisterous.

Amo. I will second it with a stroke easier, wherein I will prove his language.

Ana. This is filthy, and grave, now. [A charge.]

Hed. O, 'tis cool and wary play. We must not disgrace our own camerade, too much.

Amo. *Signora, ho tanto obbligo per ye favore recinto da lei; che veramente desidero on tutto il core, a remunerarla in parte: et sicurative signora mea cara, ch'è iosera sempre pronto a servirla, et honorarla. Bascio le mane de vo' signoria.*

Cri. The Venetian dop this.

Pha. Most unexpectedly excellent! The French goes down certain.

Ans. "As buckets are put down into a well:

"Or as a school-boy—

Cri. 'I russ up your simile, Jack-daw, and observe.

Hed. Now the monsieur is mov'd.

Ana. Boe-peep.

Hed. O, must antie.

Cri. The French quirk this, sir.

Ana. Heart, he will over-run her!

Mer. *Madamegabelle, Je voudroy que pouvoy monstrier mon affection, mais je suis tant mal heureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci— Je ne scay qui de dire—excuse moy, Je suis tout vostre.* [A flourish.]

Phi. O brave and spirited! he's a right jovialist.

Pha. No, no: Amorpus's gravity outweighs it.

Cri. And yet your lady, or your feather would outweigh both.

Ana. What's the prize, lady, at this better regard?

Mor. A face favourably simpering, and a fan waving.

Ana. They have done doubtfully. Divide. Give the favourable face to the signior, and the light wave to the monsieur.

Amo. You become the simper well, lady.

Mer. And the wag, better.

Amo. Now, to our solemn address. Please the well-grac'd Philautia to relieve the lady Sentiner; she hath stood long.

Phi. With all my heart; come, guardian, resign your place.

Amo. Monsieur, furnish yourself with what solemnity of ornament you think fit for this third weapon; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke your devotion can possibly devise.

Mer. Let me alone, sir. I'll sufficiently decypher your amorous solemnities. Crites, have patience. See, if I hit not all their practic observance, with which they lime twigs, to catch their phantastic lady-birds.

Cri. I, but you should do more charitably, to do it more openly, that they might discover themselves mock'd in these monstrous affections.

Mer. Lacquey, where's the taylor?

[A charge.]

Tay. Here, sir.

Hed. See, they have their taylor, barber, perfumer, milliner, jeweller, feather-maker, all in common!

Ana. I, this is pretty.

Amo. Here is a hair too much, take it off. Where are thy mullets?

[They make themselves ready on the stage.]

Mer. Is this pink of equal proportion to this cut, standing off this distance from it?

Tay. That it is, sir.

Mer. Is it so, sir, you impudent poltroon? you slave, you list, you shreds, you—

Hed. Excellent. This was the best yet.

Ana. Why, we must use our taylors thus. This is our true magnanimity.

Mer. Come, go to, put on; we must bear with you for the time's sake.

Amo. Is the perfume rich, in this jerkin?

Per. Taste, sinell; I assure you, sir, pure

Benjamin', the only spirited scent that ever awak'd a Neapolitan nostril. You would wish yourself all nose for the love on't. I frotted a jerkin, for a new-revenu'd gentleman, yielded me threescore crowns but this morning, and the same titillation.

Ano. I savour no Sampsuchine in it.

Per. I am a Nulli-fidian, if there be not three-thirds of a scruple more of Sampsuchinum, in this confection, than ever I put in any. I'll tell you all the ingredients, sir.

Ano. You shall be simple to discover your simples.

Per. Simple? why sir? what reck I to whom I discover? I have in it Musk, Civet, Amber, Pheniceobalanus, the decoction of Turnericke, Susana, Nard, Spikenard, Calamus odoratus, Stacte, Opobalsamum, Amomum, Storax, Ladanum, Aspalathum, Opopanax, Oenanthe. And what of all these now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the sorting, and the dividing, and the mixing, and the tempering, and the searching, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation and the suffumigation.

Ano. Well, induce me with it.

Per. I will, sir.

Hed. An excellent confection.

Cri. And most worthy a true voluptuary. Jove! what a coil these musk-worms take to purchase another's delight? for themselves, who bear the odours, have ever the least sense of them. Yet, I do like better the prodigality of jewels and cloths, whereof one passeth to a man's heirs, the other at last wears out time. This presently expires, and without continual riot in reparation is lost: which whoso strives to keep, it is one special argument to me, that (affecting to smell better than other men) he doth indeed smell far worse.

Mer. I know you will say, it sits well, sir.

Tag. Good faith, if it do not, sir, let your mistress be judge.

Mer. By heaven, if my mistress do not like it, I'll make no more conscience to undo thee, than to undo an oyster.

Tag. Believe it, there's ne'er a mistress i' the world can mislike it.

Mer. No, not goodwife taylor, your mistress; that has only the judgment to heat your pressing-tool. But for a court-mistress, that studies these decorums, and knows the proportion of every cut, to a hair, knows why such a colour is cut upon such a colour, and when a satten is cut upon six tassels, will look that we should dive into the depth of the cut—Give me

my scarf. Shew some ribbauds, sirrah. Ha' you the feather?

Feet. I, sir.

Mer. Ha' you the jewel?

Jew. Yes, sir.

Mer. What must I give for the bire on't?

Jew. You'll give me six crowns, sir?

Mer. Six crowns! By heaven 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee to shew, and never let thee have it again.

Jew. I hope your worsnip will not do so, sir.

Mer. By Jove, sir, there be such tricks stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaves, that live by these court-decorums, and yet—What's your jewel worth, I pray?

Jew. A hundred crowns, sir.

Mer. A hundred crowns? and six for the loan on't an hour? what's that i' the hundred for the year? these impostors would not be hang'd? your thief is not comparable to 'em, by Hercules. Well, put it in, and the feather; you will ha't and you shall, and the pox give you good on't.

Ano. Give me my confects, my Moscardini, and place those colours in my hat.

Mer. These are Bolognian ribbauds, I warrant you.

Mil. In truth, sir; if they be not right Granado silk—

Mer. A pox on you, you'll all say so.

Mil. You give me not a penny, sir.

Mer. Come, sir, perfume my Devant; * may it ascend, like solemn sacrifice, into the nostrils of the Queen of Love.

Hed. Your French ceremonies are the best.

Ana. Monsieur, signior, your solemn address is too long; the ladies long to have you come on.

Ano. Soft, sir, our coming on is not so easily prepar'd, signior Fig.

Per. I, sir.

Ano. Can you help my complexion, here?

Per. O yes, sir, I have an excellent mineral fucus for the purpose. The gloves are right, sir, you shall bury them in a muck-hill, a draught, seven years, and take 'em out, and wash 'em, they shall still retain their first scent, true Spanish. There's Ambre i' the Umbre.

Mer. Your price, sweet Fig.

Per. Give me what you will, sir; the signior pays me two crowns a pair; you shall give me your love, sir.

Mer. My love? with a pox to you, goodman Sasafra.

* *Pure BENJAMIN.*] The true word is *Benjamin*, and *Benjamin* a vulgar corruption from it. It is an aromatic gum, sent into these parts from the East, from whence it is probable the name itself came likewise.

* *May it ascend, &c.*] These words and what follows are two verses, and should be printed as such;

*May it ascend, like solemn sacrifice,
Into the nostrils of the Queen of Love.*

Per. I come, sir. There's an excellent Diapasin in a chain too, if you like it.

Amo. Stay, what are the ingredients to your fucus?

Per. Nought but sublimate, and crude mercury, sir, well prepared and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.

Amo. I approve it. Lay it on.

Mer. I'll have your chain of pomander, sirrah; what's your price?

Per. We'll agree, monsieur; I'll a-sure you it was both decocted and dried where no sun came, and kept in an onyx ever since it was ball'd.

Mer. Come, invert my mustachio, and we have done.

Amo. 'Tis good.

Bar. Hold still I pray you, sir.

Per. Nay, the fucus is exorbitant, sir.

Mer. Death! dost thou burn me, harlot?

Bar. I beseech, you, sir.

Mer. Beggar, varlet, poltroon.

Hed. Excellent, excellent! [*A flourish.*]

Amo. Your French beat is the most natural beat of the world.

Amo. O that I had play'd at this weapon!

Phi. Peace, now they come on; the second part. [*A charge.*]

Amo. Madam, your beauties being so attractive, I muse you are left thus alone.

Phi. Better be alone, sir, than ill-accompanied.

Amo. Nought can be ill, lady, that can come near your goodness.

Mer. Sweet madam, on what part of you soever a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection; you are the lively image of Venus throughout; all the graces smile in your cheeks; your beauty nourishes, as well as delights; you have a tongue steep'd in honey, and a breath like a panther; your breasts and forehead are whiter than goat's milk, or May-blossoms; a cloud is not so soft as your skin——

Hed. Well strook, monsieur: he charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly*.

Mer. Your cheeks are Cupid's baths, wherein he uses to steep himself in milk and nectar: he does light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot and wound with their beams. Yet I love nothing in you, more than your innocence; you retain so native a simplicity, so unblam'd a behaviour. Methinks, with such a love, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure: you are the very spirit of a lady.

Amo. Fair play, monsieur, you are too hot on the quarry; give your competitor audience.

Amo. Lady, how stirring soever the

monsieur's tongue is, he will lie by your side more dull than your eunuch.

Amo. A good stroke; that mouth was excellently put over.

Amo. You are fair, lady——

Cri. You offer foul, signior, to close, keep your distance; for all your bravo rampant here.

Amo. I say you are a fair lady, let your choice be fit, as you are fair.

Mer. I say ladies do never believe they are fair, till some fool begins to doat upon 'em.

Phi. You play too rough, gentlemen.

[*A flourish.*]
Amo. Your frenchified fool is your only fool, lady: I do yield to this honourable monsieur in all civil and humane courtesy.

Mer. Buz.

Amo. Admirable. Give him the prize, give him the prize; that mouth, again, was most courtly hit, and rare.

Amo. I knew I should pass upon him with the better bob.

Hed. O, but the reverse was singular.

Phi. It was most subtle, Amorphus.

Amo. If I had done't, it should have been better.

Mer. How heartily they applaud this, Crites!

Cri. You suffer 'em too long.

Mer. I'll take off their edge instantly.

Amo. Name the prize, at the solemn address.

Phi. Two lips wagging.

Cri. And never a wise word, I take it.

Amo. Give to Amorphus. And, upon him again; let him not draw free breath.

Amo. Thanks, fair deliverer, and my honourable judges; madam Phantaste, you are our worthy object at this next weapon.

Phi. Most covetingly ready, Amorphus.

Hed. Your monsieur is crest-fall'n.

Amo. So are most of 'em once a year.

Amo. You will see, I shall now give him the gentle Dor presently, he forgetting to shift the colours, which are now chang'd with alteration of the mistress. At your last weapon, sir. The perfect close. Set forward, intend your approach, monsieur.

[*A charge.*]

Mer. 'Tis yours, signior.

Amo. With your example, sir.

Mer. Not I, sir.

Amo. It is your right.

Mer. By no possible means.

Amo. You have the way.

Mer. As I am noble——

Amo. As I am virtuous——

Mer. Pardon me, sir.

Amo. I will die first.

Mer. You are a tyrant in courtesy.

* *He charges like a Frenchman indeed, thick and hotly.*] Lucius Florus, I think, observes of them, that at their first onset, they appeared more than men; at their second, less than women.—*Dr. GRAY.*

Ano. He is remov'd—Judges, bear witness.

(Amorphus stays the other on his moving.)

Mer. What of that, sir?

Ano. You are remov'd, sir.

Mer. Well.

Ano. I challenge you; you have receiv'd the Dor. Give me the prize.

Mer. Soft, sir. How the Dor?

Ano. The common mistress, you see, is changed.

Mer. Right, sir.

Ano. And you have still in your hat the former colours.

Mer. You lie, sir, I have none: I have pull'd 'em out. I meant to play discolour'd.

Cri. The Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor, the Dor! the palpable Dor. *(A flourish.)*

Ana. Heart of my blood, Amorphus; what ha' you done? stuck a disgrace upon us all, and at your last weapon?

Ano. I could have done no more.

Hed. By heaven, it was most unfortunate luck.

Ana. Luck! by that candle, it was mere rashness, and over-sight; would any man have ventur'd to play so open, and forsake his ward? Dam' me if he have not eternally undone him-self, in court; and discountenanced us, that were his main countenance, by it.

Ano. Forgive it now. It was the solecism of my stars.

Cri. The wring by the hand, and the banquet, is ours.

Mer. O, here's a lady feels like a wench of the first year; you would think her hand did melt in your touch; and the bones of her fingers ran out at length, when you prest 'em, they are so gently delicate! He that had the grace to print a kiss on these lips, should taste wine and rose-leaves. O, she kisses as close as a cockle. Let's take 'em down, as deep as our hearts, till our very souls mix. Adieu, signior: good faith I shall drink to you at supper, sir.

Ana. Stay, monsieur. Who awards you the prize?

Cri. Why, his proper merit, sir; you see he has play'd down your grand garb-master, here.

Ana. That's not in your logick to determine, sir: you are no courtier. This is none of your seven or nine beggarly sciences, but a certain mystery above 'em, wherein we that have skill must pronounce, and not such freshmen as you are.

Cri. Indeed, I must declare myself to you no profest courtling; nor to have any excellent stroke at your subtle weapons; yet if you please, I dare venture a hit with you, or your fellow, sir Dagonet, here.

Ana. With me?

Cri. Yes, sir.

Ana. Heart, I shall never have such a fortune to save myself in a fellow again, and

your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'll undertake him.

Hed. Do, and swinge him soundly, good Anaides.

Ana. Let me alone, I'll play other manner of play, than has been seen yet. I would the prize lay on't.

Mer. It shall if you will, I forgive my right.

Ana. Are you so confident? what's your weapon?

Cri. At any, I, sir.

Mer. The perfect close, that's now the best.

Ana. Content, I'll pay your scholarship. Who offers?

Cri. Marry, that will I: I dare give you that advantage too.

Ana. You dare? well, look to your liberal sconce.

Mer. Make your play still, upon the answer, sir.

Ana. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horse.

Ano. Sit by me, master.

Mer. Now, Crites, strike home.

Cri. You shall see me undo the assur'd swaggerer with a trick, instantly: I will play all his own play before him; court the wench in his garb, in his phrase, with his face; leave him not so much as a look, an eye, a stalk, or an imperfect oath, to express himself by, after me. *(A charge.)*

Mer. Excellent, Crites.

Ana. When begin you, sir? have you consulted?

Cri. To your cost, sir; which is the piece stands forth to be courted? O, are you she? well, madam, or sweet lady, it is so, I do love you in some sort, do you conceive? and though I am no monsieur, nor no signior, and do want (as they say) logick and sophistry, and good words, to tell you why it is so; yet by this hand, and by that candle, it is so; and though I be no book-worm, nor one that deals by art, to give you rhetoric and causes, why it should be so, or make it good it is so; yet dam' me, but I know it is so, and am assur'd it is so, and I and my sword shall make it appear it is so, and give you reason sufficient how it can be no otherwise but so—

Hed. 'Slight, Anaides, you are mockt; and so we are all.

Mer. How now, signior! what, suffer yourself to be cozen'd of your courtship before your face?

Hed. This is plain confederacy to disgrace us: let's be gone, and plot some revenge.

Ana. "When men disgrace share,

"The lesser is the care."

Cri. Nay, stay, my dear ambition, I can do you over too. You that tell your mistress, her beauty is all compos'd of theft; her hair stole from Apollo's goldy-locks: her white and red, lilies and roses stol'n out

of paradise; her eyes two stars, plucked from the sky; her nose the gnomon of love's dial, that tells you how the clock of your heart goes: and for her other parts, as you cannot reckon 'em, they are so many; so you cannot recount them, they are so manifest. Yours, if his own, unfortunate Hoyden, instead of Hedon.

Asa. Sister, come away, I cannot endure 'em longer. [*A flourish.*]

Mer. Go Dors, and you, my madam Courting-stocks,

Follow your scorned and derided mates;
Tell to your guilty breasts, what mere gilt blocks

You are, and how unworthy human states.

Cri. Now, sacred god of Wit, if you can make [*graces,*]
Those, whom our sports tax in these apish
Kiss (like the fighting snakes) your peaceful rod;

These times shall canonize you for a god.

Mer. Why Crites, think you any noble spirit,

Or any, worth the title of a man,
Will be incens'd to see th' enchanted veils
Of self-conceit, and servile flattery,
(Wrapt in so many folds, by time and custom,)
Drawn from his wronged and bewitched eyes?
Who sees not now their shape and nakedness,
Is blinder than the son of earth, the mole;
Crown'd with no more humanity, nor soul.

Cri. Tho' they may see it, yet the huge estate [*gotten,*]

Fancy, and form, and sensual pride have
Will make them blush for anger, not for shame,

And turn shewn nakedness to impudence.
Humour is now the test we try things in:
All power is just: nought that delights is sin.
And yet the zeal of every knowing man
(Opprest with hills of tyranny, cast on virtue
By the light fancies of fools, thus transported)
Cannot but vent the Ætna of his fires,
T' inflame best bosoms with much worthier love [*shades;*]

Than of these outward and effeminate
That these vain joys, in which their wills consume

Such powers of wit and soul as are of force
To raise their beings to eternity,
May be converted on works fitting men:

And, for the practice of a forced look,
An antic gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Study the native frame of a true heart,
An inward comeliness of bounty, know-
ledge,

And spirit that may conform them actually
To god's high figures, which they have in power;

Which to neglect for a self-loving neatness,
Is sacrilege of an unpardon'd greatness.

Mer. Then let the truth of these things
strengthen thee,

In thy exempt and only man-like course;
Like it the more, the less it is respected:

Though men fail, virtue is by gods pro-
tected.

See, here comes Arete, I'll withdraw myself.

SCENE V.

Arete, Crites.

Are. Crites, you must provide straight
'Tis Cynthia's pleasure. [*for a mask,*]

Cri. How, bright Arete!

Why, 'twere a labour more for Hercules;
Better and sooner durst I undertake,
To make the different seasons of the year,
The winds, or elements, to sympathize,
Than their unmeasurable vanity

Dance truly in a measure. They agree?
What though all concord's born of contra-
So many follies will confusion prove, [*cries;*]
And like a sort of jarring instruments,
All out of tune; because (indeed) we see
There is not that analogy 'twixt discords,
As between things but merely opposite.

Are. There is your error: for as Hermes' wand

Charms the disorders of tumultuous ghosts;
And as the strife of Chaos then did cease,
When better light than Nature's did arrive:
So, what could never in itself agree,
Forgetteth the eccentric property,
And at her sight turns forthwith regular,
Whose sceptre guides the flowing ocean:
And though it did not, yet the most of them
(Being either courtiers, or not wholly rude)
Respect of majesty, the place, and presence,
Will keep them within ring, especially
When they are not presented as themselves,
But mask'd like others: for (in troth) not so
T'incorporate them, could be nothing else,
Than like a state unprovenc'd, without laws,
Or body made of nothing but diseases;
The one, through impatency, poor and
wretched;

The other, for the anarchy, absurd.

Cri. Eut, lady, for the revellers them-
selves,

It would be better (in my poor conceit)
That others were employ'd; for such as are
Unfit to be in Cynthia's court, can seem
No less unfit to be in Cynthia's sports.

Are. That, Crites, is not purposed with-
out

Particular knowledge of the goddess' mind:
(Who holding true intelligence, what follies
Had crept into her palace) she resolv'd
Of sports and triumphs, under that pretext,
To have them muster in their pomp and
fulness,

That so she might more strictly, and to root,
Effect the reformation she intends. [*all,*]

Cri. I now conceive her heav'nly drift in
And will apply my spirits to serve her will.
O thou, the very power by which I am,
And but for which it were in vain to be,
Chief next Diana, virgin heavenly fair,
Admired Arete (of them admir'd
Whose souls are not unkindled by the sense)

Disdain not thy chaste fire, but feed the
flame

Devoted truly to thy gracious name.

Are. Leave to suspect us: Crites well
shall find, [most kind.

As we are now most dear, we'll prove
Hark, I am call'd.

Cri. I follow instantly.

Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient rites,
And due devotions, I have ever hung
Elaborate Pæans on thy golden shrine,
Or sung thy triumphs in a lofty strain,
Fit for a theatre of gods to hear;
And thou the other son of mighty Jove,
Cyllenian Mercury (sweet Maia's joy)
If in the busy tumults of the mind,
My path thou ever hast illuminated,
For which thine altars I have oft perfum'd,
And deck'd thy statues with discolour'd
flowers:

Now thrive invention in this glorious court,
That not of bounty only, but of right,
Cynthia may grace, and give it life by sight.

SCENE VI.

*Hesperus, Cynthia, Arete, Time, Phronesis,
Thauma.*

THE HYMN.

"Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair,

"Now the sun is laid to sleep,

"Seated in thy silver chair,

"State in wonted manner keep":

"Hesperus entreats thy light,

"Goddess excellently bright.

"Earth, let not thy envious shade

"Dare itself to interpose;

"Cynthia's shining orb was made

"Heav'n to clear, when day did close:

"Bless us then with wished sight,

"Goddess excellently bright.

"Lay thy bow of pearl apart,

"And thy crystal shining quiver;

"Give unto the flying hart

"Space to breathe, how short soever:

"Thou that mak'st a day of night,

"Goddess excellently bright."

Cyn. When hath Diana (like an envious
wretch,

That glitters only to his soothed self,
Denying to the world the precious use
Of hoarded wealth) withheld her friendly
aid?

Monthly we spend our still-repaired shine,
And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
To burn and blaze, while nutriment doth
last:

That once consum'd, out of Jove's treasury
Anew we take, and stick it in our sphere,
To give the mutinous kind of wanting men
Their look'd-for light. Yet what is their
desert?

Bounty is wrong'd, interpreted as due;
Mortals can challenge not a ray, by right,
Yet do expect the whole of Cynthia's light.
But if that deities withdraw their gifts
For human follies, what could men deserve
But death and darkness? It behoves the high,
For their own sakes, to do things worthily.

Are. Most true, most sacred goddess;
for the heav'n's

Receive no good of all the good they do:

Nor Jove, nor you, nor other heav'nly
pow'rs, [rise,

Are fed with fumes which do from incense
Or sacrifices reeking in their gore;

Yet, for the care which you of mortals have
(Whose proper good it is that they be so)

You well are pleas'd with odours redolent:
But ignorant is all the race of men,

Which still complains, not knowing why, or
when. [blame,

Cyn. Else, noble Arete, they would not
And tax, or for unjust, or for as proud,

Thy Cynthia, in the things which are indeed
The greatest glories in our starry crown;

Such is our chastity, which safely scorns
(Not love, for who more fervently doth love

Immortal honour, and divine renown?
But) giddy Cupid, Venus' frantic son.

Yet, Arete, if by this veiled light
We but discover'd (what we not discern)

Any the least of imputations stand
Ready to sprinkle our unspotted fame

With note of lightness, from these revels
near;

¹ *And deck'd thy statues with discolour'd flowers.*] i. e. with flowers of different colours. There is a spirit of poetry in this invocation, truly noble, and not unworthy of a classic author. The learned reader may compare it with the address of Chryses to Apollo, in the first book of HOMER'S *Iliad*.

² *Seated in thy silver chair,*

State in wonted manner keep.] In the party-disputes between the admirers of Shakespeare and Jonson, as the one was affirmed to want learning, the other was said to have had no imagination; but there are instances in the works of both, sufficient to refute this opinion; and it may be observed of Jonson, that as he really possessed much reading and critical judgment, his poetry has a correctness and truth, which result from a close attention to the ancient masters. This little hymn is delicate both in the sentiment and expression; the images are picturesque, the verse easy and flowing. Milton has a thought not unlike the lines above, which, from the similitude of the expression, one is tempted to believe he took from hence:

"Come, but keep thy wonted state

"With even step, and musing gait."—*Il Penseroso.*

Not, for the empire of the universe,
Should night, or court, this whatsoever
shine,

Or grace of ours unhappily enjoy.

"Place and occasion are two privy thieves,

"And from poor innocent ladies often steal

"(The best of things) an honourable name;

"To stay with follies, or where faults may

be,

"Infer a crime, although the party free."

Are. How Cynthia-ly (that is, how
worthily

And like herself) the matchless Cynthia
speaks!

Infinite jealousies, infinite regards,

Do watch about the true virginity:

But Phœbe lives from all, not only fault,

But as from thought, so from suspicion free.

Thy presence broad-seals our delights for
pure;

What's done in Cynthia's sight, is done
secure.

Cyn. That then so answer'd, (dearest
Arete) [sports

What th' argument, or of what sort our
Are like to be this night, I not demand.

Nothing which duty, and desire to please

Bears written in the forehead, comes amiss.

But unto whose invention must we owe

The complement of this night's furniture?

Are. Excellent goddess, to a man's, whose
worth

(Without hyperbole) I thus may praise;

One (at least) studious of deserving well,

And (to speak truth) indeed deserving well.

Potential merit stands for actual,

Where only opportunity doth want,

Not will, nor power; both which in him
abound.

One whom the Muses and Minerva love.

For whom should they, than Crites, more
esteem, [dear?

Whom Phœbus (though not Fortune) holdeth

And (which convinceth excellence in him)

A principal admirer of yourself.

Even through th' ungentle injuries of Fate,

And difficulties, which do virtue choke,

Thus much of him appears. What other
things

Of farther note do lie unborn in him,

Them I do leave for cherishment to shew,

And for a goddess graciously to judge.

Cyn. We have already judg'd him, Arete;

Nor are we ignorant, how noble minds

Suffer too much through those indignities

Which times and vicious persons cast on
them.

Ourselves have ever vowed to esteem

(As virtue for itself, so) fortune base;

Who's first in worth, the same be first in
place.

Nor farther notice (Arete) we crave

Than thine approval's sovereign warranty:

Let't be thy care to make us known to him;

"Cynthia shall brighten what the world
made dim."

SCENE VII.

The First Masque.

Cupid, like Anteros. [To them.]

Cup. Clear pearl of heaven, and, not to be
farther ambitious in titles, Cynthia: the
fame of this illustrious night, among others,
hath also drawn these four fair virgins from
the palace of their queen Perfection, (a
word which makes no sufficient difference
'twixt hers and thine) to visit thy imperial
court: for she, their sovereign, not finding
where to dwell among men, before her re-
turn to heaven, advised them wholly to con-
secrate themselves to thy celestial service,
as in whose clear spirit (the proper element
and sphere of virtue) they should behold
not her alone (their ever-honour'd mistress),
but themselves (more truly themselves) to
live enthroniz'd. Herself would have com-
mended them unto thy favour more parti-
cularly, but that she knows no commenda-
tion is more available with thee, than that of
proper virtue. Nevertheless she wou'd them
to present this crystal mound, a note of mo-
narchy, and symbol of perfection, to thy
more worthy deity; which, as here by me
they most humbly do, so amongst the ra-
rities thereof, that is the chief, to shew what-
soever the world hath excellent, howsoever
remote and various. But your irradiate
judgment will soon discover the secrets of
this little crystal world. Themselves (to
appear more plainly) because they know
nothing more odious than false pretex-
ts, have chosen to express their several quali-
ties thus in several colours.

The first, in citron colour, is natural Affec-
tion, which given us to procure our good, is
sometime called *Storge*; and as every one
is nearest to himself, so this handmaid of
reason, allowable self-love, as it is without
harm, so are none without it: her place in
the court of Perfection was to quicken
minds in the pursuit of honour. Her device
is a perpendicular level, upon a cube or
square; the word, *se suo modulo*; alluding
to that true measure of one's self, which as
every one ought to make, so is it most con-
spicuous in thy divine example.

The second, in green, is *Aglaia*, delecta-
ble and pleasant conversation, whose pro-
perty is to move a kindly delight, and some-
time not without laughter: her office to en-
tertain assemblies, and keep societies toge-
ther with fair familiarity. Her device,
within a ring of clouds, a heart with shine
about it; the word, *curarum nubila pello*:
an allegory of Cynthia's light, which no less
clears the sky than her fair mirth the heart.

The third, in the discolour'd mantle
spangled all over, is *Euphantasia*, a well-
conceited Wit, and employ'd in ho-
nouring the court with the riches of her
pure invention. Her device, upon a *Petase*

or mercurial hat, a crescent; the word, *sic laus ingenii*; inferring that the praise and glory of wit doth ever increase, as doth thy growing moon.

The fourth, in white, is Apheleia, a nymph as pure and simple as the soul, or as an abrase table, and is therefore called Simplicity; without folds, without plaits, without colour, without counterfeit; and (to speak plainly) plainness itself. Her device is no device¹¹. The word under her silver shield, *omnis abest fucus*; alluding to thy spotless self, who art as far from impurity as from mortality.

Myself (celestial goddess) more fit for the court of Cynthia than the harbours of Cytherè, am call'd Anteros, or Love's enemy; the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this Quaternion, who as they are thy professed votaries, and for that cause adversaries to love, yet thee (perpetual virgin) they both love, and vow to love eternally.

SCENE VIII.

Cynthia, Arete, Crites.

Cyn. Not without wonder, nor without delight, (depth)

Mine eyes have view'd (in contemplation's) This work of wit, divine and excellent: What shape, what substance, or what unknown power

In virgin's habit, crown'd with laurel leaves, And olive-branches woven in between, On sea-girt rocks, like to a goddess shines? O front! O face! O all celestial sure, And more than mortal! Arete, behold Another Cynthia, and another queen, Whose glory (like a lasting Plenilune) Seems ignorant of what it is to wane. Nor under heav'n an object could be found More fit to please. Let Crites make approach.

Bounty forbids to pall our thanks with stay, Or to defer our favour, after view: The time of grace is, when the cause is new.

Are. Lo, here the man (celestial Delia) Who (like a circle bounded in itself) Contains as much as man in fulness may. Lo, here the man, who not of usual earth, But of that nobler and more precious mould Which Phœbus self doth temper, is compos'd: (ward)

And, who (though all were wanting to re- Yet to himself he would not wanting be: Thy favour's gain is his ambition's most, And labour's best; who (humble in his height) Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.

Cyn. With no less pleasure, than we have beheld

This precious crystal work of rarest wit,

¹¹ Her device is no device.] i. e. She bears a plain shield, without any emblem portrayed upon it.

Our eye doth read thee (now instill'd) our Crites; (last,

Whom learning, virtue, and our favour Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.

With common eye the Supreme should not see:

Henceforth be ours, the more thyself to be: *Cri.* Heav'n's purest light, whose orb may

be eclips'd,

But not thy praise; (divinest Cynthia) How much too narrow for so high a grace,

Thine (save therein) the most unworthy Crites,

Doth find himself! for ever shine thy fame; Thine honours ever, as thy beauties do.

In me they must, my dark world's chiefest lights, (rais'd

By whose propitious beams my powers are To hope some part of those most lofty points,

Which blessed Arete hath pleas'd to name, As marks, to which m' endeavours steps

should bend: Mine as begun at thee, in thee must end.

SCENE IX.

The Second Masque.

Mercury as a Page.

Mer. Sister of Phœbus, to whose bright orb we owe, that we not complain of his absence: these four brethren (for they are brethren and sons of Eutexia, a lady known, and highly belov'd of your resplendent deity) not able to be absent, when Cynthia held a solemnity, officiously insinuate themselves into thy presence: for, as there are four cardinal virtues, upon which the whole frame of the court doth move, so are these the four cardinal properties, without which the body of compliment moveth not. With these four silver javelins (which they bear in their hands) they support in princes' courts the state of the presence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may seem superfluous, yet, for honour's sake, they thus presume to visit thee, having also been employed in the palace of queen Perfection. And though to them that would make themselves gracious to a goddess, sacrifices were fitter than presents, of impresses, yet they both hope thy favour, and (in place of either) use several symbols containing the titles of thy imperial dignity.

First, the hithermost, in the changeable blue and green robe, is the commendably-fashioned gallant, Eucosmos; whose courtly habit is the grace of the presence, and delight of the surviving eye: whom ladies understand by the names of Neat and Elegant. His symbol is *divæ virginis*, in which he would express thy deity's principal glory, which hath ever been virginity.

The second, in the rich accoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is Eupathes; who entertains his mind with an harmless, but not incurious variety: all the objects of his senses are sumptuous, himself a gallant, that, without excess, can make use of superfluity, go richly in embroideries, jewels, and what not, without vanity, and fare delicately without gluttony, and therefore (not without cause) is universally thought to be of fine humour. His symbol is, *dixæ optima*; an attribute to express thy goodness, in which thou so resemblest Jove thy father.

The third, in the blush-colour'd suit, is Eutolmos, as duly respecting others, as never neglecting himself; commonly known by the title of good Audacity; to courts and courtly assemblies a guest most acceptable. His symbol is, *dixæ viragini*; to express thy hardy courage in chase of savage beasts, which harbour in woods and wildernesses.

The fourth, in watchet tinsel, is the kind and truly benifique Eucolos, who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficulty, and hath the happiness to make every kindness seem double, by the timely and freely bestowing thereof. He is the chief of them, who (by the vulgar) are said to be of good nature. His symbol is, *dixæ maximæ*; an adjunct to signify thy greatness, which in heaven, earth, and hell, is formidable.

SCENE X.

(The masques join, and they dance.)

Cupid, Mercury.

Cup. Is not that Amorpus, the traveller?

Mer. As though it were not! do you not see how his legs are in travel with a measure?

Cup. Hedon, thy master, is next.

Mer. What, will Cupid turn nomenclator, and cry them?

Cup. No faith, but I have a comedy toward, that would not be lost for a kingdom.

Mer. In good time, for Cupid will prove the comedy.

Cup. Mercury, I am studying how to match them.

Mer. How to mismatch them were harder.

Cup. They are the nymphs must do it; I shall sport myself with their passions above measure.

Mer. Those nymphs would be tam'd a little indeed, but I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose.

Cup. O yes, here be of all sorts, flights, rovers, and but-shafts. But I can wound with a brandish, and never draw bow for the matter.

Mer. I cannot but believe it, my invisible archer, and yet methinks you are tedious.

Cup. It behoves me to be somewhat circumspect, Mercury; for if Cynthia hear the twang of my bow, she'll go near to whip me with the string: therefore, to prevent that, I thus discharge a brandish upon — it makes no matter which of the couples. Phantaste and Amorpus, at you.

Mer. Will the shaking of a shaft strike 'em into such a fever of affection?

Cup. As well as the wink of an eye; but, I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

Mer. Jove forbid I hinder thee. Marry, all that I fear is Cynthia's presence, which, with the cold of her chastity, casteth such an antiperistasis about the place, that no heat of thine will tarry with the patient.

Cup. It will tarry the rather, for the antiperistasis will keep it in.

Mer. I long to see the experiment.

Cup. Why, their marrow boils already, or they are all turn'd eunuchs.

Mer. Nay, and't be so, I'll give over speaking, and be a spectator only.

[The first strain done.]

Amo. Cynthia, (by my bright soul) is a right exquisite and splendidious lady; yet Amorpus, I think, hath seen more fashions, I am sure more countries; but whether I have or not, whether need we gaze on Cynthia, that have ourself to admire?

Pha. O, excellent Cynthia! yet if Phantaste sat where she does, and had such attire on her head (for attire can do much) I say no more — but goddesses are goddesses, and Phantaste is as she is! I would the revels were done once, I might go to my school of glass again, and learn to do myself right after all this ruffling.

Mer. How now, Cupid? here's a wonderful change with your brandish! do you not hear how they dote?

Cup. What prodigy is this? no word of love, no mention, no motion?

Mer. Not a word, my little *ignis fatue*, not a word.

Cup. Are my darts enchanted? is their vigour gone? is their virtue —

Mer. What? Cupid turn'd jealous of himself? ha, ha, ha.

Cup. Laughs Mercury?

Mer. Is Cupid angry?

Cup. Hath he not cause, when his purpose is so deluded?

Mer. A rare comedy, it shall be intitled Cupid's!

Cup. Do not scorn us, Hermes.

Mer. Choler and Cupid are two fiery things; I scorn 'em not. But I see that comes to pass, which I presag'd in the beginning.

Cup. You cannot tell: perhaps the physick will not work so soon upon some as upon others. It may be the rest are not so resty.

Mer. *Ex ungue*; you know the old adage; as these, so are the remainder.

Cup. I'll try : this is the same shaft with which I wounded Argurion.

Mer. I, but let me save you a labour, Cupid : there were certain bottles of water fetch'd, and drunk off (since that time) by these gallants.

Cup. Jove strike me into earth : the fountain of self-love.

Mer. Nay, faint not, Cupid.

Cup. I remember'd it not.

Mer. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of Anteros upon you ; you know not what charm or enchantment lies in the word : you saw, I durst not venture upon any device in our presentment, but was content to be no other than a simple page. Your arrows' properties (to keep decorum) Cupid, are suited (it should seem) to the nature of him you personate.

Cup. Indignity not to be borne.

Mer. Nay, rather, an attempt to have been forborne.

Cup. How might I revenge myself on this insulting Mercury ? there's Crites, his minion, he has not tasted of this water. It shall be so. Is Crites turn'd dotard on himself too ? *[The second strain.]*

Mer. That follows not, because the venom of your shafts cannot pierce him, Cupid.

Cup. As though there were one antidote for these, and another for him.

Mer. As though there were not ; or as if one effect might not arise of divers causes ? What say you to Cynthia, Arete, Phronesis, Time, and others there ?

Cup. They are divine.

Mer. And Crites aspires to be so.

Cup. But that shall not serve him.

Mer. 'Tis like to do it, at this time. But Cupid is grown too covetous, that will not spare one of a multitude.

Cup. One is more than a multitude.

[The third strain.]
Mer. Arete's favour makes any one shot-proof against thee, Cupid. I pray thee, light honey-bee, remember thou art not now in Adonis' garden, but in Cynthia's presence, where thorns lie in garrison about the roses. Soft, Cynthia speaks.

SCENE XI.

Cynthia, Arete, Crites, Masquers.

Cyn. Ladies and gallants of our court, to end

And give a timely period to our sports,
Let us conclude them with declining night ;
Our empire is but of the darker half.
And if you judge it any recompence
For your fair pains t'have earn'd Diana's thanks,

Diana grants them, and bestows their crown
To gratify your acceptable zeal.

For you are they, that not (as some have done)

Do censure us, as too severe and sour,
But as (more rightly) gracious to the good ;
Although we not deny, unto the proud,
Or the profane, perhaps indeed austere :

For so Actæon, by presuming far,
Did (to our grief) incur a fatal doom ;
And so, swoln Niobe (comparing more
Than he presum'd) was trophæd into stone.

But are we therefore judg'd too extreme ?
Seems it no crime, to enter sacred bowers,
And hallowed places, with impure aspect,
Most lewdly to pollute ? Seems it no crime

To brave a deity ? Let mortals learn
To make religion of offending heaven,
And not at all to censure powers divine.
To men this argument should stand for firm,

A goddess did it, therefore it was good :
We are not cruel, nor delight in blood.

But what have serious repetitions
To do with revels, and the sports of court ?

We not intend to sour your late delights
With harsh expostulation. Let's suffice
That we take notice, and can take revenge
Of these calumnious and lewd blasphemies.

For we are no less Cynthia than we were,
Nor is our power, but as ourself, the same :

Though we have now put on no tire of shine,¹¹

But mortal eyes undazzled may endure.

Years are beneath the spheres, and time
makes weak *[govern heaven.]*

Things under heaven, not powers which
And though ourself be in ourself secure,

Yet let not mortals challenge to themselves
Immunity from thence. Lo, this is all :

" Honour hath store of spleen, but wanteth
gall." *[Thanks]*

Once more, we cast the slumber of our
On your ta'en toil, which here let take an
end.

And that we not mistake your several worths,
Nor you our favour, from yourselves remove

What makes you not yourselves, those
clouds of mask :

Particular pains particular thanks do ask.

[They unmask.]
How ! let me view you. Ha ! are we con-

temn'd ?

Is there so little awe of our disdain,
That any (under trust of their disguise)

Should mix themselves with others of the
court,

And (without forehead) boldly press so far,
As farther none ? How apt is lenity

To be abus'd ? severity to be loth'd ?
And yet, how much more doth the seeming
face *[names]*

Of neighbour virtues, and their borrowed
Add of lewd boldness to loose vanities ?

Who would have thought that Philautia
durst

¹¹ No tire of shine.] i. e. no attire of light.

Or have usurped noble Storge's name,
Or with that theft have ventur'd on our eyes? [should hope]

Who would have thought, that all of them
So much of our connivance, as to come¹¹
To grace themselves with titles not their own?

Instead of med'cines, have we maladies?
And such imposthumes as Phantaste is,
Grow in our palace? We must lance these sores,

Or all will putrify. Nor are these all,
For we suspect a farther fraud than this:
Take off our veil, that shadows may depart,
And shapes appear: beloved Arete!—So,
Another face of things presents itself,
Than did of late. What! feather'd Cupid mask'd, [strange!]

And mask'd like Anteros? And stay! more
Dear Mercury, our brother, like a page,
To countenance the ambush of the boy!
Nor endeth our discovery as yet:
Gelaia, like a nymph, that but erewhile
(In male attire) did serve Anaiides?
Cupid came hither to find sport and game,
Who heretofore hath been too conversant
Among our train, but never felt revenge;
And Mercury bare Cupid company.
Cupid, we must confess, this time of mirth
(Proclaim'd by us) gave opportunity
To thy attempts, although no privilege:
Tempt us no farther; we cannot endure
Thy presence longer; vanish hence, away.
You, Mercury, we must entreat to stay,
And hear what we determine of the rest;
For in this plot we well perceive your hand,
But (for we mean not a censorian task,
And yet to lance these ulcers grown so ripe)
Dear Arete, and Crites, to you two
We give the charge; impose what pains you please:

Th' incurable cut off, the rest reform,
Remembering ever what we first decreed,
Since revels were proclaim'd, let none none bleed.

[times,
Are. How well Diana can distinguish
And sort her censures, keeping to herself
The doom of gods, leaving the rest to us?
Come, cite them, Crites, first, and then proceed.

Cri. First Philautia, (for she was the first);
Then light Gelaia in Aglaia's name;
Thirdly, Phantaste, and Moria next;
Main Follies all, and of the female crew:
Amorphus, or Eucosmos' counterfeited,
Voluptuous Hedon ta'en for Eupathes,
Brazen Anaiides, and Asotus last,
With his two pages, Morus and Prosaites;
And thou, the traveller's evil, Cos, approach,

Impostors all, and male deformities——

Are. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power,

And will that at thy mercy they do stand,
Whom they so oft, so plainly scorn'd before.
'Tis virtue which they want, and wanting it,
Honour no garment to their backs can fit.
I then, Crites, practise thy discretion.

Cri. Adored Cynthia, and bright Arete,
Another might seem fitter for this task,
'Tis I than Crites far, but that you judge not so:
For I (not to appear vindictive,
Or mindful of contempts, which I contemn'd,
As done of impotence) must be remiss;
Who, as I was the author in some sort,
To work their knowledge into Cynthia's sight,

So should be much severer to revenge
Th' indignity hence issuing to her name:
But there's not one of these who are un-
pain'd,

Or by themselves unpunish'd; for vice
Is like a fury to the vicious mind,
And turns delight itself to punishment.
But we must forward, to design their doom.
You are offenders, that must be confest;
Do you confess it?

All. We do.

Cri. And that you merit sharp correction?

All. Yes. [grace,

Cri. Then we (reserving unto Delia's
Her farther pleasure, and to Arete
What Delia granteth) thus do sentence you;
That from this place (for penance known
of all,
Since you have drunk so deeply of self-love)
You (two and two) singing a Palinode,
March to your several homes by Niobe's stone,

And offer up two tears a-piece thereon,
That it may change the name, as you must change,

And of a stone be called Weeping-cross,
Because it standeth 'cross of Cynthia's way,
One of whose names is sacred Trivia.
And, after penance thus perform'd, you pass
In like set order, not as Midas did,
To wash his gold off into Tagus' stream;
But to the well of knowledge, Helicon;
Where purged of your present maladies,
(Which are not few, nor slender) you be-
come [return,

Such as you fain would seem, and then
Offering your service to great Cynthia.

This is your sentence, if the goddess please
To ratify it with her high consent,
The scope of wise mirth unto fruit is bent.

Cyn. We do approve thy censure, be-
lov'd Crites;

Which Mercury thy true propitious friend,
(A deity next Jove below'd of us)
Will undertake to see exactly done.
And for this service of discovery,
Perform'd by thee, in honour of our name,
We vow to guardon it with such due grace
As shall become our bounty, and thy place.

¹¹ So much of our CONTINENCE, as to come, &c.] This is the reading of the latter editions, copied from the folio of 1640. That of 1616, reads with good sense, connivance.

"Princes that would their people should do well,
 "Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
 "For men, by their example, pattern out,
 "Their imitations, and regard of laws:
 "A virtuous court a world to virtue draws."

PALINODE.

Amo. "From Spanish shrugs, French
 "faces, smirks, irps, and all affected hu-
 "mours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. "From secret friends, sweet ser-
 "vants, loves, doves, and such fantastic hu-
 "mours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From stabbing of arms, flap-dra-
 "gons, healths, whiffs, and all such swag-
 "gering humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. "From waving fans, coy glances,
 "glicks, cringes, and all such simpering hu-
 "mours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From making love by attorney,
 "courting of puppets, and paying for new
 "acquaintance,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. "From perfum'd dogs, monkeys,
 "sparrows, dildoes, and parochitoes,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From wearing bracelets of hair,
 "shoe-ties, gloves, garters, and rings with
 "poesies,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. "From pargetting, painting, slick-
 "ing, glazing, and renewing old rivel'd
 "faces,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From squiring to tilt-yards, play-
 "houses, pageants, and all such public
 "places,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Pha. "From entertaining one gallant to
 "gull another, and make fools of either,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

Amo. "From belying ladies' favours, no-
 "blemen's countenance, coining counterfeit
 "employments, vain-glorious taking to
 "them other men's services, and all self-
 "loving humours,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us.

SONG.

"Now each one dry his weeping eyes,
 "And to the well of knowledge haste;
 "Where purged of your maladies,
 "You may of sweeter waters taste,
 "And, with refined voice, report
 "The grace of Cynthia, and her court."

EPILOGUE.

THE EPILOGUE.

GENTLES, be't known to you, since I
 went in,
 I am turn'd rhimer, and do thus begin :
 The author (jealous how your sense doth
 take
 His travails¹⁾ hath enjoined me to make
 Some short and ceremonious epilogue ;
 But if I yet know what, I am a rogue ;
 He ties me to such laws as quite distract
 My thoughts, and would a year of time
 exact :
 I neither must be faint, remiss, nor sorry
 Sour, serious, confident, nor peremptory ;
 But betwixt these : let's see ; ² to lay the
 blame

Upon the children's action, that were lame.
 To crave your favour, with a begging knee,
 Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
 To promise better at the next we bring,
 Prorogues disgrace, commends not any
 thing.
 Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
 The play, might tax the maker of self-love.
 I'll only speak, what I have heard him say,
 " By — 'tis good, and if you like't, you
 may."

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat,
odit. [cent.
Hoc volo : nunc nobis carmina nostra pla-

1 ——— Jealous how your sense doth take

His TRAVELS.] We should here conform to the antient spelling, and read his *travails*, his labours.

2 ——— To lay the blame

Upon the CHILDREN'S actions.] The children of the Queen's chapel, who acted the play.

This Comical Satire was first acted in the year 1600.

The principal Comedians were,

NAT. FIELD,
 SAL. PAVY,
 THO. DAVY,

JOH. UNDERWOOD,
 ROB. BAXTER,
 JOH. FROST.

POETASTER; OR, HIS ARRAIGNMENT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
MECÆNAS.
MARC. OVID.
COR. GALLUS.
PROPERTIUS.
FUS. ARISTUS.
PUB. OVID.
VIRGIL.
HORACE.
TREBATIUS.
LUPUS.
TUCCA.
LUSCUS.

CRISPINUS.
HERMOGENES.
DE. FANNIUS.
ALBIUS.
MINOS.
HISTRIO.
PYRGUS.
LICTORS.
JULIA.
CYTHERIS.
PLAUTA.
CHLOE.
MAIDS.

SCENE. Rome.

After the second sounding,

Exit, arising in the midst of the Stage.

LIGHT, I salute thee, but with wounded
 nerves, [ness.
Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy dark-
What's here! th' arraignment? I; 'this,
 this is it, [while
That our sunk eyes have wak'd for all this
Here will be subject for my snakes and me.
Cling to my neck and wrists, my loving
 worms, [folds,
And cast you round in soft and amorous
Till I do bid uncurl; then, break your
 knots, [stings
Shoot out yourselves at length, as your forc'd
Would hide themselves within his malic'd
 sides,
To whom I shall apply you. Stay! the shine
Of this assembly here offends my sight;
I'll darken that first, and out-face their
 grace.
Wonder not, if I stare: these fifteen weeks
(So long as since the plot was but an em-
 brion)
Have I, with burning lights mix'd vigilant
 thoughts,
In expectation of this hated play,
To which (at last) I am arriv'd as prologue.
Ner would I you should look for other
 looks,
Gesture, or compliment from me, than what

The infected bulk of Envy can afford:
For I am riss here with a covetous hope,
To blast your pleasures and destroy your
sports,
With wrestings, comments, applications,
Spy-like suggestions, privy whisperings,
And thousand such promoting sleights as
these.
Mark how I will begin : the scene is, ha !
Rome? Rome? and Rome? Crack eye-
strings, and your balls
Drop into earth; let me be ever blind.
I am prevented ; all my hopes are crost,
Check'd and abated ; he, a freezing sweat
Flows forth at all my pores, my entrails
burn : [vext soul,
What should I do? Rome? Rome? O my
How might I force this to the present state?
Are there no players here? no poet apes,
That come with basilisk's eyes, whose forked
tongues
Are steep'd in venom, as their hearts in gall?
Either of these would help me ; they could
wrest,
Pervert and poison all they hear, or see,
With senseless glosses, and illusions.
Now if you be good devils, fly me not.
You know what dear and ample faculties
I have endow'd you with : I'll lend you
more. [eat,
Here, take my snakes among you, come and
And while the squeeze'd juice flows in your
black jaws,

¹ *What's here? TH' arraignment?*] The title of the play; which Envy is supposed to see, and read when she comes upon the stage.

Help me to damn the author. Spit it forth
Upon his lines, and shew your rusty teeth
At every word, or accent: or else chuse
Out of my longest vipers, to stick down
In your deep throats; and let the heads
come forth [arm'd
At your rank mouths; that he may see you
With triple malice, to hiss, sting, and tear
His work and him; to forge, and then de-
claim,
Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforce, suggest;
O, these are gifts wherein your souls are
blest. [appear?
What? do you hide your selves? will none
None answer? what, doth this calm troop
affright you?
Nay, then I do despair; down, sink again.
This travail is all lost with my dead hopes.
If in such bosoms spight have left to dwell,
Eavy is not on earth, nor scarce in hell.

The third sounding.

PROLOGUE.

Stay, monster, ere thou sink, thus on thy
head
Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
Thy malice into earth: so spight should dye,
Despis'd and scorn'd by noble industry.

¹ Traduce, corrupt, apply, ENFORCE, suggest.] The first folio reads *enforme* instead of *enforce*; but as the last is sense, I have not taken upon me to alter the received reading, which has also the authority of the second and succeeding editions in its favour.

² Here now, put case, our author should, once more,

Swear that it's play were good.] This seems to allude to the last lines of the epilogue to the preceding play; though it must be said, that our poet often takes care to acquaint the audience with his own good opinion of his works, and directs them to judge accordingly.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Ovid, Luscus.

Ovid. **“T**HEN, when this body falls in
funeral fire, [aspire.”
“My name shall live, and my best part
It shall go so.

Lusc. Young master, master *Ovid*, do you hear? Gods a' me! away with your songs, and sonnets; and on with your gown and cap quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this room presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, be brief. These verses too, a poison on 'em, I cannot abide 'em, they make me ready to cast, by the banks of *Helicon*. Nay, look, what a rascally un- toward thing this poetry is; I could tear 'em now.

If any muse why I salute the stage, [age:
An armed prologue; know 'tis a dangerous
Wherein who writes, had need present his
scenes

Forty-fold proof against the conjuring means
Of base detractors, and illiterate apes,
That fill up rooms in fair and formal shapes.
'Gainst these, have we put on this forc'd de-
fence:

Whereof the allegory and hid sense
Is, that a well-erected confidence
Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly
hence. [more,

Here now, put case our author should, once
Swear that his play were good¹; he doth
imply,

You would not argue him of arrogance:
Howe'er that common spawn of ignorance,
Our fry of writers may beslime his fame,
And give his action that adulterate name.
Such full-blown vanity he more doth lothe,
Than base dejection: there's a mean 'twixt
both.

Which with a constant firmness he pursues,
As one that knows the strength of his own
muse.

And this he hopes all free souls will allow:
Others that take it with a rugged brow,
Their moods he rather pities than envies:
His mind it is above their injuries.

Ovid. Give me, how near's my father?

Lusc. Heart a' man: get a law-book in your hand, I will not answer you else. Why so: now there's some formality in you. By Jove, and three or four of the gods more, I am right of mine old master's humour for that; this villainous poetry will undo you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on, *Luscus*, that thou swear'st so tragically and high?

Lusc. No, but I have boots on, sir, and so has your father too by this time; for he call'd for 'em ere I came from the lodging.

Ovid. Why? was he no readier?

Lusc. O no; and there was the mad skeldring captain, with the velvet arms, ready to lay hold on him as he comes down:

⁴ *They make me ready to cast by the banks of Helicon.*] The want of a small point hath spoiled a very humorous sentence. The first folio puts a comma after the word *cast*, and the rest of the sentence is in the nature of an oath; as in the next speech he says, “This villainous poetry will undo you, by the welkin.”

he that presses every man he meets, with an oath to lend him money, and cries, (Thou must do't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.)

Ovid. Who? Pantilius Tucca?

Lusc. I, he; and I met little master Lupus, the tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, an' he be under their arrest, I may (with safety enough) read over my elegy before he come.

Lusc. Gods a' me! what'll you do? why, young master, you are not Castilian mad, lunatic, frantic, desperate! ha!

Ovid. What ailest thou, Lu-cus!

Lusc. God be with you, sir, I'll leave you to your poetical fancies, and tories. I'll not be guilty, I.

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:

For thus alone, our ear shall better judge
The hasty errors of our morning muse.

Ovid. Lib. Amor. Ele. 15.

"ENVY, why twiltst thou me, my
time's spent ill?

"And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?
"Or that (unlike the line from whence I
"sprung)

"War's dusty honours I pursue not young?

"Or that I study not the tedious laws;

"And prostitute my voice in every cause?

"Thy scope is mortal; mine eternal name,

"Which through the world shall ever chaunt
"my name. [and Ide,

"Homer will live, whilst Tenedos stands,

"Or, to the sea fleet Simois doth slide:

"And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do
"bear,

"Or crooked sickles crop the ripen'd ear

"Callimachus, though in invention low,

"Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow,

"No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud
"vein;

"With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.

"While slaves be false, fathers hard, and
"bawds be whorish,

"Whilst harlots flatter, shall Menander
"flourish. [rear'd strain,

"Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-

"A fresh applause in every age shall gain.

"Of Varro's name, what ear shall not be
"told?

"Of Jason's Argo and the fleece of gold?

"Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,

"When 'earth and seas in fire and flame
"shall fry.

"Tityrus, tillage, Æneæ shall be read,

"Whilst Rome of all the conquer'd world
"is head. [broken,

"Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow

"Thy verses, neat Tibullus, shall be spoken,

"Our Gallus shall be known from east to
"west:

"So shall Lycoris, whom he now loves best-

"The suffering plough-share or the flint may
"wear;

"But heavenly Poesie no death can fear.

"Kings shall give place to it, and kingly
"shows, [flows.

"The banks o'er which gold-bearing Iagus

"Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœ-
"bus swell [well.

"With cups full flowing from the Muses'

"Frost-tearing myrtle shall impale my
"head,

"And of sad lovers I'll be often read.

"Envy the living, not the dead, doth bite;

"For after death all men receive their right.

"I then, when this body falls in funeral fire,

"My name shall live, and my best part
"aspire."

SCENE II.

Ovid senior, Ovid junior, Luscus, Tucca, Lupus, Pyrgus.

Ovid se. Your name shall live indeed, sir; you say true; but how infamously, how scorn'd and condemn'd in the eyes and ears of the best and gravest Romans, that you think not on: you never so much as dream of that. Are these the fruits of all my travail and expences? Is this the scope and aim of thy studies? Are these the hopeful courses, wherewith I have so long flattered my expectation from thee? Verses? Poetry? Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the play-maker?

Ovid ju. No, sir.

Ovid se. Yes, sir; I hear of a tragedy of yours coming forth for the common players there, call'd Medea. By my household-gods, if I come to the acting of it, I'll add one tragic part more than is yet expected to it; believe me when I promise it. What? shall I have my son a stager now? an engle for players? a gull? a rook? a shot-clog? to make suppers, and be laugh'd at? Publius, I will set thee on the funeral pile first.

Ovid ju. Sir, I beseech you to have patience.

Lusc. Nay, this 'tis to have your ears dam'd up to good counsel. I did augure all this to him before-hand, without poring into an ox's paunch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tuc. How now, Goodman slave? what rowly-powly? all rivals, rascal? Why, my master of worship, dost hear? Are these thy best projects? is this thy designs and thy disciplin, to suffer knaves to be competitors

² While slaves be false, FATHERS hard, and bawds be whorish.] This line is not the most harmonious that might have been; and Mr. Theobald would render it more musical, by reading *sires hard*, instead of *fathers hard*: but Jonson has many others of the same rough cadence, and the authority of all the copies supports the present text.

with commanders and gentlemen? are we parallels, rascal? are we parallels?

Ovid se. Sirrah, go get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

Tuc. Do, you perpetual stinkard, do, go; talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave; they are i' your element, go; here be the emperor's captains, you raggamuffin rascal, and not your cam'rades.

Lup. indeed, Marcus Ovid, these players are an idle generation, and do much harm in a state, corrupt young gentry very much, I know it: I have not been a tribune thus long and observ'd nothing: besides, they will rob us, us, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you or me, the wisest men they can come by still, only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheap.

Tuc. Th'art in the right, my venerable crowskin, they will indeed, the tongue of the oracle never twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kiss his mistress's slippers in quiet for 'em; nor your white innocent gallant pawn his revelling suit to make his punk a supper. An honest decayed commander cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seen in a bawdy-house, but he shall be straight in one of their wormwood comedies. They are grown licentious; the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are i' the statute, the rascals; they are blazon'd there; there they are trick'd¹, they and their pedigrees; they need no other heralds, I wiss.

Ovid se. Methinks, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the public edicts, should fright thee from commerce with them, and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrays what a student you are, this argues your proficiency in the law.

Ovid ju. They wrong me, sir, and do abuse you more, [ports. That blow your ears with these untrue re- I am not known unto the open stage, Nor do I traffic in their theatres. Indeed, I do acknowledge, at request Of some mere friends,² and honourable Romans, I have begun a poem of that nature.

Ovid se. You have, sir, a poem? and where is't? that's the law you study.

Ovid ju. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to read.

Ovid se. Cornelius Gallus? There's another gallant too hath drunk of the same poison, and Tibullus and Propertius. But these are gentlemen of means and revenues now. Thou art a younger brother, and

hast nothing but thy bare exhibition; which I protest shall be bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest poet, that his poetry did ever afford him so much as a competency. I, your god of poets there (whom all of you admire and reverence so much) Homer, he whose worm-eaten statue must not be spewed against but with hallow'd lips and groveling adoration, what was he? what was he?

Tuc. Marry, I'll tell thee, old swaggerer; he was a poor, blind, rhyming rascal, that liv'd obscurely up and down in booths and tap-houses, and scarce ever made a good meal in his sleep, the whoreson hungry beggar.

Ovid se. He says well: Nay, I know this nettles you now; but answer me, is't not true? You'll tell me his name shall live; and that (now being dead) his works have eterniz'd him, and made him divine; but could this divinity feed him while he liv'd? could his name fast him?

Tuc. Or purchase him a senator's revenue? could it?

Ovid se. I, or give him place in the commonwealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

Tuc. Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.

Lup. All this the law will do, young sir, if you'll follow it.

Ovid se. If he be mine, he shall follow and observe what I will apt him to, or I profess here openly and utterly to disclaim him.

Ovid ju. Sir, let me crave you will forego these moods;

I will be any thing, or study any thing; I'll prove the unfashion'd body of the law Pure elegance, and make her rugged'st strains

Run smoothly as Propertius' elegies.

Ovid se. Propertius' elegies? good!

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, Marcus.

Ovid se. Why, he cannot speak, he cannot think out of poetry; he is bewitch'd with it.

Lup. Come, do not mis-prize him.

Ovid se. Mis-prize? I marry, I would have him use some such words now; they have some touch, some taste of the law. He should make himself a style out of these, and let his Propertius' elegies go by.

Lup. Indeed, young Publius, he that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law; we have no other planet reigns, and in that sphere you may sit and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man

¹ There they are TRICK'D, they and their pedigrees.] To trick, is a term of heraldry, and signifies to draw a coat of arms in its proper colours.

² Of some MERE friends, and honourable Romans.] Mere friends, is an expression, which may be interpreted to signify true, real friends: but the reading of the first folio is, true friends, from which I take the other to be a corruption.

happy, without respecting any other merit ; a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble Neophyte ; my little Grammaticaster, he does : it shall never put thee to thy mathematicks, metaphysicks, philosophy, and I know not what suppos'd sufficiencies ; if thou canst but have the patience to plod enough, talk, and make a noise enough, be impudent enough, and 'tis enough.

Lup. Three books will furnish you.

Tuc. And the less art the better : besides when it shall be in the power of thy chevril conscience, to do right or wrong at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. I, and to have better men than himself, by many thousand degrees, to observe him, and stand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himself proud and stately, and have the law on his side for't, old boy.

Oridæ. Well, the day grows old, gentlemen, and I must leave you. Publius, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon these idle fruitless studies that so bewitch thee. Send Janus home his back-face again, and look only forward to the law : intend that. I will allow thee what shall suit thee in the rank of gentlemen, and maintain thy society with the best ; and under these conditions I leave thee. My blessings light upon thee, if thou respect them ; if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine own heart will ake for itself ; and so farewell. What, are my horses come ?

Lus. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

Oridæ. That's well. Asinius Lupus, a word. Captain, I shall take my leave of you ?

Tuc. No, my little old boy, 'dispatch with Cothurnus there : I'll attend thee, I—

Lus. To borrow some ten drachms. I know his project.

Oridæ. Sir, you shall make me behold-ing to you. Now, captain Tucca, what say you ?

Tuc. Why, what should I say ? or what can I say, my flower o' the order ? Should I say thou art rich, or that thou art honourable, or wise, or valiant, or learned, or liberal ? why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it (my noble Lucullus) thou knowest it. Come, be not ashamed of thy virtues, old stunp. Honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times. Thou art the man of wars Mecænas, old

boy. Why shouldst not thou be grac'd then by them, as well as he is by his poets ? How now, my carrier, what news ?

Lus. The boy has stayed within for his cue this half hour.

Tuc. Come, do not whisper to me, but speak it out : what ? it is no treason against the state I hope ? is't ?

Lus. Yes, against the stake of my master's purse.

Pyr. Sir, Agrippa desires you to forbear him till the next week ; his moils are not yet come up.

Tuc. His moils ?¹ now the bots, the spavin, and the glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him and his moils ! What, ha' they the yellows, his moils, that they come no faster ? or are they foundred ? ha' his moils ha' the staggers belike, ha' they ?

Pyr. O no, sir : then your tongue might be suspected for one of his moils.

Tuc. He owes me almost a talent, and he thinks to bear it away with his moils, does he ? Sirrah, you nut-cracker, go your ways to him again, and tell him I must ha' money, I : I cannot eat stones and turfs, say. What, will he clem me and my followers ? Ask him an' he will clem me ; do, go. He would have me fry my jerkin, would he ? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler² ; this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot be importunate, I ; I cannot be impudent.

Pyr. Alas, sir, no ; you are the most maidenly blushing creature upon the earth.

Tuc. Dost thou hear, my little six and fifty, or thereabouts ? thou art not to learn the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater Time ; thou hast not this chain for nothing. Men of worth have their chimeras, as well as other creatures ; and they do see monsters sometimes, they do, they do, brave boy.

Pyr. Better cheap than he shall see you, I warrant him.

Tuc. Thou must let me have six, six drachms, I mean, old boy ; thou shalt do it ; I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in private too, dost thou see ? Go, walk off : there, there. Six is the sum. Thy son's a gallant spark, and must not be put out of a sudden. Come hither, Callimachus, thy father tells me thou art too poetical, boy ; thou must not be so, thou must leave them, young novice, thou must ; they are a sort of poor starv'd rascals, that are ever wrapt up in foul linen ; and can boast of nothing but a lean visage, peering out of a seam-

¹ *Dispatch with Cothurnus there.*] Cavalier Cothurnus. 4to. 1602.

² *His moils ?*] The word then used for MULES.

³ *Away, SETTER, away. Yet stay, my little TUMBLER.*] Not one that shews postures with his body, but a particular kind of dogs, to whom our ancestors gave the name of tumbler, from his manner and motion in hunting. So likewise setter is a pointer, or setting-dog.

rent suit, the very emblems of beggary. No, dost hear, turn lawyer, thou shalt be my solicitor. 'Tis right, old boy, is't?

Ovid se. You were best tell it, captain.

Tac. No, fare thou well, mine honest horseman, and thou old bever. Pray thee, Roman, when thou comest to town, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes; thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Do not balk me, go-d swaggerer. Jove keep thy chain from pawning; go thy ways, if thou lack money I'll lend thee some: I'll leave thee to thy horse now. *Alien.*

Ovid se. Far-well, good captain.

Tac. Boy, you can have but half a share now, boy.

Ovid se. 'Tis a strange boldness that accompanies this fellow: Come.

Ovid ju. I'll give attendance on you to your horse, sir, please you—

Ovid se. No; keep your chamber, and fall to your studies; do so: the gods of Rome bless thee.

Ovid ju. And give me stomach to digest this law. *[he.]*

That should have followed sure, had I been
O sacred Poesie, thou spirit of * arts,
The soul of science, and the queen of souls;
What profane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here been off red thy divinities!
That thine own guiltless poverty should arm
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!
For thence is all their force of argument
Drawn forth against thee; or from the
abuse

Of thy great powers in adult'rate brains:
When, would men learn but to distinguish
spirits,

And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Born on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven gates with her bright
hoofs; *[faces]*

They would not then, with such distorted
And desperate censures, stab at Poesie.
They would admire bright knowledge, and
their minds

Should ne'er descend on so unworthy objects
As gold, or titles; they would dread far
more

To be thought ignorant, than be known
poor.

"The time was once, when wit drown'd
"wealth; but now,

"Your only barbarism is t' have wit, and
"want.

"No matter now in virtue who excels,
"He that hath coin, hath all perfection
"else."

SCENE III.

Tibullus, Ovid.

Tib. Ovid?

Ovid. Who's there? Come in.

Tib. Good morrow, lawyer.

Ovid. Good morrow, dear Tibullus, welcome; sit down.

Tib. Not I. What, so hard at it? Let's see, what's here?

* *Numa in decimo-nono?* Nay, I will see it—

Ovid. Prithee away—

Tib. "If thrice in field a man vanquish
"his foe,

"'Tis after in his choice to serve or no."

How now, Ovid! Law cases in verse?

Ovid. In troth, I know not; they run from my pen unwittingly, if they be verse. What's the news abroad?

Tib. Off with this gown, I come to have thee walk.

Ovid. No, good Tibullus, I'm not now. Pray let me alone. *[in case,*

Tib. How? not in case! *[law.]*

'Slight thou't in too much case, by all this
Ovid. Troth, if I live, I will new dress
In sprightly Poesie's habiliments. *[the law,*

Tib. The hell thou wilt. What, turn law into verse?

Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here, read that same. *[not,*

There's subject for you: and if I mistake
A supersedeas to your melancholy.

Ovid. How! subscrib'd Julia! O my life,

Tib. Is the mood chang'd? *[my heaven!]*

Ovid. Musick of wit! note for th' harmonious spheres!

Celestial accents, how you ravish me!

Tib. What is it, Ovid?

Ovid. That I must meet my Julia, the princess Julia.

Tib. Where?

Ovid. Why, at—

Heart, I've forgot; my passion so transports me.

Tib. I'll save your pains: it is at Albius' house,

The jeweller's, where the fair Lycoris lies.

Ovid. Who? Cytheris, Cornelius Gallus' love?

Tib. I, he'll be there too, and my Plautia.

Ovid. And why not your Delia?

Tib. Yes, and your Corinna.

Ovid. True, but my sweet Tibullus, keep that secret: *[thought]*

I would not, for all Rome, it should be I vail bright Julia underneath that name:

Julia, the gem and jewel of my soul,
That takes her honours from the golden sky,
As beauty doth all lustre from her eye.

* *O sacred Poesie, thou spirit of ROMAN arts.*] The verse is too long by a foot; and there is an unmeaning epithet, which, when discarded, will reduce it to its right quantity. We are to read, "Thou spirit of arts!" How *Roman* came to be inserted, I know not.

* *Numa in decimo-nono?*] These words are from the quarto of 1602.

The air respires the pure Elysian sweets
In which she breathes, and from her looks
descend

The glories of the summer. Heaven she is,
Prais'd in herself above all praise; and he
Which hears her speak, would swear the
tuneful orbs

Turn'd in his zenith only.

Tib. Publius, thou'lt lose thyself.

Orid. O, in no labyrinth can I safer err,
Than when I lose myself in praising her.

Hence law, and welcome muses; tho' not
rich,

Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconcil'd,
And new made one.* Henceforth, I pro-
mise faith,

And all my serious hours to spend with you;
With you, whose music striketh on my heart,
And with bewitching tones steals forth my
spirit,

In Julia's name; fair Julia: Julia's love
Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'll study,
The law and art of sacred Julia's love:
All other objects will but objects prove.

Tib. Come, we shall have thee as pas-
ionate as Propertius, anon.

Orid. O, how does my Sextus?

Tib. Faith, full of sorrow for his Cynthia's
death.

Orid. What, still?

Tib. Still, and still more, his griefs do
grow upon him

As do his hours. Never did I know
An understanding spirit so take to heart
The common work of Fate.

Orid. O my Tibullus, [chances
Let us not blame him; for against such
The heartiest strife of virtue is not proof.

We may read constancy and fortitude
To other souls; but had ourselves been struck
With the like planet, had our loves (like his)
Been ravish'd from us by injurious death,

And in the height and heat of our best days,
It would have crackt our sinews, shrunk our
veins, [hus,

And made our very heart-strings jar, like
Come, let's go take him forth, and prove if
mirth

Or company will but abate his passion.

Tib. Content, and I implore the gods it
may.

* And now made one.] The first folio has. "And new made one." And so reads the
quarto of 1602. On their authority I have given the present text.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Albins, Crispinus, Chloe, Maids, Cytheris.

Alb. MASTER Crispinus, you are wel-
come: pray use a stool, sir. Your
cousin Cytheris will come down presently.
We are so busy for the receiving of these
courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute
with myself, for thinking of them: Pray
you sit, sir; pray you sit, sir.

Crisp. I am very well, sir. Ne'er trust
me, but you are most delicately seated here,
full of sweet delight and blandishment! an
excellent air, an excellent air!

Alb. I, sir, 'tis a pretty air. These
courtiers run in my mind still; I must look
out for Jupiter's sake, sit, sir; or please
you walk into the garden? There's a
garden on the back-side.

Crisp. I am most strenuously well, I
thank you, sir.

Alb. Much good do you, sir.

Chlo. Come, bring those perfumes for-
ward a little, and strew some roses and
violets here: Fie, here be rooms savour the
most pitifully rank that ever I felt. I cry
the gods mercy, my husband's in the wind
of us.

Alb. Why this is good, excellent, ex-
cellent; well said, my sweet Chloe; trim
up your house most obsequiously.

Chlo. For Vulcan's sake, breathe some-
where else: in troth you overcome our
perfumes exceedingly, you are too predo-
minant.

Alb. Hear but my opinion, sweet wife.

Chlo. A pin for your opinion. In sincerity,
if you be thus fulsome to me in every thing,
I'll be divorc'd. Gods my body! you
know what you were before I married you;
I was a gentlewoman born, I; I lost all my
friends, to be a citizen's wife, because I
heard indeed they kept their wives as fine
as ladies; and that we might rule our hus-
bands like ladies, and do what we listed;
do you think I would have married you
else?

Alb. I acknowledge, sweet wife: she
speaks the best of any woman in Italy, and
moves as mightily; which makes me, I had
rather she should make bumps on my head,
as big as my two fingers, than I would
offend her. But, sweet wife—

Chlo. Yet again? Is't not grace enough
for you, that I call you husband, and you
call me wife; but you must still be poking
me, against my will, to things?

Alb. But you know, wife, here are the
greatest ladies, and gallantest gentlemen of
Rome, to be entertain'd in our house now;
and I would fain advise thee, to entertain
them in the best sort, i'faith, wife.

Chlo. In sincerity, did you ever hear a man talk so idly? You would seem to be master? you would have your spoke in my cart? you would advise me to entertain ladies and gentlemen? because you can marshal your pack-needles, horse-combs, hobby-horses, and wall candlesticks in your warehouse better than I, therefore you can tell how to entertain ladies and gentlefolks better than I?

Alb. O my sweet wife, upbraid me not with that; "Gain savours sweetly from any thing"; he that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike, and admit¹ no difference between ode and frankincense, or the most precious balsamum and a tar-barrel.

Chlo. Marry fough: you sell snuffers too, if you be remember'd, but I pray you let me buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in snuff, to learn how to entertain gentlefolks of you, at these years i'faith. Alas, man, there was not a gentleman came to your house i'your t'other wife's time, I hope? nor a lady? nor musick? nor masks? Nor you nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbas'd myself, from my hood and my farthingal, to these bum-rows and your whalebone bodice.

Alb. Look here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my dear mummia, my balsamum, my sperma-cete, and my very city of—she has the most best, true, feminine wit in Rome!

Cris. I have heard so, sir; and do most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her fair features.

Alb. Ah, peace; you shall hear more anon; be not seen yet, I pray you; not yet; observe.

Chl. 'Sbody, give husbands the head a little more, and they'll be nothing but head shortly; what's he there?

1 *Maid.* I know not, forsooth.

2 *Maid.* Who would you speak with, sir?

Cris. I would speak with my cousin Cytheris.

2 *Maid.* He is one, forsooth, would speak with his cousin Cytheris.

Chlo. Is she your cousin, sir?

Cris. Yes in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

Chlo. She is a gentlewoman.

Cris. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure you.

Chlo. Are you a gentleman born?

Cris. That I am, lady; you shall see mine arms, if't please you.

Chlo. No, your legs do sufficiently shew you are a gentleman born, sir; for "a man born upon little legs, is always a gentleman born".

Cris. Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my arms, mistress; for I bear them about me, to have 'em seen: my name is *Crispinus*, or *Cri-spinus* indeed; which is well exprest in my arms, (a face crying in chief; and beneath it a bloody toe, between three thorns pungent.)

Chlo. Then you are welcome, sir, now you are a gentleman born, I can find in my heart to welcome you; for I am a gentlewoman born too, and will bear my head high enough, tho' 'twere my fortune to marry a tradesman.

Cris. No doubt of that, sweet feature, your carriage shews it in any man's eye, that is carried upon you with judgment.

Alb. Dear wife, be not angry.

[*He is still going in and out.*]

Chlo. Gods my passion!

Alb. Hear me but one thing; let not your maids set cushions in the parlour-windows, nor in the dining-chamber windows; nor upon stools, in either of them, in any case; for 'tis tavern-like; but lay them one upon another, in some out-room or corner of the dining-chamber.

Chlo. Go, go, meddle with your bed-chamber only; or rather with your bed in your chamber only; or rather with your wife in your bed only; or on my faith I'll not be pleas'd with you only.

Alb. Look here, my dear wife, entertain that gentleman kindly, I pr'y thee—mum.

Chlo. Go, I need your instructions indeed; anger me no more, I advise you. Citi-sin, quotha! she's a wise gentlewoman i'faith, will marry herself to the sin of the city.

Alb. But this time, and no more (by heav'n) wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dining-chamber, in any case, but in the gallery, only, for 'tis not courtly else, o' my word, wife.

¹ *Gain savours sweetly from any thing.*] When Jonson thus gave us the meaning of the Latin saying, *Dulcis odor lucri ex re quolibet*, he forgot that the occasion from which it took its rise, was much posterior to the age in which the persons of his drama lived. Though possibly Vespasian might not have been the author of it, but only made it more memorable by the application to which he put it.

² *Admit no difference betwixt ode and frankincense.*] *Ode*, or as the old books spell it, *oade*, is what we now call *wood*; the herb which the ancient Britons used to paint their bodies with. Of whom the author of *Nero Caesar* says, "They were wont to go naked, their bodies coloured over with oad."

³ *A man born upon little legs, is always a gentleman born.*] From this joke we may see the fine gentlemen of our author's age, and those of the present, had a pretty near conformity in this part, at least of their figure, though their dress may happen to be different.

Chlo. 'Sprecious, never have done!

Alb. Wife—

Chlo. Do I not bear a reasonable corrigible hand over him, Crispinus?

Cris. By this hand, lady, you hold a most sweet hand over him.

Alb. And then for the great gilt andirons—

Chlo. Again! would the andirons were in your great guts for me.

Alb. I do vanish, wife.

Chlo. How small I do, master Crispinus? here will be all the bravest ladies in court presently to see your cousin Cytheris: O the gods! how might I behave myself now, as to entertain them most courtly?

Cris. Many, lady, if you will entertain them most courtly, you must do this: as soon as ever your maid or your man brings you word they are come, you must say (A pox on 'em, what do they here?) And yet when they come, speak them as fair, and give them the kindest welcome in words that can be.

Chlo. Is that the fashion of courtiers, Crispinus?

Cris. I assure you it is, lady, I have observ'd it.

Chlo. For your pox, sir, it is easily hit on; but 'tis not so easy to speak fair after, methinks.

Alb. O wife, the coaches are come on my word, a number of coaches and courtiers.

Chlo. A pox on them, what do they here?

Alb. How now, wife! would'st thou not have 'em come?

Chlo. Come? come, you are a fool, you: he knows not the track on't. Call Cytheris, I pray you: and good master Crispinus, you can observe, you say; let me entreat you for all the ladies' behaviours, jewels, jests, and attires*, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our marks together, when they are gone, and confer of them.

Cris. I warrant you, sweet lady; let me alone to observe till I turn myself to nothing but observation: good morrow, cousin Cytheris.

Cyth. Welcome, kind cousin. What? are they come?

Alb. I, your friend Cornelius Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, with Julia the emperor's daughter, and the lady Plautia, are lighted at the door; and with them Hermogenes Tigellius, the excellent musician.

Cyth. Come, let us go meet them, Chloë.

Chlo. Observe, Crispinus.

Cris. At a hair's breadth, lady, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Hermogenes, Julia, Plautia, Cytheris, Chloë, Albion, Crispinus.

Gal. Health to the lovely Chloë: you must pardon me, mistress, that I prefer this fair gentlewoman.

Cyth. I pardon, and praise you for it, sir; and I beseech your excellence, receive her beauties into your knowledge and favour.

Jul. Cytheris, she hath favour and behaviour, that commands as much of me: and sweet Chloë, know I do exceedingly love you, and that I will approve in any grace my father the emperor may shew you. 'Is this your husband?

Alb. For fault of a better, if it please your highness.

Chlo. Gods my life! how he shames me!

Cyth. Not a whit, Chloë, they all think you politic, and witty; wise women chuse not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth and sovereignty.

Ovid. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

Tib. And would be glad to deserve your love, sir.

Alb. My wife will answer you all, gentlemen; I'll come to you again presently.

Plau. You have chosen you a most fair companion here, Cytheris, and a very fair house.

Cyth. To both which, you and all my friends are very welcome, Plautia.

Chlo. With all my heart, I assure your ladyship.

Plau. Thanks, sweet mistress Chloë.

Jul. You must needs come to court, lady, i'faith, and there be sure your welcome shall be as great to us.

Ovid. She will deserve it, madam; I see, even in her looks, gentry, and general worthiness.

Tib. I have not seen a more certain character of an excellent disposition.

Alb. Wife.

Chlo. O, they do so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

Alb. For the banquet, sweet wife.

Chlo. Yes; and I must needs come to court, and be welcome, the princess says.

Gal. Ovid and Tibullus, you may be bold to welcome your mistress here.

Ovid. We find it so, sir.

Tib. And thank Cornelius Gallus.

Ovid. Nay, my sweet Sextus, in faith thou art not sociable.

* *Jewels, jests, and attires.*] Mr. Theobald, in the margin of his copy, queries the truth of the word *jest*s, and proposes *just*s in the room of it; a contraction from *just-d-corps*, a close gown, or coat: but *jest*s appears to be the true reading, and for the same reason that he seems to doubt it, because it varies the idea.

Prop. In faith I am not, Publius; nor I cannot. [fevers,
Sick minds are like sick men that burn with
Who when they drink, please but a present
taste,

And after bear a more impatient fit.
Pray let me leave you; I offend you all,
And myself most.

Gal. Stay, sweet Propertius.

Tib. You yield too much unto your griefs,
and fate, [us.

Which never hurts, but when we say it hurts

Prop. O peace, Tibullus; your philosophy
Lends you too rough a hand to search my
wound s. [grieve:

Speak they of griefs, that know to sigh and
The free and unconstrained spirit feels
No weight of my oppression.

Ovid. Worthy Roman!

Methinks I taste his misery, and could

Sit down, and chide at his malignant stars.

Jul. Methinks I love him, that he loves
so truly. [after death.

Cynth. This is the perfect'st love, lives

Gal. Such is the constant ground of virtue
still.

Plau. It puts on an inseparable face.

Chlo. Have you mark'd every thing, *Cris-
pinus*?

Cris. Every thing, I warrant you.

Chlo. What gentlemen are these? do you
know them?

Cris. I, they are poets, lady.

Chlo. Poets? they did not talk of me
since I went, did they?

Cris. O yes, and extoll'd your perfections
to the heavens.

Chlo. Now in sincerity they be the finest
kind of men that ever I knew: Poets?
Could not one get the emperor to make my
husband a poet, think you?

Cris. No, lady, 'tis love and beauty make
poets: and since you like poets so well,
your love and beauty shall make me a poet.

Chlo. What, shall they? and such a one
as these?

Cris. I, and a better than these: I would
be sorry else.

Chlo. And shall your looks change? and
your hair change? and all like these?

Cris. Why, a man may be a poet, and
yet not change his hair, lady.

Chlo. Well, we shall see your cunning:
yet if you can change your hair, I pray do.

Alb. Ladies, and lordings, there's a slight
banquet stays within for you; please you
draw near, and accost it.

Jul. We thank you, good *Albius*: but
when shall we see those excellent jewels you
are commended to have?

Alb. At your ladyship's service. I got
that speech by seeing a play last day, and it
did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to
collect sometimes: I'll frequent these plays
more than I have done, now I come to be
familiar with courtiers.

Gal. Why, how now, Hermogenes? what
ailest thou now?

Her. A little melancholy, let me alone,
pr'ythee.

Gal. Melancholy! how so?

Her. With riding: a plague on all coaches
for me!

Chlo. Is that hard-favour'd gentleman a
poet too, Cytheris?

Cyn. No, this is Hermogenes, as hu-
morous as a poet though: he is a musician.

Chlo. A musician! then he can sing.

Cyth. That he can excellently; did you
never hear him?

Chlo. O no: will he be intreated, think
you?

Cyth. I know not. Friend, mistress Chloë
would fain hear Hermogenes sing: are you
interested in him?

Gal. No doubt, his own humanity will
command him so far, to the satisfaction of
so fair a beauty; but rather than fail, we'll
all be suiters to him.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Pr'ythee, Hermogenes.

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to
whose house I know thou may'st be ever
welcome.

Chlo. That he shall in truth, sir, if he can
sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Her-
mogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song? come, he shall not deny
her. Hermogenes?

Her. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must do it; he stays
but to have their thanks acknowledg'd as a
debt to his cunning.

Jul. That shall not want; ourself will be
the first shall promise to pay him more than
thanks, upon a favour so worthily vouch-
saf'd.

Her. Thank you, madam, but 'will not
sing.

Tib. Tut, the only way to win him, is
to abstain from intreating him.

Cris. Do you love singing, lady?

Chlo. O, passingly.

Cris. Intreat the ladies to intreat me to
sing then, I beseech you.

Chlo. I beseech your grace, intreat this
gentleman to sing.

Jul. That we will, Chloë; can he sing
excellently?

Chlo. I think so, madam; for he intreated
me to intreat you to intreat him to sing.

Cris. Heaven and earth! would you
tell that?

Jul. Good sir, let's intreat you to use
your voice.

Cris. Alas, madam, I cannot in truth.

Pla. The gentleman is modest: I war-
rant you, he sings excellently.

Ovid. Hermogenes, clear your throat; I

see by him, here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'll challenge no man.

Tib. That's your modesty, sir; but we, out of an assurance of your excellency, challenge him in your behalf.

Cris. I thank you, gentlemen, I'll do my best.

Her. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

Gal. O, this contention is excellent. What is't you sing, sir?

Cris. "If I freely may discover," &c. Sir, I'll sing that.

Ovid. One of your own compositions, Hermogenes. He offers you 'vantage enough.

Cris. Nay, truly, gentlemen, I'll challenge no man.—I can sing but one staff of the ditty neither.

Gal. The better: Hermogenes himself will be intreated to sing the other.

SONG.

"If I freely may discover
"What would please me in my lover:
"I would have her fair and witty,
"Savouring more of court than city;
"A little proud, but full of pity:
"Light and humorous in her toying,
"Of building hopes, and soon destroy-
"ing:
"Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
"Neither too easy, nor too hard:
"All extremes I would have barr'd."

Gal. Believe me, sir, you sing most excellently.

Ovid. If there were a praise above excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

Herm. Sir, all this doth not yet make me envy you; for I know I sing better than you.

Tib. Attend Hermogenes, now.

II.

"She should be allow'd her passions,
"So they were but us'd as fashions;
"Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
"Sometimes tickish, and then swooning,
"Every fit with change still crowning.

* You shall hear me sing another: now will I begin.] Horace has given us the character of Hermogenes, which the poet has copied: the preceding song is formed upon the following epigram of Martial.

Qualem, Flacce, velim quæris, nolimve puellam,

Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemve nimis:

Illud quod medium est, atque inter utrumque probamus,

Nec volo quod cruciat, nec volo quod satiat. L. i. ep. 25.

"Purely jealous I would have her,
"Then only constant when I crave her.
"Tis a virtue should not save her.
"Thus, nor her delicacies would cloy me,
"Neither her peevishness annoy me."

Jul. Nay, Hermogenes, your merit hath long since been both known and admir'd of us.

Herm. You shall hear me sing another: Now will I begin*.

Gal. We shall do this gentleman's banquet too much wrong, that stays for us, ladies.

Jul. 'Tis true; and well thought on, Cornelius Gallus.

Her. Why 'tis but a short air, 'twill be done presently, pray stay; strike, musick.

Ovid. No, good Hermogenes; we'll end this difference within.

Jul. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, that they know no mean, to be intreated either to begin or end.

Alb. Please you lead the way, gentles?

Alb. Thanks, good Albuius.

Alb. O, what a charm of thanks was here put upon me! O Jove, what a setting forth it is to a man to have many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good old house-keeper, "I had rather want meat than want guests;" especially if they be courtly guests. For, never trust me if one of their good legs made in a house be not worth all the good cheer a man can make them. He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife; he that would have a fine wife, let him come to me.

Cris. By your kind leave, master Albuius.

Alb. What, you are not gone, master Crispinus?

Cris. Yes faith, I have a design draws me hence: pray, sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

Alb. Will you not stay and see the jewels, sir? I pray you stay.

Cris. Not for a million, sir, now. Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so in a word please you to expiate this compliment.

Alb. Mum.

Cris. I'll presently go and engle some broker, for a poet's gown, and bespeak a garland: and then jeweller look to your best jewel i' faith.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Horace, Crispinus.[*Hor. lib. 1. sat. 9.*]

Hor. **H**A! yes, I will begin an ode so;
and it shall be to Mecænas.

Cris. 'S'it, yonder's Horace! they say
he's an excellent poet: Mecænas loves him.
I'll fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I
think he be composing as he goes i' the
street! ha! 'tis a good humour, if he be:
I'll compose too.

Hor. "Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,
"Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim

"Above the brain:

"I drink as I would write, [sprite,
"In flowing measure fill'd with flame and

Cris. Sweet Horace, Mnerva and the
Muses stand auspicious to thy designs. How
far'st thou, sweet man? irolie? rich?
gallant? ha?

Hor. Not greatly gallant, sir: like my
fortunes, well. I am bold to take my leave,
sir; you'd nought else, sir, would you?

Cris. I troth no, but I could wish thou
didst know us, Horace; we are a scholar, I
as-ure thee.

Hor. A scholar, sir? I shall be covetous
of your fair knowledge.

Cris. Gramercy, good Horace. Nay we
are new turn'd poet too, which is more;
and a satirist too, which is more than that:
I write just in thy vein, I. I am for your
odes, or your sermons, or any thing indeed;
we are a gentleman besides; our name is
Rufus Laberius Crispinus; we are a pretty
Stoick too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I
think it, sir.

Cris. By Phoebus, here's a most neat
fine street, is't not? I protest to thee, I am
enamour'd of this street now, more than of
half the streets of Rome again; 'tis so po-
lite, and terse! there's the front of a build-
ing now. I study architecture too; if ever
I should build, I'd have a house just of that
prospective.

Hor. Doubtless, this gallant's tongue has
a good turn, when he sleeps.

Cris. I do make verses, when I come in
such a street as this: O your city-ladies,
you shall ha' 'em sit in every shop like the
muses—off'ring you the Castalian dews,
and the Thespian liquors, to as many as
have but the sweet grace and audacity to
—sip of their lips. Did you never hear
any of my verses?

Hor. No, sir, (but I am in some fear I
must now.)

Cris. I'll tell thee some (if I can but re-
cover 'em) I compos'd e'en now of a dres-

sing I saw a jeweller's wife wear, who in-
deed was a jewel herself: I prefer that
kind of tire now; what's thy opinion, Ho-
race?

Hor. With your silver bodkin, it does
well, sir.

Cris. I cannot tell, but it stirs me more
than all your court-curles, or your spangles,
or your tricks: I affect not these high
gable-ends, these Tuscan tops, nor your co-
ronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramids;
give me a fine sweet—little delicate dres-
sing with a bodkin, as you say; and a mush-
room for all your other ornaments.

Hor. Is't not possible to make an escape
from him?

Cris. I have remitted my verses, all this
while; I think, I ha' forgot 'em.

Hor. Here's he could wish you had else.

Cris. Pray Jove I can entreat 'em of my
memory.

Hor. You put your memory to too much
trouble, sir.

Cris. No, sweet Horace, we must not
have thee thank so.

Hor. I cry you mercy; then they are
my ears

That must be tortur'd: well, you must
have patience, ears.

Cris. Pray thee, Horace, observe.

Hor. Yes, sir; your sattin sleeve begins
to fret at the rug that is underneath it, I do
observe: and your ample velvet bases are
not without evident stains of a hot dispo-
sition naturally.

Cris. O—I'll dye them into another
colour, at pleasure: how many yards of
velvet dost thou think they contain?

Hor. 'Heart! I have put him now in a
fresh way

[book
To vex me more: faith, sir, your mercer's
Will tell you with more patience than I can,
(For I am crost, and so's not that, I think.)

Cris. 'Slight, these verses have lost me
again: I shall not invite 'em to mind, now.

Hor. Rack not your thoughts, good sir;
rather defer it

[lodging,
To a new time; I'll meet you at your
Or where you please: till then, Jove keep
you, sir.

Cris. Nay, gentle Horace, stay; I have
it now.

Hor. Yes, sir. Apollo, Hermes, Jupiter
look down upon me.

Cris. "Rich was thy hap, sweet dainty cap,
"There to be placed!

"Where thy smooth black, sleek white
"may smack,

"And both be graced."

White is there usurpt for her brow; how

fore-head: and then sleek, as the parallel to smooth, that went before. A kind of paranasie, or agnomination: do you conceive, sir?

Hor. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt and leave you.

Cris. Why what haste hast thou? pr'ythee stay a little; thou shalt not go yet, by *Phœbus*.

Hor. I shall not? what remedy? fie, how I sweat with suffering!

Cris. And then——

Hor. Pray, sir, give me leave to wipe my face a little.

Cris. Yes do, good Horace.

Hor. Thank you, sir.

Death! I must crave his leave to piss anon; Or that I may go hence with half my teeth: I am in some such fear. This tyranny is strange, to take mine ears up by commission,

(Whether I will or no) and make them stalls To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash.

Happy thou, bold Bolanus, now I say; Whose freedom, and impatience of this fellow,

Would long ere this have call'd him fool, And rank and tedious fool, and have flung jests

As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him Out of the place; whilst my tame modesty Suffers my wit be made a solemn ass

To bear his fopperies——

Cris. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But — pr'ythee let's prove to enjoy thee a while. Thou hast no business, I assure me. Whither is thy journey directed? ha?

Hor. Sir, I am going to visit a friend that's sick.

Cris. A friend? what's he, do not I know him?

Hor. No, sir, you do not know him; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Cris. What's his name? where's he lodg'd?

Hor. Where I shall be fearful to draw you out of your way, sir; a great way hence; pray, sir, let's part.

Cris. Nay, but where is't? I pr'ythee say.

Hor. On the far side of all Tyber yonder, by *Cæsar's* gardens.

Cris. O that's my course directly; I am for you. Come go; why stand'st thou?

Hor. Yes, sir: marry the plague is in that part of the city; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

Cris. Fough, it is no matter, I fear no pestilence, I ha' not offended *Phœbus*.

Hor. I have, it seems, or else this heavy scourge

Could ne'er have lighted on me——

Cris. Come, along.

Hor. I am to go down some half mile this way, sir, first, to speak with his physician; and from thence to his apothecary,

where I shall stay the mixing of divers drugs——

Cris. Why it's all one, I have nothing to do, and I love not to be idle, I'll bear thee company. How call'st thou the apothecary?

Hor. O that I knew a name would fright him now.

Sir, Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthus, sir. There's one so call'd, is a just judge in hell, And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those, [spirits.

That (here on earth) torment poor patient *Cris.* He dwells at the Three Furies by Janus's Temple?

Hor. Your 'pothecary does, sir.

Cris. Heart, I owe him money for sweetmeats, and he has laid to arrest me, I hear: but——

Hor. Sir, I have made a most solemn vow, I will never bail any man.

Cris. Well then, I'll swear, and speak him fair, if the worst come. But his name is Minos, not Rhadamanthus, Horace.

Hor. That may be, sir, I but guess'd at his name by his sign. But your Minos is a judge too, sir.

Cris. I protest to thee, Horace, (do but taste me once) if I do know myself, and mine own virtues truly, thou wilt not make that esteem of Varius, or Virgil, or Tibullus, or any of 'em indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgive: I would fain see which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facility, than I; or that could court his mistress, kiss her hand, make better sport with her fan or her dog——

Hor. I cannot bail you yet, sir.

Cris. Or that could move his body more gracefully, or dance better; you should see me, were it not i' the street——

Hor. Nor yet.

Cris. Why, I have been a reveller, and at my cloth of silver suit, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be again——

Hor. If you may be trusted, sir.

Cris. And then for my singing, *Hermogenes* himself envies me, that is your only master of musick you have in Rome.

Hor. Is your mother living, sir?

Cris. Au: convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the mother in you, sir: Your father is dead?

Cris. I, I thank *Jove*, and my grandfather too, and all my kinsfolks, and well compos'd in their urns.

Hor. The more their happiness, that rest in peace,

Free from th' abundant torture of thy tongue: Would I were with them too.

Cris. What's that, Horace?

Hor. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate

A cunning woman, one *Sabëlla*, sung,

When in her urn she cast my destiny,
I bring but a child.

Cris. What was't, I pray thee? [perish

Hor. She told me I should surely never
By famine, poison, or the enemy's sword;
The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisie¹
Should never hurt me, nor the tardy gout:
But in my time I should be once surpriz'd
By a strong tedious talker, that should vex
And almost bring me to consumption:
Therefore, (if I were wise) she warn'd me
shun

All such long-winded monsters, as my bane:
For if I could but 'scape that one discourser,
I might (no doubt) prove an old aged man.
By your leave, sir.

Cris. Tut, tut; abandon this idle humour,
'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore Jove,
now I think on't, I am to appear in court
here, to answer to one that has me in suit:
sweet Horace, go with me, this is my hour;
if I neglect it, the law proceeds against me.
'Thou art familiar with these things; prithee,
if thou lov'st me, go. [laws,

Hor. Now, let me die, sir, if I know your
Or have the power to stand still half so long
In their loud courts, as while a case is ar-
gued,

Besides, you know, sir, where I am to go,
And the necessity——

Cris. 'Tis true——

Hor. I hope the hour of my release be
come: he will (upon this consideration)
discharge me sure.

Cris. Troth, I am doubtful what I may
best do, whether to leave thee or my affairs,
Horace.

Hor. O Jupiter! me, sir, me, by any
means, I beseech you, me, sir.

Cris. No faith, I'll venture those now;
thou shalt see I love thee: come, Horace.

Hor. Nay, then I am desperate; I follow
you, sir. [comes thus.

'Tis hard contending with a man that over-

Cris. And how deals Mecænas with thee?
liberally? ha? is he open-handed? bountiful?

Hor. He's still himself, sir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding
happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they
are all most choice spirits, and of the first
rank of Romans: I do not know that poet, I
protest, has used his fortune more prosper-
ously than thou hast. If thou would'st
bring me known to Mecænas, I should se-
cond thy desert well; thou should'st find a
good sure assistant of me, one that would
speak all good of thee in thy absence, and
be content with the next place, not envying
thy reputation with thy patron. Let me
not live, but I think thou and I (in a small
time) should lift them all out of favour, both

Virgil, Varius, and the best of them, and
enjoy him wholly to ourselves.

Hor. Gods, you do know it, I can hold
no longer; [your sickness
This bribe has prick'd my patience: sir,
Clearly mistakes Mecænas and his house,
To think there breathes a spirit beneath his
Subject unto those poor affections * [roof
Of undermining envy and detraction,
Moods only proper to base groveling minds.
That place is not in Rome, I dare affirm,
More pure or free from such low common
evils. [more rich,

There's no man griev'd, that this is thought
Or this more learned; each man hath his
place,

And to his merit his reward of grace,
Which with a mutual love they all embrace.

Cris. You report a wonder! 'tis scarce
credible, this.

Hor. I am no torturer to enforce you to
believe it; but it is so.

Cris. Why, this inflames me with a
more ardent desire to be his, than before;
but I doubt I shall find the entrance to his
familiarity somewhat more than difficult,
Horace.

Hor. Tut, you'll conquer 'him, as you
have done me: there's no standing out
against you, sir, I see that: either your im-
portunity, or the intimation of your good
parts, or——

Cris. Nay, I'll bribe his porter, and the
grooms of his chamber, make his doors
open to me that way first, and then I'll ob-
serve my times. Say he should extrude me
his house to-day, shall I therefore desist, or
let fall my suit to-morrow? No: I'll attend
him, follow him, meet him i'the street, the
high-ways, run by his coach, never leave
him. What? man hath nothing given him
in this life without much labour.

Hor. And impudence.

Archer of heaven, Phœbus, take thy bow,
And with a full drawn shaft nail to the earth
This Python, that I may yet run hence and
live:

Or, brawny Hercules, do thou come down,
And (tho' thou mak'st it up thy thirteenth
labour)

Rescue me from this hydra of discourse here.

SCENE II.

Aristius, Horace, Crispinus.

Ari. Horace, well met.

Hor. O welcome, my reliever;
Aristius, as thou lov'st me, ransom me.

Ari. What ail'st thou, man?

Hor. 'Death, I am seiz'd on here
By a land-remora, I cannot stir,
Nor move, but as he pleases.

¹ *The hectic fever, cough, or pleurisie.* These were disorders most incident to the cli-
mate of Italy: the pleurisie, or *lateral dolor*, we meet with frequently in classic authors;
and it is now the most reigning disorder, during the summer months. The Italians call it
la puntura.

Cris. Wilt thou go, Horace? [shirt,
Hor. Heart! he cleaves to me like Alcides'
 Tearing my flesh and sinews: O, I ha' been
 vex'd

And tortur'd with him beyond forty fevers.
 For Jove's sake, find some means to take
 me from him.

Ari. Yes, I will; but I'll go first and tell
 Mecenas.

Cris. Come, shall we go?

Ari. The jest will make his eyes run,
 Faith.

Hor. Nay, Aristius.

Ari. Farewell, Horace.

Hor. 'Death! will a' leave me? Fuscus
 Aristius, do you hear? gods of Rome! You
 said you had somewhat to say to me in private.

Ari. I, but I see you are now employ'd
 with that gentleman; 'twere offence to trou-
 ble you: I'll take some fitter opportunity:
 farewell.

Hor. Mischief and torment! O my soul
 How are you cramp'd with anguish! Death
 itself

Brings not the like convulsions. O, this
 That ever I should view thy tedious face.—

Cris. Horace, what passion, what humour
 is this?

Hor. Away, good prodigy afflict me not.
 (A friend and mock me thus!) Never was
 man

So left under the axe.—How now?

SCENE III.

Minos, Lictors, Crispinus, Horace.

Min. That's he, in the embroider'd hat
 there, with the ash-colour'd feather: his
 name is Laberius Crispinus.

Lic. Laberius Crispinus, I arrest you in
 the emperor's name.

Cris. Me, sir, do you arrest me?

Lic. I, sir, at the suit of master Minos
 the apothecary.

Hor. Thanks, great Apollo, I will not
 slip thy favour offered me in my escape, for
 my fortunes.

Cris. Master Minos? I know no master
 Minos. Where's Horace? Horace, Horace.

Min. Sir, do not you know me?

Cris. O yes, I know you, master Minos;
 cry your mercy. But Horace? Gods me,
 is he gone?

Min. I, and so would you too, if you
 knew how. Officer, look to him.

Cris. Do you hear, master Minos? pray
 let's be us'd like a man of our own fashion.
 By Janus and Jupiter, I meant to have paid
 you next week every drachm. Seek not to
 eclipse my reputation thus vulgarly.

Min. Sir, your oaths cannot serve you;
 you know I have forborne you long.

Cris. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I
 beseech you, gentlemen, do not exhale me
 thus; remember 'tis but for sweetmeats—

Lic. Sweet meat must have sour sauce,
 sir. Come along.

Cris. Sweet master Minos, I am forfeited
 to eternal disgrace, if you do not commise-
 rate. Good officer, be not so officious.

SCENE IV.

*Tucca, Pyrgus, Minos, Lictors, Crispinus,
 Histrio, Demetrius.*

Tuc. Why, how now, my good brace of
 blood-hounds, whither do you drag the gen-
 tleman? You mungrels, you curs, you ban-
 dogs; we are captain Tucca that talk to you,
 you inhumane pilchers.

Min. Sir, he is their prisoner.

Tuc. Their pestilence! what are you, sir?

Min. A citizen of Rome, sir.

Tuc. Then you are not far distant from a
 fool, sir.

Min. A 'pothecary, sir.

Tuc. I knew thou wast not a physician:
 fough, out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of lo-
 tion and the syringe; away, quack-salver.
 Follow me, my sword.

Pyr. Here, noble leader, you'll do no
 harm with it; I'll trust you.

Tuc. Do you hear, you good-man slave?
 Hook, ram, rogue, catch-pole, loose the
 gentleman, or by my velvet arms—

Lic. What will you do, sir?

Tuc. Kiss thy hand, my honourable active
 varlet, and embrace thee thus.

[The officer strikes up his heels.

Pyr. O patient metamorphosis!

Tuc. My sword, my tall rascal.

Lic. Nay, soft, sir; some wiser than
 some.

Tuc. What? and a wit too! by Pluto, thou
 must be cherish'd, slave; here's three
 drachms for thee; hold.

Pyr. There's half his lendings gone.

Tuc. Give me.

Lic. No, sir, your first word shall stand;
 I'll hold all.

Tuc. Nay, but, rogue—

Lic. You would make a rescue of our
 prisoner, sir, you.

Tuc. I a rescue? away, inhuman varlet.
 Come, come, I never relish above one jest
 at most; do not disgust me, sirrah, do not:
 rogue, I tell thee, rogue, do not.

Lic. How, sir; rogue?

Tuc. I, why! thou art not angry, rascal,
 art thou?

Lic. I cannot tell, sir; I am little better
 upon these terms.

Tuc. Ha! gods and friends! why, dost

¹ *Thanks, great Apollo, I will not slip thy favour, &c.*] The preceding scenes are taken from that well-known satire of Horace, which describes an accident of this nature, which once befel him by the intrusion of an impertinent; yet many incidents are added by Jonson, which coincide with the character.

hear, rogue thou? give me thy hand; I say unto thee, thy hand, rogue. What, dost not thou know me? not me, rogue? not captain I ucca, rogue?

Min. Come, pra' surrender the gentleman his sword, officer; we'll have no fighting here.

Tuc. What's thy name?

Min. Minos, an't please you.

Tuc. Minos? Come hither, Minos; thou art a wise fellow, it seems; let me talk with thee.

Cris. Was ever wretch so wretched as unfortunate I?

Tuc. Thou art one of the centum-viri, old boy, art not?

Min. No indeed, master captain.

Tuc. Go to, thou shalt be then; I'll ha' thee one, Minos. Take my sword from these rascals, dost thou see? go, do it; I cannot attempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee, little Minos?

Min. Fourscore sesterties, sir.

Tuc. What, no more? Come, thou shalt release him, Minos: what, I'll be his bail, thou shalt take my word, old boy, and cashier these furies: thou shalt do't, I say, thou shalt, little Minos, thou shalt.

Cris. Yes; and as I am a gentleman and a reveller, I'll make a piece of poetry, and absolve all, within these five days.

Tuc. Come, Minos is not to learn how to use a gent'man of quality, I know: my sword: if he pay thee not, I will, and I must, old boy. 'Thou shalt be my 'pothecary too. Hast good erings, Minos?

Min. The best in Rome, sir.

Tuc. Go to then—Vermine, know the house.

Pyr. I warrant you, colonel.

Tuc. For this gentleman, Minos?

Min. I'll take your word, captain.

Tuc. 'Thou hast it. My sword—

Min. Yes, sir: but you must discharge the arrest, master Crispinus.

Tuc. How, Minos? Look in the gentleman's face, and but read his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, Minos.

Cris. By Jove, sweet captain, you do most infinitely endear and oblige me to you.

Tuc. Tut, I cannot compliment, by Mars; but Jupiter love me, as I love good words and good clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt give my boy that girdle and bangers, when thou hast worn them a little more—

Cris. O Jupiter! captain, he shall have them now, presently: Please you to be acceptive, young gentleman.

Pyr. Yes, sir, fear not; I shall accept; I

have a pretty foolish humour of taking, if you knew all.

Tuc. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

Cris. By my truth and earnest, but he shall, captain, by your leave.

Tuc. Nay, and a' swear by his truth and earnest, take it, boy; do not make a gentleman forsworn.

Lic. Well, sir, there's your sword; but thank master Minos: you had not carried it as you do else.

Tuc. Minos is just, and you are knaves, and—

Lic. What say you, sir?

Tuc. Pass on, my good scoundrel, pass on, I honour thee: but that I hate to have action with such base rogues as these, you should ha' seen me unrip their noses now, and ha' sent them to the next barber's to stitching*; for, do you see—I am a man of humour, and I do love the varlets, the honest varlets they have wit and valour, and are indeed good profitable—errant rogues, as any live in an empire. Dost thou hear, poetaster? second me. Stand up (Minos) close, gather, yet, so. Sir, (thou shalt have a quarter-share, be resolute) you shall, at my request, take Minos by the hand here, little Minos, I will have it so; all friends, and a health: be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do it, little Minos, thou shalt; make us pay it in our physick. What? we must live, and honour the gods sometimes; now Bacchus, now Comus, now Priapus; every god a little. What's he that stalks by there, boy, Pyrgus? You were best let him pass, sirrah; do, ferret, let him pass, do—

Pyr. 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player? call him, call the lousy slave hither: what, will he sail by, and not once strike, or vail to a man of war? hal! Do you hear, you player, rogue, stalker, come back here: no respect to men of worship, you slave? what, you are proud, you rascal, are you proud, ha? you grow rich, do you, and purchase, you two-penny tear-mouth? you have fortune and the good year on your side, you stinkard, you have, you have.

Hist. Nay, sweet captain, be confin'd to some reason; I protest I saw you not, sir.

Tuc. You did not? where was your sight, Œdipus? you walk with hares' eyes, do you? I'll ha' 'em glaz'd, rogue; an' you say the word, they shall be glaz'd for you: come, we must have you turn fiddler again, slave, get a base violin at your back, and march in a tawny coat, with one sleeve, to

* Thou art one of the CENTUM-VIRI, old boy, art not? The centum-viri were a body of men, chosen three out of every tribe, for the judgment of such matters as the prætors committed to their decision. This office was one of the first steps to public preferment.

* And have sent 'em to the next barber's to stitching. The barbers in Jonson's days practis'd many inferior parts of surgery.

goose-fair; then you'll know us, you'll see us then, you will, gulch, you will. Then, will't please your worship to have any music, captain?

Hist. Nay, good captain.

Tuc. What, do you laugh, Owleglas? death, you peremptuous varlet, I am none of your fellows: I have commanded a hundred and fifty such rogues, I.

1 Pyr. I, and most of that hundred and fifty have been leaders of a legion.

Hist. If I have exhibited wrong, I'll tender satisfaction, captain.

Tuc. Sayest thou so, honest vermin? give me thy hand; thou shalt make us a supper one of these nights.

Hist. When you please, by Jove, captain, most willingly.

Tuc. Dost thou swear? to-morrow then; say and hold, slave. There are some of you players honest gent'men-like scoundrels, and suspected to ha' some wit, as well as your poets, both at drinking and breaking of jests, and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder ye, now and then, of half a dozen shillings, or so. Dost thou not know that Pantalabus there?

Hist. No, I assure you, captain.

Tuc. Go, and be acquainted with him then; he is a gent'man, parcel poet, you slave: his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Go, he pens high, lofty, in a new stalking strain, bigger than half the rhimers i' the town again: he was born to fill thy mouth, Minotaurus, he was, he will teach thee to tear and rand. Rascal, to him, cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty, forty shillings, I mean, stinkard; give him in earnest, do, he shall write for thee, slave. If he pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travail with thy pumps full of gravel any more, after a blind jade and a hamper, and stalk upon boards and barrel heads to an old crack'd trumpet—

Hist. Troth, I think I ha' not so much about me, captain.

Tuc. It's no matter; give him what thou hast: stiffloe, I'll give my word for the rest; though it lack a shilling or two, it skills not: go, thou art an honest shatter; I'll ha' the statute repeal'd for thee. Minos, thou hast dejected you gent'man's spirit exceedingly; dost observe, dost note, little Minos?

Min. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Go to then, raise, recover, do; suffer him not to droop in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twenty into his hand, twenty sesterces I mean, and let nobody see: go, do it, the work shall commend itself; be Minos, I'll pay.

Min. Yes, forsooth, captain.

2 Pyr. Do not we serve a notable shark?

Tuc. And what new matters have you now a-foot, sirrah? ha! I would fain come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one; but they say you ha' nothing but humours, revels, and satires¹, that gird and fart at the time, you slave.

Hist. No, I assure you, captain, not we. They are on the other side of Tyber: we have as much ribaldry in our plays as can be, as you would wish, captain; all the sinners in the suburbs come and applaud our action daily.

Tuc. I hear you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say; I shall be presented by a sort of copper-lac'd scoundrels of you: life of Pluto! an' you stage me, stinkard, your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your globes, and your triumphs².

Hist. Not we, by Phœbus, captain; do not do us imputation without desert.

Tuc. I wu'not, my good two-penny rascal; reach me thy new³. Dost hear? what wilt thou give me a week for my brace

¹ *What, do you laugh, OWLEGLASS?*] The term *Owle-glass*, and its original *Ulen-spiegel* occurs more than once in Jonson's plays: it may be proper to explain the rise of it. There is a story-book in Dutch, which is translated into English under the title of, *The history of Owl-Glass*. I suppose it to have made its first appearance about this time. There is an allusion to it in the Latin poem called *Grobianus*, in these verses:

Fecit idem quondam vir jamigeratus ubique,

Nomina cui specula noctua juncta dedit.

On which lines the English translator has the following note: "Here the author alludes to a book written in Dutch, intituled, *The life of Uylie spegel, or Owl-glass*, an hero of equal rank with Tom Trum in English. I am of opinion, that the famous Ben Jonson had read this book, there being this passage in his play call'd the *Poetaster*, "D'ye hear, Owl-glass." *Translation of Grobianus*, b. 1.

² *You ha' nothing but humours, revels, and satires.*] A compliment paid by the author to his own plays.

³ *Your globes, and your triumphs.*] Alluding to play-houses of those names, which were in vogue in the days of Jonson: and by those on the other side of Tyber, mentioned in the preceding speech, are meant the play-houses which were situated on the Bankside in Southwark.

⁴ *Reach me thy new.*] *Newf*, or *nief*, is a Northern word for hand or fist.

of beagles here, my little point-trussers? you shall ha' them act among ye. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou shalt hear him speak in king Darius' doleful strain.

1 Pyr. "O doleful days! O direful deadly dump!

"O wicked world, and worldly wickedness!

"How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,

"In rue of this right rascal wretchedness!"

Tuc. In an amorous vein now, sirrah: peace.

1 Pyr. "O she is wilder, and more hard, withal",

"Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.

"Yet might she love me, to uprear her state: [mate.

"I, but perhaps she hopes some nobler

"Yet might she love me, to content her fire:

"I, but her reason masters her desire.

"Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:

"I, but I fear she cannot love at all."

Tuc. Now, the horrible fierce soldier, you, sirrah.

1 Pyr. "What? will I brave thee? I, and beard thee too.

"A Roman spirit scorns to bear a brain

"So full of base pusillanimity."

Dem. Hist. Excellent.

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that shall ravish thee anon: prick up thine ears, stinkard; the ghost, boys.

1 Pyr. Vindicta.

2 Pyr. Timoria.

1 Pyr. Vindicta.

2 Pyr. Timoria.

1 Pyr. Veni.

2 Pyr. Veni.

Tuc. Now thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling player.

1 Pyr. I, but somebody must cry, murder, then in a small voice.

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer there shall do't: cry, sirrah, cry.

1 Pyr. "Murder, murder."

2 Pyr. "Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?"

Dem. Hist. O, admirable good, I protest.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy, brace your drum a little straiter, and do the t'other fellow there, he in the—what sha' call him—and yet stay too.

2 Pyr. "Nay, and thou dalliest, then I am thy foe,

"And fear shall force what friendship can—
"not win;

"Thy death shall bury what thy life con- [ceals.

"Villain! thou diest for more respecting her—"

1 Pyr. "O stay, my lord."

2 Pyr. "I han me:

"Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee;

"Put if thou dally once again, thou diest."

Tuc. Enough of this, boy.

2 Pyr. "Why then lament therefore:

"damn'd be thy guts

"Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus;

"For sparrows must have food——"

Hist. Pray, sweet captain, let one of them do a little of a lady.

Tuc. O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there; do, sirrah, do; 'twill allay your fellow's fury a little.

1 Pyr. "Master, mock on; the scorn thou givest me,

"Pray Jove some lady may return on thee."

2 Pyr. No, you shall see me do the Moor: master, lend me your scarf a little.

Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy service, boy.

2 Pyr. You, master Minos, heark hither a little.

[They withdraw to make themselves ready.

Tuc. How dost like him? art not rapt? art not tickled now? dost not applaud? rascal? dost not applaud?

Hist. Yes: what will you ask for 'em a week, captain?

Tuc. No, you manganizing slave, I will not part from 'em; you'll sell them for engles, you: let's ha' good cheer to-morrow night at supper, stalker, and then we'll talk; good capon and plover, do you hear, sirrah? and do not bring your eating player with you there; I cannot away with him: he will eat a leg of mutton, while I am in my porridge; the lean Poluphagus; his belly is like Barathrum; he looks like a midwife in man's apparel, the slave: nor the villainous out-of-tune fidler Ænobarbus, bring not him. What hast thou there? six and thirty? ha!

Hist. No, here's all I have, captain, some five and twenty: pray, sir, will you present and accommodate it unto the gentleman? for mine own part, I am a mere stranger to his humour; besides, I have some business invites me hence, with master Asinius Lupus the tribune.

¹ *O she is wilder, and more hard, withal.*] These verses are taken from an old play, called *The Spanish Tragedy*, or *Jeronymo is made again*. It was taken notice of before in *Every Man in his Humour*. The preceding speech is of the same kind with that which Shakspeare sneers, when he makes Falstaff speak in king Cambyzes' vein; and some of the lines are exactly similar to many of Pistol's rants.

² *Will you present and accommodate it to the gentleman? I am a mere stranger to his humour.*] The author takes care to make his player, who was supposed to have some dealing with the wits, to be perfectly versed in the fashionable expressions of the time: accommodate and humour have been shown above to be now first brought into common use.

Tac. Well, go thy ways, pursue thy projects, let me alone with this design; my poetaster shall make thee a play, and thou shalt be a man of good parts in it. But stay, let me see; do not bring your *Æsop*, your politician¹⁰, unless you can ram up his mouth with cloves; the slave smells ranker than some sixteen dunghills, and is seventeen times more rotten. Marry, you may bring *Frisker* my *Zany*; he's a good skipping swaggerer; and your fat fool there, my *Mango*, bring him too; but let him not beg rapiers nor scarfs, in his over-familiar playing face, nor roar out his barren bold jests with a tormenting laughter, between drunk and dry. Do you hear, stiff-toe? give him warning, admonition, to forsake his sawey glowering grace, and his goggle eye; it does not become him, sirrah, tell him so. I have stood up and defended you, I, to gent'lemen, when you have been said to prey upon pul'nees, and honest citizens, for socks or buskins; or when they ha' call'd you usurers or brokers, or said you were able to help to a piece of flesh—I have sworn, I did not think so, nor that you were the common retreats for punks decay'd i' their practice; I cannot believe it of you—

Hist. Thank you, captain: Jupiter and the rest of the gods confine your modern delights without disgust.

Tac. Stay, thou shalt see the Moor ere thou goest. What's he with the half arms there, that salutes us out of his cloak like a motion? ha?

Hist. O, sir, his doublet's a little decay'd; he is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, sir, one *Demetrius*, a dresser of plays about the town here; we have hired him to abuse *Horace*, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants, as *Tibullus*, *Mecenas*, *Cornelius Gallus*, and the rest.

Tac. And why so, stinkard?

Hist. O, it will get us a huge deal of money, captain, and we have need on't; for this winter has made us all poorer than so many starv'd snakes; nobody comes at us, not a gentleman, nor a—

Tac. But you know nothing by him, do you, to make a play of?

Hist. Faith, not much, captain; but our author will devise that that shall serve in some sort.

Tac. Why, my *Parnassus* here shall help him, if thou wilt. Can thy author do it impudently enough?

Hist. O, I warrant you, captain, and spitefully enough too; he has one of the most overflowing rank wits in *Rome*; he

will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him.

Tac. I'll know the poor egregious, nitty rascal, an' he have these commendable qualities, I'll cherish him, (stay, here comes the *Tartar*) I'll make a gathering for him, I, a purse, and put the poor slave in fresh rags; tell him so to comfort him. Well said, boy.

(The boy comes in on Minos' shoulders, who stalks as he acts.)

2 Pyr. "Where art thou, boy? where is *Calipolis*?"

"Fight earthquakes in the entrails of the earth, [shades;

"And eastern whirlwinds in the bellish

"Some foul contagion of th' infected heavens [tops

"Blast all the trees, and in their cursed

"The dismal night-raven and tragic owl

"Breed and become forerunners of my fall."

Tac. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: commend me to seven shares and a half, and remember to-morrow—if you lack a service, you shall play in my name, rascals; but you shall buy your own cloth, and I'll ha' two shares for my countenance. Let thy author stay with me.

Dem. Yes, sir.

Tac. 'Twas well done, little *Minos*, thou didst stalk well; forgive me that I said thou stunk'st, *Minos*; 'twas the savour of a poet I met sweating in the street, hangs yet in my nostrils.

Cris. Who? *Horace*?

Tac. I, he; dost thou know him?

Cris. O he forsook me most barbarously, I protest.

Tac. Hang him, fusty satyr, he smells all goat; he carries a ram under his arm-holes¹¹, the slave: I am the worse when I see him. Did not *Minos* impart?

Cris. Yes, here are twenty drachms he did convey.

Tac. Well said, keep 'em, we'll share anon; come, little *Minos*.

Cris. Faith, captain, I'll be bold to shew you a mistress of mine, a jeweller's wife, a gallant, as we go along.

Tac. There spoke my genius. *Minos*, some of thy eringoes, little *Minos*; send. Come hither, *Parnassus*, I must ha' thee familiar with my little locust here; 'tis a good vermin, they say. See, here's *Horace*, and old *Trebatius*, the great lawyer, in his company; let's avoid him now, he is too well seconded.

¹⁰ Do not bring your *Æsop*, your politician, &c.] It is probable that Jonson might have in his eye some players of that age, whom he designed, in this speech, to cure of the absurdities he mentions.

¹¹ He carries a ram under his arm-holes.] The poet is truly classical in all his ideas;

*Fertur
Vallē sub alarum trux habitare caper.*—CATULLUS.

SCENE V.

Horace, Trebatius.

Hor. There are to whom I seem excessive
sour; [*Hor. sat. i. lib. 2.*
And past a satyr's law t'extend my power:
Others, that think whatever I have writ
Wants pith, and matter to eternize it;
And that they could, in one day's light, dis-
close
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
What shall I do, *Trebatius*? say.
Treb. Surcease. [*increase?*
Hor. And shall my muse admit no more
Treb. So I advise.
Hor. An ill death let me die,
If 'twere not best; but sleep avoids mine
eye, [*seem.*
And I use these, lest nights should tedious
Treb. Rather, contend to sleep, and live
like them
That holding golden sleep in special price,
Rub'd with sweet oils, swim silver *Tyber*
thrice,
And every ev'n with neat wine steeped be.
Or, if such love of writing ravish thee,
Then dare to sing unconquer'd *Cæsar's*
deeds; [*meeds.*
Who cheers such actions with abundant
Hor. That, father, I desire; but when I
I feel defects in every faculty: [*try,*
Nor is't a labour fit for every pen,
To paint the horrid troops of armed men,
The lances burst, in *Gallia's* slaughter'd
forces; [*horses:*
Or wounded *Parthians*, tumbled from their
Great *Cæsar's* wars cannot be fought with
words. [*affords,*
Treb. Yet, what his virtue in his peace
His fortitude and justice thou canst show;
As wise *Lucilius* honour'd *Scipio*.
Hor. Of that, my powers shall suffer no
neglect, [*spect:*
When such slight labours may aspire re-
But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble words of *Flaccus* cannot climb
Th' attentive ear of *Cæsar*; nor must I
With less observance shun gross flattery:
For he, reposed safe in his own merit,
Spurs back the glosses of a fawning spirit.
Treb. But how much better would such
accents sound
Than with a sad and serious verse to wound
Pantolabus, railing in his saucy jests?
Or *Nomentanus* spent in riotous feasts?
"In satyrs, each man (though untouch'd)
complains [*strains.*"
"As he were hurt; and hates such biting
Hor. What shall I do? *Milonius* shakes
his heels [*feels*
In ceaseless dances, when his brain once
The stirring fervour of the wine ascend;
And that his eyes false numbers apprehend.
Castor his horse, *Pollux* loves handy-fights;

A thousand heads, a thousand choice de-
lights.

My pleasure is in feet my words to close,
As, both our better, old *Lucilius*, does:
He, as his trusty friends, his books did trust
With all his secrets; nor, in things unjust,
Or actions lawful, ran to other men: [*seen*
So that the old man's life describ'd, was
As in a votive table in his lines:
And to his steps my genius inclines;
Lucanian, or *Apulian*, I know not whether;
For the *Venusian* colony plows either:
Sent thither, when the *Sabines* were forc'd
thence

(As old *Fame* sings) to give the place de-
fence [*rode*
'Gainst such as seeing it empty might make
Upon the empire; or there fix abode:
Whether the *Apulian* borderer it were,
Or the *Lucanian* violence they fear.
But this my stile no living man shall touch,
If first I be not forc'd by base reproach;
But like a sheathed sword it shall defend
My innocent life; for why should I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious thief
Robs my good name, the treasure of my life?
O *Jupiter*, let it with rust be eaten,
Before it touch or insolently threaten
The life of any with the least disease;
So much I love, and woo a general peace.
But, he that wrongs me, better I proclaim,
He never had assay'd to touch my fame.
For he shall weep, and walk with every
tongue

Throughout the city, infamously sung.
Servius the praetor threatens the laws, and urn,
If any at his deeds repine or spurn;
The witch *Canidia*, that *Albutius* got,
Denounceth witchcraft, where she loveth
not: [*of ill,*
Thurius, the judge, doth thunder worlds
To such as strive with his judicial will.

"All men affright their foes in what they
may, [*obey.*"
"Nature commands it, and men must
Observe with me; "The wolf his tooth
doth use; [*infuse,*
"The bull his horn. And who doth this
"But Nature?" There's luxurious *Scæva*;
trust

His long liv'd mother with him; his so just
And scrupulous right-hand no mischief will;
Nor more than with his heel a wolf will kill,
Or ox with jaw: marry, let him alone
With temper'd poison to remove the croan.
But briefly, if to age I destin'd be,
Or that quick death's black wings environ
me; [*mand*
If rich, or poor; at Rome; or fate com-
I shall be banish'd to some other land;
What hue soever my whole state shall bear,
I will write satyrs still, in spite of fear.

Treb. *Horace*, I fear, thou draw'st no
lasting breath;
And that some great man's friend will be
thy death.

Hor. What? when the man that first did
satyrise
Durst pull the skin over the ears of vice,
And make, who stood in outward fashion
clear,
Give place, as foul within; shall I forbear?
Did Lælius, or the man so great with fame,
That from sack'd Carthage fetch'd his wor-
thy name,
Storn that Lucilius did Metellus pierce?
Or bury Lupus quick in famous verse?
Rulers, and subjects, by whole tribes he
checkt,
But virtue and her friends did still protect:
And when from sight, or from the judgment-
seat,
The virtuous Scipio and wise Lælius met,
Unbraç'd, with him in all light sports they
shar'd,
Till their most frugal suppers were prepar'd.
Whate'er I am, though both for wealth and
wit,
Beneath Lucilius I am pleas'd to sit;
Yet Envy (spite of her poisoned breast)
Shall say, I liv'd in grace here with the
best;

And seeking in weak trash to make her
wound,
Shall find me solid, and her teeth unsound:
Less learn'd Trebatius' censure disagree.

Treb. No, Horace, I of force must yield
to thee;

Only take heed, as being advis'd by me,
Lest thou incur some danger: better pause,
Than rue thy ignorance of the sacred laws;
There's justice, and great action may be
su'd [verses lewd.

'Gainst such as wrong men's fames with
Hor. I, with lewd verses, such as libels be,
And aim'd at persons of good quality.

I reverence and adore that just decree:
But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rhimes,
That spare men's persons, and but tax their
crimes,

Such shall in open court find current pass,
Were Cæsar judge, and with the maker's
grace. [being clear,

Treb. Nay I'll add more; if thou, thyself
Shalt tax in person a man fit to bear
shame and reproach, his suit shall quickly
be [free.
Dissolv'd in laughter, and thou thence sit

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Chloe, Cytheris.

Chlo. **B**UT, sweet lady, say; am I well
enough attir'd for the court, in
sadness?

Cyth. Well enough? excellent well, sweet
mistress Chloe, this strait-bodied city attire
(I can tell you) will stir a courtier's blood,
more than the finest loose sacks the ladies
use to be put in; and then you are as well
jewell'd as any of them, your ruff and linnen
about you is much more pure than theirs;
and for your beauty, I can tell you, there's
many of them would defy the painter, if
they could change with you. Marry, the
worst is, you must look to be envied, and
endure a few court-frumps for it.

Chlo. O Jove, madam, I shall buy them
too cheap! give me my muff, and my dog
there. And will the ladies be any thing fa-
miliar with me, think you?

Cyth. O Juno! why you shall see 'em
flock about you with their puff-wigs, and
ask you where you bought your lawn, and
what you paid for it? who starches you?
and entreat you to help 'em to some pure
landresses out of the city.

Chlo. O Cupid! give me my fan, and my
mask too. And will the lords, and the
poets there, use one well too, lady?

Cyth. Doubt not of that; you shall have
kisses from them, go pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat,
upon your lips, as thick as stones out of

slings at the assault of a city. And then
your ears will be so furr'd with the breath of
their compliments, that you cannot catch
cold of your head (if you would) in three
winters after.

Chlo. Thank you, sweet lady. O hea-
ven! and how must one behave herself a-
mongst 'em? you know all.

Cyth. Faith, impudently enough, mistress
Chloe, and well enough. Carry not too
much under thought betwixt yourself and
them; nor your city-mannerly word (for-
sooth) use it not too often in any case; but
plain, I, madam, and no madam: nor never
say, your lordship, nor your honour; but,
you, and you my lord, and my lady: the
other they count too simple and minisive.
And though they desire to kiss heaven with
their titles, yet they will count them fools
that give them too humbly.

Chlo. O intolerable, Jupiter! by my troth,
lady, I would not for a world but you had
lain in my house; and i' faith you shall not
pay a farthing for your board, nor your
chambers.

Cyth. O sweet mistress Chloe.

Chlo. I' faith you shall not, lady; nay,
good lady, do not offer it.

SCENE II.

Gallus, Tibullus, Cytheris, Chloe.

Gal. Come, where be these ladies? By
your leave, bright stars, this gentleman and

I are come to man you to court; where your late kind entertainment is now to be requited with a heavenly banquet.

Cyth. A heavenly banquet, Gallus?

Gal. No less, my dear Cytheris.

Tib. That were not strange, lady, if the epithet were only given for the company invited thither; yourself, and this fair gentlewoman.

Chlo. Are we invited to court, sir?

Tib. You are, lady, by the great princess Julia; who longs to greet you with any favours that may worthily make you an often courtier.

Chlo. In sincerity, I thank her, sir. You have a coach, ha' you not?

Tib. The princess hath sent her own, lady.

Chlo. O Venus! that's well: I do long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

Cyth. But, sweet Gallus, pray you resolve me why you give that heavenly praise to this earthly banquet?

Gal. Because (Cytheris) it must be celebrated by the heavenly powers: all the gods and goddesses will be there; to two of which you two must be exalted.

Chlo. A pretty fiction in truth.

Cyth. A fiction indeed, Chloe, and fit for the fit of a poet.

Gal. Why, Cytheris, may not poets (from whose divine spirits all the honours of the gods have been deduc'd) intreat so much honour of the gods, to have their divine presence at a poetical banquet?

Cyth. Suppose that no fiction; yet, where are your abilities to make us two goddesses at your feast?

Gal. Who knows not (Cytheris) that the sacred breath of a true poet can blow any virtuous humanity up to deity?

Tib. To tell you the female truth (which is the simple truth) ladies; and to shew that poets (in spite of the world) are able to deify themselves; at this banquet, to which you are invited, we intend to assume the figures of the gods; and to give our several loves the forms of goddesses. Ovid will be Jupiter; the princess Julia, Juno; Gallus here, Apollo; you Cytheris, Pallas; I will be Bacchus; and my love Plautia, Ceres; and to install you and your husband, fair Chloe, in honours equal with ours, you shall be a goddess, and your husband a god.

Chlo. A god? O my god!

Tib. A god, but a lame god, lady; for he shall be Vulcan, and you Venus. And

this will make our banquet no less than heavenly.

Chlo. In sincerity, it will be sugred. Good Jove, what a pretty foolish thing it is to be a poet! but hark you, sweet Cytheris, could they not possibly leave out my husband? methinks a body's husband does not so well at court; a body's friend, or so—but husband, 'tis like your clog to your Marmaset, for all the world and the heavens.

Cyth. Tut, never fear, Chloe; your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you shall be put in the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

Chlo. Nay, then I am satisfied, he shall go.

SCENE III.

Gallus, Horace, Tibullus, Crispinus, Tucca, Demetrius, Cytheris, Chlo.

Gal. Horace! welcome.

Hor. Gentlemen, hear you the news?

Tib. What news, my Quintus?

Hor. Our melancholic friend, Propertius, hath clos'd himself up in his Cynthia's tomb;

And will by no intreaties be drawn thence.

Alb. Nay, good master Crispinus, pray you bring near the gentleman.

Hor. Crispinus? Hide me, good Gallus: Tibullus, shelter me.

Crisp. Make your approach, sweet captain.

Tib. What means this, Horace?

Hor. I am surpriz'd again, farewell.

Gal. Stay, Horace.

Hor. What, and be tir'd on by yond' vulture? No:

Phœbus defend me.

Tib. 'Slight, I hold my life,

This same is he met him in Holy-street.

Gal. Troth, 'tis like enough. This act of Propertius relisheth very strange with me.

Tuc. By thy leave, my neat scoundrel: what, is this the mad boy you talk'd on?

Cris. I, this is master Albius, captain.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, Agamemnon; we hear abroad thou art the Hector of citizens: what say'st thou? are we welcome to thee, noble Neoptolemus?

Alb. Welcome, captain, by Jove and all the gods i' the Capitol—

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which of these is thy wedlock², Menelaus? thy

¹ And be tir'd on by yond' vulture.] And be prey'd on, or torn to pieces by yond' vulture. To tire is a term in Falconry, and signifies the throwing the hawk or falcon a wing, or any part of a chicken, to pull in pieces.

² Which of these is thy wedlock? i. e. thy wife. So matrimonium is used for uxor more than once by Justin.—Mr. SYMPSON.

In the same sense Fletcher,

"Restore my matrimony undefiled."—*Little French Lawyer*, Act IV.

Helen? thy Lucrece? that we may do her honour, mad boy.

Cris. She i' the little fine dressing, sir, is my mistress.

Alb. For fault of a better, sir.

Tuc. A better, profane rascal? I cry thee mercy (my good scroil) was't thou?

Alb. No harm, captain.

Tuc. She is a Venus, a Vesta, a Melpomene: come hither, Penelope; what's thy name, Iris?

Chlo. My name is Chloe, sir; I am a gentlewoman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an empress (Chloe) for an eye and a lip; thou hast an emperor's nose: kiss me again: 'tis a virtuous punk; so. Before Jove, the gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffered so sweet a breath to perfume the bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, Thisbe; the fates were infatuate, they were, punk, they were.

Chlo. That's sure, sir: let me crave your name, I pray you, sir.

Tuc. I am known by the name of captain Tucca, punk; the noble Roman, punk: a gentleman, and a commander, punk.

Chlo. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander? that's as good as a poet, methinks.

Cris. A pretty instrument! It's my cousin Cytheris' viol this, is't not?

Cyth. Nay, play, cousin; it wants but such a voice and hand to grace it, as yours is.

Cris. Alas, cousin, you are merrily inspir'd.

Cyth. 'Pray you play, if you love me.

Cris. Yes, cousin; you know I do not hate you.

Tib. A most subtle wench! how she hath baited him with a viol yonder, for a song!

Cris. Cousin, 'pray you call mistress Chloe; she shall hear an essay of my poetry.

Tuc. I'll call her. Come hither, cockatrice: here's one will set thee up, my sweet punk, set thee up.

Chlo. Are you a poet so soon, sir?

Alb. Wife, mum.

SONG.

"Love is blind, and a wanton;

"In the whole world, there is scant—

"One such another:

"No, not his mother.

"He hath pluckt her doves and sparrows,

"To feather his sharp arrows,

"And a'one prevaileth,

"Whilst sick Venus waiteth.

"But if Cypris once recover

"The wag; it shall behove her

"To look better to him:

"Or she will-undo him.

Alb. O, most odoriferous musick!

Tuc. Aha, stinkard! Another Orpheus, you slave, another Orpheus! an Arion riding on the back of a dolphin, rascal!

Gal. Have you a copy of this ditty, sir?

Cris. Master Albius has.

Alb. I, but in truth they are my wife's verses, I must not shew 'em.

Tuc. Shew 'em, bankrupt, shew 'em; they have salt in 'em, and will brook the air, stinkard.

Gal. How! to his bright mistress Canidia?

Cris. I, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as Ovid's Corinna, or Propertius his Cynthia, or your Nemesis, or Delia, Tibullus.

Gal. It's the name of Horace his witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why, the ditty's all borrowed; 'tis Horace's: hang him, plagiary.

Tuc. How? he borrow of Horace? he shall pawn himself to ten brokers first. Do you hear, Poetasters? I know you to be men of worship—He shall write with Horace, for a talent; and let Mecænas and his whole college of critics take his part: thou shalt do't, young Phœbus; thou shalt, Phaeton, thou shalt.

Dem. Alas, sir, Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but humours and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home, squeezes himself dry again. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou say'st true, my poor poetical fury, he will pen all he knows. A sharp thorny-tooth'd satirical rascal, fly him; he carries hay in his horn: he will sooner lose his best friend, than his least jest. What he once drops upon paper, against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the mouth of every slave, tankard bearer, or waterman; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bake-house, but shall point at him: 'tis all dog, and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his tail. Fough, body of Jove! I'll have the slave whipt one of these days for his satires and his humours, by one cashier'd clerk or another.

Cris. We'll undertake him, captain.

Dem. I, and tickle him i' faith, for his arrogancy and his impudence, in commending his own things; and for his translating¹, I can trace him i' faith. O, he is the most

¹ For his impudence in commending his own things, and for his translating.] This play was purposely intended to lash Decker the poet, who is designed by the character of Crispinus. Decker returned the attack against Jonson, whom he endeavoured to expose to the public ridicule in his *Satiromastix*, or *The untrussing of the honourable poet*, where Jonson was styled Horace *jun.* since in this play by Horace was meant himself. It is for this reason, perhaps, more

open fellow living; I had as lieve as a new suit I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more then, but do it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new suit; sting him, my little neuffs; I'll give you instructions: I'll be your intelligencer, we'll all join, and hang upon him like so many horse-leeches, the players and all. We shall sup together, soon; and then we'll conspire i' faith.

Gal. O that Horace had stayed still here.

Tib. So would not I; for both these would have turn'd Pythagoreans then.

Gal. What, mute?

Tib. I, as fishes i' faith: come, ladies, shall we go?

Cyth. We wait you, sir. But mistress Chloe asks, if you have not a god to spare for this gentleman.

Gal. Who, captain Tucce?

Cyth. I, he.

Gal. Yes, if we can invite him along, he shall be Mars.

Chlo. Has Mars any thing to do with Venus?

Tib. O most of all, lady.

Chlo. Nay, then I pray let him be invited; and what shall Crispinus be?

Tib. Mercury, mistress Chloe.

Chlo. Mercury? that's a poet? is't?

Gal. No, lady, but somewhat inclining that way; he is a herald at arms.

Chlo. A herald at arms? good; and Mercury? pretty; he has to do with Venus too?

Tib. A little with her face, lady; or so.

Chlo. 'Tis very well; pray let's go, I long to be at it.

Cyth. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along?

Cris. You shall not only pray, but prevail, lady. Come, sweet captain.

Tuc. Yes, I follow: but thou must not talk of this now, my little bankrupt.

Alb. Captain, look here, mum.

Dem. I'll go write, sir.

Tuc. Do, do, stay: there's a drachm to purchase ginger-bread for thy muse.

SCENE IV.

Lupus, Histrio, Lictors, Minos, Mecenas, Horace.

Lup. Come, let us talk here; here we may be private: shut the door, Lictor. You are a player, you say.

Hist. I, an't please your worship.

Lup. Good: and how are you able to give this intelligence?

Hist. Marry, sir, they directed a letter to me and my fellow-sharers.

Lup. Speak lower, you are not now i' your theatre, stager: my sword, knave.

They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers: forward.

Hist. Yes, sir; to hire some of our properties; as a sceptre, and crown, for Jove; and a Caduceus for Mercury: and a Pegasus—

Lup. Caduceus? and Pegasus? let me see your letter. This is a conjuration; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins: I'll act a tragædie, i' faith. Will nothing but our gods serve these poets to prophane? dispatch. Player, I thank thee. The emperor shall take knowledge of thy good service. Who's there now? Look, knave. A crown and a sceptre: this is good rebellion, now!

Lict. 'Tis your 'pothecary, sir, master Minos.

Lup. What tell'st thou me of 'pothecaries, knave? Tell him, I have affairs of state in hand; I can talk to no 'pothecaries, now. Heart of me! Stay the 'pothecary there.—You shall see, I have fish'd out a cunning piece of plot now: they have had some intelligence, that their project is discover'd, and now have they dealt with my 'pothecary, to poison me; 'tis so; knowing that I meant to take physick to-day: as sure as death, 'tis there. Jupiter, I thank thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician. You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there; I have an antidote more than you wot of, sir; throw it on the ground there: so. Now fetch in the dog; and yet we cannot tarry to try experiments now: arrest him, you shall go with me, sir, I'll tickle you, 'pothecary: I'll give you a glisten, i' faith. Have I the letter? I, 'tis here. Come, your fasses, lictors: the half pikes and the halberds, take them down from the Lares, there. Player, assist me.

Mer. Whither now, Asinius Lupus, with this armory?

Lup. I cannot talk now; I charge you assist me: treason, treason.

Hor. How? treason?

Lup. I: if you love the emperor, and the state, follow me.

SCENE V.

Ovid, Julia, Gallus, Cytheris, Tibullus, Plautia, Albius, Chloë, Tucce, Crispinus, Hermogenes, Pyrgus.

Ovid. Gods and goddesses, take your several seats. Now, Mercury, move your Caduceus, and in Jupiter's name command silence.

Cris. In the name of Jupiter, silence.

Her. The crier of the court hath too clarified a voice.

Gal. Peace, Momus.

Ovid. Oh, he is the god of reprehension;

more than any other, that we have such long translations in this piece. As our poet was censured for his imitations, he was resolved to give full scope to the vulgar clamour by long and direct versions from his favourite author, whose character he had here assumed.

let him alone. 'Tis his office. Mercury, go forward, and proclaim after Phæbus, our high pleasure, to all the deities that shall partake this high banquet.

Cris. Yes, sir.

Gal. The great god, Jupiter, *Cris.* The great, &c.

Of his licentious goodness, Of his, &c.

Willing to make this feast, no fast, Willing, &c.

From any manner of pleasure; From any, &c.

Nor to bind any god or goddess, Nor to, &c.

To to be any thing the more god or goddess, for their names: To be, &c.

He gives them all free licence He gives, &c.

To speak no wiser than persons of baser titles; To speak, &c.

And to be nothing better, than common men and women. And to, &c.

And therefore no god And there, &c.

Shall need to keep himself more strictly to his goddess Shall need, &c.

Than any man does to his wife. Than any, &c.

Nor any goddess Nor any, &c.

Shall need to keep herself more strictly to her god, Shall need, &c.

Than any woman does to her husband. Than any, &c.

But, since it is no part of wisdom, But, since, &c.

In these days, to come into bonds; In these, &c.

It shall be lawful for every lover, It shall, &c.

To break loving oaths, To break, &c.

To change their lovers, and make love to others, To change, &c.

As the heat of every one's blood, As the, &c.

And the spirit of our nectar shall inspire. And the, &c.

And Jupiter, save Jupiter. And Jupiter, &c.

Tib. So: now we may play the fools by authority.

Her. To play the fool by authority is wisdom.

Jul. Away with your mattery sentences, Momus; they are too grave and wise for this meeting.

Ovid. Mercury, give our jester a stool, let him sit by; and reach him one of our cases.

Tuc. Dost bear, mad Jupiter? we'll have it enacted, He that speaks the first wise

word, shall be made cuckold. What say'st thou? Is't not a good motion?

Ovid. Deities, are you all agreed?

All. Agreed, great Jupiter.

Alb. I have read in a book, that to play the fool wisely, is high wisdom.

Gal. How now, Vulcan! will you be the first wizard?

Ovid. Take his wife, Mars, and make him cuckold quickly.

Tuc. Come, cockatrice.

Chlo. No, let me alone with him, Jupiter: I'll make you take heed, sir, while you live again; if there be twelve in a company, that you be not the wisest of 'em.

Alb. No more: I will not indeed; wife, hereafter; I'll be here: mum.

Ovid. Fill us a bowl of nectar, Gany-mede: we will drink to our daughter Venus.

Gal. Look to your wife, Vulcan: Jupiter begins to court her.

Tib. Nay, let Mars look to it: Vulcan must do as Venus does, bear.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy: Catanite. Look, you play Gany-mede well now, you slave. Do not spill your nectar; carry your cup even: so. You should have rub'd your face with whites of eggs, you rascal; till your brows had shone like our sooty brother's here, as sleek as a horn-book: or ha' steeped your lips in wine, till you made them so plump, that Juno might have been jealous of 'em.

Punk. Kiss me, punk.

Ovid. Here, daughter Venus, I drink to thee.

Chlo. Thank you, good father Jupiter.

Tuc. Why, mother Juno! gods and friends! what wilt thou suffer this ocular temptation?

Tib. Mars is enrag'd; he looks big, and begins to stut for anger.*

Her. Well play'd, captain Mars.

Tuc. Well said, minstrel Momus: I must put you in, must I? when will you be in good fooling of yourself, fiddler? never?

Her. O, 'tis our fashion to be silent, when there is a better fool in place ever.

Tuc. Thank you, rascal.

Ovid. Fill to our daughter Venus, Gany-mede, who fills her father with affection.

Jul. Wilt thou be ranging, Jupiter, before my face?

Ovid. Why not, Juno? why should Jupiter stand in awe of thy face, Juno?

Jul. Because it is thy wife's face, Jupiter.

Ovid. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wife's face? will she paint it so horribly? we are a king, cot-quean; and we will reign in our pleasures; and we will cudgel thee to death, if thou find fault with us.

Jul. I will find fault with thee, king

* And begins to stut for anger.] i. e. to stutter or stammer; extremely common to persons in a passion. Hence there is no necessity to adopt the word *stut*, which has been conjecturally proposed as the juster reading.

cuckold-maker; what, shall the king of gods turn the king of good-fellows, and have no fellow in wickedness? This makes our poets, that know our profaneness, live as profane as we; by my god-head, Jupiter, I will join with all the other gods here, bind thee hand and foot, throw thee down into the earth, and make a poor poet of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

Gal. A good smart-tongu'd goddess, a right Juno.

Ovid. Juno, we will cudgel thee, Juno; we told thee so yesterday, when thou wert jealous of us for Thetis.

Pyr. Nay, to-day she had me in inquisition too.

Tuc. Well said, my fine Phrygian fry, inform, inform. Give me some wine, king of heralds, I may drink to my cockatrice.

Ovid. No more, Ganyমেদে, we will cudgel thee, Juno; by Styx, we will.

Jul. I, 'tis well, gods may grow impudent in iniquity, and they must not be told of it—

Ovid. Yea, we will knock our chin against our breast, and shake thee out of Olympus into an oyster-boat, for thy scolding.

Jul. Your nose is not long enough to do it, Jupiter, if all thy strumpets thou hast among the stars took thy part. And there is never a star in thy forehead but shall be a horn, if thou persist to abuse me.

Cris. A good jest i' faith.

Ovid. We tell thee, thou anger'st us, eot-quean; and we will thunder thee in pieces for thy cot-quean-ity.

Cris. Another good jest.

Alb. O, my hammers and my Cyclops! "this boy fills not wine enough to make us kind enough to one another."

Tuc. Nor thou hast not collid thy face enough, stinkard.

Alb. I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.

Her. Heaven is like to have but a lame skinker, then.

Alb. "Wine and good livers make true lovers;" I'll sentence them together. Here father, here mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk, and forget this dissension; you two should cling together before our faces, and give us example of unity.

Gal. O, excellently spoken, Vulcan, on the sudden!

Tib. Jupiter may do well to prefer his tongue to some office for his eloquence.

Tuc. His tongue shall be gentleman-usher to his wit, and still go before it.

Alb. An excellent fit office!

Cris. I, and an excellent good jest besides.

Her. What, have you hired Mercury to cry your jests you make?

Ovid. Momus, you are envious.

Tuc. Why, I, you whoreson blockhead, 'tis your only block of wit in fashion, now-a-days, to applaud other folk's jests.

Her. True; with those that are not artificers themselves. Vulcan, you nod, and the mirth of the jest droops.

Pyr. He has fill'd nectar so long, till his brain swims in it.

Gal. What, do we nod, fellow-gods? Sound musick, and let us startle our spirits with a song.

Tuc. Do, Apollo, thou art a good musician.

Gal. What says Jupiter?

Ovid. Ha? ha?

Gal. A song.

Ovid. Why, do, do, sing.

Plu. Bacchus, what say you?

Tib. Ceres?

Plau. But, to this song?

Tib. Sing, for my part.

Jul. Your belly weighs down your head, Bacchus; here's a song toward.

Tib. Begin, Vulcan—

Alb. What else? what else?

Tuc. Say, Jupiter—

Ovid. Mercury—

Cris. I, say, say—

SONG.

"Wake, our mirth begins to die,

"Quickened it with tunes and wines:

"Raise your notes; you're out: sic, sic.

"This drowsiness is an ill sign.

"We banish him the quire of gods,

"That droops agen:

"Then all are men,

"For here's not one, but nods."

Ovid. I like not this sudden and general heaviness amongst our god-heads; 'tis somewhat ominous. Apollo, command us louder musick, and let Mercury and Momus contend to please and revive our senses.

SONG.

Herm. "Then, in a free and lofty strain,

"Our broken tunes we thus repair;

Cris. "And we answer them again, [air;

"Running division on the panting

Ambo. "To celebrate this feast of sense,

"As free from scandal as offence,

Herm. "Here is beauty for the eye;

Cris. "For the ear sweet melody;

Herm. "Ambrosiac odours, for the smell;

Cris. "Delicious nectar for the taste;

Ambo. "For the touch, a lady's waste;

"Which doth all the rest excel!"

¹ Here father, here mother, for shame, drink yourselves drunk, &c.] Albion, who represents Vulcan, does not act out of character: the poet had Homer in his eye, who reconciles the quarrelsome deities by Vulcan's buffoonery and archness of behaviour, who takes on himself the office of skinker to the celestial assembly.

Ovid. I, this has wak'd us. Mercury, our herald; go from ourself, the great god Jupiter, to the great emperor Augustus Cæsar, and command him from us, of whose bounty he hath received the surname of Augustus, that for a thank-offering to our beneficence, he presently sacrifice, as a dish to this banquet, his beautiful and wanton daughter Julia: she's a curst quean, tell him, and plays the scold behind his back; therefore let her be sacrificed. Command him this, Mercury, in our high name of Jupiter Altitonans.

Jul. Stay, feather-footed Mercury, and tell Augustus, from us the great Juno Saturnia; if he think it hard to do as Jupiter hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that he had better do so ten times, than suffer her to love the well-nos'd poet, Ovid; whom he shall do well to whip, or cause to be whipt about the Capitol, for soothing her in her follies.

SCENE VI.

Cæsar, Mecænas, Horace, Lupus, Histrio, Minos, Lictors, Ovid, Gallus, Tibullus, Tucca, Crispinus, Albius, Hermogenes, Pyrgus, Julia, Cytheris, Plautia, Chloë.

Cæs. What sight is this? Mecænas!

Horace! say!

Have we our senses? do we hear and see?
Or are these but imaginary objects [not?
Drawn by our phantasie? Why speak you
"Let us do sacrifice?" Are they the gods?
Reverence, amaze, and fury fight in me.
What, do they kneel? Nay, then I see 'tis
true

I thought impossible: O impious sight!
Let me divert mine eyes; the very thought

* *Cæs.* What sight is this? Mecænas, Horace, say!

Have we our senses? do we hear and see? [The friends of Ovid may have much to object to the justice of Jonson, in his design of the preceding scene. Ovid had faults enough to answer for, without being charged with others of mere invention. It is generally supposed, that he was banished by Augustus, for an amour with his daughter Julia: and this circumstance our poet mentions with propriety: and he fancied, I presume, that an entertainment of the kind represented, was not inconsistent with the luxuriance of Ovid's imagination. But the truth is, that Jonson is partial; and Ovid does not appear to have had any share in the contrivance. Let us transfer, then, the infamy of this least to its real author, who is no other than the emperor himself. The account is preserved in Suetonius, who tells us, that on this occasion, Augustus assumed the dress and character of Apollo. *Cæna quoque ejus secretior in fabulis fuit, quæ vulgo Δαιμόνων vocabatur: in quâ deorum dearumque habitu discubuisse convivas, et ipsum pro Apolline ornatum, non Antonii modo epistolæ singulorum nomina amarissimis enumerantis exprobrauit, sed et sine auctore notissimi versus:*

Cum primum istorum conduxit mensa Choram,

Sexque deos vidit Mallin, sexque deus:

Impia dum Phæbi Cæsar menducia ludit;

Dum nova divorum cænut adulteria;

Omnia ædè terris tunc numina declinârunt,

Fugit et aurotus Jupiter ipse thronos.

Auxit cæna rumorem animus tunc in civitate penuria ac fames: acclamatumque est postridie, frumtum omne deos comedis, et Cæsarem plane esse Apollinem, ac tortorem: quo cognomine is deus quadam in parte urbis colebatur. Sueton. August. c. 70. Jonson was desirous of representing Augustus as a perfect character; but he was far otherwise.

Everts my soul with passion; look not, man,
There is a panther, whose unnatural eyes
Will strike thee dead: turn then, and die
on her

[*He offers to kill his daughter,*

With her own death.

Mec. Hor. What means imperial Cæsar?

Cæs. What? would you have me let the
strumpet live,

That, for this pageant, earns so many deaths?

Tuc. Boy, slink boy.

Pyrr. Pray Jupiter we be not followed by
the scent, master.

Cæs. Say, sir, what art you?

Alb. I play Vulcan, sir.

Cæs. But what are you, sir?

Alb. Your citizen and jeweller, sir.

Cæs. And what are you, dame?

Chloë. I play Venus, forsooth.

Cæs. I ask not what you play, but what
you are.

Chloë. Your citizen and jeweller's wife, sir.

Cæs. And you, good sir?

Cris. Your gentleman parcel-poet, sir.

Cæs. O, that profaned name!

And are these seemly company for thee,
Degenerate monster? all the rest I know,
And hate all knowledge for their hateful
sakes.

Are you, that first the deities inspir'd
With skill of their high natures and their
powers,

The first abusers of their useful light;
Profaning thus their dignities in their forms;
And making them, like you, but counter-
feits?

O, who shall follow virtue and embrace her,
When her false bosom is found nought but
air?

And yet of those embraces centaurs spring,

That war with human peace, and poison men.
Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend

Her unseen being and her excellence;
When you that teach, and should eternize her,

Live as she were no law unto your lives;
Nor liv'd herself but with your idle breaths?
If you think gods but feign'd, and virtue painted,

Know we sustain an actual residence,
And with the title of an emperor,
Retain his spirit and imperial power;
By which, (in imposition too remiss,
Licentious Naso, for thy violent wrong,
In soothing the declin'd affections
Of our base daughter) we exile thy feet
From all approach to our imperial court,
On pain of death; and thy mis-gotten love
Commit to patronage of iron doors;
Since her soft-hearted sire cannot contain her.

Mec. O, good my lord, forgive, be like the gods.

Hor. Let royal bounty, Cæsar, mediate.

Cæs. There is no bounty to be shew'd to such

As have no real goodness: bounty is
A spice of virtue; and what virtuous act
Can take effect on them, that have no power
Of equal habitude to apprehend it,
But live in worship of that idol, vice,
As if there were no virtue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, merely enforce'd?
This shews their knowledge is mere ignorance,

Their far-fetch'd dignity of soul a fancy,
And all their square pretext of gravity
A mere vain-glory: hence, away with 'em.
I will prefer for knowledge, none but such
As rule their lives by it, and can becalm
All sea of humour with the marble trident
Of their strong spirits: others fight below
With gnats and shadows, others nothing know.

SCENE VII.

Tucca, Crispinus, Pyrgus, Horace, Meccenas, Lupus, Histrio.

Tuc. What's become of my little punk Venus, and the poult-foot stinkard, her husband? ha!

Cris. O, they are rid home i' the coach, as fast as the wheels can run.

Tuc. God Jupiter is banish'd, I hear, and his cockatrice Juno lock'd up. 'Heart, an' all the poetry in Parnassus get me to be a player again, I'll sell 'em my share for a sesterce. But this is humorous Horace, that goat-footed envious slave; he's turn'd laun now, an informer, the rogue; 'tis he has betray'd us all. Did you not see him with the emperor crouching?

Cris. Yes.

Tuc. Well, follow me. Thou shalt libel,

and I'll cudgel the rascal. Boy, provide me a truncheon. Revenge shall gratulate him, *tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

Pyr. I but, master, take heed how you give this out; Horace is a man of the sword.

Cris. 'Tis true, in troth; they say he's valiant.

Tuc. Valiant? so is mine a—. Gods and fiends! I'll blow him into air when I meet him next: he dares not fight with a puck-fist.

Pyr. Master, he comes.

Tuc. Where? [*Horace passes by.*]
Jupiter save thee, my good poet, my noble prophet, my little fat Horace. I scorn to beat the rogue i' the court; and I saluted him thus fair, because he should suspect nothing, the rascal. Come, we'll go see how far forward our journeyman is toward the untrussing of him.

Cris. Do you hear, captain? I'll write nothing in it but innocence, because I may swear I am innocent.

Hor. Nay, why pursue you not the emperor for your reward now, Lupus?

Mec. Stay, Asinius; [*lictors:* You and your stagers, and your band of I hope your service merits more respect, Than thus without a thanks to be sent hence!

His. Well, well, jest on, jest on.

Hor. Thou base unworthy groom.

Lup. I, I, 'tis good.

Hor. Was this the treason, this the dangerous plot,
Thy clamorous tongue so bellow'd thro' the court?

Hadst thou no other project to increase
Thy grace with Cæsar, but this wolfish train,
To prey upon the life of innocent mirth
And harmless pleasures, bred of noble wit?
Away, I lothe thy presence; such as thou,
They are the moths and scarabs of a state,
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts;
Who (to endear themselves to an employment) [*they endanger;*
Care not whose fame they blast, whose life
And under a disguis'd and cobweb mask
Of love unto their sovereign, vomit forth
Their own prodigious malice: and pretending

To be the props and columns of their safety,
The guards unto his person and his peace,
Disturb it most, with their false lapwing-cries.

Lup. Good. Cæsar shall know of this, believe it.

Mec. Cæsar doth know it, wolf, and to his knowledge,
He will, I hope, reward your base endeavours.

"Princes that will but hear, or give access
"To such officious spies, can ne'er be safe:
"They take in poison with an open ear,
"And, free from danger, become slaves to
"fear."

SCENE VIII.

Ovid.

Banish'd the court? Let me be banish'd life,

Since the chief end of life is there concluded:
Within the court is all the kingdom bounded,
And as her sacred sphere doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place

In any part of all the empire else;
So every body, moving in her sphere,
Contains ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other her choice orb excludes.
As in a circle, a magician then
Is safe against the spirit he excites;
But out of it, is subject to his rage,
And loseth all the virtue of his art:
So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts that in it I joy'd.
"No virtue current is, but with her stamp,
"And no vice vicious, blanch'd with her
"white hand."

The court's the abstract of all Rome's desert,
And my dear Julia th' abstract of the court.
Methinks, now I come near her, I respire
Some air of that late comfort I receiv'd:
And while the evening with her modest veil,
Gives leave to such poor shadows as myself
To steal abroad, I, like a heartless ghost,
Without the living body of my love,
Will here walk and attend her. For I know
Not far from hence she is imprisoned,
And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to speak to me,
And cheer my fainting spirits with her breath.

SCENE IX.

Julia, Ovid.

Jul. Ovid? my love?

[*She appeareth above, as at her chamber window.*]

Ovid. Here, heavenly Julia.

Jul. Here? and not here? O, how that word doth play

With both our fortunes, differing, like ourselves,

Both one; and yet divided, as oppos'd?
I high, thou low? O, this our plight of place
Dowbly presents the two lets of our love,
Local and ceremonial height, and lowness:
Both ways, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our minds are even yet; O why should our
bodies, [rule?]

That are their slaves, be so without their
I'll cast myself down to thee; if I die,
I'll ever live with thee: no height of birth,
Of place, of duty, or of cruel power,
Shall keep me from thee; should my father
lock

This body up within a tomb of brass,
Yet I'll be with thee. If the forms, I hold
Now in my soul, be made one substance
with it;

That soul immortal; and the same 'tis now;

Death cannot raze th' effects she now retaineth:

And then, may she be any where she will.
The souls of parents rule not children's souls,
When death sets both in their dissolv'd
estates;

Then is no child nor father; then eternity
Frees all from any temporal respect.
I come, my Ovid, take me in thine arms,
And let me breathe my soul into thy breast.

Ovid. O stay, my love; the hopes thou dost conceive

Of thy quick death, and of thy future life,
Are not authenticall. Thou chooseth death,
So thou might'st 'joy thy love in th' other
life: [dead,

But know, my princely love, when thou art
Thou only must survive in perfect soul;
And in the soul are no affections:

We pour out our affections with our blood,
And with our blood's affections fade our
loves. [this;

"No life hath love in such sweet state as

"No essence is so dear to moody sense

"As flesh and blood, whose quaintessence is
sense. [moves more,

"Beauty, compos'd of blood and flesh

"And is more plausible to blood and flesh,

"Than spiritual beauty can be to the spirit."

Such apprehension as we have in dreams

(When sleep, the bond of senses, locks them
up), [them quite.

Such shall we have, when death destroys

If love be then thy object, change not life;

Live high and happy still: I still below,

Close with my fortunes, in thy height shall
joy.

Jul. Ay me, that virtue, whose brave eagle's wings [heaven

With every stroke blow stars in burning

Should, like a swallow (preying towards
storms)

Fly close to earth, and with an eager plume,

Pursue those objects which none else can see,

But seem to all the world the empty air.

Thus thou (poor Ovid) and all virtuous men,

Must prey, like swallows, on invisible food,

Pursuing flies, or nothing; and thus love,

And every worldly fancy, is transpos'd

By worldly tyranny to what plight it list.

O father, since thou gav'st me not my mind,

Strive not to rule it; take but what thou
gav'st

To thy disposal. Thy affections

Rule not in me; I must bear all my griefs,

Let me use all my pleasures; virtuous love

Was never scandal to a goddess state.

But he's inflexible! and, my dear love,

Thy life may chance be shorten'd by the
length

Of my unwilling speeches to depart.

Farewell, sweet life; though thou be yet
exil'd

Th' officious court, enjoy me ample still:

My soul, in this my breath, enters thine ears,

And on this turret's floor will I lie dead,

Till we may meet again. In this proud height,
I kneel beneath thee in my prostrate love,
And kiss the happy sands that kiss thy feet.
"Great Jove admits a sceptre to a cell,
"And lovers, ere they part, will meet in
"hell."

Ovid. Farewell all company, and, if I
could, [my brows,
All light with thee : hell's shade should hide
Till thy dear beauty's beams redeem'd my
vows. [stay

Jul. Ovid, my love; alas, may we not
A little longer, think'st thou, undiscern'd?

Ovid. For thine own good, fair goddess,
do not stay,

Who would engage a firmament of fires
Shining in thee, for me, a falling star?
Begone, sweet life-blood; if I should dis-
cern [die.

Thyself but touch'd for my sake, I should
Jul. I will begone, then; and not heaven
itself

Shall draw me back.

Ovid. Yet, Julia, if thou wilt,
▲ little longer stay.

Jul. I am content. [heaven
Ovid. O mighty Ovid! what the sway of
Could not retire, my breath hath turned
back. [passionate eyes

Jul. Who shall go first, my love? my
Will not endure to see thee turn from me.

Ovid. If thou go first, my soul will follow
thee.

Jul. Then we must stay.

Ovid. Ay me, there is no stay
In amorous pleasures; if both stay, both die.
I hear thy father; hence, my deity.

Fear forgeth sounds in my deluded ears;
I did not hear him: I am mad with love.

There is no spirit, under heaven, that works
With such illusion; yet such witchcraft kill
me,

Ere a sound mind, without it, save my life,
Here, on my knees, I worship the best place
That held my goddess; and the loving air,
That clos'd her body in his silken arms.

Vain Ovid! kneel not to the place, nor air;
She's in thy heart; rise then, and worship
there.

"The truest wisdom silly men can have,
"Is dotage on the follies of their flesh."

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Caesar, Mecenas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace,
Equites Ro.*

Caes. WE, that have conquer'd still, to
save the conquer'd,
And lov'd to make inflictions fear'd, not felt;
Griev'd to reprove, and joyful to reward;
More proud of reconciliation than revenge;
Resume into the late state of our love,
Worthy Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus:
You both are gentlemen; you, Cornelius,
A soldier of renown, and the first provost
That ever let our Roman eagles fly
On swarthy Egypt, quarried with her spoils.
Yet (not to bear cold forns, nor men's out-
terms',

Without the inward fires, and lives of men)
You both have virtues, shining through
your shapes;

To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues, which the best men are,
Without Promethean stuffings reach'd from
heaven! [gentry:

Sweet poesy's sacred garlands crown your
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract and perfect; if she be
True born, and nurs'd with all the sciences.
She can so mould Rome, and her monu-
ments,

Within the liquid marble of her lines,

That they shall stand fresh and miraculous,
Even when they mix with innovating dust;
In her sweet streams shall our brave Ro-
man spirits [choice deeds

Chase, and swim after death, with their
Shining on their white shoulders; and
therein

Shall Tyber, and our famous rivers fall
With such attraction, that th' ambitious line
Of the round world shall to her center shrink
To hear their musick: and, for these high
parts,

Caesar shall reverence the Pærian arts.

Mec. Your majesty's high grace to poesie,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden souls; who (for the vain assumings
Of some, quite worthless of her sovereign
wreaths)

Contain her worthiest prophets in contempt.

Gal. Happy is Rome of all earth's other
states,

To have so true and great a president,
For her inferior spirits to imitate,
As Caesar is; who addeth to the sun
Influence and lustre: in increasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in us.

Hor. Phœbus himself shall kneel at
Caesar's shrine, [wine,

And deck it with bay garlands dew'd with
To quit the worship Caesar does to him:
Where other princes, hoisted to their thrones

¹ Yet not to bear cold forms, nor men's OUT-TERMS.] Merely the figures, and out-lines of men. A metaphor from painting.

By fortune's passionate and disordered power
Sit in their height, like clouds before the sun,
Hind'ring his comforts; and (by their excess
Of cold in virtue, and cross heat in vice)
Thunder and tempest on those learned heads,
Whom *Cæsar* with such honour doth advance.

Tib. All human business fortune doth
Without all order; and with her blind hand,
She, blind, bestows blind gifts; that still
have nurs'd,

They see not who, nor how, but still, the
Cæsar. *Cæsar*, for his rule, and for so much
stuff

As fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it
(As if his hand had eyes and soul in it)
With worth and judgment. "Hands, that
" part with gifts,

" Or will restrain their use, without desert,
" Or with a misery num'd to virtue's right,

" Work, as they had no soul to govern
them,

" And quite reject her; sev'ring their estates
" From human order. Whosoever can,

" And will not cherish virtue, is no man."
Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperial

Cæsar. Virgil is now at hand, imperial
Cæsar. [a chair.

Cæsar. Rome's honour is at hand then. Fetch
And set it on our right hand, where 'tis fit
Rome's honour and our own should ever sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not he hath finish'd all his *Æneids*,
Which, like another soul, I long t' enjoy.
What think'st you three of Virgil, gentlemen,
(That are of his profession, though rank'd
higher?)

Hor. Or Horace, what say'st thou, that art the
And likeliest to envy, or detract?

Hor. *Cæsar* speaks after common men
in this,

To make a difference of me for my poorness:
As if the filth of poverty sunk as deep
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth into an ignorant soul.

No, *Cæsar*, they be pathless moorish minds,
That being once made rotten with the dung
Of damned riches, ever after sink
Beneath the steps of any villainy.

But knowledge is the Nectar that keeps sweet
A perfect soul, even in this grave of sin;
And for my soul, it is as free as *Cæsar*'s;
For what I know is due I'll give to all.

"He that detracts or envies virtuous merit,
" Is still the covetous and the ignorant
spirit."

Cæsar. Thanks, Horace, for thy free and
wholesome sharpness, [tawns.
Which pleaseth *Cæsar* more than servile
" A flatter'd prince soon turns the prince
" of fools."

And for thy sake, we'll put no difference more
Between the great and good, for being poor.
Say then, lov'd Horace, thy true thought
of Virgil.

Hor. I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse,
(In his bright reason's influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous moods of common
Bearing the nature and similitude [men;
Of a right heavenly body; most severe
In fashion and collection of himself;
And then as clear and confident as Jove.

Gal. And yet so chaste and tender is his
In suffering any syllable to pass, [ear,
That he thinks may become the honour'd
Of issue to his so examin'd self, [name
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his own poems, he doth still distaste;
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to
paint,

Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.

Tib. But to approve his works of sove-
reign worth,

This observation (methinks) more than serves,
And is not vulgar. That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

Cæsar. You mean, he might repeat part of
his works,

As fit for any conference he can use?

Tib. True, royal *Cæsar*.

Cæsar. Worthily observ'd;
And a most worthy virtue in his works,
What thinks material Horace of his learning?

Hor. His learning savours not the school-
like gloss,

That most consists in echoing words and
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrap'd in the curious generalities of arts;
But a direct and analytic sun

Of all the worth and first effects of arts,
And for his poesie, 'tis so ram'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admir'd than now.

Cæsar. This one consent in all your dooms
of him,

And mutual loves of all your several merits,
Argues a truth of merit in you all.

SCENE II.

Cæsar, Virgil, Mæcenas, Gallus, Tibullus,
Horace, Equites Ro.

Cæsar. See, here comes Virgil; we will
rise and greet him.

Welcome to *Cæsar*, Virgil, *Cæsar* and Virgil
Shall differ but in sound; to *Cæsar*, Virgil

(Of his expressed greatness) shall be made
A second surname, and to Virgil, *Cæsar*.

Where are thy famous *Æneids*? do us
grace

To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.

Virg. Worthless they are of *Cæsar*'s
gracious eyes,

If they were perfect; much more with their
wants, [supply.
Which are yet more than my time could
And, could great Cæsar's expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not shew them.

Cæs. Virgil is too modest;
Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more.
Shew them, sweet Virgil.

Virg. I then in such due fear
As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly shew them.

Cæs. Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life;
And more refulgent in a senseless paper,
Than in the sensual compliment of kings.
Read, read thy self, dear Virgil; let not me
Prophane one accent with an untun'd tongue.
"Best matter, badly shown, shews worse
than bad."

See then this chair of purpose set for thee
To read thy poem in; refuse it not. [take
"Virtue, without presumption, place may
"Above best kings, whom only she should
make."

Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A gross untruth, that any poet (void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity)
Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's
chair. [set under,

"Poor virtue rais'd, high birth and wealth
"Crosseth heav'n's courses, and makes
worldlings wonder."

Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate its-
self in this [custom.

Will Cæsar cross; much more all worldly
Hor. "Custom, in course of honour,
"ever errs; [prefers."

"And they are best whom fortune least
Cæs. Horace hath (but more strictly)
spoke our thoughts.

The vast rude swinge of general confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sea: se:
And therefore reason (which in right should
The special rector of all harmony) [be
Shall shew we are a man distinct by it,
From those, whom custom rapteth in her
press. [chance,

Ascend then, Virgil; and where first by
We here have turn'd thy book, do thou first
read. [ascend.

Virg. Great Cæsar hath his will; I will
"Twere simple injury to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs from unused
virtue, [worth,
And makes her shine proportion'd to her
To be more nice to entertain his grace,
Than he is choice and liberal to afford it.

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard
the doors,

Anillet none enter; peace. Begin, good Virgil.

Virg. "Meanwhile the skies 'gan thun-
"der, and in tail

"Of that, fell pow'ring storms of sleet and
"hail,

"The Tyrian lords and Trojan youth, each
"where [fear,

"With Venus' Dardane 'nephew, now, in
"Seek out for several shelter through the
"plain, [amain,

"Whilst floods come rowling from the hills
"Dido a cave, the Trojan 'prince the same
"Lighted upon. There earth and heaven's
"great 'dame, [sign

"That hath the charge of marriage, first gave
"Unto his contract; fire and air did shine,
"As guilty of the match; and from the hill
"The nymphs with shriekings do the region
"fill. [ground

"Here first began their bane; this day was
"Of all their ills: for now, nor rumour's
"sound, [aught;

"Nor nice respect of state, moves Dido
"Her love no longer now by stealth is
"sought: [name

"She calls this wedlock, and with that fair
"Covers her fault. Forthwith the bruit
"and fame, [is gone;

"Through all the greatest Lybian towns
"Fame, a fleet evil, than which is swifter
"none, [strength;

"That moving grows, and flying gathers
"Little at first, and fearful; but at length
"She dares attempt the skies, and stalking
"proud [a cloud!

"With feet on ground, her head doth pierce
"This child, our parent earth, stir'd up
"with spight [some write,

"Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as
"She was last sister of that giant 'racc,
"That thought to scale Jove's court; right
"swift of pace,

"And swifter far of wing; a monster vast,
"And dreadful. Look, how many plumes
"are plac'd

"On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
"Stick underneath; and (which may stran-
"ger rise

"In the report) as many tongues she bears,
"As many mouths, as many list'ning ears.
"Nightly in midst of all the heaven, she flies,
"And through the earth's dark shadow
"shrieking cries; [sleep;

"Nor do her eyes once bend to taste sweet
"By day on tops of houses she doth keep,
"Or on high towers; and doth thence af-
"fright

"Cities and towns of most conspicuous sight.
"As covetous she is of tales and lyes,
"As prodigal of truth: this monster, &c."

SCENE III.

*Lupus, Tuca, Crispinus, Demetrius, Histris,
Lictors, Cæsar, Virgil, Mecænas, Gallus,
Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.*

Lup. Come, follow me, assist me, second
me; where's the emperor?

* Virg. lib. 4. *Æneid.* * Iulus. * *Æneas.* * Juno. * Cæus, Enceladus, &c.

Eques 1. Sir, you must pardon us.

Eques 2. Cæsar is private now; you may not enter.

Tuc. Not enter? Charge 'em upon their allegiance, Cropskin.

Eques 1. We have a charge to the contrary, sir.

Lup. I pronounce you all traitors, horrible traitors: What? do you know my affairs? I have matter of danger and state to impart to Cæsar.

Cæs. What noise is there? who's that names Cæsar?

Lup. A friend to Cæsar. One that for Cæsar's good would speak with Cæsar.

Cæs. Who is't? look, Cornelius.

Eques 1. Asinius Lupus.

Cæs. O, bid the turbulent informer hence; We have no vacant ear now, to receive Th' unseason'd fruits of his officious tongue.

Mec. You must avoid him there.

Lup. I conjure thee, as thou art Cæsar, or respectest thine one safety, or the safety of the state, Cæsar, hear me, speak with me, Cæsar; 'tis no common business I come about, but such, as being neglected, may concern the life of Cæsar.

Cæs. The life of Cæsar? let him enter. *Virgil*, keep thy seat.

Equites. Bear back there: whither will you? keep back.

Tuc. By thy leave, good-man usher: mend thy peruke; so.

Lup. Lay hold on Horace there; and on *Mecænas*, *lictors*. Romans, offer no rescue, upon your allegiance: read, royal Cæsar. I'll tickle you, satyr.

Tuc. He will, humours, he will: he will squeeze you, poet puckfist.

Lup. I'll lop you off, for an unprofitable branch, you satirical varlet.

Tuc. I, and *Epaninondas* your patron here, with his flaggon chain: come resign: though 'twere your great grand-father's, the law has made it mine now, sir. Look to him, my party-colour'd rascals; look to him.

Cæs. What is this, Asinius Lupus? I understand it not.

Lup. Not understand it? A libel, Cæsar; a dangerous seditious libel; a libel in picture.

Cæs. A libel!

Lup. I, I found it in this Horace his study, in *Mecænas* his house, here; I challenge the penalty of the laws against 'em.

Tuc. I, and remember to beg their land betimes; before some of these hungry court-hounds scent it out.

Cæs. Shew it to Horace: ask him if he know it.

Lup. Know it? his hand is at it, Cæsar.

Cæs. Then 'tis no libel.

Hor. It is the imperfect body of an emblem, Cæsar, I began for *Mecænas*.

Lup. An emblem! right: that's Greek for a libel.

Do but mark how confident he is. [*tribune*;

Hor. A just man cannot fear, thou foolish Not, though the malice of traducing tongues, The open vastness of a tyrant's ear, The senseless rigour of the wrested laws, Or the red eyes of strait'd authority Should, in a point, meet all to take his life. His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Lup. Innocence! O impudence! let me see, let me see. Is not here an eagle? and is not that eagle meant by Cæsar? ha? does not Cæsar give the eagle? answer me; what sayest thou?

Tuc. Hast thou any evasion, tinkard?

Lup. Now he's turn'd dumb. I'll tickle you, satyr.

Hor. Pish: ha, ha.

Lup. Dost thou pish me? Give me my long sword. [*worthy Romans*,

Hor. With reverence to great Cæsar, Observe but this ridiculous commenter; The soul to my device, was in this distich:

"Thus oft, the base and ravenous multitude
"Survive, to share the spoils of fortitude."

Which in this body I have figur'd here,
A vulture——

Lup. A vulture? I, now, 'tis a vulture. O abominable! monstrous! monstrous! has not your vulture a beak? has it not legs, and talons, and wings, and feathers?

Tuc. Touch him, old buskins.

Hor. And therefore must it be an eagle?

Mec. Respect him not, good Horace: say your device.

Hor. A vulture and a wolf——

Lup. A wolf! good: that's I; I am the wolf: my name's Lupus; I am meant by the wolf. On, on, a vulture and a wolf——

Hor. Preying upon the carcass of an ass——

Lup. An ass! good still: that's I too; I am the ass. You mean me by the ass——

Mec. 'Pr'ythee, leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needs take it, I cannot with modesty give it from you.

Mec. But, by that beast, the old Egyptians Were wont to figure in their hieroglyphicks, Patience, frugality, and fortitude;

For none of which we can suspect you, *tribune*.

Cæs. Who was it, Lupus, that inform'd you first, [*comment*?

This should be meant by us? or was't your
Lup. No, Cæsar: a player gave me the first light of it indeed.

Tuc. I, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician besides.

Cæs. Where is that player?

Tuc. He is without here.

Cæs. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the player there: master *Æsop*, call him.

Equites. Player: where is the player? bear back: none but the player enter.

Tuc. Yes, this gentleman and his *Achates* must.

A 2

Cris. 'Pray you, master usher; we'll stand close, here.

Tuc. 'Tis a gentleman of quality, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell ye. Come, Æ-op, hast a bay-leaf i' thy mouth? Well said be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirm'd to thee and thy convey¹, under the emperor's broad seal, for this service.

Cæs. Is this he?

Lup. I, Cæsar, this is he.

Cæs. Let him be whipt. Lictors, go take him hence.

And Lupus, for your fierce credulity, One fit him with a pair of larger ears: 'Tis Cæsar's doom, and must not be revok'd. We hate to have our court and peace disturb'd

With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

Lup. Cæsar.

Cæs. Gag him, we may have his silence.

Vir. Cæsar hath done like Cæsar. Fair and just

Is his award, against these brainless creatures. 'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality, Or modest anger of a satiric spirit, That hurts or wounds the body of the state; But the sinister application Of the malicious, ignorant and base Interpreter: who will distort and strain The general scope and purpose of an author, To his particular and private spleen.

Cæs. We know it, our dear Virgil, and esteem it

A most dishonest practice in that man, Will seem too witty in another's work. What would Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus?

[*This while the rest whisper Cæsar.*]

Tuc. Nay, but as thou art a man, dost hear? a man of worship and honourable: hold, here, take thy chain again. Resume, mad Mæcenas. What! dost thou think I meant t' have kept it, old boy? no: I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou would'st take it. What! wilt I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls². Come, I love bully Horace as well as thou dost, I: 'tis an honest hieroglyphick, give me thy wrist, Helicon. Dost thou think I'll second e'er a rhinoceros of them all, against thee? ha? or thy noble Hippocrene, here? I'll turn stager first, and be whipt too: dost thou see, bully?

Cæs. You have your will of Cæsar: use it Romans.

Virgil shall be your prætor; and ourself Will here sit by, spectator of your sports; And think it no impeachment of royalty.

Our ear is now too much prophan'd (grave Maro)

With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines: Put up thy book, till both the time and we be fitted with more hallowed circumstance For the receiving so divine a work. Proceed with your design.

Mec. Gal. Tib. Thanks to great Cæsar.

Gal. Tibullius, draw you the indictment then, whilst Horace arrests them on the statute of calumny. Mæcenas and I will take our places here. Lictors, assist him.

Hor. I am the worst accuser under heaven.

Gal. Tut, you must do it: 'twill be noble mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.

Tib. I, but the world takes knowledge.

Hor. Would the world knew,

How heartily I wish a fool should hate me.

Tuc. Body of Jupiter! what! wilt they arraign my brisk Poetaster, and his poor journeyman, ha? Would I were abroad skeldring for a drachm, so I were out of this labyrinth again: I do feel myself turn stinkard already. But I must set the best face I have upon't now. Well said, my divine, deit Horace, bring the whorson detracting slaves to the bar, do: make 'em hold up their spread gails: I'll give in evidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, Crispinus; would thy man had a clean band.

Cris. What must we do, captain?

Tuc. Thou shalt see anon: do not make division with thy legs so.

Cæs. What's he, Horace?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, Cæsar.

Tuc. I am one of thy commanders, Cæsar; a man of service and action: my name is Pantilius Tueca; I have serv'd i' thy wars against Mark Antony, I.

Cæs. Do you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. He's one that hath had the mustering, or convoy of a company now and then: I never noted him by any other employment.

Cæs. We will observe him better.

Tib. Lictor, proclaim silence in the court.

Lic. In the name of Cæsar, silence.

Tib. Let the parties, the accuser and the accused, present themselves.

¹ *Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing confirm'd to thee and thy CONVOY.* A company of comedians cannot with any great propriety be styled a *convoy*: we may therefore, without any scruple, admit the reading of the old Folio, which is *convey*, into the text, as the true expression of the author. Here is also a slight gird at the practice of *monopolies*, now growing into fashion.

² *Will I turn shark upon my friends, or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my THREE SOULS.* The peripatetic philosophy gave every man three souls; a vegetative or plastic, an animal, and a rational soul. So *Shakespeare* in *Twelfth Night*, Act II. "Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver." See *Mr. Warburton's* note.

Lict. The accuser, and the accused, present yourselves in court.

Cris. Dem. Here.

Fir. Read the indictment.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, jointly and severally indicted, and here presently to be arraigned upon the statute of calumny, or *lex remmia*¹⁰, the one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, alias Crispinas, poetaster and plagiarist; the other by the name of Demetrius Fannius, play-dresser and plagiarist. That you (not having the fear of Pœbus, or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege lord, Augustus Cæsar, his crown and dignity, and against the form of a statute, in that case made and provided; have most ignorantly, foolishly, and (more like yourselves) maliciously, gone about to deprave, and calumniate the person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, here present, poet, and priest to the Muses; and to that end have mutually conspir'd and plotted, at sundry times, as by several means, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and envious purpose; taxing him, falsely, of self-love, arrogance, impudence, railing, sitching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and every of them, in manner and form aforesaid; what answer you? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

Tuc. Not guilty, say.

Cris. Dem. Not guilty.

Tib. How will you be tried?

Tuc. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans.

Cris. Dem. By the Roman gods, and the noblest Romans. [*Gallus*]

Fir. Here sits Mæcenas, and Cornelius Are you contented to be try'd by these?

Tuc. I, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission, say.

Cris. Dem. I, so the noble captain may be joined with them in commission.

Fir. What says the plaintiff?

Hor. I am content.

Fir. Captain, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worshipful prætor! 'tis more of thy gentleness than of my deserving, I wusse. But since it hath pleas'd the court to make choice of my wisdom and gravity, come, my calumnious varlets; let's hear you talk for yourselves, now, an hour or two. What can you say? make a noise.

Act, act.

Fir. Stay, turn, and take an oath first.

"You shall swear,

"By thunder-darting Jove, the king of gods;

"And by the genius of Augustus Cæsar;

¹⁰ On the statute of calumny, or *LEX REMMIA*.] By this *Remmian law*, persons convicted of calumny were to be stigmatized.

"By your own white and uncorrupted souls; [*justice*;

"And the deep reverence of our Roman

"To judge this case, with truth and equity: [*laws*."

"As bound, by your religion, and your Now read the evidence: but first demand Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.

Tib. Shew this unto Crispinus. Is it yours?

Tuc. Say, I: what! dost thou stand upon it, pimp? Do not deny thine own Minerva thy Pallas, the issue of thy brain.

Cris. Yes, it is mine. [*yours*?

Tib. Shew that unto Demetrius. Is it Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a father will not deny his own bastard now, I warrant thee.

Fir. Read them aloud.

Tib. "Ramp up my genius, be not retrograde;

"But boldly nominate a spade, a spade.

"What, shall thy lubrical and glibbery muse [*in stews*?

"Live, as she were defunct, like punk

—(*Tuc.* Excellent!)

"Alas! that were no modern consequence, [*hence*.

"To have ethornal buskins frightened

"No, teach thy Incubus to poetize;

"And throw abroad thy spurious mot-teries, [*froth*,

"Upon that puffed-up lump of barmy —(*Tuc.* Ah ha!)

"Or clumsy clab-blain'd judgment: that with oath

"Magnificates his merit; and bespawls

"The conscious time, with humorous fume and brawls,

"As if his organs of sense would crack

"The sinews of my patience. Break his back,

"O poets all, and some: for now we list

"Of strenuous vengeance to clutch the fist."—*Subscri. Cris.*

Tuc. I marry, this was written like a Hercules in poetry, now.

Cas. Excellently well threaten'd!

Fir. And as strangely worded, Cæsar.

Cas. We observe it.

Fir. The other, now.

Tuc. This's a fellow of a good prodigal tongue too; this'll do well.

Tib. "Our muse is in mind for th' untrussing a poet; [*know it*:

"I slip by his name, for most men do

"A critick, that all the world bescumbers

"With satirical humours and lyrical numbers:"

—(*Tuc.* Art thou there, boy?)

"And for the most part, himself doth advance [*gance*."

"With much self-love, and more arro-

— (Tuc. Good again.)

"And (but that I would not be thought a prater)

"I could tell you he were a translator.

"I know the authors from whence he has stole,

"And could trace him too, but that I understand 'em not full and whole."

— (Tuc. That line is broke loose from all his fellows: chain him up shorter, do.)

"The best note I can give you to know him by,

"Is, that he keeps gallants company;

"Whom I could wish, in time should him fear,

"Lest after they buy repentance too dear."—*Subscri. Deme. Fan.*

Tuc. Well said. This carries palm with it."

Hor. And why, thou motly gull? why should they fear?

When hast thou known us wrong or tax a friend?

I dare thy malice to betray it. Speak.

Now thou curl'st up, thou poor and nasty snake,

And shrink'st thy pois'nous head into thy Out, viper, thou that eat'st thy parents, hence.

Rather, such speckled creatures, as thyself, Should be eschew'd, and shunn'd: such as will bite

And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame;

Catch at the loosest laughs, and affect To be thought jesters; such as can devise

Things never seen, or heard, t'impair men's names,

And gratify their credulous adversaries;

Will carry tales, do basest offices,

Cherish divided fires, and still increase

New flames, out of old embers; will reveal Each secret that's committed to their trust:

These be black slaves: Romans, take heed of these.

Tuc. Thou twang'st right, little Horace; they be indeed

A couple of chap-fall'n curs. Come, we of the bench,

Let's rise to the urn, and condemn 'em quickly.

[Romans,

Vir. Before you go together, worthy We are to tender our opinion; [add

And give you those instructions, that may

Unto your even judgment in the cause:

"This carries palm with it."] A Latin form of speaking, equivalent to our English phrase, "This bears the bell."

"Players, or such like buffoons, barking wits."] I have inserted in the text the lection of the first folio, which seems the most preferable. It uses *buffoon* as an adjective, and reads:

"Players, or such like buffoon, barking wits."

And that was the intention of the author, as appears from the quarto of 1602, where the line is read thus:

"Players, or such like buffonary wits."

Which thus we do commence. First, you must know,

That where there is a true and perfect merit, There can be no dejection; and the scorn Of humble baseness, oftentimes so works In a high soul, upon the grosser spirit, That to his bleared and offended sense, There seems a hideous fault blaz'd in the object;

When only the disease is in his eyes.

Here-hence it comes our Horace now stands tax'd

Of impudence, self-love, and arrogance, By those who share no merit in themselves; And therefore think his portion is as small. For they, from their own guilt, assure their souls,

If they should confidently praise their works, In them it would appear inflation:

Which, in a full and well digested man, Cannot receive that foul abusive name, But the fair title of erection.

And, for his true use of translating men, It still hath been a work of as much palm, In clearest judgments, as t'invent or make. His sharpness, that is most excusable; As being forc'd out of a suffering virtue, Oppressed with the licence of the time: And howsoever fools or jerking pedants, Players, or such like buffoon, barking wits", May with their beggarly and barren trash, Tickle base vulgar ears, in their despite; This, like Jove's thunder, shall their pride controul,

"The honest satire hath the happiest soul."

Now, Romans, you have heard our thoughts; withdraw when you please.

Tib. Remove the accused from the bar.

Tuc. Who holds the urn to us, ha? fear nothing: I'll quit you, mine honest pitiful stinkards; I'll do't.

Cris. Captain, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am generous.

Tuc. Go to.

Cas. Tibullus, let there be a case of vizards privately provided; we have found a subject to bestow them on.

Tib. It shall be done, Casar.

Cas. Here be words, Horace, able to bastinado a man's ears.

Hor. I. Please it, great Casar, I have pills about me,

Mixt with the whitest kind of ellebore, Would give him a light vomit, that should purge [beats:

His brain and stomach of those tumorous

Might I have leave to minister unto him.

Cæs. O! be his *Æsculapius*, gentle *Horace*:
You shall have leave, and he shall be your
Virgil, use your authority, command him
forth.

Vir. *Cæsar* is careful of your health, *Cris-*
And hath himself chose a physician
To minister unto you: take his pills.

Hor. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but
very wholesome.
Take yet another; so: stand by, they'll
Tib. Romans, return to your several seats:
licitors, bring forward the urn; and set the
accused to the bar.

Tuc. Quickly, you whoreson egregious
varlets; come forward. What! shall we
sit all day upon you? You make no more
haste now, than a beggar upon pattins; or a
physician to a patient that has no money,
you pilchers.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and
"Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands.
"You have, according to the Roman cus-
"tom, put yourselves upon trial to the urn,
"for divers and sundry calumnies, whereof
"you have, before this time, been indicted,
"and are now presently arraigned: prepare
"yourselves to hearken to the verdict of
"your tryers. Caius Cilnius Mæcenas pro-
"nounceth you, by this hand-writing,
"guilty. Cornelius Gallus, guilty. Pan-
"tilius Tucca."

Tuc. Parcel-guilty, I.
Dem. He means himself; for it was he
Suborn'd us to the calumny.

Tuc. I, you whoreson cantharides! was't
Dem. I appeal to your conscience, cap-
Tib. Then you confess it now?

Dem. I do, and crave the mercy of the
Tib. What saith Crispinus?

Cris. O, the captain, the captain—
Hor. My physick begins to work with my
patient, I see.

Vir. Captain, stand forth and answer.
Tuc. Hold thy peace, poet prætor: I ap-
peal from thee to *Cæsar*, I. Do me right,
royal *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Marry, and I will, sir. Licitors,
gag him: do.

And put a case of vizards o'er his head,
That he may look bi-fronted as he speaks.

Tuc. Gods and fiends! *Cæsar*! thou wilt
not, *Cæsar*, wilt thou? Away, you whoreson
vultures; away. You think I am a dead
corpse now, because *Cæsar* is dispos'd to jest
with a man of mark, or so. Hold your
book'd talons out of my flesh, you inhumane
harpies. Go to, do't. What! will the
royal *Augustus* cast away a gent'man of
worship, a captain and a commander, for a

couple of condemn'd caitiff calumnious
cargo's?

Cæs. Dispatch, licitors.

Tuc. *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Forward, *Tibullus*.

Vir. Demand what cause they had to
malign *Horace*.

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I; I
must confess: but that he kept better com-
pany (for the most part) than I: and that
better men lov'd him than lov'd me: and
that his writings thriv'd better than mine,
and were better lik'd and grac'd; nothing
else.

Vir. Thus envious souls repine at others'
good.

Hor. If this be all, faith, I forgive thee
freely.

Envy me still, so long as *Virgil* loves me,
Gallus, *Tibullus*, and the best-best *Cæsar*,
My dear *Mæcenas*; while these, with many
more

(Whose names I wisely slip) shall think me
Their honour'd and ador'd society,
And read and love, prove and applaud my
poems; spite them.

I would not wish but such as you should
Cris. O —

Tib. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O, I am sick —

Hor. A bason, a bason, quickly; our
physick works. Faint not, man.

Cris. O — retrograde — reciprocal
— incubus.

Cæs. What's that, *Horace*?

Hor. Retrograde and reciprocal incubus
are come up.

Gal. Thanks be to *Jupiter*.

Cris. O — glibbery — lubrical — de-
funct — O —

Hor. Well said; here's some store.

Vir. What are they?

Hor. Glibbery, lubrical, and defunct.

Gal. O, they came up easy.

Cris. O — O —

Tib. What's that?

Hor. Nothing yet.

Cris. Magnificate. [what hard.

Mec. Magnificate? That came up some-

Hor. I. What cheer, Crispinus?

Cris. O, I shall cast up my — spurious —
snotteries —

Hor. Good. Again.

Cris. Chilblain'd — O — O —
clumsy —

Hor. That clumsy stuck terribly.

Mec. What's all that, *Horace*?

Hor. Spurious, snotteries, chilblain'd,
clumsy.

Tib. O *Jupiter*.

Gal. Who would have thought there

"O, I am sick."] This part of the scene is copied from *Lucian*; *Lexiphanes* has a vomit
given him, to bring up his affected and uncommon words. Some of the speeches are literal
translations from the Greek, and the directions which are afterwards given to Crispinus, are
in imitation of the same author.

should ha' been such a deal of filth in a poet?

Cris. O — barmy froth —

Cas. What's that?

Cris. — Puffie — inflate — turgidous — ventositous.

Hor. Barmy froth, puffie, inflate, turgidous, and ventositous are come up.

Tib. O terrible windy words.

Gal. A sign of a windy brain.

Cris. O — oblatrant — furibund — fatuate — strenuous —

Hor. Here's a deal; oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, strenuous.

Cas. Now all's come up, I trow. What a tumult he had in his belly!

Hor. No, there's the often conscious damp behind still.

Cris. O — conscious — damp.

Hor. It's come up, thanks to Apollo and Æsculapius: yet there's another; you were best take a pill more.

Cris. O, no; O — O — O — O — O —

Hor. Force yourself then a little with your finger.

Cris. O — O — prurumped.

Tib. Prurumped? what a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prurumped with it.

Cris. O — O — O. [ever it is.

Vir. Help him, it sticks strangely, what-

Cris. O — clutcht.

Hor. Now it's come; clutcht.

Cas. Clutcht? it's well that's come up; it had but a narrow passage.

Cris. O —

Vir. Again, hold him, hold his head there.

Cris. Snarling gusts — quaking custard.

Hor. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O — obstupefact.

Tib. Nay, that are all we, I assure you.

Hor. How do you feel yourself?

Cris. Pretty and well, I thank you.

Vir. These pills can but restore him for a time,

Not cure him quite of such a malady,
Caught by so many surfeits, which have fill'd

His blood and brain thus full of crudities:
'Tis necessary therefore he observe [take
A strict and wholesome diet. Look you
Each morning of old Cato's principles
A good draught next your heart; that walk
upon

Till it be well digested: then come home,
And taste a piece of Terence, suck his
phrase

Instead of liquorish; and, at any hand,
Shun Plautus, and old Ennius; they are
meats

Too harsh for a weak stomach. Use to read

(But not without a tutor) the best Greeks,
As Orpheus, Musæus, Pindarus,
Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theocrite,
High Homer; but beware of Lycophron,
He is too dark and dangerous a dish.

You must not hunt for wild outlandish
To stuff out a peculiar dialect; [terms,
But let your matter run before your words.
And if at any time you chance to meet
Some Gallo-Belgick phrase, you shall not
straight [ment,

Rack your poor verse to give it entertain-
But let it pass; and do not think yourself
Much damnify'd, if you do leave it out,
When nor your understanding, nor the sense
Could well receive it. This fair abstinence,
In time, will render you more sound and
clear:

And this have I prescrib'd to you, in place
Of a strict sentence; which till he perform,
Attire him in that robe. And henceforth
learn

To bear yourself more humbly; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent and idle spite

On him whose laughter can your worst af-
Tib. Take him away. [fright.

Cris. Jupiter guard Caesar.

Vir. And for a week or two see him
lockt up [pany;

In some dark place, remov'd from com-
He will talk idly else after his physick.

Now to you, sir. Th' extremity of law
Awards you to be branded in the front,

For this your calumny; but since it pleaseth
Horace (the party wrong'd) t' intreat of Ca-

A mitigation of that juster doom, [sar,
With Caesar's tongue thus we pronounce
your sentence.

Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on
That coat and cap, and henceforth think
thyself [wear them

No other than they make thee; vow to
In every fair and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to
knowledge

As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

Hor. Only (grave prætor) here, in open
court,

I crave, the oath for good behaviour

May be administer'd unto them both.

Vir. Horace, it shall: Tibullus, give it
them.

Tib. "Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and
"Demetrius Fannius, lay your hands on

"your hearts. You shall here solemnly at-
test and swear, that never (after this in-

stant) either at booksellers' stalls, in ta-
"verns, two-penny rooms, tiring-houses,

"noblemen's butteries, puisne's chambers
"(the best and farthest places where you

"are admitted to come) you shall once
"offer or dare (thereby to endear yourself

"A good draught next your heart, AND WALK UPON'T.] The first folio has, *that walk upon.*

"the more to any player, engle, or guilty
 "gull in your company) to malign, traduce,
 "or detract the person or writings of Quintus
 "Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man,
 "transcending you in merit, whom your envy
 "shall find cause to work upon, either for that,
 "or for keeping himself in better acquaintance,
 "or enjoying better friends; or if (transported by any
 "sudden and desperate resolution) you do, that then
 "you shall not under the bastoun, or in the next
 "presence, being an honourable assembly of his
 "favourers, be brought as voluntary gentlemen
 "to undertake the forswearing of it. Neither shall
 "you at any time (ambitiously affecting the title
 "of the untrussers or whippers of the age) suffer
 "the itch of writing to over-run your performance
 "in libel, upon pain of being taken up for lepers
 "in wit, and (losing both your time and your
 "papers) be irrecoverably forfeited to the
 "hospital of fools. So help you our Roman gods,
 "and the genius of great Caesar."

Vir. So, now dissolve the court.

Hor. Tib. Gal. Mec. Vir. And thanks to Caesar,

That thus hath exercis'd his patience

Cæs. We have, indeed, you worthiest friends of Caesar.

It is the bane and torment of our ears,
 To hear the discords of those jangling rhimers,

That with their bad and scandalous practices
 Bring all true arts and learning in contempt.
 But let not your high thoughts descend so low

As these despised objects; let them fall,
 With their flat groveling souls: be you yourselves; [crown'd,

And as with our best favours you stand
 So let your mutual loves be still renown'd.

Envy will dwell where there is want of merit,
 Tho' the deserving man should crack his spirit.

SONG.

"Blush, folly, blush: here's none that fears
 "The wagging of an ass's ears,
 "Although a wolfish case he wears.
 "Detraction is but baseness varlet;
 "And apes are apes, tho' cloth'd in scarlet."

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

At the conclusion of this play, the quarto edition gives us the following advertisement, which seems to refer to the dialogue which immediately succeeds it. I have therefore given it a place in the present edition, as it serves to connect the several parts together.

"Here, reader, in place of the epilogue, was meant to thee an apology from the author, with his reasons for the publishing of this book: but, since he is no less restrained, than thou deprived of it by authority, he prays thee to think charitably of what thou hast read, till thou mayest hear him speak what he hath written."

TO THE READER.

IF, by looking on what is past, thou hast deserved that name, I am willing thou should'st yet know more, by that which follows, an Apologetical Dialogue; which was only once spoken upon the stage, and all the answer I ever gave to sundry impotent libels then cast out (and some yet remaining) against me, and this play. Wherein I take no pleasure to revive the times; but that posterity may make a difference between their manners that provok'd me then, and mine that neglected them ever. For, in these strifes, and on such persons, were as wretched to affect a victory, as it is unhappy to be committed with them. *Non annorum cantica est laudanda, sed merum.*

THE PERSONS.

Nasutus, Polyposus, Author.

Nas. I PRAY you let's go see him, how he looks

After these libels.

Pol. O vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.

Nas. Do you think so? I should be sorry if I found that. [for him,

Pol. O, they are such bitter things, He cannot chuse.

Nas. But he is guilty of 'em?

Pol. Fuh! that's no matter.

Nas. No?

Pol. No. Here's his lodging.

We'll steal upon him: or, let's listen; stay. He has a humour oft to talk t' himself.

Naz. They are your manners lead me,
not mine own.

Aut. The fates have not spun him the
coarsest thread,

That (free from knots of perturbation)
Doth yet so live, a'though but to himself,
As he can safely scorn the tongues of slaves,
And neglect fortune, more than she can
him.

It is the happiest thing this, not to be
Within the reach of malice; it provides
A man so well, to laugh off injuries;
And never sends him farther for his vengeance,

Than the vex'd bosom of his enemy.
I, now, but think, how poor their spite
sets off,

Who, after all their waste of sulphurous
terms,

And burst-out thunder of their charged
mouths,

Have nothing left but the unsav'ry smoke
Of their black vomit, to upbraid themselves:
Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free,

And as unhurt of envy, as unhit.

Pol. I, but the multitude they think not
so, sir; [out,

They think you hit, and hurt; and dare give
Your silence argues it, in not rejoining
To this or that late libel.

Aut. 'Las, good rout!

I can afford them leave to err so still;
And, like the barking students of Bear's-
college',

To swallow up the garbage of the time
With greedy gullets, whilst myself sit by,
Pleas'd, and yet tortur'd, with their beastly
feeding.

'Tis a sweet madness runs along with them,
To think, all that are sin'd at still are struck;
Then, where the shaft still lights, make that
the mark.

And so, each fear, or fever-shaken fool,
May challenge Teucer's hand in archery.

Good troth, if I knew any man so vile,
To act the crimes these whippers reprehend',

Or what their servile apes gesticulate,
I should not then much muse their shreds
were lik'd;

Since ill men have a lust t' ear others' sins,

And good men have a zeal to hear sin
sham'd.

But when it is all excrement they vent,
Ease filth and offal; or thefts, notable
As ocean-pyracies, or high-way stands;
And not a crime there tax'd, but is their
own,

Or what their own foul thoughts suggested
to them;

And that in all their heat of taxing others,
Not one of them but lives himself (if known)
Improbior satiram scribente cinædo,

What should I say more, than turn stone
with wonder!

Naz. I never saw this play bred all this
tumult;

What was there in it could so deeply offend,
And stir so many hornets?

Aut. Shall I tell you?

Naz. Yes, and ingenuously.

Aut. Then by the hope

Which I prefer unto all other objects,
I can profess, I never writ that piece
More innocent or empty of offence.

Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall,
Nor was there in it any circumstance

Which, in the setting down, I could suspect

Might be perverted by an enemy's tongue;
Only it had the fault to be call'd mine;

That was the crime.

Pol. No? why they say you tax'd

The law and lawyers, captains and the
By their particular names'. [players,

Aut. It is not so. [taught

I us'd no name. My books have still been
To spare the persons, and to speak the vices.
These are mere slanders, and enforc'd by
such

As have no safer ways to men's disgraces,
But their own lies and loss of honesty:

Fellows of practis'd and most laxative
tongues,

Whose empty and eager bellies, i' the year,
Compel their brains to many desp'rate
shifts,

(I spare to name 'em, for their wretchedness
Fury itself would pardon.) These, or such,

Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch t' have me their adversary (I know
not)

Or all these mixt; but sure I am, three years

¹ *Students of Bear's-college.*] The dogs at the Bear-garden.

² *These WHIPPERS reprehend.*] Decker, who intitled his play, the *Untrussing the humorous poet*. A little lower he calls him the *Untrusser*.

³ ————— *They say you tax'd*

The law and lawyers, captains and the players.

By their particular names.] As to the lawyers, so secure was our poet of his innocence, that he inscribed the play to a gentleman eminent in the profession of the law, and who had the candour and good sense to be his advocate to the publick, as he gratefully acknowledges in the dedication. With regard to the players, it is remarked above, that he certainly alluded to some who were then well known; and the marks he gave of them were probably plain enough to point them out to the audience, who were to make the application. Yet, as he replies, it was the vices only he reproved; and as no names are mentioned, it is not possible at this distance, nor is it worth the inquiry, to say who they were.

That the whole company of barber-surgeons
Should not take off, with all their art and
plaisters.

And these my prints should last, still to be
read

In their pale fronts; when, what they write
'gainst me

Shall, like a figure drawn in water, fleet,
And the poor wretched papers be employ'd
To clothe tobacco, or some cheaper drug.

This I could do, and make them infamous.

But, to what end? when their own deeds
have mark'd 'em;

And that I know, within his guilty breast
Each slanderer bears a whip that shall torment him

Worse than a million of these temporal
plagues: [mour,

Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
And far beneath the dignity of man.

Nas. 'Tis true; for to revenge their injuries,

Were to confess you felt 'em. Let 'em go,
And use the treasure of the fool, their
tongues,

Who makes his gain, by speaking worst of
best.

Pol. O, but they lay particular imputations—

Aut. As what?

Pol. That all your writing is mere railing.

Aut. Ha! if all the salt in the old comedy
Should be so censur'd, or the sharper wits
Of the bold satire termed scolding rage,
What age could then compare with those
for buffoons?

What should be said of Aristophanes,
Persius, or Juvenal? whose names we now
So glorify in schools, at least pretend it.
Ha! they no other?

Pol. Yes, they say you are slow,
And scarce bring forth a play a year.

Aut. 'Tis true.

I would they could not say that I did that.
There's all the joy that I take in their trade,
Unless such scribes as these might be pro-
scrib'd

Th' abused theatres. They would think it
strange, now,
A man should take but colts-foot for one
day,

And, between whiles, spit out a better poem
Than e'er the master of art, or giver of wit,
Their belly, made. Yet, this is possible,
If a free mind had but the patience,
To think so much together, and so vile.
But that these base and beggarly conceits
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted work, oppos'd
To the stuff'd nostrils of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watch'd labours to the
fire;

Things that were born when none but the
still night,

And his dumb candle, saw his pinching
throes:

Were not his own free merit a more crown
Unto his travails than their reeling claps?

This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
And apts me rather to sleep out my time,
Than I would waste it in contemned strifes

With these vile Ibides, these unclean birds,
That make their mouths their clysters, and
still purge

From their hot entrails. But I leave the
monsters

To their own fate. And since the comic
muse [try

Hath prov'd so ominous to me, I will
If tragedy have a more kind aspect; ¹⁰

Her favours in my next I will pursue,
Where if I prove the pleasure but of one,

So he judicious be, he shall b' alone
A theatre unto me: once I'll say,

To strike the ear of time in those fresh
strains,

As shall, beside the cunning of their
ground,

Give cause to some of wonder, some de-
spite, [sound.

And unto more despair to imitate their
I, that spend half my nights, and half my
days,

¹⁰ ——— Since the comic muse

Hath prov'd so ominous to me, I will try

If tragedy have a more kind aspect.]

But the aspect of the tragic muse, it is said, was so little favourable to the poet when in buskins, that even in the choice of his subject he failed: *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are historical characters so well known, that no distress which befalls them can possibly raise any kind of pity, the chiefest and noblest passion belonging to tragedy, in the breast of the beholder. But pity is not the only passion, which the tragic poet is concerned with. To excite dread and terror in the mind of the spectator is equally the design of tragedy, with raising the softer and more tender emotions of the heart. Wickedness and guilt, when they are represented to an audience, should naturally create no other sensations but those of fear and horror; and the catastrophe should be designed as a monitory lesson, to deter others from perpetrating the like crimes. Our poet is not singular in the choice of his subjects. One of them has lately been exhibited on a stage, that is no way famous for presenting scenes of cruelty to the beholder. The rival wits of France, monsieur Crebillon in his *Catiline*, and monsieur Voltaire in his *Rome saurée*, have actually plucked on the same event with Jonson, in their contest for the dramatic laurel.

Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,
 To come forth worth the ivy or the bays,
 And in this age can hope no other grace—
 Leave me. There's something come into
 my thought,

That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull
 ass's hoof.

Nas. I reverence these raptures, and
 obey 'em.

This Comical Satire was first acted in the year 1601,

By the then children of queen Elizabeth's chapel.

The principal Comedians were,

NAT. FIELD,
 SAL. PAVY,
 THO. DAY,

JOH. UNDERWOOD,
 WILL. OSTLER;
 THO. MARTON.

THE FALL OF SEJANUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆLIUS Sejanus, son to Seius Strabo, a gentleman of Rome, and born at Vulsinium; after his long service in court, first under Augustus; afterward, Tiberius; grew into that favour with the latter, and won him by those arts, as there wanted nothing but the name to make him a co-partner of the empire. Which greatness of his, Drusus, the emperor's son, not brooking; after many smother'd dislikes, it one day breaking out, the prince struck him publicly on the face. To revenge which disgrace, Livia, the wife of Drusus, being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discovery of her husband's counsels) Sejanus practiseth with, together with her physician called Eudemus, and one Lygdus an eunuch, to poison Drusus. This their inhumane act having successful and unsuspected passage, it emboldeneth Sejanus to further and more insolent projects, even the ambition of the empire; where finding the lets he must encounter to be many and hard, in respect of the issue of Germanicus, (who were next in hope for the succession¹) he deviseth to make 'Tiberius' self his means, and instils into his ears many doubts and suspicions, both against the princes, and their mother Agrippina; which Caesar jealously hearkening to, as covetously consenteth to their ruin, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his design, Sejanus labours to marry Livia, and worketh (with all his ingine²) to remove Tiberius from the knowledge of public business, with allurements of a quiet and retired³ life; the latter of which, Tiberius (out of a proneness to lust, and a desire to hide those unnatural pleasures which he could not so publicly practise) embraceth: the former enkindleth his fears, and there gives him first cause of doubt or suspect towards Sejanus: against whom he raiseth (in private) a new instrument, one Sertorius Macro, and by him underworketh, discovers the other's counsels, his means, his ends, sounds the affections of the senators, divides, distracts them: at last, when Sejanus least looketh, and is most secure, (with pretext of doing him an unwonted honour in the senate) he trains him from his guards, and with a long doubtful letter, in one day hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torn in pieces by the rage of the people⁴.

¹ *For the succession.*] These words, wanting in the edition of 1605, were added by the poet, to complete the sense.

² *With all his ingine.*] From the Latin *ingenium*; it was spelt in this manner by the writers of that age.

³ *Retired life.*] The quarto reads *separated*.

⁴ *By the rage of the people.*] After this, the quarto has the following: "This do we advance, as a mark of terror to all traitors, and treasons; to shew how just the heavens are, in pouring and thundering down a weighty vengeance on their unnatural intents even to the worst princes; much more to those, for the guard of whose piety and virtue the angels are in continual watch, and God himself miraculously working."

This seems to have been added, in compliment to K. James, on the discovery of the powder-plot.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIBERIUS.
 DRUSUS *senior*.
 NERO.
 DRUSUS *junior*.
 CALIGULA.
 ARUNTIVS.
 SILIUS.
 SABINUS.
 LEPIDUS.
 CORDUS.
 GALLUS.
 REGULUS.
 TERENTIUS.
 LACO.
 EUDEMUS.
 RUFUS.

SEJANUS.
 LATIARIS.
 VARRO.
 MACRO.
 COTTA.
 APER.
 HATERIUS.
 SANQUINIUS.
 POMPONIVS.
 POSTHUMUS.
 TRIO.
 MINUTIVS.
 SATIRIUS.
 NATTA.
 OPSIVS.
 TRIBUNI.

AGRIPPINA.
 LIVIA.
 SOSTA.

PRÆCONES.
 FLAMEN.
 TUBICINES.
 NUNTIUS.

LICTORES.
 MINISTRI.
 TIBICINES.
 SERVUS.

SCENE, Rome.

ACT I.

Sabinus, Silius, Natta, Latiaris, Cordus, Satrius, Arriantius, Eudemus, Haterius, &c.

Sab. HAIL, Caius Silius.
Sil. Titus Sabinus, hail.

You're rarely met in court!

Sab. Therefore, well met.

Sil. 'Tis true: indeed, this place is not our sphere.

Sab. No, Silius, we are no good engineers. We want their fine arts, and their thriving use, [times:] Should make us grac'd, or favour'd of the We have no shift of faces, no cleft tongues, No soft and glutinous bodies, that can stick, Like snails on¹ painted walls; or, on our breasts, [which] Creep up, to fall from that proud height, to We did by slavery, not by service climb. We are no guilty men, and then no great; We have no place in court, office in state, That we can say, we owe unto our crimes: We burn with no black secrets, which can make

Us dear to the pale authors; or live fear'd Of their still waking jealousies, to raise Ourselves a fortune, by subverting theirs. We stand not in the lines, that do advance To that so courted point.

Sil. But yonder lean

A pair that do.

[*Sab.* Good cousin Latiaris.) [Natta,

Sil. Satrius Secundus, and Pinnarius

The great Sejanus' clients: there be two,

Know more than honest counsels: whose

close breasts, [found

Were they rip'd up to light, it would be

A poor and idle sin², to which their trunks

Had not been made fit organs. These can

lye,

Flatter and swear, forswear, deprave, inform,

Smile, and betray; make guilty men; then

beg

The forfeit lives, to get their livings; cut

Men's throats with whisperings; sell to ga-

ping suitors [palace;

The empty smoke, that flies about the

Laugh when their patron laughs; sweat

when he sweats;

¹ On painted walls.] Sense, and the old copies direct us to read on.

² A poor and idle sin.] That is, barren, unprofitable.—Mr. SYMPSON.

The word is so used by Shakespeare,

"Of antres vast, and deserts idle." *Othello*.

So in the first chapter of Genesis, "The earth was without form, and void," is rendered in the Saxon, "The earth was *ȝæl*."

Be hot and cold with him; change every mood,
Habit, and garb, as often as he varies;
Observe him, as his watch observes his clock;
And true, as turkise in the dear lord's

ring,
Look well or ill with him; ready to praise
His lordship, if he spit, or but piss fair,
Have an indifferent stool, or break wind

well;
Nothing can 'scape their catch.

Sab. Alas! these things
Deserve no note, conferr'd with other vile,
And filthier flatteries, that corrupt the times:
When, not alone our gentries chief are fain
To make their safety from such sordid acts,
But all our consuls, and no little part
Of such as have been prators, yea, the most
Of senators (that else not use their voices *)

Pedarii.

Start up in public senate, and there strive
Who shall propound most abject things, and

base;
So much, as oft Tiberius hath been heard,
Leaving the court, to cry, O race of men,
Prepar'd for servitude! which shew'd that

he,
Who least the public liberty could like,
As lothly brook'd their flat servility.

Sil. Well, all is worthy of us, were it more,
Who with our riots, pride, and civil hate,
Have so provok'd the justice of the gods.
We, that (within these fourscore years) were

born
Free: equal lords of the triumphed world*,
And knew no masters, but affections;
To which betraying first our liberties,
We since became the slaves to one man's

lusts;
And now to many: every ministering spy
That will accuse and swear, is lord of you,
Of me, of all our fortunes and our lives.
Our looks are call'd to question, and our

words,
How innocent soever, are made crimes;
We shall not shortly dare to tell our dreams,

Or think, but 'twill be treason.

Sab. "Tyrants' arts [power:
"Are to give flatterers grace; accusers,
"That those may seem to kill whom they
"devour."

Now, good Cremutius Cordus.

Cor. Hail to your lordship.

Nat. Who's that salutes your cousin?

Lat. 'Tis one Cordus, [They whisper.
A gentleman of Rome; one that has writ
Annals of late, they say, and very well.

Nat. Annals? of what times?

Lat. I think of Pompey's,
And Caius Cæsar's; and so down to these.

Nat. How stands he affected to the pre-
sent state?

Is he or Drusian? or Germanican?

Or ours? or neutral?

Lat. I know him not so far.

Nat. Those times are somewhat queasie
to be toucht. [work?

Have you or seen, or heard part of his
Lat. Not I; he means they shall be pub-
lic shortly.

Nat. O, Cordus do you call him?

Lat. I.

Sab. But these our times

Are not the same, Arruntius.

Arr. Times? the men,

The men are not the same: 'tis we are base,
Poor, and degenerate from th' exalted strain
Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul
Of god-like Cato? he, that durst be good,
When Cæsar durst be evil; and had power,
As not to live his slave, to die his master.
Or where's the constant Brutus? that (being
proof

Against all charm of benefits) did strike
So brave a blow into the monster's heart
That sought unkindly to captive his country.
O, they are fled the light. Those mighty
spirits

Lie rak'd up with their ashes in their urns,
And not a spark of their eternal fire
Glow in a present bosom. All's but blaze,

* And true, as TURKISE in the dear lord's ring,

Look well or ill with him.] Alluding to the table of the turkise stone, which is said to change its colour, as the wearer is in good or bad health. The lines that follow, are a translation from these of Juvenal:

Laudare paratus,

Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus,

Si trulla inverso crepitum dedit aurea fundo. Sat. 3. 106.

* Senators, that else not use their voices.] The poet has here added in the margin the word *Pedarii*. It is the classical expression for those who never spoke in the senate, but only went over to the side they voted for: hence they were said *pedibus ire in sententiam*.

O race of men,

Prepar'd for servitude! &c.] Tacitus explains this; *Memoria proditur Tiberium, quotiens curiâ egrederetur, Græcis verbis in hunc modum eloqui solitum, "O homines ad servitutem paratos!" scilicet etiam illum, qui libertatem publicam nollet, tam projectæ servitium patientiæ tædebat.* Annal. 1. 3. c. 65.

* Equal lords of the triumphed world.] i. e. The Roman empire. The expression is fine, and gives us an admirable idea of what every private citizen of Rome esteemed himself, in the times of the republic.

* UNKINDLY to captive his country.] i. e. unnaturally: for the word *kind*, signifying nature, with its compounds and derivatives, was thus used by the writers of that age.

Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so,
There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good,
Gallant or great: 'tis true that Cordus says,
"Brave Cassius was the last of all that race."

[*Drusus passes by.*]

Sab. Stand by, lord Drusus.

Hat. Th' emperor's son, give place.

Sil. I like the prince well.

Arr. A riotous youth.

There's little hope of him.

Sab. That fault his age

Will, as it grows, correct. Methinks he bears
Himself each day, more nobly than other;
And wins no less on men's affections,
Than doth his father lose. Believe me, I
love him;

And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus.*

Sil. And I, for gracing his young kins-
men so,

The sons of prince Germanicus: it shews
A gallant clearness in him, a straight mind,
That envies not, in them, their father's
name.

Arr. His name was, while he liv'd, above
all envy;

And being dead, without it. O, that man!
If there were seeds of the old virtue left,
They liv'd in him.

Sil. He had the fruits, Arruntius,
More than the seeds: Sabinus, and myself
Had means to know him, within; and can
report him. [friends.]

We were his followers, (he would call us
* He was a man most like to virtue; in all,
And every action, nearer to the gods,
Than men, in nature; of a body as fair
As was his mind; and no less reverent
In face, than fame: he could so use his state
Temp'ring his greatness with his gravity,
As it avoided all self-love in him,
And spight in others. What his funerals lack'd
In images, and pomp, they had supply'd
With honourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,
A kind of silent mourning, such, as men

(Who know no tears, but from their cap-
tives) use

To shew in so great losses.

Cor. I thought once¹⁰, [deaths,
Considering their forms, age, manner of
The nearness of the places where they fell,
T' have parallel'd him with great Alexander:
For both were of best feature, of high race,
Year'd but to thirty, and, in foreign lands,
By their own people, alike made away.

Sab. I know not, for his death, how you
might wrest it:

But, for his life, it did as much disdain
Comparison, with that voluptuous, rash,
Giddy, and drunken Macedon's as mine
Doth with my board-man's. All the good
in him,

(His valour, and his fortune) he made his;
But he had other touches of late Romans,
That more did speak him: Pompey's dignity,
The innocence of Cato, Cæsar's spirit,
Wise Brutus' temperance; and every virtue,
Which parted unto others, gave them name,
Flow'd mix'd in him. He was the soul of
goodness:

And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and
leave

The part remaining greatest.

Arr. I am sure

He was too great for us, and that they knew
Who did remove him hence.

Sab. When men grow fast
Honour'd and lov'd, there is a trick in state
(Which jealous princes never fail to use)
How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassy, the war, or such,
To shift them forth into another air, [he:
Where they may purge, and lessen; so was
And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius,
And his more subtle dam, to discontent him;
To breed and cherish mutinies; detract
His greatest actions; give audacious check

* For opposing to Sejanus.] This construction is a glaring Latinism. Spenser has many instances of the same nature: and the *Arcadia* supplies us with one exactly parallel; "Resist to its oppressor." *Book 5. p. 455. edit. fol. 1674. Mr. SYMPSON.*

Our translation of the Bible furnisheth us with another instance of the same nature; a construction by no means inelegant, even in prose: "His servants ye are, to whom ye
"obey," i. e. are obedient, *Ham. vi. 16.*

¹⁰ He was a man most like to virtue; in all

And every action, nearer to the gods,

Than men, in nature.]

Jonson has borrowed the noble character which Paterculus hath given Cato, and applies it with great propriety to Germanicus: *Homo virtuti simillimus, et per omnia ingenio diis quam hominibus propior.* Paterculus, l. 2. c. 35. The margin of the edition in 1605, is crowded with references to the Roman historians; but they are chiefly brought as vouchers for the facts alluded to, or the descriptions which he gives of the persons concerned. When he borrows the sentiment or thought, he is frequently silent; and particularly, he takes no notice of being here indebted to Paterculus.

¹⁰ I thought once—

T' have parallel'd him with great Alexander.] This observation comes with great decorum of character from the mouth of Cordus the historian: but Tacitus, from whom it is taken, assigns no particular person as the author of the parallel. *Erant qui formam, atatem, genus mortis, ob propinquitatem etiam locorum in quibus interit, magni Alexandri, fatis adæquarent.* *Annal. l. 2. c. 73.*

To his commands ; and work to put him out
In open act of treason. All which snares
When his wise cares prevented, a fine poison
Was thought on, to mature their practices.

Cor. Here comes Sejanus.

Sil. Now observe the stoops,

The bendings, and the falls,

Arr. Most creeping base !

Sejanus, Satrius, Terentius, &c.

[They pass over the stage.]

Sej. I note 'em well : no more. Say you.

Sat. My lord,

There is a gentleman of Rome would
buy——

Sej. How do you call him you talk'd with?

Sat. 'Please your lordship,
It is Eudenus, the physician

To Livia, Drusus' wife.

Sej. On with your suit.

Would buy, you said——

Sat. A tribune's place, my lord.

Sej. What will he give?

Sat. Fifty sestertia¹¹.

Sej. Livia's physician, say you, is that
fellow?

Sat. It is, my lord ; your lordship's
answer.

Sej. To what?

Sat. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gen-
tleman, [him ;

Your lordship will well like of, when you see
And one, that you may make yours, by the
grant. [his name.

Sej. Well, let him bring his money, and

Sat. 'Thank your lordship. He shall,
my lord.

Sej. Come hither.

Know you this same Eudenus ? is he
learn'd ?

Sat. Reputed so, my lord, and of deep
practice.

Sej. Bring him in, to me, in the gallery ;
And take you cause to leave us there toge-
ther : [On.

I would confer with him, about a grief——

Arr. So, yet ! another ? yet ? O desperate
state

Of grov'ling honour ! seest thou this, O sun,
And do we see thee after ? Methinks, day
Should lose his light, when men do lose
their shames.

And for the empty circumstance of life¹²,
Betray their cause of living.

Sil. Nothing so.

Sejanus can repair, if Jove should ruin.

He is the now court-god ; and well applied
With sacrifice of knees, of crooks, and
cringe ;

He will do more than all the house of heav'n
Can, for a thousand hecatombs. 'Tis he
Makes us our day, or night ; hell, and
clysium

Are in his look : we talk of Rhadamanth,
Furies, and firebrands ; but 'tis his frown
That is all these ; where, on the adverse part,
His smile is more, than e'er (yet) poets feign'd
Of bliss, and shades, nectar——

Arr. A serving boy !

I knew him, at Caius' trencher¹³, when for
He prostituted his abused body [hire

To that great gormond, fat Apicius¹⁴ :
And was the noted pathick of the time.

Sab. And, now, the second face of the
whole world,

The partner of the empire, hath his image
Rear'd equal with Tiberius, borne in ensigns ;
Commands, disposes every dignity,
Centurions, tribunes, heads of provinces,
Prætors and consuls ; all that heretofore

¹¹ *Fifty sestertia.*] That is of our money, as Jonson himself hath noted, 375*l.* for which he refers us to *Budæus de æse*, l. 2, p. 64.

¹² *And for the empty circumstance of life, Betray their cause of living.*

Et propter vitam, vendendi perdere causam. Juvenal. sat. 8. v. 84.

Dr. GREY.

¹³ *I knew him at Caius' trencher.*] He means Caius Cæsar, the grandson of Augustus. *Primâ juvenitâ C. Cæsarem Divi Augusti nepotem sectatus, non sine rumore Apicio diviti et prodigo stuprum venum dedisse.* Tacit. Annal. l. 4. c. 1.

¹⁴ *To that great GORMOND fat APICIUS.*] Apicius was a thorough-paced epicure. *Apicius homo luxuriosissimus ; 128 libras de condimentis jusculeorum et ferculorum scripsit.* To him Juvenal alludes, sat. xi. 2, 3.

Quid enim majore cachinno

Excipitur vulgi, quàm pauper Apicius ?

Not. Lubini. *Pauper Apicius, prorsus proverbii speciem habet in illum qui gulosus et inops est. Tres fuisse Apicios, eodemque gulosos, diversis fuisse temporibus, animadvertit Lipsius.* Comment. ad l. 4. Annal. Tacit. Vide plura Fabricii bibliothec. Latin. He calls him gormond from Gormond, called likewise Guthrum, the Danish king, who was overcome by king Alfred. " In regard the Danes consumed their time in profuseness and " belly-cheer, in idleness, and sloth—in so much, that from the laziness of the Danes in " general, we even to this day call a slothful, idle person a Lurdane. So from the licen- " tiousness of this Gurmound and his army, we brand all luxurious people with the name of " gurmoundizers."

Webb's Vindication of Stone-henge restored, 2d ed. 1725. p. 227.

" Gurmound lived about the middle of the ninth century." Dr. GREY.

Rome's general suffrage gave, is now his sale.
The gain, or rather spoil, of all the earth,
One, and his house, receives.

Sil. He hath of late [ducing
Made him a strength too, strangely, by re-
All the prætorian bands into one camp,
Which he commands: pretending that the

soldiers,
By living loose and scatter'd, fell to riot;
And that if any sudden enterprise
Should be attempted, their united strength
Would be far more than sever'd; and their

life
More strict, if from the city more remov'd.
Sub. Where, now, he builds, what kind
of forts he please,

Is heard to court the soldier, by his name,
Wooes, feasts the chiefest men of action,
Whose wants, not loves, compel them to
be his.

And tho' he ne'er were liberal by kind¹⁵,
Yet to his own dark ends, he's most profuse,
Lavish, and letting fly, he cares not what
To his ambition.

Arr. Yet, hath he ambition? [higher?
Is there that step in state can make him
Or more? or any thing he is, but less?

Sil. Nothing but emperor.

Arr. The name Tiberius,
I hope, will keep, howe'er he hath foregone
The dignity and power.

Sil. Sure, while he lives.

Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus.
Should he fail,

To the brave issue of Germanicus;
And they are three: too many (ha?) for him
To have a plot upon?

Sub. I do not know [face
The heart of his designs; but, sure, their
Looks farther than the present.

Arr. By the gods,
If I could guess he had but such a thought,
My sword should cleave him down from
head to heart,

But I would find it out: and with my hand
I'd hurl his panting brain about the air
In miles, as small as atoms, to undo
The knotted bed—

Sub. You are observ'd, *Arruntius*.

Arr. Death! I dare tell him so; and all
his spies: [He turns to *Sejanus' Clients*.
You, sir, I wonder, do you look? and you.

Sub. Forbear.

Satrius, Eudemus, Sejanus.

Sat. Here he will instant be: let's walk a
You're in a muse, *Eudemus*? [turn;

Eud. Not I, sir.

I wonder he should mark me out so! well,
Jove and Apollo form it for the best.

Sat. Your fortune's made unto you now,
Eudemus,

If you can but lay hold upon the means;
Do but observe his humour, and—believe
it—

He is the noblest Roman, where he takes—
Here comes his lordship.

Sej. Now, good *Satrius*.

Sat. This is the gentleman, my lord.

Sej. Is this? [quainted.

Give me your hand, we must be more ac-
Report, sir, hath spoke out your art and
learning:

And I am glad I have so needful cause,
(However in itself painful and hard)
To make me known to so great virtue. Look,
Who is that, *Satrius*?—I have a grief, sir,
That will desire your help. Your name's
Eudemus?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. Sir?

Eud. It is, my lord.

Sej. I hear you are

Physician to *Livia*, the princess?

Eud. I minister unto her, my good lord.

Sej. You minister to a royal lady then.

Eud. She is, my lord, and fair.

Sej. That's understood

Of all their sex, who are or would be so;
And those that would be, physick soon can
make 'em: [ours.

For those that are, their beauties fear no co-
Eud. Your lordship is conceited¹⁶.

Sej. Sir, you know it.

And can (if need be) read a learned lecture,
On this, and other secrets. 'Pray you tell
me,

What more of ladies, besides *Livia*,
Have you your patients?

Eud. Many, my good lord.

The great *Augusta*, *Urgulania*,
Mutilla Prisca, and *Plancia*; divers—

Sej. And, all these tell you the particulars
Of every several grief? how first it grew,
And then increas'd, what action caused that;
What passion that: and answer to each
point

That you will put 'em.

Eud. Else, my lord, we know not
How to prescribe the remedies.

Sej. Go to,

You are a subtle nation, you physicians!
And grown the only cabinets in court,
To ladies' privacies. Faith, which of these
Is the most pleasant lady in her physick?
Come, you are modest now.

Eud. 'Tis fit, my lord.

Sej. Why, sir, I do not ask you of their
urines, [is best?
Whose smell's most violet? or whose siege
Or who makes hardest faces on her stool?
Which lady sleeps with her own face anights?
Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes,
in court?

¹⁵ He ne'er were liberal BY KIND.] By nature. See note 7.

¹⁶ Your lordship is conceited.] Merry, disposed to joke. So in *Every Man in his Humour*, "You are conceited, sir."

Or, which her hair? which her complexion?
And, in which box she puts it? These were
questions,

That might, perhaps, have put your gravity
To some defence of blush. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the wittiest? merriest? wanton-
est?

Harmless inter'gatories, but conceits.¹⁷
Methinks Augusta should be most perverse,
And froward in her fit?

Eud. She's so, my lord.

Sej. I knew it. And Mutilla the most
jocund.

Eud. 'Tis very true, my lord.

Sej. And why would you [Livia?
Conceal this from me, now? Come, what is
I know she's quick and quaintly spirited,
And will have strange thoughts, when she
is at leisure?

She tells 'em all to you.

Eud. My noblest lord,
He breathes not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to serve
(In any act, that may preserve mine honour)
Before your lordship.

Sej. Sir, you can lose no honour,
By trusting aught to me. The coarsest act
Done to my service, I can so requite,
As all the world shall style it honourable:

"Your idle virtuous definitions [vain:
"Keep honour poor, and are as scorn'd as
"Those deeds breathe honour that do suck
"in gain." [betray

Eud. But, good my lord, if I should thus
The counsels of my patient, and a lady's
Of her high place and worth; what might
your lordship

(Who presently are to trust me with your
Judge of my faith? [own,)

Sej. Only the best I swear.
Say now that I should utter you my grief?
And with it the true cause; that it were love,
And love to Livia; you should tell her this?
Should she suspect your faith? I would you
could

Tell me as much from her; see if my brain
Could be turn'd jealous.

Eud. Happily, my lord,
I could in time tell you as much and more;
So I might safely promise but the first
To her from you.

Sej. As safely, my Eudemus,
(I now dare call thee so) as I have put
The secret into thee.

Eud. My lord—

Sej. Protest not.

Thy looks are vows to me, use only speed,
And but affect her with Sejanus' love,
Thou art a man, made to make consuls.

Go.

[meeting

Eud. My lord, I'll promise you a private
This day together.

Sej. Canst thou?

Eud. Yes.

Sej. The place? [your lordship.

Eud. My gardens, whither I shall fetch

Sej. Let me adore my Æsculapius.

Why, this indeed is physick! and out-
speaks

The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,
Magistral syrups, or—Be gone, my friend,
Not barely styled, but created so;
Expect things greater than thy largest hopes,
To overtake thee: fortune shall be taught
To know how ill she hath deserv'd thus
long.

To come behind thy wishes. Go, and speed.
"Ambition makes more trusty slaves than
need."

These fellows, by the favour of their art,
Have still the means to tempt; oft-times
the power.

If Livia will be now corrupted, then
Thou hast the way, Sejanus, to work out
His secrets, who (thou know'st) endures thee
not, [them.

Her husband Drusus: and to work against
Prosper it, Pallas, thou that better'st wit;
For Venus hath the smallest share in it.

Tiberius, Sejanus, Drusus.

[One kneels to him.

Tib. We not endure these flatteries, let
him stand;

Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods and state
Take not away our human nature from us:
Look up, on us, and fall before the gods.

Sej. How like a god speaks Cæsar!

Arr. There observe! [tery.

He can endure that second, that's no flattery,
O, what is it, proud slime will not believe
Of his own worth, to hear it equal prais'd
Thus with the gods?

Cor. He did not hear it, sir.

Arr. He did not? Tut, he must not,
we think meanly.

'Tis your most courtly known confederacy,
To have your private parasite redeem
What he in public subtilty will lose,
In making him a name.

Hat. Right mighty lord—

Tib. We must make up our ears 'gainst
these assaults [more

Of charming tongues; we pray you use not
These contumelies to us; style not us
Or lord, or mighty, who profess ourself
The servant of the senate, and are proud

To enjoy them our good, just, and favouring
Cor. Rarely dissembled. [lords.

Arr. Prince-like to the life.

Sub. "When power that may command,
so much descends, [tends."

"Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it in-
Tib. Whence are these letters?

¹⁷ Harmless inter'gatories, BUT conceits.] i. e. nothing, but conceits. Though Mr. Sympton conjectures that *pure* is the true reading.

Hat. From the senate.

Tib. So.

Whence these?

Lat. From thence too.

Tib. Are they sitting now?

Lat. They stay thy answer, Cæsar.

Sil. If this man

Had but a mind allied unto his words,

How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome?

We could not think that state for which to

change,

Although the aim were our old liberty:

The ghosts of those that fell for that, would

grieve

Their bodies liv'd not, now, again to serve.

"Men are deceiv'd, who think there can

be thrall

"Beneath a virtuous prince. Wish'd liberty

"Ne'er lovelier looks, than under such a

crown."

But, when his grace is merely but lip-good,

And that, no longer than he airs himself

Abroad in public, there, to seem to shun

The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which

within

Are lechery unto him, and so feed

His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,

As (dead to virtue) he permits himself

Be carried like a pitcher by the ears,

To every act of vice: this is a case

Deserves our fear, and doth presage the night

And close approach of bloody tyranny.

"Flattery is midwife unto princes' rage:

"And nothing sooner doth help forth a

tyrant,

[have the time,

"Than that, and whisperers grace, who

"The place, the pow'r, to make all men

offenders."

[dissemble

Arr. He should be told this; and be told

"Men are deceiv'd, who think there can be thrall

Beneath a virtuous prince. Wish'd liberty

Ne'er lovelier looks than under such a crown.] An instance of the poet's zeal for monarchy, and of his complaisance to the prince then reigning. He has given us a translation of the Latin,

—Nunquam libertas gratior existat,

Quam sub rege pio.

"Whom they out of their bounty have INSTRUCTED

With so dilate and absolute a power.] This is the reading of all the editions; but Mr. Seward imagines *instructed* to be a corruption for *intrusted*, which gives a more easy and natural construction; and Mr. Theobald has the same correction in the margin of his copy. Perhaps a Latinism is here intended, and Jonson uses *instructed* in the sense, which the Romans sometimes assigned to *instruo*, of supplying, or furnishing. And consulting the original, I find this to be really the case; for the beginning of this speech is a translation of what is preserved by Suetonius: *Dixit, & nunc, & sapè aliàs, P. C. bonum & salutare principem, quem vos tantà & tam liberâ potestate instruxistis, senatui servire debere, & universis civibus sapè, & plerumque etiam singulis: neque id dixisse me pœnitet; & bonos & equos & facientes vos habui dominos, & adhuc habeo.* Tiber. Cæs. c. 29. In this instance, as well as in many others, Jonson has verified the remark of Mr. Dryden, who says of him, that perhaps he did a little too much romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated, almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. What follows, to the conclusion of the speech, is to be met with in Tacitus, *Annal.* l. 4. c. 37. & 38. I would observe, however, that the translation of the poet is entirely in the sententious manner of the original, and concludes with the well-known maxim,

Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.

With fools and blind men: we that know

the evil,

[bane;

Should hunt the palace-rats, or give them

Fright hence these worse than ravens, that

devour

[dead:

The quick, where they but prey upon the

He shall be told it.

Sab. Stay, Arruntius,

We must abide our opportunity;

And practise what is fit, as what is needful.

"It is not safe t' enforce a sovereign's ear:

"Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.

Arr. Ha? say you so, well. In the mean

time, Jove,

(Say not, but I do call upon thee now)

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant;

And of all tame, a flatterer.

Sil. 'Tis well pray'd.

Tib. Return the lords this voice, we are

their creatures,

And it is fit a good and honest prince,

Whom they out of their bounty have in-

structed"

With so dilate and absolute a power,

Should owe the office of it to their service,

And good of all and every citizen.

Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wish'd

The senate just, and fav'ring lords unto us,

"Since their free loves do yield no less de-

fence

[cence."

"T' a prince's state than his own inno-

Say then, there can be nothing in their

thought

Shall want to please us, that hath pleased

them;

Our suffrage rather shall prevent, than stay

Behind their wills: 'tis empire to obey,

Where such, so great, so grave, so good de-

termine.

Yet, for the suit of Spain, t' erect a temple
In honour of our mother and ourself,
We must (with pardon of the senate) not
Assent thereto. Their lordships may object
Our not denying the same late request
Unto the Asian cities: we desire
That our defence for suffering that be known
In these brief reasons, with our after purpose.

Since deified Augustus hindered not
A temple to be built at Pergamum,
In honour of himself and sacred Rome;
We, that have all his deeds and words observ'd

Ever, in place of laws, the rather follow'd
That pleasing precedent, because with ours,
The senate's reverence also, there, was join'd.

But as, t' have once receiv'd it, may deserve

The gain of pardon; so, to be ador'd
With the continu'd style, and note of gods,
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,

And no less pride: yea even Augustus' name
Would early vanish, should it be profan'd
With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,

We here protest it, and are covetous
Posterity should know it, we are mortal;
And can but deeds of men: 'twere glory enough,

Could we be truly a prince. And they shall
Abounding grace unto our memory,
That shall report us worthy our fore-fathers,

Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private frown
For public good. These things shall be to us

Temples and statues, reared in your minds,
The fairest, and most during imagin'd:
For those of stone or brass, if they become
Odious in judgment of posterity,
Are more condemn'd as dying sepulchres,
Than ta'en for living monuments. We then
Make here our suit, alike to gods and men;

The one, until the period of our race,
T' inspire us with a free and quiet mind,
Discerning both divine and human laws;
The other, to vouchsafe us after death,
An honourable mention, and fair praise,
T' accompany our actions and our name:
The rest of greatness princes may command,

And (therefore) may neglect; only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memory
They should, without being satisfied, pursue.

Contempt of fame, begets contempt of virtue. Rare!

Sat. Most divine!

Sej. The oracles are ceas'd,
That only Cæsar, with their tongue might speak.

Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and Cor. Stay.

Arr. What, to hear more cunning, and fine words,

With their sound flatter'd, ere their sense be Tib. Their choice of Antium, there to place the gift

Vow'd to the goddess for our mother's health,
We will the senate know, we fairly like;

[*Fortuna equestris.*

As also of their grant to Lepidus,
For his repairing the Æmilian palace,
And restoration of those monuments:
Their grace too in confining of Silanus
To th' other isle Cithera, at the suit
Of his religious sister, much commends
Their policy, so temp'ed with their mercy.
But for the honours which they have decreed

To our Sejanus, to advance his statue
In Pompey's theatre (whose ruining fire
His vigilance, and labour kept restrain'd
In that one loss) they have therein out-gone
Their own great wisdoms, by their skilful choice,

And placing of their bounties on a man,
Whose merit more adorns the dignity,
Than that can him; and gives a benefit,
In taking, greater than it can receive.
Blush not, Sejanus, thou great aid of Rome,

²⁰ ————The oracles are ceas'd,

[That only Cæsar, with their tongue, might speak.] The poet with great judgment lays hold on the common opinion of the cessation of oracles about this time, and turns it to a very artful piece of flattery. The fact may be false, but the received notions of Jonson's age sufficiently justify the application. If the reader is desirous to know the sentiments of the learned with regard to the cessation of oracles at this time, I refer him to *Pandale de Oraculis*, and *Fontenelle's Histoire des Oracles*.

"Let me be gone, most FELT, and open this!" The honest-hearted Arruntius is impatient to be gone, and vent his indignation at such gross flattery; but the present reading, *most felt*, conveys no idea of this kind. The true reading seems to be *felt*, which agrees with the intention of the speaker.—Mr. SEWARD.

The diction is forced, and uncommon; but I believe the pointing should be corrected, and the present word retained, which is the reading of all the copies.

Arr. Let me be gone: most felt and open this.

The meaning is, "Let me hasten away; this flattery is not to be endured, it is too gross, (*felt* for) palpable, and open." The poet seems to have made perspicuity of expression give place to the measure of his verse.

Associate of our labours, our chief helper;
Let us not force thy simple modesty
With offering at thy praise, for more we
cannot,

Since there's no voice can take it. No man
Receive our speeches as hyperboles:
For we are far from flattering our friend,
(Let envy know) as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them ask the causes of our praise;
Princes have still their grounds rear'd with
themselves,

Above the poor low flats of common men;
And who will search the reasons of their
acts,

Must stand on equal bases. Lead away.
Our loves unto the senate.

Arr. Caesar.

Sub. Peace.

Cor. Great Pompey's theatre was never
Till now, that proud Sejanus hath a statue
Rear'd on his ashes.

Arr. Place the shame of soldiers,
Above the best of generals? crack the world!
And bruise the name of Romans into dust,
Ere we behold it!

Sil. Check your passion;
Lord Drusus carries.

Dru. Is my father mad?
Weary of life, and rule, lords? thus to heave
An idol up with praise! make him his mate!
His rival in the empire!

Arr. O, good prince! {such

Dru. Allow him statues, titles, honours,
As he himself refuseth?

Arr. Brave, brave Drusus!

Dru. The first ascents to sovereignty are
hard; {means,
But, entered once, there never wants or
Or ministers to help th' aspirer on.

Arr. True, gallant Drusus.

Dru. We must shortly pray

To Modesty, that he will rest contented—
Arr. I, where he is, and not write em-
peror.

Sejanus, Drusus, Arruntius, &c.

{He enters followed with clients.

Sej. There is your bill, and yours; bring
you your man.

I have mov'd for you, too, Latiaris.

Dru. What?

Is your vast greatness grown so blindly bold,
That you will over us?

Sej. Why then give way.

Dru. Give way, Colossus? do you lift
advance you?

Take that. {Drusus strikes him.

Arr. Good! brave! excellent, brave
prince! {you off? at gaze?

Dru. Nay, come, approach. What, stand
It looks too full of death for thy cold spirits.
Avoid mine eye, dull camel, or my sword
Shall make thy brav'ry fitter for a grave,
Than for a triumph. I'll advance a statue
O' your own bulk; but 't shall be on the
cross;

Where I will nail your pride at breadth and
length,

And crack those sinews, which are yet but
stretch'd

With your swollen fortune's rage.

Arr. A noble prince!

All. A Castor, a Castor, a Castor, a Cas-
tor! {bear it through

Sej. He that, with such wrong mov'd, can
With patience, and an even mind, knows how
To turn it back. Wrath cover'd carries fate:
Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate.

What was my practice late, I'll now pursue,
As my fell justice. This hath stey'd it new.

Chorus—of Musicians 22.

²² *A Castor, a Castor, &c.*] This appellation, as Jonson himself informs us from Dion Cassius, was given by the people to Drusus, on account of the warmth and violence of his temper. In this action of Drusus, the poet professeth to have followed the account of Tacitus; for the story is told otherwise by Dion, and his epitomizer Xiphilin: and the general character of Drusus is represented by them in disadvantageous colours: Τὸ μάλιστα ὁρῶν αὐὸν χαλεπὴν ἔχοντα, ὅτε καὶ πολλὰς ἰσχυρὰς ἐπιφανείας διέποι, καὶ διὰ τούτο καὶ Καστὸρ παρὰ τὸν λαόν. *Xiphilin. p. 104. ed. Hen. Steph. Par. 1551.*

²³ He was of so passionate a disposition, that he beat an illustrious person of the equestrian order, for which reason he had the surname of *Castor* given him.

²⁴ *Chorus of Musicians.*] A band of fiddlers as a chorus to a tragedy, wrote upon the plan of the antients, makes, as Mr. Sympson observes, a very different appearance from what we meet with in Æschylus, or Sophocles. Jonson was sensible of this, and offers some sort of apology for it in his preface. In the *Catiline* he hath endeavoured to be more exact; and introduces, yet without much mending the matter, a proper chorus, in imitation of the ancient tragedians.

A C T II.

Sejanus, Livia, Eudemus.

Sej. **PHYSICIAN**, thou art worthy of a province,

For the great favours done unto our loves;
And, but that greatest Livia bears a part
In the requital of thy services,
I should alone despair of aught, like means,
To give them worthy satisfaction.

Liv. Eudemus (I will see it) shall receive
A fit and full reward for his large merit.
But for this portion we intend to Drusus,
(No more our husband now) whom shall
we chuse

As the most apt and abled instrument¹,
To minister it to him?

Eud. I say Lygdus.

Sej. Lygdus? what's he?

Liv. An eunuch Drusus loves.

Eud. I, and his cup-bearer.

Sej. Name not a second.

If Drusus loves him, and he have that place,
We cannot think a fitter.

Eud. True, my lord.

For free access, and trust, are two main aids.

Sej. Skillful physician!

Liv. But he must be wrought

To th' undertaking, with some labour'd art.

Sej. Is he ambitious?

Liv. No.

Sej. Or covetous?

Liv. Neither.

Eud. Yet, gold is a good general charm.

Sej. What is he then?

Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.

Sej. How! is he young and fair?

Eud. A delicate youth. [*lady,*

Sej. Send him to me, I'll work him. Royal
Though I have lov'd you long, and with that
height

Of zeal and duty, (like the fire, which more
It mounts it trembles) thinking nought could
add [*led;*

Unto the fervour which your eye had kind-
Yet, now I see your wisdom, judgment,
strength,

Quickness, and will, to apprehend the
means

To your own good and greatness, I protest
Myself through rarified, and turn'd all
flame

In your affection: such a spirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle second
To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine
Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
And share the sov'reignty of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
When she and her Sejanus shall divide
The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
Be dimm'd with glory of a brighter beam:
When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
His little light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb. Who's that?

Eudemus,

Look, 'tis not Drusus? Lady, do not fear.

Liv. Not I, my lord: my fear and love
Left me at once. [*of him*

Sej. Illustrious lady, stay——

Eud. I'll tell his lordship.

Sej. Who is it, Eudemus? [*you word*

Eud. One of your lordship's servants brings
The emp'r's hath sent for you.

Sej. O: where is he? [*ask*

With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but
A question, and return. [*He goes out.*

Eud. Fortunate princess!

How are you blest in the fruition
Of this unequal'd man, the soul of Rome,
The empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's
world!

Liv. So blessed, my Eudemus, as to know
The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
The means that wrought it. How do I look
to-day?

Eud. Excellent clear, believe it. This
same fucus

Was well laid on.

Liv. Methinks 'tis here not white.

Eud. Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis
thé sun

Hath giv'n some little taint unto the ceruse²,

¹ *As the most apt, and blest instrument.*] The measure is here defective, by the loss of a foot; and *blest instrument* is a phrase not very congruous to the place it stands in. The quarto of 1605, and folio of 1616, both read *abled*, which undoubtedly is the genuine word; and as such I have admitted it into the text. *Ablest* seems to have been designed by the editor, which is the reading of the folio in 1640.

² *It is the sun*

Hath given some little taint unto the ceruse.] By the *ceruse*, I should imagine is to be understood, not any white-wash, or the common preparation of lead with vinegar, but a colour rather inclining to what the painters call *carnation*. It was a composition that could not stand the warmth of the sun. Martial alludes to it, and seems to make a difference between a common white and the *ceruse*:

Quam cretata timet Fabulla nimbum,

Cerussata timet Sabella solem.—L. 2. ep. 41.

You should have us'd of the white oil I gave you.

Sejanus, for your love! his very name Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts—

(*Liv.* Nay, now you've made it worse.

Eud. I'll help it straight.)

And but pronounce'd, is a sufficient charm Against all rumour; and of absolute power To satisfy for any lady's honour.

(*Liv.* What do you now, Eudemus?

Eud. Make a light fucus, [*Janus!* To touch you o'er withal.) Honour'd Se— What act (tho' ne'er so strange and insolent) But that addition will at least bear out, If it do not expiate?

Liv. Here, good physician.

Eud. I like this study to preserve the love Of such a man, that comes not every hour To greet the world. ('Tis now well, lady, you should

Use of the dentifrice I prescrib'd you too, To clear your teeth, and the prepar'd pomatum,

To smooth the skin :) A lady cannot be Too curious of her form, that still would hold The heart of such a person, made her captive,

As you have this : who, to endear him more In your clear eye, hath put away his wife, The trouble of his bed, and your delights, Fair Apicata, and made spacious room To your new pleasures.

Liv. Have not we return'd

That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery Of all his counsels?

Eud. Yes, and wisely, lady.

The ages that succeed, and stand far off To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,

And reckon it an act, without your sex: It hath that rare appearance. Some will think

Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound, Than mixt with Drusus: but, when they shall hear

That, and the thunder of Sejanus meet, Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,

And rings about the concave; great Sejanus, Whose glories, stile and titles are himself, The often iterating of Sejanus : [*asham'd* They then will lose their thoughts, and be To take acquaintance of them.

Enter Sejanus.

Sej. I must make

A rude departure, lady: Caesar sends With all his haste both of command and prayer.

Be resolute in our plot; you have my soul, As certain yours as it is my body's.

And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,

As you may lay the subtil operation Upon some natural disease of his.

Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands, Glory of ladies, and commend my love To your best faith and memory.

Liv. My lord, [*this* I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet Remember for your heed, he loves you not; You know what I have told you: his designs Are full of grudge and danger; we must use More than a common speed.

Sej. Excellent lady, How you do fire my blood!

Liv. Well, you must go? [*show.* The thoughts be best, are least set forth to

Eud. When will you take some physick, lady?

Liv. When I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus' drug Be first prepar'd.

Eud. Were Lygdus made, that's done; I have it ready. And to-morrow morning I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when I'll have an excellent new fucus made, Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind, Which you shall lay on with a breath or oil, As you best like, and last some fourteen hours. [*health.*

This change came timely, lady, for your And the restoring your complexion, Which Drusus' choler had almost burnt up: Wherein your fortune hath prescrib'd you better

Than art could do.

Liv. Thanks, good physician, I'll use my fortune (you shall see) with reverence.

Is my coach ready?

Eud. It attends your highness.

Sejanus.

If this be not revenge, when I have done And made it perfect, let Egyptian slaves, Parthians, and bare-foot Hebrews brand my face,

And print my body full of injuries.

Thou lost thyself, child Drusus, when thou thought'st [*out-stand*

Thou could'st out-skip my vengeance; or The power I had to crush thee into air.

Thy follies now shall taste what kind of man They have provok'd, and this thy father's house

Crack in the flame of my incensed rage, Whose fury shall admit no shame or mean. Adultery! it is the lightest ill

I will commit. A race of wicked acts Shall flow out of my anger, and o'er-spread The world's wide face, which no posterity

Which no posterity

[*Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent.*] This sentiment, with what precedes and follows it, is expressed from the *Thyestes* of Seneca:

Age,

Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent:
things [mark,

That for their cunning, close, and cruel
Thy father would wish his: and shall, per-
haps,

Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
On then, my soul, and start not in thy
course;

[out fire,
Though heav'n drop sulphur, and hell belch
Laugh at the idle terrors: tell proud Jove,
Between his pow'r and thine there is no
odds: [gods'.

'Twas only fear first in the world made
Tiberius, *Sejanus*.

Tib. Is yet *Sejanus* come?

Sej. He's here, dread *Cæsar*.

Tib. Let all depart that chamber, and the
next: [prince

Sit down, my comfort. When the master
Of all the world, *Sejanus*, saith he fears;
Is it not fatal?

Sej. Yes, to those are fear'd.

Tib. And not to him?

Sej. Not, if he wisely turn

That part of fate he holdeth, first on them.

Tib. That nature, blood, and laws of kind
forbid.

Sej. Do policy and state forbid it?

Tib. No.

Sej. The rest of poor respects, then, let
go by; [guilty.

State is enough to make th' act just, them
Tib. Long hate pursues such acts.

Sej. Whom hatred frights,

Let him not dream of sov'reignty.

Tib. Are rites

Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down,
Forgotten, and made vain?

Sej. All for a crown. [bear,

The prince who shames a tyrant's name to
Shall never dare do any thing, but fear;
All the command of sceptres quite do pe-
rish,

If it begin religious thoughts to cherish:
Whole empires fall, away'd by those nice re-
spects;

It is the licence of dark deeds protects
Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list.

Tib. Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely.

Sej. Yes, and do them thoroughly.

Tib. Knows yet *Sejanus* whom we point at?

Sej. I, [err:
Or else my thought, my sense, or both do
'Tis *Agrippina*.

Tib. She, and her proud race.

Sej. Proud! dangerous, *Cæsar*. For in
them apace

The father's spirit shoots up. *Germanicus*
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form,
't upbraid us

With his close death, if not revenge the same.

Tib. The act's not known.

Sej. Not prov'd: but whispering fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous
give, [believe.

'Who, then to fail, would their own thought
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,
That are provoked by a parent's death.

Tib. It is as dangerous to make them
hence,

If nothing but their birth be their offence.

Sej. Stay, till they strike at *Cæsar*; then
their crime

Will be enough, but late and out of time
For him to punish.

Tib. Do they purpose it? [till it hit.

Sej. You know, sir, thunder speaks not
Be not secure; none swifter are oppress,

Than they whom confidence betrays to rest.
Let not your daring make your danger such:

All power's to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
The youths are of themselves hot, violent,

Full of great thought; and that male-spi-
rit'd dame, [on:

Their mother, slacks no means to put them
By large allowance, popular presentings,

Increase of train, and state, suing for titles;
Hath them commended with like prayers,

like vows, [nights
To the same gods, with *Cæsar*: days and
She spends in banquets and ambitious feasts

For the nobility; where *Caius Silius*,
Titius Sabinus, old *Aruntius*,

Asinius Gallus, *Furnius*, *Regulus*,
And others of that discontented list,

Are the prime guests. There, and to these,
she tells [whose wife.

'Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and
And then must they compare her with *Aug-*

usta;
I, and prefer her too; commend her form,
Extol her fruitfulness; at which a shower

Age, anime, fac quod nulla posteritas probe,

Sed nulla taceat: aliquod audendum est nefas

Atror, cruentum; tale quod frater meus

Scium esse malit.—————

Act II. v. 192.

'*Twas only fear first in the world made gods.*] A translation from *Petronius Arbiter*:

Primus in orbe deos fecit timor. Dr. GREY.

Laws of KIND forbid.] Laws of nature.

'*Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe.*] *i. e.* Who, rather than want, or fail
of proof, would believe the mere evidence of their own thoughts. Jonson affects great
brevity in his expression, and, in consequence of that, is not always so clear as he might be.

She tells,

Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose wife.] *Agrippina* was the niece of
Augustus, the daughter of *Agrippa* and *Julia*, and the wife of *Germanicus*.

Falls for the memory of Germanicus,
Which they blow over straight with windy
praise,

And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons,
Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so
pleas'd,

And wantonly conceited of themselves,
As now, they stick not to believe they're
such

As these do give them out; and would be
thought

(More than competitors) immediate heirs.
Whilst to their thirst of rule, they win the
rout

(That's still the friend of novelty) with hope
Of future freedom, which on every change
That greedily, though empty expects.

Cæsar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keep old dignity
Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by;

Not their own issue; but so darkly set
As shadows are in picture, to give height
And lustre to themselves.

Tib. We will command
Their rank thoughts down, and with a stricter
hand

Than we have yet put forth; their trains
Their titles, feasts and factions.

Sej. Or your state.

But how, sir, will you work?

Tib. Confine 'em.

Sej. No.

They are too great, and that too faint a blow
To give them now; it would have serv'd at
first,

When with the weakest touch their knot had
But, now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect;

For such, who know the weight of princes' ^{[burst.}
fear,

Will, when they find themselves discover'd,
Their forces, like seen snakes, that else
would lie

Roul'd in their circles, close: nought is more
Daring, or desperate, than offenders found;
Where guilt is, rage and courage both
abound.

The course, must be, to let them still swell
Riot, and surfeit on blind fortune's cup;

Give 'em more place, more dignities, more
stile,

Call 'em to court, to senate; in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twain,
or more,

Of the main factors; (it will fright the store)
And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with
slight

You shall disarm them first; and they (in

Of their ambition) not perceive the train,
Till in the engine they are caught and slain.

Tib. We would not kill, if we knew how
to save;

Yet, than a throne, 'tis cheaper give a grave.
Is there no way to hand them by deserts?

Sej. Sir, wolves do change their hair, but
not their hearts.

While thus your thought unto a mean is
ty'd,

You neither dare enough, nor do provide.
All modesty is fond; and chiefly where
The subject is no less compell'd to bear,
Than praise his sov'reign's acts.

Tib. We can no longer
Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sejanus;
Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but
prov'd

ing
Their voice, in our designs, which by assent
Hath more confirm'd us, than if heart'n'd

Just
Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike,
'And at the stroke clickt all his marble
But who shall first be struck?

[thumbs:]
Sej. First, Caius Silius;

He is the most of mark, and most of danger:
In power and reputation equal strong,
Having commanded an imperial army

Seven years together, vanquish'd Sacrovir
In Germany, and thence obtain'd to wear
The ornaments triumphal. His steep fall,

By how much it doth give the weightier
crack,

Will send more wounding terror to the rest,
Command them stand aloof, and give more
To our surprizing of the principal.

[way
Tib. But what, Sabinus?

Sej. Let him grow a while,
His fate is not yet ripe: we must not pluck
At all together, lest we catch ourselves.

And there's Arruntius too, he only talks.
But Sosia, Silius' wife, would be wound in
Now, for she hath a fury in her breast,

More than hell ever knew; and would be
seat

[tius
Thither in time. Then is there one Cremus
Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got
To gather notes of the precedent times,

And make them into annals; a most tart
And bitter spirit (I hear) who under colour
Of praising those, doth tax the present state,

Censures the men, the actions, leaves no
trick,

No practice unexamined, parallels
The times, the governments; a profest
champion

For the old liery ———

Tib. A perishing wretch.

* And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumbs.] The sense is obscure; but the poet hath let us into his meaning, by his own note upon the place. It alludes to the Roman custom of shewing favour, or pronouncing death, to the vanquish'd gladiators, by bending the thumb. Jonson's words are these: *Premere pollicem, apud Romanos, maximi favoris erat signum.* Horat. ep. ad Lollium. *Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.* Et Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 28. cap. 2. *Pollices, cum favemus, premere etiam procerbio jubemur.*

As if there were that chaos bred in things,
That laws and liberty would not rather
choose

To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,
Than have the strain to be preserv'd by such.
Have we the means to make these guilty
first? [power,

Sej. Trust that to me; let Cæsar, by his
But cause a formal meeting of the senate,
I will have matter, and accusers ready.

Tib. But how? let us consult.

Sej. We shall mispend -
The time of action. Counsels are unfit
in business, where all rest is more pernicious
Than rashness can be. Acts of this close
kind

Thrive more by execution than advice.
There is no lingering in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through
done. [a court.

Tib. Our edict shall forthwith command
While I can live. I will prevent earth's fury :
'Εμὲ Σέαντος ἔχει μυχθῆται περὶ.

Posthumus, *Sejanus*.

Pos. My lord Sejanus —

Sej. Julius Posthumus
Come with my wish! what news from A-
grippina's? [selves a-late ;

Pos. Faith none. They all lock up them-
Or talk in character; I have not seen
A company so chang'd. Except they had
Intelligence by augury of our practice.

Sej. When were you there?

Pos. Last night.

Sej. And what guests found you?

Pos. Sabinus, Silius, (the old list) Arrun-
Furnius, and Gallus. [tius,

Sej. Would not these talk?

Pos. Little.

And yet we offer'd choice of argument.
Satrius was with me.

Sej. Well: 'tis guilt enough
Their often meeting. You forgot t' extol
The hospitable lady?

Pos. No, that trick
Was well put home, and had succeeded too,
But that Sabinus caught a caution out!
For she began to swell:—

Sej. And may she burst!

Julius I would have you go instantly
Unto the palace of the great Augusta,

And (by your kindest friend) get swift ac-
cess; [Mutia Prisca.

Acquaint her with these meetings: tell the
words

" You brought me (th' other day) of Silius,
Add somewhat to 'em. Make her under-
stand

The danger of Sabinus, and the times,
Out of his closeness. Give Arruntius words
Of malice against Cæsar; so, to Gallus:
But, (above all) to Agrippina. Say,
(As you may truly) that her infinite pride,
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitful
womb,

With popular studies gapes for sovereignty,
And threatens Cæsar. Pray Augusta then,
That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the
public [gers.

" Safety, she be pleas'd to urge these dan-
Cæsar is too secure (he must be told,
And best he'll take it from a mother's
tongue:)

Alas! what is't for us to sound, t' explore,
To watch, oppose, plot, practise, or prevent,
If he, for whom it is so strongly labour'd,
Shall, out of greatness and free spirit, be
supinely negligent? our city's now
Divided as in time o' th' civil war,

And men forbear not to declare themselves
Of Agrippina's party. Every day
The faction multiplies; and will do more,
If not resisted: you can best enlarge it,

As you find audience. Noble Posthumus,
Commend me to your Prisca: and pray her,
She will solicit this great business,
To earnest and most present execution,
With all her utmost credit with Augusta.

Pos. I shall not fail in my instructions.

Sej. This second (from his mother) will
well urge

Our late design, and spur on Cæsar's rage:
Which else might grow remiss. The way
to put

A prince in blood, is to present the shapes
Of dangers, greater than they are (like late,
Or early shadows) and, sometimes, to feign
Where there are none, only to make him
fear; [entred,

His fear will make him cruel: and once
He doth not easily learn to stop, or spare
Where he may doubt. This have I made
my rule,

" Εμὲ Σέαντος ἔχει μυχθῆται περὶ. "This Greek verse, as the historians say, Tiberius had
often in his mouth, and the poet thought it too memorable to omit it.

" Tell the words

You brought me (th' other day) of Silius.] The words of Silius, to which the poet re-
fers, are related by Tacitus in this manner: *Immodicè jactantis (sc. Sili) suum militem in
obsequio duravisse, cùm aliî ad seditiones prolaberentur: neque mansurum Tiberio imperium,
si is quoque legionibus cupido norandi fuisset.* *Annal.* l. 4. c. 18.

" The public safety, &c.] To complete the measure of the verse, Jonson, by a licence
common in the ancient poets, divides the word *public* into both these verses; ending one
of them with the first syllable of it, and beginning the other with the last;

That for her own, great Cæsar's, and the pub-
lic safety, she be pleas'd to urge these dangers.

And they are so printed in the folio of 1616.

To thrust Tiberius into tyranny, [blocks,
And make him, toil, to turn aside those
Which I alone could not remove with safety.
Drusus once gone, Germanicus' three sons
Would clog my way; whose guards have
too much faith

To be corrupted: and their mother known
Of too-too unprov'd a chastity,
To be attempted, as light Livia was.

Work then, my art, on Caesar's fears, as
they [clear'd¹²:

On those they fear, till all my lets be
And he in ruins of his house, and hate
Of all his subjects, bury his own state.
When with my peace, and safety, I will rise,
By making him the public sacrifice.

Satrius, Natta.

Sat. They're grown exceeding circum-
spect, and wary. [Arruntius

Nat. They have us in the wind: and yet
Cannot contain himself.

Sat. Tut, he's not yet
Look'd after, there are others more desir'd,
That are more silent.

Nat. Here he comes. Away.

Sabinus, Arruntius, Cordus.

Sab. How is it, that these beagles haunt
Of Agrippina? [the house

Arr. O, they hunt, they hunt.
There is some game here lodg'd, which they
must rouse,

To make the great ones sport.

Cor. Did you observe
How they inveigh'd 'gainst Caesar?

Arr. I, baits, baits,
For us to bite at: would I have my flesh
Torn by the public hook, these qualified
Should be my company. [hangmen

Cor. Here comes another.

Arr. I, there's a man, Afer the orator!
One that hath phrases, figures, and fine
flowers, [haste

To strew his rhetoric with, and doth make
To get him note, or name, by any offer
Where blood, or gain be objects; steep's his
words,

When he would kill, in artificial tears:
The crocodile of Tyber! him I love,
That man is mine; he hath my heart and
When I would curse! he, he. [voice,

Sab. Contemn the slave, [graves,
Their present ites will be their future

Silius, Agrippina, Nero, Sosia.

Sil. May't please your highness not forget
yourself,

I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farther.

Agr. Farewell, noble Silius.

Sil. Most royal princess.

Agr. Sosia stays with us?

Sil. She is your servant, and doth owe
your grace

An honest, but unprofitable love.

Agr. How can that be, when there's no
gain, but virtuous¹³?

Sil. You take the moral, not the politic
sense.

I meant, as she is bold, and free of speech,
Earnest to utter what her zealous thought
Travails withal, in honour of your house;
Which act, as it is simply born in her,
Partakes of love and honesty; but may,
By th' over-often, and unseason'd use,
'Turn to your loss and danger: for your
state

Is waited on by envies, as by eyes;
And every second guest your tables take
Is a fee'd spy, t' observe who goes, who
comes.

What conference you have, with whom,
where, when,
What the discourse is, what the looks, the
thoughts

Of ev'ry person there, they do extract,
And make into a substance.

Agr. Hear me, Silius.

Were all Tiberius' body stuck with eyes,
And ev'ry wall and hanging in my house
Transparent, as this lawn I wear, or air;
Yea, had Sejanus both his ears as long
As to my inmost closet, I would hate
To whisper any thought, or change an act,
To be made Juno's rival. Virtue's forces
Shew ever noblest in conspicuous courses.

Sil. 'Tis great, and bravely spoken, like
the spirit

Of Agrippina: yet, your highness knows,
There is no loss, nor shame in providence:
Few can, what all should do, beware enough.
You may perceive with what officious face,
Satrius, and Natta, Afer, and the rest
Visit your house, of late, t' enquire the
secrets; [they rail

And with what bold and privileg'd art,
Against Augusta: yea, and at Tiberius;
Tell tricks of Livia, and Sejanus; all
T' excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might hear it at more liberty.

Agr. You're too suspicious, Silius.

Sil. Pray the gods,
I be so, Agrippina: but I fear [strike
Some subtle practice. 'They that durst to

¹² Till all my lets be clear'd.] This reading is corrupt, and the expression unintelligible: the quarto gives us the true word *lets*; obstructions, impediments. It occurs likewise in the argument, "Finding the *lets* he must encounter to be many and hard." Mr. Seward and Mr. Symphon both corrected it in this manner by conjecture.

¹³ How can that be, when there's no gain, but virtuous?] i. e. no real gain, but virtuous gain; what is acquired and proceeds from virtue. The quarto, with less embarrassment of the sense, reads *virtue's*.

"At so *examp-less*, and unblam'd a life,
As that of the renown'd Germanicus,
Will not sit down with that exploit alone :
" " He threatens many, that hath injur'd
one."

Ner. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues,
scare out their eyes,
When next they come.

Sos. A fit reward for spies.

Drusus jun. Agrippina, Nero, Silius.

Dru. Hear you the rumour ?

Agr. What ?

Dru. Drusus is dying.

Agr. Dying !

Ner. That's strange !

Agr. Yo' were with him yesternight.

Dru. One met Eudemus, the physician,
Sent for, but now : who thinks he cannot live.

Sil. Thinks ! if it be arriv'd at that, he
Or none.

Agr. This's quick ! what should be his

Sil. Poison, poison— [disease ?]

Agr. How, Silius !

Ner. What's that ? [certain blow]

Sil. Nay, nothing. There was (late) a
Giv'n o' the face.

Ner. I, to Sejanus ?

Sil. True.

Dru. And what of that ?

Sil. I'm glad I gave it not.

Ner. But there is somewhat else ?

Sil. Yes, private meetings,
With a great lady at a physician's,
And a wife turn'd away—

Ner. Ha !

Sil. Toys, mere toys ;

What wisdom's now i' th' streets, i' th'
common mouth ?

Dru. Fears, whisperings, tumults, noise,

I know not what :

They say the senate sit.

Sil. I'll thither straight ;

And see what's in the forge.

Agr. Good Silius, do ;

Sosia and I will in.

Sil. Haste you, my lords,

To visit the sick prince ; tender your loves,
And sorrows to the people. This Sejanus
(Trust my divining soul) hath plots on all !
Notree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.

Chorus—of Musicians.

"At so *EXAMP-LESS* and unblam'd a life.] At a life that had no parallel ; was beyond all example, or imitation. *Examp-less* is a term of the author's coining ; and by the same poetical prerogative, Chapman, in his verses on this tragedy, uses the word *exampling* :

"Our Phœbus may with his *exampling* beams."

"He threatens many, that hath injur'd one.]

Multis minatur, qui uni facit injuriam.—PUB. SYRUS.

In this fulness and frequency of sentence, as he calls it in his preface, Jonson placeth one part of the office of a tragic poet : and the learned reader will perceive, from the brevity and number of these maxims, that instead of copying after the models of antient Greece, he hath conformed to the practice of Seneca the tragedian.

A C T III.

The SENATE.

Sejanus, Varro, Latiaris, Cotta, Afer. Gal-lus, Lepidus, Arruntius. Præcones, Lic-tors.

Sej. *TIS only you must urge against
him, Varro ;

Nor I, nor Cæsar may appear therein,
Except in your defence, who are the consul:
And, under colour of late enmity
Between your father, and his, may better
do it,

As free from all suspicion of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch
at ; read :

Be cunning in them. Afer has them too.

Var. But is he summon'd ?

Sej. No. It was debated
By Cæsar, and concluded as most fit
To take him unprepar'd.

Afer. And prosecute
All under name of treason.

Var. I conceive. [be here.

Sab. Drusus being dead, Cæsar will not

Gal. What should the business of this
senate be ? [you : we

Arr. That can my subtil whisperers tell
That are the good-dull-noble lookers-on,
Are only call'd to keep the marble warm.
What should we do with those deep mys-
teries,

Proper to these fine heads ? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, help us be
From whips and furies. [sav'd

Gal. See, see, see their action !

Arr. I, now their heads do travail, now
they work ;

Their faces run like shittles, they are weaving
Some curious cobweb to catch flies.

Sab. Observe

They take their places.

Arr. What, so low ?

Gal. O yes,

They must be seen to flatter Cæsar's grief,

Though but in sitting,

Var. Bid us silence.

Præ. Silence.

Var. "Fathers Conscript, may this our
"present meeting {wealth."

"Turn fair, and fortunate to the common-

Silius, Senate.

Sej. See, Silius enters.

Sil. Hail, grave Fathers.

Lic. Stand.

Silius, forbear thy place.

Sen. How!

Præ. Silius, stand forth,
The consul hath to charge thee.

Lic. Room for Cæsar. {trick.

Arr. Is he come too? nay then expect a

Sub. Silius accus'd? sure he will answer
nobly.

Tiberius, Senate.

We stand amazed, Fathers, to behold
This general dejection. Wherefore sit
Rome's consuls thus dissolv'd¹, as they had
lost

All the remembrance both of stile and place?
It not becomes. No vots are of fit weight,
To make the honour of the empire stoop:
Though I, in my peculiar self, may meet
Just reprehension, that so suddenly,
And, in so fresh a grief, would greet the
senate,

When private tongues, of kinsmen and allies,
(Inspir'd with comforts) lotbly are endur'd,
The face of men not seen, and scarce the day,
To thousands that communicate our loss².
Nor can I argue these of weakness; since
They take but natural ways; yet I must seek
For stronger aids, and those fair helps draw
out

From warm embraces of the common-wealth.
Our mother, great Augusta, 's struck with
time,

Our self impress with aged characters,
Drusus is gone, his children young and babes;
Our aims must now reflect on those that may
Give timely succour to these present ills,
And are our only glad-surviving hopes,

The noble issue of Germanicus,
Nero and Drusus: might it please the consul
Honour them in, (they both attend without.)
I would present them to the senate's care,
'And raise those suns of joy that should
drink up

These floods of sorrow in your drowned eyes.

Arr. By Jove, I am not Ædipus enough
To understand this Sphynx.

Sub. The princes come.

Tiberius, Nero, Drusus junior.

Tib. Approach you, noble Nero, noble
Drusus. {dy'd,

These princes, Fathers, when their parent
I gave unto their uncle, with this prayer,
That though he had proper issue of his own,
He would no less bring up, and foster these,
Than that self-blood; and by that act confirm

Their worths to him, and to posterity:
Drusus ta'en hence, I turn my prayers to you,
And fore our country, and our gods, beseech
You take, and rule Augustus' nephews sons,
Sprung of the noblest ancestors; and so
Accomplish both my duty, and your own.
Nero, and Drusus, these shall be to you
In place of parents, these your fathers, these;
And not unfitly: for you are so born,
As all your good, or ill, 's the common-wealth's.
Receive them, you strong guardians; and
blest gods,

Make all their actions answer to their bloods:
Let their great titles find increase by them,
Not they by titles. Set them as in place,
So in example, above all the Romans:
And may they know no rivals but them-
selves³. {tend

Let Fortune give them nothing; but at-
Upon their virtue: and that still come forth
Greater than hope, and better than their
fame.

Relieve me, Fathers, with your general voice.

Sen. "May all the gods consent to Cæ-
"sar's wish, [*A form speaking*
they had.]

"And add to any honours that may crown
"The hopeful issue of Germanicus."

—Wherefore sit

Rome's consuls thus dissolv'd, as they had lost

All the remembrance both of stile and place? Gallus had just before taken notice of the consuls descending from their proper places to an inferior seat, in complaisance to Cæsar's grief for the death of Drusus. Tiberius, on his entrance, reproves them for this dispiritedness. Tacitus gives us the account in the words, which the poet hath translated: *Consules, sede vulgari per speciem mastitia sedentes, honoris locique admonuit.* Annal. l. 4. c. 8.

¹ That COMMUNICATE our loss.] Share in our loss.

² And raise those suns of joy that should drink up, &c.] Mr. Sympson conjectured that *suns* is the genuine word, which I have placed in the text, on the authority likewise of the first folio. The quarto edition, still more erroneously, reads *spring* of joy.

³ And may they know no rivals but themselves.] Which is as much as to say in other words, none but themselves may be their parallel: a method of speaking, which, however ridiculed, hath been proved entirely similar to what we meet with in several of the classics; and Mr. Theobald hath wrote over-against this line, in the margin, *parallel*, as if he had designed it as a similar instance of the phrase I have quoted.

Tib. We thank you reverend Fathers, in their right.

Arr. If this were true now! but the space, the space

Between the breast and lips—Tiberius' heart Lies a thought farther than another man's.

Tib. My comforts are so flowing in my joys,

As, in them, all my streams of grief are lost, No less than are land-waters in the sea, Or showers in rivers; though their cause was such, [tears:

As might have sprinkled ev'n the gods with Yet since the greater doth embrace the less, We covetously obey.

(Arr. Well acted, Caesar.)

Tib. And now I am the happy witness made Of your so much desir'd affections.

To this great issue, I could wish, the fates Would here set peaceful period to my days; However to my labours, I entreat

(And beg it of this senate) some fit ease.

(Arr. Laugh, Fathers, laugh: ha! you no speens-about you?)

Tib. The burden is too heavy I sustain On my unwilling shoulders; and I pray It may be taken off, and reconferr'd Upon the consuls, or some other Roman, More able, and more worthy.

(Arr. Laugh on still.)

Seb. Why this doth render all the rest suspected!

Gal. It poisons all.

Arr. O, do you taste it then?

Seb. It takes away my faith to any thing He shall hereafter speak.

Arr. I, to pray that, [der, Which would be to his head as hot as thun-

(Gainst which he wears that charm) 'should but the court

Receive him at his word.

Gal. Hear.

Tib. For my self I know my weakness, and so little covet

(Like some gone past) the weight that will oppress me,

As my ambition is the counter-point.

(Arr. Finely maintain'd; good still.)

Sci. But Rome, whose blood, Whose nerves, whose life, whose very frame

On Caesar's strength, no less than heav'n on Cannot admit it but with general ruin.

(Arr. Ah! are you there to bring him

Sq. Let Caesar [off:]

No more then urge a point so contrary To Caesar's greatness, the griev'd senate's

Of Rome's necessity. [vows,

(Gal. He comes about.

Arr. More nimbly than Vertumnus.)

Tib. For the public,

I may be drawn, to shew I can neglect All private aims; though I affect my rest: But if the senate still command me serve, I must be glad to practise my obedience.

Arr. You must and will, sir. We do

Sen. "Caesar, [know it.

"Live long and happy, great and royal.

"Caesar; [Another form.

"The gods preserve thee and thy modesty,

"Thy wisdom and thy innocence."

(Arr. Where is't?)

The prayer's made before the subject.)

Sen. "Guard

"His meekness, Jove, his piety, his care,

"His bounty——"

Arr. And his subtilty, I'll put in:

Yet he'll keep that himself, without the gods.

All prayers are vain for him.

Tib. We will not hold [but

Your patience, Fathers, with long answer;

Shall still contend to be what you desire,

And work to satisfy so great a hope:

Proceed to your affairs.

Arr. Now, Silius, guard thee;

The curtain's drawing. Afer advanceth.

Præ. Silence.

Afe. Cite Caius Silius.

Præ. Caius Silius.

Sil. Here. [Germany

Afe. The triumph that thou hadst in

For thy late victory on Sacrovir,

Thou hast enjoy'd so freely, Caius Silius,

As no man it envy'd thee; nor would Caesar,

Or Rome admit, that thou wert then de-

frauded

Of any honours thy deserts could claim,

In the fair service of the common-wealth:

But now, if after all their loves and graces,

(Thy actions, and their courses being dis-

cover'd)

It shall appear to Caesar, and this senate,

Thou hast defil'd those glories with thy

crimes——

Sil. Crimes?

Afe. Patience, Silius.

Sil. Tell thy moil of patience

I am a Roman. What are my crimes? pro-

claim them.

Am I too rich? too honest for the times?

Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses

That some informer gapes for? is my strength

Too much to be admitted? or my knowledge?

These now are crimes.

Afe. Nay, Silius, if the name

Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence

Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?

Sil. I tell thee, Afer, with more scorn

than fear:

Employ your mercenary tongue and art.

Where's my accuser?

¹ *(Gainst which he wears that charm.)* A wreath of laurel. The great dread which Tiberius had of thunder, and this method which he took to preserve himself against the stroke of it, is taken notice of both by Suetonius, and Pliny. *Tonitrua præter modum ex-
pvescebat; et turbatiore celo nunquam non coronam lauream capite gestavit, quòd fulmine
affari negetur id genus frondis.* Sueton. Tib. c. 69.

Var. Here.

Arr. Varro the consul,
Is he thrust in?

Var. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.

Against the majesty of Rome, and Cæsar,
I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,
First of beginning and occasioning,
Next, drawing out the war in Gallia,
For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling
That Sacrovir to be an enemy, [long
Only to make thy entertainment more:
Whilst thou, and thy wife Sosia poll'd the
province:

Wherein, with sordid-base desire of gain,
Thou hast discredited thy actions worth,
And been a traitor to the state.

Sil. Thou liest. [and often.

Arr. I thank thee, Silius, speak so still

Var. If I not prove it, Cæsar, but unjustly
Have call'd him into trial; here I bind
Myself to suffer, what I claim against him;
And yield to have what I have spoke, con-
firm'd

By judgment of the court, and all good men.

Sil. Cæsar, I crave to have my cause de-
fer'd,

Till this man's consulship be out.

Tib. We cannot,

Nor may we grant it.

Sil. Why? shall he design

My day of trial? is he my accuser?

And must he be my judge?

Tib. It hath been usual,

And is a right that custom hath allow'd
The magistrate, to call forth private men;
And to appoint their day: which privilege
We may not in the consul see infring'd,
By whose deep watches, and industrious care
It is so labour'd, as the common-wealth
Receive no loss, by any oblique course.

Sil. Cæsar, thy fraud is worse than vio-
lence. [use

Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not
The credit of the consul to thy wrong;
But only do preserve his place and power,
So far as it concerns the dignity
And honour of the state.

Arr. Believe him, Silius.

Cot. Why, so he may, Arruntius.

Arr. I say so.

And he may choose too.

Tib. By the Capitol, [lick,

And all our gods, but that the dear repu-
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are interest'd therein, I should be silent.

Afe. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his
He shall have justice. [trial,

Sil. Nay, I shall have law;

Shall I not, Afer? speak.

Afe. Would you have more? [more;

Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no

Nor less: might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind
handling,

Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Afe. He raves, he raves.

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
Hadst thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see
Whose power condemns me.

Var. This betrays his spirit.

This doth enough declare him what he is.

Sil. What am I? speak.

Var. An enemy to the state.

Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratify it with thine own disgrace.

Sej. This to the consul, is most insolent!
And impious!

Sil. I, take part. Reveal yourselves,
Alas! I scent not your confed'racies,
Your plots, and combinations! I not know
Minion Sejanius hates me; and that all
This boast of law, and law, is but a form,
A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of justice,
Which you pursue in malice? I want brain,
Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends,
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answer? O, you equal gods,
Whose justice not a world of wolf-tum'd
men

Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provok'd;
Have I for this so oft engag'd myself?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When Phæbus sooner hath forsook the day
Than I the field, against the blue-ey'd

Gauls, [eagles
And crisped Germans? when our Roman
Have fann'd the fire, with their labouring
wings, [it?

And no blow dealt, that left not death behind
When I have charg'd, alone, into the troops
Of curl'd Sicambrians, routed them, and
came

Not off, with backward ensigns of a slave;
But forward marks, wounds on my breast
and face, [Rome!

Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy
And have I this return? did I for this
Perform so noble, and so brave defeat,
On Sacrovir? (O Jove, let it become sue
To boast my deeds, when he, whom they
Shall thus forget them.) [concern,

Afe. Silius, Silius,
These are the common customs of thy blood,
When it is high with wine, as now with
rage:

This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt,

* Of curl'd Sicambrians.] By this expression he alludes to the description which Mar-
tial gives of the Sicambri:

Crinibus in nodum torijs venere Sicambri.

Spect. 3.

Thou lately mad'st at Agrippina's table,
That, when all other of the troops were
prone

To fall into rebellion, only thine
Remain'd in their obedience. Thou wert he
That sav'd the empire, which had then been
lost, [tin'd,

Had but thy legions, there, rebell'd, or mu-
Tay virtue met, and fronted every peril,
Thou gav'st to Cæsar, and to Rome their
surety, [their state,

Their name, their strength, their spirit, and
Their being was a donat'v from thee.

Arr. Will worded, and most like an
Tib. Is this true, Silius? [orator.

Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar,
Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it*.

Arr. Excellent Roman!

Sab. He doth answer stoutly. [cause

Sej. If this be so, there needs no other
Of crime against him.

Var. What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,
Than to be urg'd with a benefit
He cannot pay?

Cot. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
Is made unequal to the courtesie.

Lat. His means are clean destroy'd that
should requite. [merit.

Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius'

Arr. Gallus on that side too?

Sil. Come, do not hunt,

And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guilty, whom you have fore-
doom'd:

Take shorter ways, I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, and more I now will
say: [Cæsar,

Since I have done thee that great service,
Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of
grace,

Return'd me hatred: so soon all best turns,
With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries
In estimation, when they greater rise
Than can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure, than you can

With ease restore them; that transcended
once,

Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
It is your nature, to have all men slaves
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The means that make your greatness, must
not come

In mention of it; if it do, it takes [help'd,
So much away, you think: and that which
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,
Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.

Cot. Suffer him speak no more.

Var. Note but his spirit.

Afe. This shews him in the rest.

Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him

Lat. Let him be censur'd. [Cæsar's foe.

Cot. His thoughts look through his words.

Sej. A censure.

Sil. Stay,

Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
Delude thy fury. Silius hath not plac'd
His guards within him, against fortune's
spight,

So weakly, but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune: she herself,
When virtue doth oppose, must lose her
threats.

"All that can happen in humanity,

"The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanius' hatred,

"Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying
tongue,

"The senate's servile flattery, and these

"Must'red to kill, I'm fortified against;"

And can look down upon: they are beneath
me.

It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd;
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.

"The coward and the valiant man must
fall, [cerns them:"

"Only the cause, and manner how, dis-
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us
dearest.

Romans, if any here be in this senate,
Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,

* Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.

[Stabs himself.

* ————That intemperate vaunt

Thou lately mad'st at Agrippina's table, &c.] It follows in the subsequent lines. See act II. not. 10. It should be observed, that instead of *you* and *yours*, the quarto reads *thou* and *thine*: this variation I have inserted in the text, as being more removed from common speech, and perhaps more expressive of contempt, than the other.

* *Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it.*] Jonson, by *famous credit*, means *infamous*: it is taken from the Latin *famosus*, which is generally used in that sense.

* *Look upon Silius, and so learn to die.*] Silius (says the historian) *imminentem damnationem voluntario fine prævertit*. Annal. l. 4. c. 19. It doth not appear, however, that this happened in the senate-house, or at the immediate time of his accusation: yet the liberty which the poet hath taken, is easily allowable. Afer has a part in this transaction not assigned him by Tacitus; but it is given him with the utmost probability, and with the exactest preservation of character. For we may remark, to the honour of Jonson's judgment, that whenever he departs from the thread of the narration, it is always with an improvement of the subject, and upon the strongest grounds of presumption. Thus, by introducing Afer as a manager of the impeachment against Silius, he hath a proper opportunity of displaying the mercenary oratory, and art of the informers, prevalent in the reign of Tiberius, which are finely contrasted by the truly honest, and spirited replies of Silius.

Var. O desperate act!

Arr. An honourable hand!

Tib. Look, is he dead?

Sab. 'Twas nobly struck, and home.

Arr. My thought did prompt him to it.
Farewell, Silius.

Be famous ever for thy great example.

Tib. We are not pleas'd, in this sad accident,
That thus hath stalled¹⁰, and abus'd our
Intended to preserve thee, noble Roman;
And to prevent thy hopes.

Arr. Excellent wolf!

Now he is full, he howls.

Sej. Caesar doth wrong
His dignity and safety, thus to mourn
The deserv'd end of so profest a traitor,
And doth, by this his lenity, instruct
Others as factious, to the like offence.

Tib. The confiscation merely of his state
Had been enough.

Arr. O, that was gap'd for then?

Var. Remove the body.

Sej. Let citation
Go out for Sosia.

Gal. Let her be proscrib'd.
And for the goods, I think it fit that half
Go to the treasure, half unto the children.

Lep. With leave of Caesar, I would think,
that fourth
Part, which the law doth cast on the inform-
Should be enough; the rest go to the children.

Wherein the prince shall shew humanity,
And bounty; not to force them by their
want
(Which in their parents' trespass they de-
To take ill courses.

Tib. It shall please us.

Arr. I,
Out of necessity. This Lepidus
Is grave and honest, and I have observ'd
A moderation still in all his censures.

Sab. And bending to the better—Stay,
who's this?

Cremutius Cordus? what! is he brought in?

Arr. More blood into the banquet? noble
Cordus,
I wish thee good: be, as thy writings, free,
And honest.

Tib. What is he?

Sej. For th' annals, Cæsar¹¹.

Præco, Cordus, Satrius, Natta.

Præ. Cremutius Cordus.

Cor. Here.

Præ. Satrius Secundus,
Pinnarius Natta, you are his accusers.

Arr. Two of Sejanus' blood-hounds,
whom he breeds
With human flesh, to bay at citizens.

Afe. Stand forth before the senate, and
confront him.

Sat. I do accuse thee here, Cremutius
To be a man factious and dangerous,
A sower of sedition in the state,
A turbulent and discontented spirit,
Which I will prove from thine own writings;
here,

The annals thou hast publish'd; where thou
The present age, and with a viper's tooth,
Being a member of it, dar'st that ill
Which never yet degenerate bastard did¹²
Upon his parent.

Nat. To this, I subscribe;
And, forth a world of more particulars,
Instance in only one: comparing men,
And times, thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st
That Cassius was the last of all the Romans¹³.

Cot. How! what are we then?

Var. What is Cæsar? nothing?

Afe. My lords, this strikes at every Ro-
man's private,
In whom reigns gentry, and estate of spirit,
To have a Brutus brought in parallel,
A parricide, an enemy of his country,
Rank'd, and prefer'd to any real worth
That Rome now holds. This is most
strangely invective,

Most full of spight, and insolently upbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here dispris'd,
But the whole man of time, yea, Cæsar's self
Brought in disvalue; and he aim'd at most
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
Cæsar, if Cassius were the last of Romans,
Thou hast no name.

Tib. Let's hear him answer. Silence.

Cor. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argu'd: yet those
words
Not reaching either prince, or prince's pa-

¹⁰ That thus hath STALLED and abus'd our mercy.] *i. e.* forestalled, hindered.

¹¹ Tib. What is he? Sej. For th' annals, Cæsar.] These speeches are so divided in all the editions; but Mr. Upton, supposing the division faulty, would correct, and read them in this manner:

Tib. "What is he for?" *i. e.* of what is he accused?

Sej. "The annals, Cæsar."

¹² Which never yet DANGEROUS bastard did
Upon his parent.] The sense and measure are both defective; the first editions read *degenerous*, which being right, I have admitted into the text.

¹³ Thou praisest Brutus, and affirm'st

That Cassius was the last of all the Romans.] The historians give this account of Cordus: *Objectum est historico* (Cremutius Cordus, Tacit. Annal. l. 4. c. 34.) *quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset.* Suet. *Tiber.* l. 3. c. 61. And the following speech of Cordus in his defence, is a translation from Tacitus, *Annal.* l. 4. p. 72. *edit. Lips.* 1589.

The which your law of treason comprehends.
Brutus and Cassius I am charg'd t' have
prais'd; [myself,

Whose deeds, when many more, besides
Have writ, not one hath mention'd without
honour.

Great Titus Livius, great for eloquence,
And faith, amongst us, in his history,
With so great praises Pompey did extol,
As oft Augustus call'd him a Pompeian:
Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his
book

He often names Scipio, Afranius,
Yea, the same Cassius, and this Brutus too,
As worthiest men; not thieves and parricides, [pos'd.

Which notes upon their fames are now in-
Asinius Pollio's writings quite throughout
Give them a noble memory; so Messala
Renown'd his general Cassius: yet both these
Liv'd with Augustus, full of wealth and honours. [up

"To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd
Equal with heav'n, what else did Cæsar an-
swer, [tion,

Being then dictator, but with a penn'd ora-
As if before the judges? Do but see [ings: ra-
Antoni' letters; read but Brutus' plead-
What vile reproach they hold against Au-
gustus,

False, I confess, but with much bitterness.
The epigrams of Bibaculus and Catullus
Are read, full stuf't with spite of both the
Cæsars;

Yet deified Julius, and no less Augustus,
Both bore them, and condemn'd them: (I
not know,

Promptly to speak it, whether done with
more

Temper, or wisdom) for such obloquies
If they despised be, they die suppress; [fest.
But if with rage acknowledg'd, they are con-
The Greeks I slip, whose licence not alone,
But also lust did 'scape unpunished:

Or where some one (by chance) exception
took, [work,

He words with words reveng'd. But, in my
What could be aim'd more free, or farther
off [those,

From the times' scandal, than to write of
Whom death from grace or hatred had ex-
empted?

Did I, with Brutus, and with Cassius,
Arm'd, and possess'd of the Philippi fields,
Incense the people in the civil cause,
With dangerous speeches? or do they, be-
ing slain

Seventy years since, as by their images
(Which not the conqueror hath defac'd) ap-
pear,

Retain that guilty memory with writers?
Posterity pays every man his honour.
Nor shall there want, though I condemn'd
am,

That will not only Cassius well approve,
And of great Brutus' honour mindful be,
But that will also mention make of me.

Arr. Freely and nobly spoken.
Sab. With good temper,
I like him, that he is not mov'd with passion.

Arr. He puts 'em to their whisper.
Tib. Take him hence,

We shall determine of him at next sitting.
Cot. Mean time, give order, that his
books be burnt,

To the ædiles¹.
Sej. You have well advis'd. [live

Ajc. It fits not such licentious things should
T' upbraid the age.

Arr. If th' age were good, they might.
Lat. Let 'em be burnt.

Gal. All sought, and burnt to-day.
Præ. The court is up; lictors, resume
the fasces.

Arru'tius, Sabinus, Lepidus.
Arr. Let 'em be burnt! O, how ridicu-
lous

Appears the senate's brainless diligence,
Who think they can, with present power,
extinguish

The memory of all succeeding times!
Sab. 'Tis true, when (contrary) the pu-
nishment

Of wit, doth make th' authority increase.
Nor do they aught, that use this cruelty
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning,
But purchase to themselves rebuke and
shame,

And to the writers an eternal name.
Lep. It is an argument the times are sore,
When virtue cannot safely be advanc'd;

Nor vice reprov'd.
Arr. I, noble Lepidus;

¹Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer

¹ To Cicero's book, where Cato was heav'd up

Equal with heav'n, what else did Cæsar answer? Cicero published a book, which was an essay upon the character of Cato; and Cæsar, who perhaps might be reflected upon in it, published an answer, which he called *Anti-Cato*: both these pieces are now lost.

² Cot. — Give order, that his books be burnt,

To the ÆDILES.] *Libros per ædiles cremandos censuræ patres, sed manserunt occultati et editi.* Tacid. *ibid.*—Dr. GREY.

Ædiles is here a word of three syllables.

³ Augustus well foresaw what we should suffer

Under Tiberius, &c.] This observation is preserved in Suetonius, who gives it us as a popular surmise: *Scio vulgo persuasum, quasi egresso post secretum sermonem Tiberio, vox Augusti per cubicularios excepta sit; "Miserum populum Romanum, qui sub tam levis maxilla erit."*—SURT. *Tiber. c. 21.*

Under Tiberius, when he did pronounce
The Roman race most wretched, that should
live [ing.
Between so slow jaws, and so long a bruise-
Tiberius, Sejanus.

Tib. This business hath succeeded well,
Sejanus;

And quite remov'd all jealousy of practice
'Gainst Agrippina, and our nephews. Now,
We must bethink us how to plant our in-
gines

For th' other pair, Sabiaus and Arruntius,
And Gallus too, (howe'er he flatter us);
His heart we know.

Sej. Give it some respite, Cæsar.
Time shall mature, and bring to perfect
crown, [gun¹⁷:

What we, with so good vultures have be-
Sabinus shall be next.

Tib. Rather Arruntius.

Sej. By any means, preserve him. His
frank tongue [thought
Being lent the reins, would take away all
Of malice, in your course against the rest.
We must keep him to stalk with.

Tib. Dearest head,
To thy most fortunate design I yield it.
Sej. Sir,—I have been so long train'd up
in grace,

First with your father, great Augustus; since,
With your most happy bounties so familiar¹⁸;
As I not sooner would commit my hopes
Or wishes to the gods, than to your ears.
Nor have I ever, yet, been covetous
Of over-bright and dazzling honours: rather
To watch and travail in great Cæsar's safety,
With the most common soldier.

Tib. 'Tis confest.

Sej. The only gain, and which I count
most fair
Of all my fortunes, is, that mighty Cæsar
Has thought me worthy his alliance¹⁹.
Hence
Begin my hopes.

Tib. Um!

Sej. I have heard, Augustus,
In the bestowing of his daughter, thought
But even of gentlemen of Rome: if so,
(I know not how to hope so great a favour)
But if a husband should be sought for Livia,
And I be had in mind, as Cæsar's friend,
I would but use the glory of the kindred.
It should not make me slothful, or less caring
For Cæsar's state; it were enough to me
It did confirm, and strengthen my weak
house,

Against the now-unequal opposition
Of Agrippina; and for dear regard
Unto my chudren, this I wish: myself
Have no ambition farther than to end
My days in service of so dear a master.

Tib. We cannot but commend thy piety,
Most lov'd Sejanus, in acknowledging
Those bounties; which we, faintly, such
remember.

But to thy suit. The rest of mortal men,
In all their drifts and counsels, pursue profit:
Princes, alone, are of a different sort,
Directing their main actions still to fame.
We therefore will take time to think and an-
swer.

For Livia she can best, herself, resolve
If she will marry, after Drusus, or
Continue in the family: besides,
She hath a mother, and a grandame yet,
Whose nearer counsels she may guide her
by:

But I will simply deal. That enmity
Thou fear'st in Agrippina, would burn more,
If Livia's marriage should (as 'twere in parts)
Divide th' imperial house; an emulation
Between the women might break forth: and
discord

Ruin the sons and nephews on both hands.
What if it cause some present difference?
Thou art not safe, Sejanus, if thou prove it.
Canst thou believe, that Livia, first the wife
To Caius Cæsar, then my Drusus, now
Will be contented to grow old with thee,
Born but a private gentleman of Rome?
And raise thee with her loss, if not her
shame?

Or say, that I should wish it, canst thou think
The senate, or the people (who have seen
Her brother, father, and our ancestors,
In highest place of empire) will endure it?
The state thou hold'st already, is in talk;
Men murmur at thy greatness; and the no-
bles [ing

Stick not, in public, to upbraid thy climb-
Above our father's favours, or thy scale:
And dare accuse me, from their hate to thee.
Be wise, dear friend. We would not hide
these things, [stand

For friendship's dear respect. Nor will we
Adverse to thine, or Livia's designments.
What we have purpos'd to thee, in our
thought, [thee,

And with what near degrees of love to bind
And make thee equal to us; for the present,
We will forbear to speak. Only, thus much
Believe, our lov'd Sejanus, we not know

¹⁷ *What we with so good vultures have begun.*] The expression is ambiguous and satirical. The Roman phrase, *bonis avibus*, signifies prosperously, or with a good omen: he uses the word *vultures* in reference to the blood-thirsty nature of the informers, whom he represents as so many birds of prey.

¹⁸ *With your most happy bounties so familiar.*] This is the reading of the folio in 1616, which I have retained, as more emphatical than that of the quarto:

"To your most happy bounties so *inur'd*."

¹⁹ His daughter was betrothed to Claudius his son,

That height in blood, or honour, which thy
virtue,
And mind to us, may not aspire with merit.
And this we'll publish, on all watcht occa-
sion

The senate, or the people shall present.

Sej. I am restor'd, and to my sense again,
Which I had lost in this so blinding suit.
Cæsar hath taught me better to refuse,
Than I knew how to ask. How pleaseth
Cæsar

T' embrace my late advice for leaving
Tib. We are resolv'd.

Sej. Here are some motives more
Which I have thought on since, may more
confirm. [peruse them:]

Tib. Careful Sejanus! we will straight
Go forward in our main design, and prosper.

Sejanus.

If those but take, I shall: dull, heavy Cæsar!
Would'st thou tell me, thy favours were
made crimes? [faults:]

And that my fortunes were esteem'd thy
That thou for me wert hated? and not think
I would with winged haste prevent that
change,

When thou might'st win all to thyself again,
By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
This sparkling forge, created me an armour
T' encounter chance and thee? Well, read
my charms,

And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
As thou hadst snuff up hemlock, or ta'en
down

The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave
them dead

To public cares; awake but to thy lusts,
The strength of which makes thy libidinous
soul

Itch to leave Rome; and I have thrust it on;
With blaming of the city business,
The multitude of suits, the confluence
Of suitors, then their importunacies,
The manifold distractions he must suffer,
Besides ill rumours, envies, and reproaches,
All which a quiet and retired life

(Larded with ease and pleasure) did avoid;
And yet for any weighty and great affair,
The fittest place to give the soundest coun-
sels. [thought]

By this shall I remove him both from
And knowledge of his own most dear affairs;
Draw all dispatches through my private
hands;

Know his designments, and pursue mine own;
Make mine own strengths by giving suits
and places;

Conferring dignities and offices:
And these that hate me now, wanting access
To him, will make their envy none, or less:
For when they see me arbiter of all, [fall.
They must observe; or else, with Cæsar
Tiberius, Servus.

Tib. To marry Livia? will no less, Sejanus,
Content thy aims? no lower object? well!
Thou know'st how thou art wrought into our
trust;

Woven in our design; and think'st we must
Now use thee, whatsoe'er thy projects are:
'Tis true. But yet with caution and fit care.
And, now we better think—who's there
within?

Ser. Cæsar?

Tib. To leave our journey off, were sin
'Gainst our decreed delights; and would
appear

Doubt; or (what less becomes a prince) low
fear. [cuse,

Yet doubt hath law, and fears have their ex-
Where princes states plead necessary use;
As ours doth now; more in Sejanus' pride,
Than all fell Agrippina's hates beside²⁰.

Those are the dreadful enemies, we raise
With favours, and make dangerous with
praise:

The injur'd by us may have will alike:
But 'tis the favourite hath the power to
strike;

And fury ever boils more high and strong,
Heat with ambition, than revenge of wrong.
'Tis then a part of supreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certain space
Between the ascender's rise, and thine own
flat, [be that.

Lest, when all rounds be reach'd, his aim
'Tis thought—Is Macro in the palace? see:
If not, go seek him, to come to us—He
Must be the organ we must work by now;
Though none less apt for trust: need doth
allow [acon to,

What choice would not. I have heard that
Being timely taken, hath a healing might²¹
Against the scorpion's stroke; the proof we'll
give:

That, while two poisons wrestle, we may live.
He hath a spirit too working to be us'd
But to th' encounter of his like; excus'd
Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill
Against another, and both safely kill:

The prince that feeds great natures, they
will sway him;

Who nourisheth a lion, must obey him.

The old copies vary the line in the manner it

²⁰ *Than in all AGRIPPINA's hates beside.]* now stands in the text.

²¹ *————— I have heard that aconite,
Being timely taken, hath a healing might*

Against the scorpion's stroke.] A piece of natural history taken from Pliny: *Hoc quoque tamen in usus humana salutis vertere; scorpionum ictibus adversari experientia, datum in vino calido.* Nat. hist. l. 27. c. 2. de aconito.—Dr. GREY.

Tiberius, Macro.

Tib. Macro, we sent for you.

Mac. I heard so, Cæsar.

Tib. (Leave us a while!) when you shall know, good Macro,

The causes of our sending, and the ends,
You then will hearken nearer; and be pleas'd [trust]

You stand so high both in our choice and

Mac. The humblest place in Cæsar's choice or trust, [ambition]

May make glad Macro proud; without
Save to do Cæsar service.

Tib. Leave your courtings.

We are in purpose, Macro, to depart

The city for a time, and see Campania;

Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate

A pair of temples, one to Jupiter

At Capua; the other at Nola, to Augustus:

In which great work, perhaps our stay will be [we are]

Beyond our will produc'd. Now, since

Not ignorant what danger may be borne

Out of our shortest absence in a state

So subject unto envy, and embroil'd

With hate and faction; we have thought on thee, [Macro,

(Amongst a field of Romans,) worthiest

To be our eye and ear: to keep strict watch

On Agrippina, Nero, Drusus; I,

And on Sejanus: not that we distrust

His loyalty, or do repent one grace,

Of all that heap we have confer'd on him:

(For that were to disparage our election,

And call that judgment now in doubt, which then

Seem'd as unquestion'd as an oracle)

But, greatness hath his cankers. Worms and moths

"Breed out of too much humour in the things [quite]

Which after they consume, transferring

The substance of their makers oft themselves.

Macro is sharp, and apprehends: besides,

I know him subtle, close, wise, and well-read

In man, and his large nature; he hath studied [ends]

Affections passions, knows their springs, their

Which way, and whether they will work:

'tis proof

Enough of his great merit, that we trust him.

Then to a point; (because our conference

Cannot be long without suspicion)

²² ————— *Worms and moths*

Breed out of too much honour, &c.] No, surely: *humour* is the genuine word, and, as I find upon examination, the reading of the first copies. This is agreeable to the notion of equivocal generation received in that age.

²³ ————— *Draw mine heir*

In compass.] It is a periphrasis of the Latin *circumvenire*, over-reach, circumvent.

Mr. SYMPSON.

²⁴ *And prove new, wilder ways.]* As this is exhibited by all the editions, I have retained it in the text. The expression is not uncommon; but *wilder* may perhaps be thought the juster reading, as virtue immediately after is called a *narrow* thing.

Here, Macro, we assign thee, both to spy,
Inform, and chastise; think, and use thy means, [wilt;

Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou

Explore, plot, practise: all thou dost in this,

Shall be, as if the senate, or the laws

Had giv'n it privilege, and thou thence stil'd

The saviour both of Cæsar and of Rome.

We will not take thy answer but in act:

Where'to, as thou proceed'st, we hope to hear

By trusted messengers. If't be requir'd,
Wherefore we call'd you, say you have in charge

To see our chariots ready, and our horse,

Be still our lov'd and (shortly) honour'd
Macro.

Macro.

I will not ask, why Cæsar bids do this:

But joy, that he bids me. It is the bliss

Of courts, to be employ'd, no matter how;

A prince's power makes all his actions virtue.

We, whom he works by, are dumb instruments,

To do, but not enquire: his great intents

Are to be serv'd, not search'd. Yet, as that bow [know

Is most in hand, whose owner best doth

'T' affect his aims; so let that statesman hope [scope.

Most use, most price, can hit his prince's

Nor must he look at what, or whom to strike,

But loose at all; each mark must be alike.

Were it to plot against the fame, the life

Of one, with whom I twin'd: remove a wife

From my warm side, as lov'd as is the air;

Practise away each parent; draw mine heir

In compass²³, though but one; work all my kin [gine,

To swift perdition; leave no untrain'd en-

For friendship, or for innocence; nay make

The gods all guilty: I would undertake

This, being impos'd me, both with gain and ease,

The way to rise is to obey and please.

He that will thrive in state, he must neglect

The trodden paths that truth and right respect; [there

²⁴ And prove new, wilder ways: for virtue

Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere;

Mea's fortune there is virtue; reason their will;

Their licence, law; and their observance,
skill.

Occasion is their foil; conscience, their stain;
Profit, their lustre: and what else is vain.

If then it be the lust of Cæsar's power,
T' have rais'd Sejanus up, and in an hour

O'erturn him, tumbling down, from height
of all;

We are his ready engine: and his fall
May be our rise. It is no uncouth thing
To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.

Chorus—of Musicians.

A C T IV.

Gallus, Agrippina, Nero, Drusus, Caligula.

Gal. **YOU** must have patience, royal Agrippina.

Agr. I must have vengeance, first: and that were nectar

Unto my famish'd spirits. O, my fortune,
Let it be sudden thou prepar'st against me;

Strike all my powers of understanding
blind,

And ignorant of destiny to come:

Let me not fear, that cannot hope.

Gal. Dear princess, [Cæsar's.
These tyrannies on yourself, are worse than

Agr. Is this the happiness of being born
great?

Still to be aim'd at? still to be suspected?

To live the subject of all jealousies?

At least the colour made, if not the ground

To every painted danger? who would not

Choose once to fall, than thus to hang for
ever?

Gal. You might be safe if you would—

Agr. What, my Gallus?

Be lewd Sejanus' strumpet? or the bawd
To Cæsar's lusts, he now is gone to practise?

Not these are safe, where nothing is. Your-
self, [safe,

While thus you stand but by me, are not

Was Silius safe? or the good Sosia safe?

Or was my niece dear Claudia Pulchra safe?

Or innocent Furnius? They that latest have

(By being made guilty) added reputation

To Afer's eloquence? O, foolish friends,

Could not so fresh example warn your loves,

But you must buy my favours with that loss

Unto yourselves; and when you might per-
ceive [him,

That Cæsar's cause of raging must forsake

Before his will? Away, good Gallus, leave
me. [son:

Here to be seen, is danger; to speak, trea-

To do me least observance, is call'd faction.

You are unhappy in me, and I in all.

Where are my sons, Nero and Drusus? we

Are they be shot at; let us fall apart:

Not in our ruins, sepulchre our friends.

Or shall we do some action like offence,

To mock their studies that would make us
faulty?

And frustrate practice by preventing it?

The danger's like: for what they can con-
trive,

They will make good. No innocence is safe,
When power contests. Nor can they tres-
pass more,

Whose only being was all crime before.

Ner. You hear Sejanus is come back from
Cæsar?

Gal. No. How? disgrac'd?

Dru. More graced now than ever.

Gal. By what mischance?

Cal. A fortune like enough

Once to be bad.

Dru. But turn'd too good to both.

Gal. What was't?

Ner. Tiberius sitting at his meat¹,

In a farm-house they call Spelunca, sited

By the sea-side, among the Fundane hills,

Within a natural cave, part of the grot

(About the entry) fell and overwhelm'd

Some of the waiters; others ran away:

Only Sejanus with his knees, hands, face,

O'er hanging Cæsar, did oppose himself

To the remaining ruins, and was found

In that so labouring posture by the soldiers

That came to succour him. With which

adventure,

He hath so fix'd himself in Cæsar's trust,

As thunder cannot move him, and is come

With all the height of Cæsar's praise to

Rome.

Agr. And power, to turn those ruins all

on us;

And bury whole posterities beneath them.

Nero, and Drusus, and Caligula,

Your places are the next, and therefore most

in their offence. Think on your birth and

blood,

Awake your spirits, meet their violence,

'Tis princely when a tyrant doth oppose;

And is a fortune sent to exercise

Your virtue, as the wind doth try strong

trees: [firm.

Who by vexation grow more sound and

After your father's fall, and uncle's fate,

What can you hope, but all the change of

stroke

That force or slight can give? then stand

upright:

And though you do not act, yet suffer

nobly:

¹ *Tiberius sitting at his meat, &c.*] It may be just necessary to take notice, that this account is translated from Tacitus, *Annal.* l. 4. c. 59.

Be worthy of my womb, and take strong cheer;
What we do know will come, we should not fear.

Macro.

Return'd so soon? renew'd in trust and grace?
Is Cæsar then so weak? or hath the place
But wrought this alteration with the air;
And he, on next remove, will all repair?
Macro, thou art engag'd: and what before
Was public; now, must be thy private,
more.

The weal of Cæsar, fitness did imply;
But thine own fate confers necessity
On thy employment: and the thoughts
borne nearest [dearest.
Unto ourselves, move swiftest still, and
If he recover, thou art lost: yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall
Will turn on thee, and crush thee. There-
fore strike

Before he settle, to prevent the like
Upon thyself. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it home, and gives the fore-
most blow.

Latiaris, Rufus, Opsi.

Lat. It is a service, lord Sejanus will¹
See well requited, and accept of nobly.
Here place yourselves between the roof and
ceiling²; [danger,
And when I bring him to his words of
Reveal yourselves, and take him.

Ruf. Is he come?

Lat. I'll now go fetch him.

Ops. With good speed. I long
To merit from the state in such an action.

Ruf. I hope, it will obtain the consularship
For one of us.

Ops. We cannot think of less,
To bring in one, so dangerous as Sabinus.

Ruf. He was a follower of Germanicus,
And still is an observer of his wife
And children, though they be declin'd in
grace;

A daily visitant, keeps them company
In private and in public, and is noted
To be the only client of the house:

Pray Jove, he will be free to Latiaris.

Ops. H's allay'd to him, and doth trust
him well.

Ruf. And he'll requite his trust?

Ops. To do an off.³

So grateful to the state, I know no man
But would strain nearer bonds, than kin-
dred—

Ruf. List,
I hear them come.
Ops. Shift to our holes with silence.

Latiaris, Sabinus.

Lat. It is a noble constancy you shew
To this afflicted house: that, not like others
(The friends of season) you do follow for-
tune,

And, in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place whose glories warm'd you. You
are just,

And worthy such a princely patron's love,
As was the world's renown'd Germanicus:
Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
And see his wife, and issue, objects made
To so much envy, jealousy, and hate:
It makes me ready to accuse the gods
Of negligence, as men of tyranny.

Sab. They must be patient, so must we.

Lat. O Jove,

What will become of us or of the times,
When, to be high or noble, are made crimes?
When land and treasure are most dangerous
faults? [assaults

Sab. Nay, when our table, yea our bed
Our peace and safety? when our writings
are,

By any envious instruments (that dare
Apply them to the guilty) made to speak
What they will have to fit their tyrannous
wreak?

When ignorance is scarcely innocence;
And knowledge made a capital offence?
When not so much, but the bare empty
shade

Of liberty is left us? and we made,
The prey to greedy vultures and vile spies,
That first transfix us with their murdering
eyes? [race

Lat. Methinks the genius of the Roman
Should not be so extinct, but that bright
flame

Of liberty might be reviv'd again, [lose)
(Which no good man but with his life should
And we not sit like spent and patient fools,
Still puffing in the dark at one poor coal,
Held on by hope till the last spark is out.
The cause is public, and the honour, name,
The immortality of every soul,
That is not bastard or a slave in Rome,
Therein concern'd: whereto, if men would
change

The wearied arm, and for the weighty shield
So long sustain'd, employ the ready sword,⁴
We might have soon assurance of our vows.
This asses fortitude doth tire us all.
It must be active valour must redeem

¹ It is a service, GREAT Sejanus will

See well requited.] The quarto has lord Sejanus, which I have preferred, as best suiting with the servility of the speaker.

² Here place yourselves between the roof and ceiling.] This and the following scene are taken from Tacitus, *Annal.* l. 4. c. 68, 69.—Dr. GREY.

⁴ Employ the READY sword.] The facile sword. Edit. 4to, and folio, 1616.

Our loss, or none. The rock and our hard
steel [again,
Should meet t' enforce those glorious fires
Whose splendour cheer'd the world, and heat
No less than doth the sun's. [gave life,

Sub. 'Twere better stay
In lasting darkness, and despair of day.

No ill should force the subject undertake
Against the sov'reign, more than heil should
make [and must

The gods do wrong. A good man should
Sit rather down with loss, than rise unjust.

Though, when the Romans first did yield
themselves [their lives,

To one man's power, they did not mean
Their fortunes, and their liberties should be
His absolute spoil as purchas'd by the sword.

Lat. Why are we worse, if to be slaves,
and bond [nus!

To Caesar's slave be such, the proud Seja-
nus that is all, does all, gives Caesar leave

To hide his ulcerous, and anointed face,
With his bald crown at Rhodes¹, while he

here stalks, princes,
Upon the heads of Romans, and their

familiarly to empire.

Sub. Now you touch
A point indeed, wherein he shews his art,

As well as power.

Lat. And villainy in both,
Do you observe where Livia lodges? how

Drusus came dead? what men have been
cut off? [nearer lookt

Sub. Yes, those are things remov'd: I
into his later practice, where he stands

Declar'd a master in his mystery.
First, ere Tiberius went, he wrought his fear

To think that Agrippina sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her; sent her oft

word,
Under the show of friendship, to beware

Of Caesar, for he laid to poison her:
Drive them to frowns, to mutual jealousies,

Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hired instruments

To work on Nero; and to heave him up;
To tell him Caesar's old; that all the people,

Yea, all the army have their eyes on him;
That both do long to have him undertake

Something of worth, to give the world a
hope;

Bids him to court their grace: the easy
youth,

Perhaps, gives ear, which straight he writes
to Caesar; [boy;

And with this comment: See you dangerous
Note but the practice of the mother, there;

She's tying him for purposes at hand,
With men of sword. Here's Caesar put in

fright [thus.

'Gainst son and mother. Yet, he leaves not
The second brother, Drusus, (a fierce na-

ture,
And fitter for his snares, because ambitious

And full of envy) him he clasps and hugs,
Poisons with praise, tells him what hearts he

wears,
How bright he stands in popular expectance;

That Rome doth suffer with him in the
wrong

His mother does him; by preferring Nero:
Thus sets he them asunder, each 'gainst

other, [demn,

Projects the course, that serves him to con-
Keeps in opinion of a friend to all,

And all drives on to ruin.

Lat. Caesar sleeps,
And nods at this?

Sub. Would he might ever sleep,
Bogg'd in his filthy lusts.

Ops. Treason to Caesar.

Ruf. Lay hands upon the traitor, Latiaris,
Or take the name thyself.

Lat. I am for Caesar.

Sub. Am I then catch'd?

Ruf. How think you, sir? you are.

Sub. Spies of this head! so white! so full
of years!

Well, my most reverend monsters, you may
live

To see yourselves thus snar'd.

Ops. Away with him.

Lat. Hail him away.

Ruf. To be a spy for traitors,
Is honourable vigilance.

Sub. You do well,
My most officious instruments of state;

Men of all uses: drag me hence, away.
The year is well begun, and I shall fit

To be an offering to Sejanus. Go.

Ops. Cover him with his garments, hide
his face.

¹ To hide his ulcerous, and anointed face.

[With his bald crown at Rhodes.] This seems to be a total contradiction to the whole play: for how can Caesar be at Rhodes, when he was certainly at Capreae? this appears almost immediately after,

"Caesar is but the rector of an isle," i. e. Capreae.—Mr. Symson.

The objection is just, and the mistake a plain one; but it is easily accounted for. The whole passage is from Tacitus, an author the least favourable to Tiberius; and the poet hath therefore copied him in his description of the face and person of the emperor. *Nudus capillo vertex*, says the historian, *ulcerosa facies, ac plerumque medicaminibus interstincta*. Immediately follows, *Et Rhodi secreto, vitare catus, recondere voluptates insuerat*, l. 4. c. 37. But this refers to the former part of his life, and regards his behaviour during the period of his exile at Rhodes. These sentences really distinct, Jonson, in the fury of translating, hath thrown together into one; and hence hath arisen the embarrassment taken notice of above.

Sab. It shall not need. Forbear your rude assault. [fault.]
The fault's not shameful, villainy makes a

Macro, Caligula.

Mac. Sir, but observe how thick your dangers meet [brothers,
In his clear drifts! your mother and your
Now cited to the senate? their friend
Gallus,
Feasted to-day by *Cæsar*, since committed!
Sabinus here we met, hurried to fetters!
The senators all strook with fear and silence,
Save those whose hopes depend not on good means,
But force their private prey from public spoil!
And you must know, if here you stay, your state
Is sure to be the subject of his hate,
As now the object.

Cal. What would you advise me? {there

Mac. To go for *Cæpæ* presently: and
Give up yourself entirely to your uncle.
Tell *Cæsar* (since your mother is accus'd
To fly for succours to *Augustus'* statue,
And to the army with your brethren) you
Have rather chose to place your aids in him,
Than live suspected; or in hourly fear
To be thrust out, by bold *Sejanus'* plots:
Which, you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of peril to the state, and *Cæsar*,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run with common safety.
All which (upon the second) I'll make plain.
So both shall love and trust with *Cæsar* gain.

Cal. Away then, let's prepare us for our journey.

Arruntius.

Still, dost thou suffer, heaven? will no flame,
No heat of sin, make thy just wrath to boil
In thy distemper'd bosom, and o'erflow
The pitchy blazes of impiety, {sleep,
Kindled beneath thy throne? Still canst thou
Patient, while vice doth make an antic face
At thy dread power, and blow dust and smoke {thee?
Into thy nostrils? Jove, will nothing wake
Must vile *Sejanus* pull thee by the beard,
Ere thou wilt open thy black-bidded eye,
And look him dead? Well! snore on, dreaming gods:
And let this last of that proud giant-race
Heave mountain upon mountain, 'gainst your state—
Be good unto me, fortune and you powers,
Whom I, expostulating, have prophan'd;
I see, (what's equal with a prodigy)

A great, a noble Roman, and an honest,
Live an old man! O *Marcus Lepidus*,
When is our turn to bleed? 'Thyself and I
(Without our boast) are a'most all the few
Left to be honest in these impious times.

Lepidus, Arruntius.

Lep. What we are left to be, we will be,
Lucius;
Though tyranny did stare as wide as death,
To fright us from it.

Arr. 'T hath so on *Sabinus*. {monies,
Lep. I saw him now drawn from the *Ge-*
And (what increas'd the direness of the fact)
'His faithful dog (upbraiding all us Romans)
Never forsook the corpse, but, seeing it
thrown {with it.
Into the stream, leap'd in, and drown'd

Arr. O act! to be envy'd him of us men!
We are the next the hook lays hold on,
Marcus:

What are thy arts (good patriot, teach them
me) {dye,
That have preserv'd thy hairs to this white
And kept so reverend and so dear a head
Safe on his comely shoulders?

Lep. Arts, *Arruntius?*
None, but the plain and passive fortitude
To suffer and be silent; never stretch
These arms against the torrent; live at home,
With my own thoughts and innocence about
me, {arts.

Not tempting the wolves' jaws: these are my
Arr. I would begin to study 'em, if I
thought

They would secure me. May I pray to *Jove*
In secret and be safe? I, or aloud?
With open wishes? so I do not mention
Tiberius or *Sejanus*? yes, I must.
If I speak out. 'Tis hard, that. May I think,
And not be rack'd? What danger is't to
dream? {the law?

Talk in one's sleep? or cough? who knows
May I shake my head without a comment?
say

It rains, or it holds up, and not be thrown
Upon the *Gemonies*? These now are things,
Whereon men's fortune, yea, their fate de-
pends;

Nothing hath privilege 'gainst the violent ear.
No place, no day, no hour (we see) is free
(Not our religious and most sacred times*)
From some one kind of cruelty: all matter,
Nay all occasion pleaseth. Madmen's rage,
The idleness of drunkards, women's nothing,
Jesters' simplicity, all, all is good
That can be catch'd at. Nor is now th' event
Of any person, or for any crime,
'To be expected; for 'tis always one:

* *Must vile Sejanus pull thee by the beard?*

Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam

Jupiter?—*PERS.* sat. 2. v. 23.

* *His faithful dog never forsook the corpse.* The fact is recorded by *Dion* and *Xiphilin*.

* *Not our religious and most sacred times.* Alluding to the fate of *Sabinus*, who was accused upon the calends of January, and suffered death soon after.

Death, with some little difference of place,
Or time—what's this? Prince Nero,
guarded?

Laco, Nero, Lepidus, Arruntius.

Lac. On, lictors, keep your way: my
lords, forbear.

On pain of Caesar's wrath, no man attempt
Speech with the prisoner.

Ner. Noble friends be safe:

To lose yourselves for words, were as vain
hazard,

As unto me small comfort: fare you well.

Would all Rome's sufferings in my fate did

Lac. Lictors, away. [dwell.

Lep. Where goes he, Laco?

Lac. Sir,

He's banish'd into Pontia by the senate.

Arr. Do I see, hear, and feel? May I
trust sense?

Or doth my phant'sie form it?

Lep. Where's his brother?

Lac. Drusus is prisoner in the palace.*

Arr. Ha? [pina?

I smell it now: 'tis rank. Where's Agrippa?

Lac. The princess is confin'd to Pandat-
aria.

Arr. Bolts, Vulcan; bolts, for Jove!

Phœbus, thy bow;

Stern Mars, thy sword; and blue-ey'd
maid, thy spear;

Thy club, Alcides: all the armory

Of heaven is too little!—Ha? to guard

The gods, I meant. Fine, rare dispatch!
this same [wish'd?

Was swiftly born! confin'd, imprison'd, ba-
most tripartite! the cause, sir?

Lac. Treason.

Arr. O!

The complement of all accusings! that

Will hit when all else fails.

Lep. This turn is strange!

But yesterday the people would not hear,

Far less objected, but cry'd Caesar's letters
Were false and forg'd; that all these plots

were malice;

And that the ruin of the prince's house

Was practis'd 'gainst his knowledge. Where
are now [heirs

Their voices? now, that they behold his

Lock'd up, disgrac'd, led into exile?

Arr. Hush'd, [breath
Drown'd in their bellies. Wild Sejanus'
Hath, like a whirlwind, scatter'd that poor
dust, [sir,

With this rude blast. We'll talk no treason,
[He turns to Laco and the rest.

If that be it you stand for. Fare you well.

We have no need of horse-leeches. Good
Now you are spy'd, be gone. [spy,

Lep. I fear you wrong him.

He has the voice to be an honest Roman.

Arr. And trusted to this office? Lepidus,
I'll sooner trust Greek Sinon, than a man

Our state employs. He's gone: and being
gone,

I dare tell you (whom I dare better trust)

That our night-ey'd¹⁰ Tiberius doth not see
His minion's drifts; or, if he do, he's not

So arrant subtil, as we fools do take him;

To breed a mungril up, in his own house,

With his own blood, and (if the good gods
please)

At his own throat, flesh him, to take a leap.
I do not beg it, heav'n; but if the fates

Grant it these eyes, they must not wink.

Lep. They must

Not see it, Lucius.

Arr. Who should let 'em?

Lep. Zeal,

And duty; with the thought he is our prince.

Arr. He is our monster: forfeited to vice

So far, as no ract virtue can redeem him.

His loathed person fouler than all crimes:

An emp'rour only in his lusts. Retir'd

(From all regard of his own fame, or Rome's)

Into an obscure island; where he lives

(Acting his tragedies with a comic face)

Amidst his rout of Chaldees: spending
hours, [abuse

Days, weeks, and months, in the unkind

Of grave astrology, to the bane of men,

Casting the scope of men's nativities,

And having found augur worthy in their
fortune,

Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,

And boast, he can mock fate. Nay, muse
not: these

Are far from ends of evil, scarce de-
grees¹¹.

* Drusus is prisoner in the palace.] *Neronem in insula Pontid: Drusum in una parte palatii.* Suet. *Tiber. c. 54.*—Dr. GREY. In the preceding chapter, he tells us Agrippina was sent to the island Pandataria.

¹⁰ —Our NIGHT-EY'D Tiberius doth not see

His minion's drifts.] The historians have taken notice of this particularity in the eyes of Tiberius, which enabled him to see in the dark; and Pliny mentions it, as Mr. Sympon observes to me, as a circumstance peculiar to him, *Nat. Hist. l. 11. c. 37.* But other instances are to be met with of the same nature. It is to be remarked, that Tiberius could not discern things in the night long together, and that his sight was strongest when he first awoke from sleep. This singularity, so astonishing to the ancients, was owing to an extreme contraction of the pupil, or too great a convexity of the crystalline humour in the eye; in consequence of which he was very short-sighted in the day-time.

¹¹ —These

Are far from ends of evil, scarce degrees.] Obscurely expressed; but the sense is, that these atrocious crimes are so far from being the end or height of his villainy, that they are scarce

He hath his slaughter-house at Capræ;
Where he doth study murder, as an art:
And they are dearest in his grace, that can
Devise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boys, and beauteous girls ta'en
up

Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd,
Best natur'd, and most modest: what's their
good,

Serves to provoke his bad. Some are alli'd,
Some threat'n'd; others (by their friends
detain'd)

Are ravish'd hence, like captives, and, in
sight

Of their most griev'd parents, dealt away
Unto his spintries, sellaries, and slaves,
Masters of strange and new commented
lusts,

For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes us, and bleeding
Rome)

He is, with all his craft, become the ward
To his own vassal, a stale Catamite;
Whom he (upon our low and suffering necks)

"Hath rais'd from excrement to side the
gods,

And have his proper" sacrifice in Rome:
Which Jove beholds, and yet will sooner
rive

A senseless oak with thunder than his trunk.)

Laco, Pomponius, Minutius, Terentius.

[To them.]

Lac. These letters make men doubtful
what I expect,

Whether his coming, or his death.

Pom. Troth both: [for.

And which comes soonest, thank the gods

(*Arr.* List,

Their talk is Caesar, I would hear all voices.)

Min. One day, he's well; and will return
to Rome: [hope it.

The next day, sick; and knows not when to

Lac. True; and to-day, one of Sejanus'
friends

Honour'd by special writ; and on the morrow
Another punish'd—

Pom. By more special writ.

Min. This man receives his praises of Se-
janus;

A second but slight mention; a third none;
A fourth rebukes. And thus he leaves the
senate

Divided, and suspended, all uncertain.

Lac. These forked tricks, I understand
'em not: [hates,

Would he would tell us whom he loves or
That we might follow, without fear or doubt.

(*Arr.* Good Heliotrope! is this your ho-
nest man?)

Let him be yours so still. He is my knave.)

Pom. I cannot tell, Sejanus still goes on,
And mounts, we see: new statues are ad-
vanc'd,

Fresh leaves of titles, large inscriptions read,
His fortune sworn by"; himself new gone
out

Caesar's colleague in the fifth consulship;
More altars smoke to him than all the gods:
What would we more? [him,

(*Arr.* That the dear smoke would choke
That would I more.

Lep. Peace, good Arruntius.)

Lac. But there are letters come (they say)
ev'n now,

Which do forbid that last.

Min. Do you hear so?

Lac. Yes.

Pom. By Pollux, that's the worst.

(*Arr.* By Hercules, best.)

Min. I did not like the sign, when Re-
gulus,

Whom all we know no friend unto Sejanus,
Did, by Tiberius' so precise command,

Succeed a fellow in the consulship:

It boded somewhat.

Pom. Not a mote. His partner,

Fulcinus Trio, is his own, and sure.

Here comes Terentius. He can give us
more.

[They whisper with Terentius.]

Lep. I'll ne'er believe, but Caesar hath
some scent

Of bold Sejanus' footing. These cross points
Of varying letters, and opposing consuls,

Mingling his honours and his punishments,

scarce any degrees of it, in comparison of what he is going to mention: both the preceding and subsequent relation of Tiberius's unnatural vices, are attested in almost the same words by the several historians.

"[*Hath rais'd to side the gods, &c.*] The image is noble, and the diction truly classical. Sejanus is represented as having divine honours paid to him; as raised above the rank of other mortals, and placed upon the same seat with the gods themselves. Both the idea, and the phrase; are in conformity to the opinion of the ancients: for the deified heroes were called by the Greeks, ΘΕΟΙ ΠΑΡΕΔΡΟΙ, and in Jonson's language they are said to *side* the gods; and the expression is apply'd with judgment, as we learn from Xiphilin, that the people sacrificed as much to the statues of Sejanus, as to those of the emperor himself. Κατὰ τὴν ἀνάστασιν αὐτοῦ, ὡς καὶ κατὰ τὴν Τιβερίου, ἔδωκεν.

"[*His PROPER sacrifice.*] The word is emphatical, and signifies an offering peculiarly appropriated to him; in the same manner as other deities had particular animals devoted to them, with which they were supposed to be most delighted.

"[*His FORTUNE sworn by.*] It was customary to swear by the *fortune* of the emperor; and this piece of flattery being given to Sejanus, was in effect to make him equal with Tiberius.

Feigning now ill, now well, raising Sejanus,
And then depressing him, (as now of late
In all reports we have it) cannot be
Empty of practice: 'tis Tiberius' art.

For (having found his favourite grown too
great, [soldiers
And with his greatness strong; that all the
Are, with their leaders, made at his devo-
tion;

That almost all the senate are his creatures,
Or hold on him their main dependences,
Either for benefit, or hope, or fear;
And that himself hath lost much of his own,
By parting unto him; and, by th' increase,
Of his rank lusts and rages, quite disarm'd
Himself of love, or other public means,
To dare an open contestation)

His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,
To hold him even in: not so to fear him,
As wholly put him out, and yet give check
Unto his farther boldness. In mean time
By his employments, makes him odious
Unto the staggering rout, whose aid (in fine)
He hopes to use, as sure, who, when they
sway,

Bear down, o'erturn all objects in their way.

Arr. You may be a Linceus, Lepidus:
yet I

See no such cause, but that a politic tyrant,
(Who can so well disguise it) should have
ta'en

A nearer way: feign'd honest, and come
home

To cut his throat, by law.

Lep. I, but his fear

Would ne'er be mask'd, all-be his vices were.

Pom. His lordship then is still in grace?

Ter. Assure you,
Never in more, either of grace or power.

Pom. The gods are wise and just.

(Arr.) The fiends they are,

To suffer thee belye 'em?

Ter. I have here

His last and present letters, where he writes
him, [nus."—

"The partner of his cares, and his Seja-

Lac. But is that true, it is prohibited

To sacrifice unto him?

Ter. Some such thing

Cæsar makes scruple of, but forbids it not;

No more than to himself: says he could wish
It were forborne to all.

Lac. Is it no other? [more surety,

Ter. No other, on my trust. For your
Here is that letter too.

(Arr.) How easily [have!
Do wretched men believe, what they would
Looks this like plot?

Lep. Noble Arruntius, stay.)

Lac. He names him here without his titles.

(Lep. Note.)

Arr. Yes, and come off your notable fool.
I will.)

Lac. No other than Sejanus.

Pom. That's but haste [amends.

In him that writes. Here he gives large
Mar. And with own hand written?

Pomp. Yes.

Lac. Indeed?

Ter. Believe it, gentlemen, Sejanus' breast
Never receiv'd more full contentments in,
Than at this present.

Pomp. Takes he well th' escape
Of young Caligula, with Macro?

Ter. Faith,

At the first air it somewhat troubled him.

(Lep. Observe you?)

Arr. Nothing, riddles. Till I see
Sejanus struck, no sound thereof strikes
me.) [attempt

Pam. I like it not. I muse h' would not
Somewhat against him in the consulship,
Seeing the people 'gin to favour him.

Ter. He doth repent it now; but h' has
employ'd

Pagonianus after him: and he holds
That correspondence there, with all that are
Near about Cæsar, as no thought can pass
Without his knowledge, thence in act to
front him.

Pom. I gratulate the news.

Lac. But how comes Macro

So in trust, and favour with Caligula?

Pom. O sir, he has a wife; and the young
prince

An appetite: he can look up and spy
Flies in the roof, when there are fleas i' bed:
And hath a learned nose to assure his sleeps.

Who to be favour'd of the rising sun,

Would not lend little of his waning moon?

'Tis the saf'st ambition. Noble Terentius.

Ter. The night grows fast upon us. At
your service.

Chorus—of Musicians.

ACT V.

Sejanus.

SWELL, swell, my joys; and faint not to
declare
Yourself as ample as your causes are.
I did not live till now; this my first hour:
Whertin I see my thoughts reach'd by my
power.

But this, and gripe my wishes. Great and
high,

The world knows only two, that's Rome
and I.

My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread:

And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star in heav'n! rear'd to this
height,

All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight,
That did before sound impudent: 'tis place,
Not blood, discerns the noble and the base.
Is there not something more than to be Cæsar?

[far, Must we rest there? it irks t' have come so
To be so near a stay. Caligula,
Would thou stood'st stiff, and many in our
way.

Winds lose their strength, when they do
empty fly, [die,
Unmet of woods or buildings; great fires
That want their matter to withstand them:

so,
It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know
Our power shall want opposites; unless
The gods, by mixing in the cause, would
bless [were worth
Our fortune with their conquest. That
Sejanus' strife; durst fates but bring it forth.

Terentius, Sejanus.

Ter. Safety to great Sejanus.

Sej. Now, Terentius?

Ter. Hears not my lord the wonder?

Sej. Speak it, no.

Ter. Insect it violent in the people's mouths,
Who run in routs to Pompey's theatre,
To view your statue: which, they say, sends
forth [dreadful.

A smoke, as from a furnace, black and

Sej. Some traitor hath put fire in: you,
so see,

And let the head be taken off, to look
What 'tis—Some slave hath practis'd an
imposture, [you?
'To stir the people. How now? why return

Satrius, Natta. [To them.

Sat. The head, my lord, already is ta'en
off,

I saw it: and, at op'ning, there leapt out
A great and monstrous serpent!

Sej. Monstrous! why? [tongue

Had it a beard, and horns? no heart? a
Forked as flattery? lookt it of the hue?
To such as live in great men's bosoms? was
The spirit of it Macro's?

Nat. May it please

The most divine Sejanus, in my days,
(And by his sacred fortune, I affirm it)
I have not seen a more extended, grown,
Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly—

Sej. O, the fates!

What a wild muster's here of attributes,

T' express a worm, a snake?

Ter. But how that should
Come there, my lord!

Sej. What! and you too, Terentius?

I think you mean to make't a prodigy
In your reporting?

Ter. Can the wise Sejanus

Think heav'n hath meant it less?

Sej. O, superstition!

Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake
This morning, burd'ned with the populous
weight

Of our expecting clients, to salute us:

Or running of the cat betwixt our legs,

As we set forth unto the Capitol,

Were prodigies.

Ter. I think them ominous! [day,

And would they had not hap'ned, As to—
The fate of some your servants! who,
declining [follow,

'Their way, not able, for the throng, to
Slipt down the Gemonies, and brake their
necks!

Besides, in taking your last augury,

No prosperous bird appear'd, but croaking
ravens

Flag'd up and down: and from the sacrifice
Flew to the prison, where they sat all night,
Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks!

I dare not counsel, but I could entreat,
That great Sejanus would attempt the gods,
Once more with sacrifice.

Sej. What excellent fools

Religion makes of men? Believes Terentius,
(If these were dangers, as I shame to think
them) [fate?

The gods could change the certain course of
Or, if they could they would (now in a mo-
ment)

For a beeve's fat, or less, be brib'd t'invert
Those long decrees? then think the gods,
like flies,

Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
Or blood, diffus'd about their altars: think
Their power as cheap as I esteem it small.

Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian hall,
And (without pity) lade poor Atlas' back,
I know not that one deity, but Fortune,

To whom I would throw up in begging
smoke,

One grain of incense; or whose ear I'd buy
With thus much oil. Her I, indeed, adore;

And keep her grateful image in my house,
Sometime belonging to a Roman king,

But now call'd mine, as by the better stile:

¹ ——— Lookt it of the hue,

To such as live in great men's bosoms?] i. e. Was it of the colour of those serpents,
meaning flatterers, who live in great men's bosoms? But the construction, as Mr. Simpson
justly remarks, is odd and forced. It may be proper to take notice, that these portents
are to be found in Dion Cassius, and Xiphilin.

² Who, declining their way.] Turning out of the way: the quarto reads *diverting*;
but as declining seems to have been the poet's own choice, and the language of that age,
I have given it the preference. So the author of *Judicus Coquinaria*, speaking of Sir
Walter Raleigh, when out of place, says, "That when it fell out to be so, he would wisely
"decline himself out of the court-road."

To her I care not, if (for satisfying
Your scrupulous phant'ies) I go offer. Bid
Our priest prepare us honey, milk, and
poppy, [say,
His masculine odours, and night-vestments:
Our rites are instant, which perform'd, you'll
see [be.
How vain, and worthy laughter your fears

Cotta, Pomponius.

Cot. Pomponius, whither in such speed?

Pom. I go

To give my lord Sejanus notice—

Cot. What?

Pom. Of Macro.

Cot. Is he come?

Pom. Enter'd but now

The house of Regulus.

Cot. The opposite consul?

Pom. Some half hour since.

Cot. And by night too! Stay, sir;

I'll bear you company.

Pom. Along then—

Macro, Regulus, Laco.

Mac. 'Tis Caesar's will to have a frequent
senate¹; [mulet

And therefore must your edict lay deep
On such as shall be absent.

Reg. So it doth.

Bear it my fellow consul to ascribe.

Mac. And tell him it must early be pro-
claim'd:

The place Apollo's temple.

Reg. That's remembered.

Mac. And at what hour?

Reg. Yes.

Mac. You do forget

To send one for the provost of the watch?

Reg. I have not: here he comes.

Mac. Gracinus Laco,

You are a friend most welcome: by-and-by,
I'll speak with you. (You must procure
this lift

Of the prætorian cohorts, with the names
Of the centurions, and their tribunes.

Reg. I.) [from Caesar—

Mac. I bring you letters, and a health

• *Lac.* Sir, both come well.

Mac. And hear you with your note,
Which are the eminent men, and most of
action.

Reg. That shall be done you too.)

Mac. Most worthy Laco, [furies!
Caesar salutes you. (Consul! death and

[The consul goes out.
Gone now?) The argument will please you,
sir.

(Hough! Regulus? The anger of the gods
Follow his diligent legs, and overtake 'em,
In likeness of the gout.) O my good lord,

[Returns.
We lackt you present; I would pray you send

Another to Fulcinus Trio, straight, [him:
To tell him you will come, and speak with
(The matter we'll devise) to stay him there,
While I, with Laco, do survey the watch.

What are your strengths, Gracinus?

Lac. Seven cohorts. [Goes out again.

Mac. You see what Caesar writes: and
(—gone again.

It has sure a vein of mercury in his feet)
Know you what store of the prætorian soldiers
Sejanus holds about him, for his guard?

Lac. I cannot the just number: but I
think,

Three centuries.

Mac. Three? good.

Lac. At most not four.

Mac. And who be those centuries?

Lac. That the consul

Can best deliver you.

Mac. (When he's away:
Spite on his nimble industry) Gracinus,
You find what place you hold, there, in the
trust

Of royal Caesar?

Lac. I, and I am—

Mac. Sir, [nings
The honours there propos'd are but begin-
Of his great favours.

Lac. They are more—

Mac. I heard him

When he did study what to add—

Lac. My life,

And all I hold—

Mac. You were his own first choice:

Which doth confirm as much as you can
speak: [Your guards

And will (if we succeed) make more—
Are seven cohorts, you say?

Lac. Yes.

Mac. Those we must

Hold still in readiness and undischarg'd.

Lac. I understand so much. But how it
can—

Mac. Be done without suspicion, you'll
object?

Reg. What's that?

Lac. The keeping of the watch in arms,
When morning comes. [Returns.

Mac. The senate shall be met, and set

So early in the temple, as all mark

Of that will be avoided.

Reg. If we need,

We have commission, to possess the palace,
Enlarge prince Drusus, and make him our
chief.

Mac. (That secret would have burnt his
reverend mouth,

Had he not spit it out now:) by the gods,
You carry things too—Let me borrow a

man, [Drusus,
Or two, to bear these—That of freeing
Caesar projected as the last and utmost:

Not else to be remember'd.

¹ 'Tis Caesar's will to have a FREQUENT SENATE.] *Frequens senatus* is the Latin expres-
sion for a full house; and Milton hath adopted it in his history of England; "The assembly
"was full and frequent, according to summons." L. 6. p. 285. *edit. quarto.*

Reg. Here are servants.

[pidus.

Mac. These to Arrontius, these to Læ-
This bear to Cotta, this to Latarius.

If they demand you of me, say I have ta'en
Fresh horse, and am departed. You, my
lord,

To your colleague, and be you sure to hold
With long narration of the new fresh favours,
Meant to Sejanus, his great patron; I,
With trusted Laco, here are for the guards:
Then to divide. "For, night hath many
eyes,

"Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are
[spies."

*Pracones, Flamen, Tubicines, Tibicines,
Ministri, Sejanus, Terentius, Satrius, &c.*

Præ. "Be all profane far hence; fly, fly
far off":

"Be absent far; far hence be all profane."

Fla. We have been faulty, but repent us
now,

And bring pure hands, pure vestments, and
[Tub. Tib. *These sound while the Flamen
washeth.*

1 Min. Pure vessels.

2 Min. And pure offerings.

3 Min. Garlands pure.

Fla. Bestow your garlands: and (with
reverence) place
The vevin on the altar.

Præ. "Favour your tongues".

Fla. "Great mother Fortune, queen of
human state,

"Rectress of action, arbitress of fate", [bows,

"To whom all sway, all power, all empire

"Be present, and propitious to our vows."

Præ. "Favour it with your tongues."

Min. "Be present and propitious to our
vows,

"Accept our offering, and be pleas'd, great
[goddess."

Ter. See, see, the image stirs!

Sat. And turns away!

* *Be all profane far hence; fly, fly far off.*] These were the usual words at the opening
of the sacrifice:

Procul, ô procul este profani,

Crenelamat rates, totoque abstine luco.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 258, 259.—DR. GREY:

* *Favour your tongues.*] *Favete linguis.* The solemn form, which was repeated at the
beginning and close of the sacrifice. It was directed to the people, ordering them to keep
silence, or to abstain from all unlucky and inauspicious words. All these ceremonies are to
be met with in the Pagan rituals; and the poet refers us to the authors who have treated
on these subjects: as vouchers for his exactness and punctuality. The English reader has
here the whole form of a sacrifice to the goddess Fortune, in as ample manner as it used
to be offered in ancient Rome.

* *Rectress of action, arbitress of fate.*] Mr. Upton imagines the beginning of this verse
to be corrupt, and would correct it, "*Rectress of Antium*;" thinking it an allusion to that
ode of Horace, which begins with an address to Fortune under that character;

O diva gratum, quæ regis Antium, &c. L. 1. od. 35.

But the present reading is warranted by all the editions, and is, in my opinion, the true one.
The empire of the goddess is considered as universal, and her interposition as extending
to the fate of all nations, and the actions of all men: but to confine her government to
Antium, is a great diminution of the idea which the poet intended to excite. It is such an
anti-climax, as is not to be found in the works of Jonson.

I be brought to do

* *A peevish giglot, rites.*] *Giglot* is a young, childish, or wanton girl: so Shakspeare,
"A giglot girl."

[*While they sound again, the Flamen takes
of the honey with his finger, and tastes,
then ministers to all the rest; so of the
milk in an earthen vessel, he deals about;
which done, he sprinkleth upon the altar,
milk; then imposeth the honey, and kind-
leth his gums, and after ceasing about
the altar, placeth his censor thereon, into
which they put several branches of poppy,
and the musick ceasing, proceeds.*

Nat. Fortune averts her face!

Fla. Avert, you gods,

The prodigy. Still! still! some pious rite
We have neglected. Yet, heav'n be ap-
peas'd.

And be all tokens false and void, that speak
Thy present wrath.

Sej. Be thou dumb, scrupulous priest:
'And gather up thyself, with these thy wares,
Which I, in spight of thy blind mistress, or
Thy juggling mystery, religion, throw
Thus scorned on the earth. Nay, hold thy
look

Averted till I wooe thee turn again;

And thou shalt stand to all posterity,

Th' eternal game and laughter, with thy
neck

With'd to thy tail, like a ridiculous cat.

Avoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,

And all these co'z'ning ceremonies: you,

Your pure and spiced conscience! I, the
slave,

And mock of fools, (scorn on my worthy
[head]

That have been titled and ador'd a god,

Yea sacrific'd unto, myself, in Rome,

No less than Jove: and I be brought to do'

A peevish giglot, rites: perhaps the thought

And shame of that, made fortune turn her
face,

Knowing herself the lesser deity,

And but my servant. Bashful queen, if so,
Sejanus thanks thy modesty. Who's that?

Pomponius, Sejanus, Minutius, &c.

Pom. His fortune suffers, till he hears my news: [lord—

I have waited here too long. Macro, my

Sej. Speak lower and withdraw.

Ter. Are these things true?

Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.

Sej. What's that?

Ter. Minutius tells us here, my lord, That a new head being set upon your statue, A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,

But now a fiery meteor in the form Of a great ball was seen to rowl along The troubled air, where yet it hangs imperfect,

Th' amazing wonder of the multitude!

Sej. No more. That Macro's come, is more than all!

Ter. Is Macro come?

Pom. I saw him.

Ter. Where? with whom?

Pom. With Regulus.

Sej. Terentius—

Ter. My lord?

Sej. Send for the tribunes, we will straight have up

More of the soldiers for our guard. Minutius, We pray you, go for Cotta, Latiaris, Trio the consul, or what senators

You know are sure, and ours. You, my good Natta, [Satrius,

For Laco, provost of the watch. Now, The time of proof comes on, arm all our servants,

And without tumult. You, Pomponius, Hold some good correspondence with the consul. [begin

Attempt him, noble friend. These things To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates. Fortune, I see thy worst: let doubtful states, And things uncertain hang upon thy will: Me surest death shall render certain still. Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,

Whom fates have let go on, so far in breath, Uncheck'd or unprov'd? I, that did help To fell the lofty cedar of the world, Germanicus; that at one stroke cut down Drusus that upright elm; wither'd his vine*; Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks, Flat on the earth; besides those other shrubs, Cordus and Sosia, Claudia, Pulchra, Furnius and Gallus, which I have grub'd up;

And since, have set my axe so strong and deep

Into the root of spreading Agrippina; Lopt off and scatter'd her proud branches, Nero,

Drusus; and Caius too, although re-planted; If you will, destinies, that after all, I faint now ere I touch my period, You are but cruel; and I already have done Things great enough. All Rome hath been my slave;

The senate sate an idle looker-on, [blush'd And witness of my power; when I have More to command than it to suffer; all

The fathers have sate ready and prepar'd, To give me empire, temples, or their throats, When I would ask 'em; and (what crowns the top) [seen

Rome, senate, people, all the world have Jove, but my equal; Cæsar, but my second. 'Tis then your malice, fates, who (but your own)

Envy and fear t' have any power long known.

Terentius, Tribunes.

Ter. Stay here: I'll give his lordship, you are come. [They confer their letters.

Minutius, Cotta, Latiaris.

Min. Marcus Terentius, 'pray you tell my lord

Here's Cotta, and Latiaris.

Ter. Sir, I shall. [yours;

Cot. My letter is the very same with Only requires me to be present there, And give my voice to strengthen his design.

Lat. Names be not what it is?

Cot. No, nor to you.

Lat. 'Tis strange and singular doubtful!

Cot. So it is.

It may be, all is left to lord Sejanus.

Natta, Laco. [To them.

Nat. Gentlemen, where's my lord?

Tri. We wait him here.

Cot. The provost Laco? what's the news?

Lat. My lord—

Sejanus. [To them.

Sej. Now, my right dear, noble and trusted friends;

How much I am a captive to your kindness! Most worthy Cotta, Latiaris, Laco, [loves. Your valiant hand; and, gentlemen, your I wish I could divide myself unto you; Or that it lay within our narrow powers, To satisfy for so enlarged bounty.

* ——— That at one stroke cut down

Drusus that upright elm; wither'd his vine.] His *vine*, means Livia, the wife of Drusus. It is observed there is a natural sympathy between the elm and the vine; and that those vines flourish with greater vigour, and in a larger abundance, which are planted at the foot of an elm, and curl their tendrils round its branches. And this, in the language of classical antiquity, was marrying them together. As Drusus is here called an elm, his wife, by a very elegant and easy metaphor, is termed *his vine*. The whole description is a beautiful allegory, animated with the most sublime spirit of true poetry.

Gracinus, we must pray you, hold your guards [consul?]

Unquit when morning comes. Saw you the
Min. Trio will presently be here, my lord. [edict,

Cot. They are but giving order for the
To warn the senate.

Sej. How! the senate?

Luc. Yes.

This morning in Apollo's temple.

Cot. We

Are charg'd by letter to be there, my lord.

Sej. By letter! pray you let's see!

Lat. Knows not his lordship?

Cot. It seems so! [ledge?

Sej. A senate warn'd? without my know-
And on this sudden? Senators by letters

Required to be there! who brought these?

Cot. Macro.

Sej. Mine enemy! and when?

Cot. This midnight.

Sej. Time,

With ev'ry other circumstance, doth give
It hath some strain ofingin in't! how now?

Satrius, Sejanius, &c.

Sat. My lord, Sertorius Macro is without,
Alow, and prays t' have private conference
In business of high nature with your lordship,
(He says to me) and which regards you much.

Sej. Let him come here.

Sat. Better, my lord, withdraw,
You will betray what store and strength of
friends [spy.

Are now about you; which he comes to

Sej. Is he not arm'd?

Sat. We'll search him.

Sej. No, but take, [conceal'd
And lead him to some room, where you
May keep a guard upon us. Noble Laco,
You are our trust: and till our own cohorts
Can be brought up, your strengths must be
our guard.

Now, good Minutius, honour'd Latiaris,

[*He salutes them humbly.*

Most worthy and my most unwearied friends:

I return instantly.

Lat. Most worthy lord!

Cot. His lordship is turn'd instant kind,
methinks,

I have not observ'd it in him, heretofore.

Tri. 1. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly.

Min. I

Am wrapt withal.

Tri. 2. By Mars, he has my lives,
(Were they a million) for this only grace.

Lat. 1, and to name a man!

Lat. As he did me!

Min. And me! [fortunes,

Lat. Who would not spend his life and
To purchase but the look of such a lord?

Lat. He that would nor be lord's fool,
nor the world's.

Sejanus, Macro.

Sej. Macro! most welcome, a most co-
veted friend!

Let me enjoy my longings. When arriv'd

Mac. About the noon of night? [you?

Sej. Satrius, give leave.

Mac. I have been, since I came, with
both the consuls,

On a particular design from Cæsar.

Sej. How fares it with our great and royal
master? [prince,

Mac. Right plentifully well; as, with a
That still holds out the great proportion
Of his large favours, where his judgment
hath

Made once divine election: like the god
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bounty, as it doth
In you, already the most happy, and ere
The sun shall climb the south, most high
Sejanus. [end

"Let not my lord be amus'd. For, to this
Was I by Cæsar sent for to the isle,
With special caution to conceal my journey;
And, thence, had my dispatch as privately
Again to Rome; charg'd to come here by
night;

And only to the consuls make narration

* *About the noon of night.* This poetical expression, though now common by general use, seems to have been first introduced into our language by Jonson in this place. And he appears to have been diffident of the reception it might meet with, or whether the licence he had taken would be approved by custom. For he refers us, in the margin of the quarto, to the author of whom he borrowed it. The phrase is *Farro's*; in Latin, *meridies noctis*; and it occurs in the 6th chapter of *Nonius Marcellus*. I could not omit taking notice of this particular, trivial as it may seem: because to remark the beauties or defects of language, is one essential branch of true criticism.

¹⁰ *Let not my lord be amus'd.* There is a correction of the last word, in the margin of Mr. Theobald's copy, but it seems not to have been wrote by him: it is there proposed to read *amazed*. And the same alteration is repeated in this passage of the Alchymist, where the expression occurs again:

Fac. "Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?

"I am amused at that!"

Act I. sc. 3.

The emendation is easy and ingenious, but the text appears not to require it. To be *amused* or to be in a *muse*, was used in Jonson's time, and in the age preceding, in the sense of being amazed, or wholly taken up with wonder, on hearing or seeing something extraordinary and unexpected. And a *musard* denoted likewise an abstracted person, or one lost in thought.

Of his great purpose; that the benefit
Might come more full, and striking, by how
much

It was less look'd for, or aspir'd by you,
Or least inform'd to the common thought.

Sej. What may this be? part of myself,
dear Macro, [Sejanus.

If good, speak out; and share with your
Mac. If bad, I should for ever loathe myself
To be the messenger to so good a lord.
I do exceed m' instructions to acquaint
Your lordship with thus much; but 'tis my
venture

On your retentive wisdom: and because
I would no jealous scruple should molest
Or rack your peace of thought. For I assure
My noble lord, no senator yet knows
The business meant: though all by several
letters

Are warn'd to be there, and give their voices,
Only to add unto the state and grace
Of what is purpos'd.

Sej. You take pleasure, Macro,
Like a cloy wench, in torturing your lover.
What can be worth this suffering?

Mac. That which follows,
The tribunitial dignity and power:
Both which Sejanus is to have this day
Confer'd upon him, and by public senate.

Sej. Fortune be mine again; thou hast
For thy suspected loyalty. [satisfied

Mac. My lord,
I have no longer time, the day approacheth,
And I must back to Cæsar.

Sej. Where's Caligula? [Why,

Mac. That I forgot to tell your lordship.
He lingers yonder about Capreæ,
Disgrac'd; Tiberius hath not seen him yet:
He needs would thrust himself to go with me,
Against my wish or will, but I have quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardy note
As my neglect or silence could afford him.
Your lordship cannot now command me
aught,

Because I take no knowledge that I saw you,
But I shall boast to live to serve your lord-
And so take leave. [ship:

Sej. Honest and worthy Macro,
Your love and friendship. Who's there?
Satrius,

Attend my honourable friend forth. O!
How vain and vile a passion is this fear?
What base uncomely things it makes men do?
Suspect their noblest friends, (as I did this)
Flatter poor enemies, entreat their servants,
Stoop, court, and catch at the benevolence
Of creatures, unto whom (within this hour)
I would not have vouchsaf'd a quarter-look,
Or piece of face? By you that fools call gods,
Hang all the sky with your prodigious signs,
Fill earth with monsters, drop the scorpion
down,

Out of the Zodiac, or the fiercer lion,
Shake off the loosen'd globe from her long
hinge,
Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose

Th' enraged winds to turn up groves and
towns,

When I do fear again, let me be struck
With forked fire, and unpitied die:
Who fears, is worthy of calamity.

Pomponius, Regulus, Trio. [To the rest.

Pom. Is not my lord here?

Ter. Sir, he will be straight.

Cot. What news, Fulcinus Trio?

Tri. Good, good tidings.

(But keep it to yourself;) my lord Sejanus
Is to receive this day in open senate
The tribunitial dignity.

Cot. Is't true?

Tri. (No words, not to your thought:
but, sir, believe it.)

Lat. What says the consul?

Cot. (Speak it not again:)

He tells me, that to-day my lord Se-
janus— [honour

Tri. I must entreat you, Cotta, on your
Not to reveal it.

Cot. On my life, sir.

Lat. Say.

Cot. Is to receive the tribunitial power.

But as you are an honourable man,
Let me conjure you, not to utter it:
For it is trusted to me with that bond.

Lat. I am Harpocrates.

Ter. Can you assure it? [close.

Pom. The consul told it me; but keep it

Mim. Lord Latarius, what's the news?

Lat. I'll tell you:

But you must swear to keep it secret—

Sejanus. [To them.

Sej. I knew the fates had on their distaff
More of our thread, than so. [left

Reg. Hail, great Sejanus.

Tri. Hail the most honour'd.

Cot. Happy.

Lat. High Sejanus.

Sej. Do you bring prodigies too?

Tri. May all presage

Turn to those fair effects, whereof we bring
Your lordship news.

Reg. May't please my lord withdraw.

Sej. Yes (I will speak with you anon.)

Ter. My lord, [To some that stand by.
What is your pleasure for the tribunes?

Sej. Why,

Let 'em be thank'd and sent away.

Mim. My lord— [mand me—

Lat. Will't please your lordship to com-

Sej. No. You are troublesome.

Mim. The mood is chang'd.

Tri. Not speak?

Nor look?

Lat. I, he is wise, will make him friends
Of such who never love, but for their ends.

Arruntius, Lepidus.

[Divers other Senators passing by them.

Arr. I, go, make haste; take heed you
be not last

To tender your All-hail in the wide hall
Of huge Sejanus : run a lictor's pace :
Stay not to put your robes on ; but away
With the pale troubled ensigns of great
friendship

Stamp it your face ! Now, Marcus Lepidus,
You still believe your former augury ?
Sejanus must go downward : You perceive
His wane approaching fast ?

Lep. Believe me, Lucius,
I wonder at this rising !

Arr. I, and that we
Must give our suffrage to it ? you will say,
It is to make his fall more steep and grievous ?
It may be so. But think it, they that can
With idle wishes 'ssay to bring back time :
In cases desperate, all hope is crime.
See, see ! what troops of his officious friends
Flock to salute my lord ! and start before
My great proud lord ! to get a lord-like
nod !

Attend my lord unto the senate-house !
Bring back my lord ! like servile ushers,
make [ship,

Way for my lord ! proclaim his idol lord-
More than ten criers, or six noise of trumpets !
Make legs, kiss hands, and take a scatter'd
hair [Sanquinius !

From my lord's eminent shoulder ! See,
With his slow belly, and his dropsie ! look,
What toiling haste he makes ! yet here's
another

Retarded with the gout, will be afore him !
Get thee Liburnian porters¹¹, thou gross fool,
To bear thy obsequious fatness, like thy
peers. [carriage,

They are met ! the gout returns, and his great

Lictors, Consuls, Sejanus, &c.

[*Pass over the stage.*

Lict. Give way, make place, room for the
San. Hail, [consul.

Hail, great Sejanus.

Hat. Hail, my honour'd lord.

Arr. We shall be markt anon, for our
not Hail.

Lep. That is already done.

Arr. It is a note

Of upstart greatness, to observe and watch
For these poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns.

Lep. I, and they think themselves
Deeply dishonour'd where they are omitted,
As if they were necessities that help
To the perfection of their dignities :
And hate the men, that but refrain 'em.

Arr. O !

There is a farther cause of hate. Their breasts

Are guilty, that we know their obscure
springs, [grows.
And base beginnings : thence the anger
On. Follow.

Macro, Laco.

Mac. When all are enter'd, shut the tem-
ple doors ;

And bring your guards up to the gate.

Lac. I will. [senate,

Mac. If you shall hear commotion in the
Present yourself : and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth.

Lac. I am instructed.

The SENATE.

*Haterius, Trio, Sanquinius, Cotta, Regulus,
Sejanus, Pomponius, Intiarius, Lepidus,
Arruntius, Praetores, Lictores, Senators.*

Hat. How well his lordship looks to-day !

Tri. As if [state,

He had been born, or made for this hour's

Cot. Your fellow consul's come about,
methinks ?

Tri. I, he is wise.

San. Sejanus trusts him well.

Tri. Sejanus is a noble bounteous lord.

Hat. He is so, and most valiant.

Lat. And most wise.

Sen. He's every thing.

Lat. Worthy of all, and more

Than bounty can bestow.

Tri. This dignity

Will make him worthy.

Pom. Above Cæsar.

San. Tut,

Cæsar is but the rector of an isle,

He of the empire.

Tri. Now he will have power

More to reward than ever.

Cot. Let us look

We be not slack in giving him our voices.

Lat. Not I.

San. Nor I.

Cot. The readier we seem

To propagate his honours, will more bind

His thoughts to ours.

Hat. I think right, with your lordship.

It is the way to have us hold our places.

San. I, and get more.

Lat. More office and more titles.

Pom. I will not lose the part, I hope to
share

In these his fortunes for my patrimony.

Lat. See, how Arruntius sits, and Lepidus.

Tri. Let 'em alone, they will be markt
anon.

¹¹ *Get thee Liburnian porters.*] These were eminent for their size and strength, and used as chairmen by the nobility of antient Rome. This speech is copied from the 4th satire of Juvenal :

*Vocantur
Ergo in concilium proceres, quos oderat ille,
In quorum facie miscræ magnæque sedebat
Pallor amicitia.*

Sat. 4. v. 73.

Sen. I'll do with others.

Sen. So will I.

Sen. And I. [planted
Men grow not in the state, but as they are
Warm in his favours.

Cot. Noble Sejanus!

Hat. Honour'd Sejanus!

Lat. Worthy and great Sejanus!

Arr. Gods! how the sponges open and
take in!

And shut again! look, look! is not he blest
That gets a seat in eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in ear, or tongue-reach? O but
most

Can claw his subtil elbow, or with a buz
Fly-blow his ears.

Præ. Proclaim the senate's peace,
And give last summons by the edict.

Præ. Silence:

In name of Cæsar, and the senate, silence.

"Memmius Regulus, and Fulcinus Trio,
"consuls, these present kalends of June,
"with the first light, shall hold a senate, in
"the temple of Apollo Palatine; all that
"are Fathers, and are registered Fathers,
"that have right of entering the senate, we
"warn or command you be frequently pre-
"sent, take knowledge the business is the
"common-wealth's: whosoever is absent,
"his fine or mulct will be taken, his ex-
"cuse will not be taken."

Tri. Note who are absent, and record
their names. [to utter,

Reg. "Fathers Conscrip, may what I am
"Turn good and happy for the common-
"wealth!"

And thou Apollo, in whose holy house
We here are met, inspire us all with truth,
And liberty of censure to our thought.

The majesty of great Tiberius Cæsar
Propounds to this grave senate, the bestowing
Upon the man he loves, honour'd Sejanus,
The tribunitian dignity and power:

Here are his letters, signed with his signet.
"What pleaseth now the Fathers to be done?"

Sen. Read, read 'em, open, publicly
read 'em. [ness much,

Cot. Cæsar hath honour'd his own great-
In thinking of this act.

Tri. It was a thought

Happy, and worthy Cæsar.

Lat. And the lord

As worthy it, on whom it is directed!

Hat. Most worthy!

Sen. Rome did never boast the virtue
That could give envy bounds, but his: Se-
janus—

Sen. Honour'd and noble!

Sen. Good and great Sejanus!

Arr. O, most tame slavery, and fierce
Præ. Silence. [flattery!

TIBERIUS CÆSAR.

To the SENATE greeting.

[The epistle is read.

"If you, Conscrip Fathers, with your
"children, be in health, it is abundantly
"well: we with our friends here are so.
"The care of the common-wealth, how-
"soever we are removed in person, can-
"not be absent to our thought; although,
"oftentimes, even to princes most present,
"the truth of their own affairs is hid; than
"which, nothing falls out more miserable
"to a state, or makes the art of governing
"more difficult. But since it hath been
"our careful happiness to enjoy both the
"aids and industry of so vigilant a senate,
"we profess to have been the more indul-
"gent to our pleasures, not as being care-
"less of our office, but rather secure of
"the necessity. Neither do these com-
"mon rumours of many, and infamous
"libels publish'd against our retirement,
"at all afflict us; being born more out of
"men's ignorance than their malice: and
"will, neglected, find their own grave
"quickly; whereas, too sensibly acknow-
"ledg'd, it would make their obloquy
"ours. Nor do we desire their authors,
"though found, be censured, since in a free
"state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy
"both their minds and tongues free."

[Arr. The lapwing, the lapwing.)
"Yet in things which shall worthily and
"more near concern the majesty of a
"prince, we shall fear to be so unnaturally
"cruel to our own fame, as to neglect
"them. True it is, Conscrip Fathers, that
"we have raised Sejanus from obscure,
"and almost unknown gentry—

[Sen. How, how!]
"to the highest and most conspicuous point
"of greatness, and, we hope, deservingly;
"yet not without danger: it being a most
"bold hazard in that sovereign, who, by
"his particular love to one, dares adventure
"the hatred of all his other subjects.

[Arr. This touches, the blood turns.)
"But we affie in your loves and understand-
"ings, and do no way suspect the merit of
"our Sejanus, to make our favours offen-
"sive to any.

[Sen. O! good, good.)
"Though we could have wished his zeal
"had run a calmer course against Agrippina
"and our nephews, howsoever the open-
"ness of their actions declared them delin-
"quents; and, that he would have remem-
"bered, no innocence is so safe, but it re-
"joiceth to stand in the sight of mercy: the

¹² In a free state, as ours, all men ought to enjoy both their minds, and their tongues free.]
Suetonius tells us, that Tiberius often said this, on occasion of the popular reproaches, and
the libels which were made against him. *Firmus et patiens subinde jactabat, in civitate
liberâ, linguam mentemque liberâ esse debere.* SUTTON. TIBER. c. 28.

"use of which in us, he hath so quite taken away, toward them, by his loyal fury, as now our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty¹¹, if we should offer to exercise it.

(*Arr.* I thank him, there I look'd for't. A good fox !)

"Some there be that would interpret this his public severity to be particular ambition ; and that, under a pretext of service to us, he doth but remove his own lets : alledging the strengths he hath made to himself, by the pratorian soldiers, by his faction in court and senate, by the offices he holds himself, and confers on others, his popularity and dependents, his urging (and almost driving) us to this our unwilling retirement, and lastly, his aspiring to be our son-in-law."

(*Sen.* This's strange !)

(*Arr.* I shall anon believe your vultures, Marcus.)

"Your wisdoms, Conscript Fathers, are able to examine, and censure these suggestions. But, were they left to our absolving voice, we durst pronounce them, as we think them, most malicious."

(*Sen.* O, he has restor'd all, list.)

"Yet are they offer'd to be averr'd, and on the lives of the informers. What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know ! only we must think, we have plac'd our benefits ill ; and conclude, that in our choice, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to us."

(*Arr.* The place grows hot, they shift.)

[*The senators shift their places.*]

"We have not been covetous, honourable Fathers, to change ; neither is it now any new lust that alters our affection, or old loathing ; but those needful jealousies of state, that warn wiser princes hourly to provide for their safety ; and do teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humblest enemy ; much more of those great ones, whom their own em-

"play'd favours have made fit for their fears."

(*Sen.* Away.

Sen. Sit farther.

Cot. Let's remove——

Arr. Gods ! how the leaves drop off, this little wind !)

"We therefore desire, that the offices he holds be first seized by the senate ; and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power——"

(*Sen.* How !

Sen. By your leave.

Arr. Come, Porcispice, where's Haterius ? His gout keeps him most miserably constant. Your dancing shews a tempest.

Sej. Read no more.

R.g. Lords of the senate, hold your seats : read on.

Sej. These letters they are forg'd.

Reg. A guard : sit still.

[*Lucio enters with the guards.*]

Arr. There's change.

Reg. Bid silence, and read forward.

Præ. Silence——"and himself suspended from all exercise of place or power, but till due and mature trial be made of his innocency, which yet we can faintly apprehend the necessity to doubt. If, Conscript Fathers, to your more searching wisdoms, there shall appear further cause (or of farther proceeding, either to seizure of lands, goods, or more——) it is not our power that shall limit your authority, or our favour that must corrupt your justice : either were dishonourable in you, and both uncharitable to ourself. We would willingly be present with your counsels in this business ; but the danger of so potent a faction (if it should prove so) forbids our attempting it : except one of the consuls would be entreated for our safety, to undertake the guard of us home, then we should most readily adventure. In the mean time, it shall not be fit for us to importune so judicious a senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the guilty : and how grateful a sacrifice to the gods, is the life of an in-

¹¹ Our clemency would be thought but wearied cruelty.] *Ego verò clementiam non voco lassam crudelitatem.* SENECA de Clemen. l. 1. c. 11.

¹² What we should say, or rather what we should not say, lords of the senate, if this be true, our gods and goddesses confound us if we know !] Juvenal styles the letter which Tiberius sent to the senate, *verbosa et grandis epistola* ; and this before us is agreeable to that character. So far the judgment of Jonson is evident enough : but it seems to have failed him, when he inserted the words above as a part of this epistle. They are to be found, indeed, both in Tacitus and Suetonius ; and are very remarkable in themselves : but they are reported, which makes them still more remarkable, to have been the beginning of a letter he once wrote to the senate ; and, in that connection, they are a much stronger evidence of uneasiness and perturbation of spirit in the emperor, arising from the consciousness of guilt. The poet indeed hath added something, and given a different turn to the words, that he might introduce them in this epistle, with the greater propriety. *Insigne visum est curum Casaria literarum initium : nam his verbis exorsus est : Quid scribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, dei me deque pejus perdant quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio.*—TACIT. AN. l. 6. c. 6.

"grateful person. We reflect not, in this, "on Sejanus, (notwithstanding, if you keep "an eye upon him — and there is Latia-
"ris a senator, and Pinnarius Natta, two
"of his most trusted ministers, and so pro-
"fest, whom we desire not to have appre-
"hended) but as the necessity of the cause
"exacts it."

Reg. A guard on Latiaris.

Arr. O, the spy!

The reverend spy is caught; who pities him?
Reward, sir, for your service: now, you ha'
done

Your property, you see what use is made?
Hang up the instrument.

Sej. Give leave.

Lac. Stand, stand.

He comes upon his death, that doth advance
An inch toward my point.

Sej. Have we no friends here?

Arr. Hush't. [tions?

Where now are all the hails and acclama-

Macro, Senate.

Mac. Hail to the consuls, and this noble
senate. [janus.

Sej. Is Macro here? O, thou art lost, Se-

Mac. Sit still, and un-affrighted, reverend

Fathers, [vost,

Macro, by Cæsar's grace, the new-made pro-
And now possess of the prætorian bands,
An honour late belong'd to that proud man,
Bids you be safe: and to your constant
doom

Of his deservings, offers you the surety
Of all the soldiers, tribunes and centurions,
Receiv'd in our command.

Reg. Sejanus, Sejanus,

Stand forth, Sejanus.

Sej. Am I call'd?

Mac. I, thou,

Thou insolent monster, art bid stand.

Sej. Why, Macro,

It hath been otherwise between you and I;
This court that knows us both, hath seen a
difference,

And can, if it be pleas'd to speak, confirm,
Whose insolence is most.

Mac. Come down, Typhæus;

If mine be most, lo! thus I make it more;
Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe,
Play with thy beard and nostrils. Thus 'tis
fit,

(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To use th' ingrateful viper, tread his brains
Into the earth.

Reg. Forbear.

Mac. If I could use

All my humanity now, 'twere well to torture

So meriting a traitor. Wherefore, Fathers,
Sit you amaz'd and silent? and not censure
This wretch, who, in the hour he first rebell'd
'Gainst Cæsar's bounty, did condemn him-
self?

Phlegra, the field, where all the sons of earth
Muster'd against the gods, did ne'er ac-
knowledge

So proud and huge a monster,

Reg. Take him hence.

And all the gods guard Cæsar!

Tri. Take him hence.

Hat. Hence.

Cot. To the dungeon with him.

San. He deserveth it.

Sen. Crown all our doors with bays.

San. And let an ox, [led
With gilded horns and garlands, straight be
Unto the Capitol.

Hat. And sacrific'd

To Jove, for Cæsar's safety.

Tri. All our gods

Be present still to Cæsar.

Cot. Phæbus.

San. Mars.

Hat. Diana.

San. Pallas.

Sen. Juno, Mercury,

All guard him.

Mac. Forth, thou prodigy of men.

Cot. Let all the traitor's titles be defac'd.

Tri. His images and statues be pull'd
down.

Hat. His chariot-wheels be broken.

Arr. And the legs

Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too."

Lep. O violent change,

And whirl of men's affections!

Arr. Like, as both [tune's wheel,
Their bulks and souls were bound on For-
And must act only with her motion.

Lepidus, Arruntius.

Lep. Who would depend upon the popu-
lar air,

Or voice of men, that have to-day beheld
(That, which if all the gods had fore-de-
clar'd, [fall?

Would not have been believ'd) Sejanus?
"He, that this morn rose proudly, as the
sun, [breath,

"And breaking through a mist of clients'

"Came on, as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he,

"When superstitious Moors salute his light!

"That had our servile nobles waiting him

"As common grooms; and hanging on his
look,

"No less than human life on destiny!

"The legs of the poor horses that deserved nought,
Let them be broken too.]"

Ipse deinde rotas bigarum impacta securis

Cadit, et immeritis franguntur crura caballis — JUVENAL. Sat. 10. v. 59.

And the subsequent description of the insults and indignities, which were offered to what-
ever had the least relation to Sejanus, is taken from the same satirist.

"That had men's knees as frequent as the gods;

"And sacrifices more than Rome had altars:

"And this man fall! fall! I, without a look,

"That durst appear his friend, or lend so much [pity]"

"Of vain relief, to his chang'd state, as

Arr. They that before, like gnats, play'd in his beams, [seen,

And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not

Nor deign to hold a common seat with him!

Others that waited him unto the senate,

Now inhumanely ravish him to prison!

Whom, but this morn, they follow'd as their lord. [tive!

Guard through the streets, bound like a fugi-

Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for stoops: [for titles!

Blind shames for honours, and black taunts

Who would trust slippery chance?

Lep. They that would make

Themselves her spoil; and foolishly forget,

When she doth flatter, that she comes to

prey.

Fortune, thou hadst no deity, if men

Had wisdom: we have placed thee so high

By fond belief in thy felicity.

Sen. The gods guard Cæsar. All the gods

guard Cæsar. [Shout within.

Macro, Regulus, Senators.

Mac. Now, great Sejanus, you that aw'd

the state,

And sought to bring the nobles to your whip,

That would be Cæsar's tutor, and dispose

Of dignities and offices: that had

The public head still bare to your designs,

And made the general voice to echo yours!

That look'd for salutations twelve score off,

And would have pyramids, yea temples

rear'd

To your huge greatness! Now you lie as flat,

As was your pride advanc'd.

Reg. Thanks to the gods.

Sen. And praise to Macro, that hath saved

Rome.

Liberty, liberty, liberty. Lead on,

And praise to Macro that hath saved Rome.

—————

"Fortune, thou hadst no deity,

If men had wisdom, &c.]

Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; sed te

Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam, catolge locamus.

Juv. Sat. 10. v. 365, 366.

Dr. GREY.

"That look'd for salutations TWELVE SCORE off.] Who expected to be saluted at the distance of twelve-score feet, or yards: it was common in that age to omit the substantive. So Shakspeare,

"I know his death will be a march of twelve score;" i. e. feet.

"And have not forc'd all MANKIND from your breasts."] i. e. Humanity.

Mr. SYMPSON.

"They fill'd the Capitol, and Pompey's CIRK.] From the Latin *circus*; Pompey's theatre.

"The great Sejanus CRACK. His statue is broke to pieces, and cracks as it melts in the furnace.

————— *Et crepat ingens*

Sejanus.—JUVENAL. Sat. 10. v. 62.

This, and what follows in the next speech, is still from the same satire of Juvenal.

Arruntius, Lepidus, Terentius.

Arr. I prophesy, out of the senate's flattery,

That this new fellow, Macro, will become A greater prodigy in Rome, than he

That now is fall'n.

Ter. "O you, whose minds are good,

"And have not forc'd all mankind from your breasts;

"That yet have so much stock of virtue left,

"To pity guilty states, when they are wretched; [weep

"Lend your soft ears to hear, and eyes to

"Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of furies."

The eager multitude (who never yet Knew why to love or hate, but only pleas'd

T'express their rage of power) no sooner heard

The murmur of Sejanus in decline,

But with that speed and heat of appetite,

With which they greedily devour the way

To some great sports, or a new theatre,

They fill'd the Capitol, and Pompey's cirk,"

Where, like so many mastiffs, biting stones,

As if his statues now were sensitive

Of their wild fury: first, they tear them

down; [streets,

Then fastening ropes, drag them along the

Crying in scorn, This, this was that rich head

Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours,

this

That was in Rome so revered. Now

The furnace and the bellows shall to work,

"The great Sejanus crack, and piece by piece

Drop i' the founder's pit.

Lat. O popular rage!

Ter. The whilst the senate at the temple of Concord,

Make haste to meet again, and thronging cry,

Let us condemn him, tread him down in

water,

While he doth lie upon the bank; away:

While some more tardy, cry unto their

bearers, [knaves,

He will be censur'd ere we come, run,

And use that furious diligence, for fear
Their bond-men should inform against their
slackness,

And bring their quaking flesh unto the hook:
The rout they follow with confused voice,
Crying, they're glad, say, they could ne'er
abide him;

Enquire what man he was, what kind of face,
What beard he had, what nose, what lips?
Protest

They ever did presage h' would come to
this:

They never thought him wise, nor valiant:
ask

After his garments, when he dies, what
death;

And not a beast of all the herd demands,
What was his crime? or who were his ac-
cusers?

Under what proof or testimony he fell?
There came, says one, a huge long worded
letter

From Capreae against him. Did there so?
O, they are satisfied, no more.

Lep. Alas!

They follow fortune, and hate men con-
demn'd,

Guilty or not.

Arr. But had Sejanus thriv'd
In his design, and prosperously oppress
The old Tiberius; then, in that same minute,
These very rascals, that now rage like furies,
Would have proclaim'd Sejanus emperor.

Lep. But what hath follow'd?

Ter. Sentence by the senate,
To lose his head; which was no sooner off,
But that and th' unfortunate trunk were
seiz'd

By the rude multitude; who not content
With what the forward justice of the state
Officially had done, with violent rage
Have rent it limb from limb. "A thousand
heads,

"A thousand hands, ten thousand tongues
and voices

"Employ'd at once in several acts of malice!

"Old men not stay'd with age, virgins with
shame,

"Late wives with loss of husbands, mothers
of children,

"Losing all grief in joy of his sad fall.

"Run quite transported with their cruelty!"

These minting at his head", these at his
face,

These digging out his eyes, those with his
brains

Sprinkling themselves, their houses and their
friends;

Others are met, have ravish'd thence an arm,
"And deal small pieces of the flesh for
favours; [hands,

These with a thigh, this hath cut off his
And this his feet, these fingers, and these
toes; [wants

That hath his liver, he his heart: there
Nothing but room for wrath, and place for
hated!

What cannot oft be done, is now o'erdone.
The whole, and all of what was great Se-
janus,

And, next to Cæsar, did possess the world,
Now torn and scatter'd, as he needs no
grave;

Each little dust covers a little part:
So lies he nowhere, and yet often buried!

Arruntius, Nuntius, Lepidus, Terentius.

Arr. More of Sejanus?

Nun. Yes.

Lep. What can be added?

We know him dead.

Nun. Then there begin your pity.

There is enough behind to melt ev'n Rome,
And Cæsar into tears: (since never slave
Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny,
In torturing him, would make him worth
lamenting.)

A son and daughter to the dead Sejanus,
(Of whom there is not now so much remain-
ing [hook]

As would give fast'ning to the hangman's
Have they drawn forth for farther sacrifice;
Whose tenderness of knowledge, unripe
years,

And childish silly innocence was such,
As scarce would lend them feeling of their
danger:

The girl so simple, as she often ask'd
"Where they would lead her? for what
cause they dragg'd her?"

Cry'd, "She would do no more. That she
could take [laws

"Warning with beating." And because our
Admit no virgin immature to die,

The wittily, and strangely cruel Macro,
Deliver'd her to be dellow'd and spoil'd,

By the rude lust of the licentious hangman,
Then to be strangled with her harmless
brother".

"These MOUNTING at his head.] To mount at a dead man's head, struck off by an executioner, is strange language: the poet certainly wrote, "These minting at his head;" i. e. aiming. V. Skinner in minting.—MR. SYMPSON.

"And deal small pieces of the flesh for favours.] The poet is perhaps too particular in the description; but the fact is taken notice of by Seneca: *Quo die illum (sc. Sejanum) senatus deduxerat, populus in frusta divisi: in quem quicquid congrui poterat, dei hominesque contulerant; ex eo nihil superfluum, quod cornifex traheret.* De Tranquillitate Animi, c. 11.

"Then to be strangled with her harmless brother.] This relation, as Dr. Grey observes, is on the authority of Tacitus, from whom it is a literal translation. See *Annal.* l. 5. c. 9.

Lep. O, act most worthy hell, and lasting night,
To hide it from the world!

Nun. Their bodies thrown
Into the Gemonies, (I know not how,
Or by what accident return'd) the mother,
The expus'd Apicata, finds them there;
Whom when she saw lie spread on the de-
After a world o' fury on herself, [groes "],
Tearing her hair, defacing of her face,
Beating her breasts and womb, kneeling
amaz'd,

Crying to heaven, then to them; at last,
Her drowned voice gat up above her woes,
And with such black and bitter execrations,
(As might affright the gods, and force the sun
Run backward to the east; nay, make the old
Deformed chaos rise again, t' o'erwhelm
Them, us, and all the world,) she fills the air,
Upbraids the heavens with their partial
dooms,

Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands,
What she, and those poor innocents have
transgress'd, [gceance,

That they must suffer such a share in ven-
Whilst Livia, Lygdus, and Eudemus live,
Who (as she says, and firmly vows to prove it
To Cæsar and the senate) poison'd Drusus?

Lep. Confederates with her husband!

Nun. I.

Lep. Strange act!

Ant. And strangely open'd: what says
now my monster,

The multitude? they reel now: do they not?
Nun. Their gall is gone, and now they
'gin to weep

The mischief they have done.

Arr. I thank 'em, rogues.

Nun. Part are so stupid, or so flexible,
As they believe him innocent; all grieve:
And some, whose hands yet reek with his
warm blood,

And gripe the part which they did tear of him,
Wish him collected and created new.

Lep. How Fortune plies her sports, when
she begins

To practise them! pursues, continues, adds!
Confounds with varying her empassion'd
moods. [thy crimes?

Ant. Dost thou hope, Fortune, to redeem
To make amend for thy ill-plac'd favours,
With these strange punishments? "Forbear,

"you things
"That stand upon the pinnacles of state,

"To boast your slippery height;" when
you do fall, [rise;

"You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

Ter. Let this example move the insolent
man, [gods:

Not to grow proud and careless of the
It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,

"Much more to slighen, or deny their
powers. [high,

For, whom the morning saw so great and
Thus low and little, 'fore the ev'n doth lie.

"Whom when she saw lie spread on the DEGREES.] The steps, the *scale Gemonia*, what he calls the Gemonies. They were on the Aventine mount, from whence malefactors were thrown down into the Tiber.

"You DASH yourselves in pieces.] This is the modern word; the older copies read *parsh*. Both words are formed from the sound.

"Much more to SLIGHEN, or deny their powers.] *Slighen* is the infinitive mood of the verb *slight*, with a Saxon ending, for the sake of the verse. Propriety of sentiment, and decorum of character, are what we are principally to look for in the plays of Jonson; especially in those, where the characters are known from history, and he is necessarily obliged to draw them like. Agreeably to this, the moral of the play hath an exact conformity to the action of the chief person in the drama. *Sejanus* is represented without any principle of conscience, ambitious, and a contemner of all religion, with the power and providence of the gods. His fall therefore, considered as a punishment for his neglect of the gods, must naturally insinuate, that obedience to them is the only foundation of happiness; and that lawless and irregular ambition is constantly attended with inseparable destruction. This is inculcated in these last lines.

This Tragedy was first acted in the year 1603,

By the King's Majesty's Servants.

The principal Tragedians were,

RICH. BURBADGE.

AUG. PHILIPS.

WIL. SLY.

JOH. LOWIN.

WIL. SHAKESPEAR.

JOH. HEMINGS.

HEN. CONDEL.

ALEX. COOKE.

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VOLPONE, *a Magnifico.*
 MOSCA, *his Parasite.*
 VOLTORE, *an Advocate.*
 CORBACCIO, *an old Gentleman.*
 CORVINO, *a Merchant.*
 AVOCADORI, *four Magistrates.*

NOTARIO, *the Register.*
 NANO, *a Dwarf.*
 CASTRONE, *an Eunuch.*
 POLITICK WOULD-BE, *a Knight.*
 PEREGRINE, *a Gent. Traveller.*
 DONARIO, *a young Gentleman.*

GREGES.

FINE MADAM WOULD-BE, *the Knight's Wife.*
 CELIA, *the Merchant's Wife.*
 COMMANDADORI, *Officers.*

MERCATORI, *three Merchants.*
 ANDROGYNO, *an Hermaphrodite.*
 SERVITORE, *a Servant.*

WOMEN.

SCENE, Venice.

THE ARGUMENT.¹

V olpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
 Offers his state to hopes of several heirs,
 Lies languishing: his parasite receives
 Presents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
 Other cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.
 New tricks for safety are sought; they thrive: when bold, }
 Each tempts th' other again, and all are sold.

PROLOGUE.

"NOW, luck yet send us, and a little wit
 "Will serve to make our play hit;
 "(According to the palates of the season)
 "Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.
 "This we were bid to credit from our poet,
 "Whose true scope, if you would know it,
 "In all his poems still hath been this measure,
 "To mix profit with your pleasure;
 "And not as some (whose throats their
 "envy failing)
 "Cry hoarsely, All he writes is railing:
 "And when his plays come forth, think
 "they can flout them,
 "With saying, he was a year about them².

"To this there needs no lie, but this his
 creature,
 "Which was two months since no feature;
 "And though he dares give them five lives
 to mend it,
 "'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it,
 "From his own hand, without a co-adjutor,
 "Novice, journey-man or tutor.
 "Yet thus much I can give you as a token
 "Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken,
 "Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth
 affrighted³,
 "Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
 "Nor haies he in a gull, old ends reciting,
 "To stop gaps in his loose writing;

¹ *The argument.*] It is an acrostic; and seems to have been wrote in imitation of those acrostical arguments, which have been invented by some later grammarians, and prefixed to the comedies of Plautus.

² *When his plays come forth, think they can flout them, With saying, he was a year about them.*] See the apologetical dialogue at the end of the *Poetaster*. Jonson has before touched on these reflections of his adversaries; and Decker seems to be the person particularly aimed at.

³ *No eggs are broken.*
NOR QUAKING CUSTARDS with fierce teeth affrighted.] This is still a sneer on his old antagonist Decker, and so is what follows. In the vomit given to Cispinus, (*i.e.* Decker) in the *Poetaster*, he throws up the words *quaking custard*. And these tricks were probably the practice of inferior poets, to collect an audience.

- " With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd action,
 " As might make Beth'lem a faction :
 " Nor made he his play for jests stole from each table,
 " But makes jests to fit his fable ;
 " And so presents quick comedy refined,
 " As best criticks have designed :
- " The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
 " From no needful rule he swerveth.
 " All gall and copers from his ink be draineth,
 " Only a little salt remaineth,
 " Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till (red with laughter)
 " They shall look fresh a week after."

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Volpone, Mosca.

Volp. **G**OOD morning to the day; and next, my gold:

Open the shrine¹, that I may see my saint.
 Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is

The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
 Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
 Am I, to view thy splendour dark'ning his ;
 That lying here, amongst my other boards,
 Shew'st like a flame by night, or like the day

Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
 Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
 But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
 With adoration, thee, and every relic
 Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.

Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
 Title that age which they would have the best ;

Thou being the best of things, and far
 All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
 Or any other waking dream on earth.

Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,²
 They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids ;

Such are thy beauties and our loves! dear
 Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men tongues,

That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do all things ;

The price of souls; even hell, with thee to be made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,

Honour, and all things else. Who can get

He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise —

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in fortune.

A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory

More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
 Than in the glad possession, since I gain

No common way; I use no trade, no venture ;

I wound no earth with plough-shares, fat
 To feed the shambles: have no mills for iron,

Oil, corn, or men, to grind them into
 I blow no subtil glass³, expose no ships

To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea ;
 I turn no moneys in the public bank,

No usure private.

Mos. No, sir, nor devour

Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some will swal-
 A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch

Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
 Tear forth the fathers of poor families

Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
 In some kind clasp'ng prison, where their bones

May be forth-coming, when the flesh is rotten :

But your sweet nature doth abhor these
 You lothe the widow's or the orphan's tears

Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries

Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for

Volp. Right, Mosca, I do lothe it.

Mos. And besides, sir,

You are not like the thresher that doth stand
 With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn⁴,

¹ *Good morning to the day, and next, my gold :*

Open the shrine.] The scene is a room in Volpone's house: he speaks to Mosca his servant or parasite, who opens a curtain, and discovers Volpone's treasure. The reader cannot but perceive, that the diction rises to a tragic sublimity. The expression, *Shew'st like a flame by night*, which occurs a few lines lower, is imitated from Pindar.

MR. UPTON.

² *Thy looks when they to VENUS did ascribe.]* Alluding to the epithet given her by the Greek and Latin poets, *Xepov Aggellon*, and *Aurea Venus*.

³ *I blow no subtil GLASS.]* Venice, where the scene is laid, being famous for its manufactures in glass.

⁴ *You are not like a thresher, that doth stand*

With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn, &c.] This speech is an imitation of Horace;

And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest
grain,

But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his
vaults

With Romagna, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
You will lie not in straw, whilst moths and
worms [beds.

Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft
You know the use of riches, and dare give
now [server,

From that bright heap, to me your poor ob-
Or to your dawf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle
Your pleasure allows maint'nance —

Volp. Hold thee, Mosca, [all,
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in
And they are envious term thee parasite.

Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my
fool, [I do,

And let them make me sport. What should
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?

I have no wife, no parent, child, allie,
To give my substance to; but whom I
make [serve me:

Must be my heir; and this makes men ob-
This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin,
jewels,

With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute), it shall then return
Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, co-
vetous

Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in
love:

All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin them into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take
more, [hand,

And look on that; still bearing them in
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.
How now!

Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper aceruum

Porrectus, vigilat cum longo fuste, &c.—L. 2. sat. 3.

The conclusion of Volpone's first speech is also from the same poet, but I shall not point out every obvious allusion, or imitation of the ancients, especially of Jonson's favourite author.

¹ *Now room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know, They do bring you neither play nor UNIVERSITY SHOW.* This scene is an interlude invented by Mosca to entertain his patron Volpone. It is chiefly borrowed from one of Lucian's dialogues, intitled *The dream, or the cock*; and it is intended as a ridicule on the vulgarly believed doctrines of Pythagoras.—By *university show*, is meant, such masks and plays, as our universities used to exhibit to our kings and queens, and which were acted by the scholars in their halls.—Mr. Upton.

² *For know, HERE is inclos'd the soul of Pythagoras.* Here, i. e. in *Androgyno* the hermaphrodite, pointing to him; of whose various transformations the dwarf gives the following account.

³ *The cobbler's cock.* Mycilius the cobbler. See the dialogue in Lucian.

SCENE II.

Nano, Androgyno, Castrone, Volpone, Mosca.

Nan. "Now room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,

"They do bring you neither play nor university show";

"And therefore do entreat you, that whatsoever they rehearse,

"May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.

"If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass,

"For know, here is inclos'd the soul of Pythagoras",

"That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;

"Which soul (fast and loose, sir) came first from Apollo, [rius his son,

"And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercury

"Where it had the gift to remember all that ever was done.

"From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration

"To godly-lock'd Euphorbus, who was kill'd in good fashion,

"At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of Sparta. [charta)

"Hermotimus was next (I find it in my

"To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,

"But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learn'd to go a fishing; [Greece,

"And thence did it enter the sophist of From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful piece, [next toss of her

"Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the

"Was again of a whore, she became a philosopher,

"Crates the cynick, (as itself doth relate it)

"Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords, and fools gat it,

"Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and brock,

"In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobbler's cock".

" But I come not here to discourse of that matter, [oath, By quater,
 " Or his one, two, or three, or his great
 " His musicks, his trigon, his golden thigh",
 " Or his telling how elements shift; but I
 " Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered translation, [formation?
 " And shifted thy coat in these days of re-
 " And. Like one of the reformed, a fool, as you see,
 " Counting all old doctrine heresie.
 " Nan. But not on thine own forbid meats hast thou ventur'd?
 " And. On fish, when first a Carthusian I enter'd. [bath left thee?
 " Nan. Why, then thy dogmatical silence
 " And. Of that an obstreperous lawyer be-
 " Nan. O wonderful change! when sir lawyer forsook thee,
 " For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?
 " And. A good dull moyl.
 " Nan. And how! by that means
 " Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans?¹⁰
 " And. Yes. [thou pass?
 " Nan. But from the moyl into whom didst
 " And. Into a very strange beast, by some writers call'd an ass: [ther,
 " By others, a precise, pure, illuminate bro-
 " " Of those that devour flesh, and some-
 " times one another;
 " And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctified lie,
 " Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie.

" Nan. Now quit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation,
 " And gently report thy next transmigration.
 " And. To the same that I am.
 " Nan. A creature of delight?
 " And (what is more than a fool) an hermaphrodite?
 " Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy variation,
 " Which body would'st thou chuse, to keep up thy station?
 " And. Troth, this I am in: even here would I tarry.
 " Nan. 'Cause here the delight of each sex thou must vary?
 " And. Alas, those pleasures be stale and forsaken; [taken,
 " No, 'tis your fool wherewith I am so
 " The only one creature that I can call blessed;
 " For all other forms I have prov'd most distressed.
 " Nan. Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still.
 " This learned opinion we celebrate will,
 " Fellow cunuch (as behoves us) with all our wit and art!¹¹
 " To dignify that whereof ourselves are so great and special a part."
 Volp. Now very, very pretty: Mosca, Was thy invention? [this
 Mos. If it please my patron, Not else.
 Volp. 'T doth, good Mosca.
 Mos. Then it was, sir.

* *HIS ONE, TWO OR THREE, or his great oath, BY QUATER,*

His musicks, his trigon, his golden thigh.] Still alluding to the doctrines of Pythagoras, and his manner of reasoning from analogy, and mathematical theories, and numbers.—*His great oath, By quater*, his swearing by the *tetractys*, or number four. Mention is made of this in what is called the *golden verses*, which were wrote by a disciple of Pythagoras. The difficulty is to know what was included in his great oath by the *tetractys*; *Crux ingeniorum per multa secula*, as Dr. Burnet calls it in his *Archæologie*. Some moderns have imagined, it was the same with the *tetragrammaton* of the Jews.—*His golden thigh*. This is as little understood as the former; but it has been the subject of ridicule both to the ancient and modern wits.

* *Counting all old doctrine heresie.*] By *old doctrine*, he means the doctrines commonly received before the reformation; which was at first opprobriously called the *new learning*. It is not improbable that Jonson, when he wrote this, was a convert to the church of Rome; and might design in this place to sneer the zealots of the Establishment, as he does soon after the Puritans.

¹⁰ ———— *By that means*

Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans.] From the lawyer, he went into the lawyer's mule. It was the custom formerly with the lawyers to ride on their mules in great state to Westminster-hall upon solemn days. The mentioning the mule naturally leads him to ridicule Pythagoras's interdiction of eating of beans.—Mr. Upton.

¹¹ *Of those that devour flesh, and sometimes one another.*] A word is lost, which is necessary to restore both the measure and the sense: it should be,

Of those that devour flesh——

It is intended as a satire on the Puritans, the re-reformed of those days.

¹² *Fellow cunuch, (it behoves us) with all our wit and art.*] The first folio reads, *as behoves us*; yet either of the expressions is sense.

SONG.

"Fools, they are the only nation
 "Worth men's envy or admiration;
 "Free from care or sorrow-taking,
 "Selves and others merry making:
 "All they speak or do is sterling.
 "Your fool he is your great man's darling,
 "And your ladies' sport and pleasure;
 "Tongue and babble are his treasure.
 "E'en his face begetteth laughter,
 "And he speaks truth free from slaughter;
 "He's the grace of every feast,
 "And sometimes the chiefest guest;
 "Hath his trencher and his stool,
 "When wit waits upon the fool.
 "O, who would not be
 "He, he, he?"

[One knocks without.

Volp. Who's that? Away, look, Mosca; fool, begone.

Mos. 'Tis signior Vulture the advocate¹⁴, I know him by his knock.

Volp. Fetch me my gown, [changing: My furs, and night-caps; say, my couch is And let him entertain himself a while Without 't' gallery. Now, now, my clients

Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite, Raven, and gorgon, all my birds of prey, That think me turning carcass, now they come;

I am not for 'em yet. How now? the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.

Volp. Of what bigness?

Mos. Huge,

Massy, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,

And arms engraven.

Volp. Good! and not a fox

Stretcht on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,

Mocking a gaping crow¹⁵? ha, Mosca?

Mos. Sharp, sir. [laugh so, man?

Volp. Give me my furs. Why dost thou

Mos. I cannot chuse, sir, when I apprehend [he walks:

What thoughts he has (without) now, as That this might be the last gift he should

give; [day, That this would fetch you; if you die to-

And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow; [ventures;

What large return would come of all his How he should worship'd be, and reverenc'd;

Ride with his furs, and foot-clothes; waited on

By herds of fools, and clients; have clear way Made for his moile, as letter'd as himself;

Be call'd the great and learned advocate: And then concludes, there's nought impos-

sible.

Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

Mos. O, no: rich

Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple, So you can hide his two ambitious ears,

And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor¹⁶.

Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca; fetch him in. [eyes.

Mos. Stay, sir, your ointment for your *Volp.* That's true; [sion

Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession Of my new present.

Mos. That, and thousands more,

¹⁴ *E'en his face begetteth laughter, And he speaks truth free from SLAUGHTER.*] i. e. free from hurting any one. But, as Mr. Sympson observes, the poet seems to have made his reason truckle to his rhyme, slander being seemingly the word designed.

¹⁵ *Vol. Who's that? Away, look, Mosca.*

Mos. Fool, begone, 'tis signior Vulture the advocate.] Mr. Upton imagines, and I think with reason, that there is an error in these lines. Part of Volpone's speech is given to Mosca; but they ought to be divided and printed thus:

Vol. Who's that? Away, look, Mosca; fool, begone.

Mos. 'Tis signior Vulture the advocate.

Vol. And not a fox

Stretcht on the earth, with fine delusive sleights, Mocking a gaping crow.] Horace has a whole satire written to ridicule the *heredipeta* or legacy-hunters of the age, the very intent of this play. In this satire he has the same allusion with our poet to the *Æsopic* fable of the *Crow* and the *Fox*;

Plerumque recutus

Scriba ex quinqueviro corum deludet hiantem.—Mr. UPTON.

A comedy of this nature must have been beheld with infinite pleasure by an inhabitant of old Rome. And, indeed, had the Romans trusted to their own genius, they might have found subjects much properer for comedy, in the foibles of their own city, than in copying after the Greek patterns. But the art was new among them; and to have brought matters home to their own doors, might have created a party against the poet himself.

¹⁶ *Hood an ass with reverend purple,*

So you can hide his two AMBITIOUS ears,

And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.] This is true satire, and very elegantly expressed.—*Ambitious* is used according to its original meaning in the Latin language.

Mr. UPTON.

I hope to see you lord of.

Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca. [ded dust,

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blen-
And hundred such as I am, in succession —

Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

Mos. You shall live,
Still, to delude these harpies.

Volp. Loving Mosca,

'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.
Now, my feign'd cough, my phthisick, and
my gout,

My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forced functions, this my
posture, [hopes.

Wherein this three year, I have milk'd their
He comes, I hear him (uh, uh, uh, uh) O.

SCENE III.

Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Mos. You still are what you were, sir.
Only you

(Of all the rest) are he, commands his love :
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early vintation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I
know,

Cannot but come most grateful. Patron, sir,
Here's signior Voltore is come——

Volp. What say you?

Mos. Sir, signior Voltore is come, this
morning

To visit you.

Volp. I thank him.

Mos. And hath brought

A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,
With which he here presents you.

Volp. He is welcome.

Pray him to come more often.

Mos. Yes.

Volp. What says he? [see him often.

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you

Volp. Mosca.

Mos. My patron?

Volp. Bring him near, where is he?

I long to feel his hand.

Mos. The plate is here, sir.

Volp. How fare you, sir?

Volp. I thank you, signior Voltore,
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad,

Volp. I'm sorry,

To see you still thus weak.

Mos. That he's not weaker.

Volp. You are too munificent.

Volp. No, sir, would to heaven,

I could as well give health to you as that plate.

Volp. You give, sir, what you can. I
thank you. Your love [swer'd.

Hath taste in this, and shall not be un-an-
I pray you see me often.

Volp. Yes, I shall, sir.

Volp. Be not far from me.

Mos. Do you observe that, sir?

Volp. Harken unto me still : it will con-
cern you.

Mos. You are a happy man, sir, know
your good.

Volp. I cannot now last long——

Mos. You are his heir, sir.

Volp. Am I?

Volp. I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)

I'm sailing to my port, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)

And I am glad I am so near my haven.

Mos. Alas, kind gentleman, well, we
must all go——

Volp. But, Mosca——

Mos. Age will conquer.

Volp. Pray thee, hear me.

Am I inscrib'd his heir for certain?

Mos. Are you?

I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me of your family. All my hopes
Depend upon your worship. I am lost,
Except the rising sun do shine on me.

Volp. It shall both shine, and warm thee,
Mosca.

Mos. Sir,

I am a man, that hath not done your love
All the worst offices : here I wear your keys,
See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,
Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
Your plate and moneys ; am your steward,
sir,

Husband your goods here.

Volp. But am I sole heir?

Mos. Without a partner, sir, confirm'd
this morning ;

The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
Upon the parchment.

Volp. Happy, happy, me !

By what good chance, sweet Mosca?

Mos. Your desert, sir ;

I know no second cause.

Volp. Thy modesty

Is loth to know it ; well, we shall requite it.

Mos. He ever lik'd your course, sir ;
that first took him.

I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd,
Men of your large profession, that could speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law ;
That, with most quick agility, could turn,
And return ; make knots, and undo them ;
Give forked counsel : take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up : these men,
He knew, would thrive with their humility.
And (for his part) he thought he should be
blest

To have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor
scarce

Lie still, without a fee ; when every word
Your worship but lets fall, is a cecchine !

[Another knocks.
Who's that ? one knocks, I would not have
you seen, sir. [haste ;

And yet——pretend you came, and went in
I'll fashion an excuse. And, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,

¹⁷ Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is borne up stiff, with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worst of clients.

Volp. Mosca.—

Mos. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?

Or see a copy of the will? (anon)
I'll bring 'em to you, sir. Away, be gone,
Put business i' your face.

Volp. Excellent Mosca!

Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mos. Keep you still, sir.

Here is Corbaccio.

Volp. Set the plate away, [come ¹⁸!]
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's

SCENE IV.

Mosca, Corbaccio, Volpone.

Mos. Betake you to your silence, and
your sleep. [see

Stand there and multiply¹⁹. Now shall we
A wretch who is (indeed) more impotent,
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave. Signior Corbaccio!

You're very welcome, sir.

Corb. How does your patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.

Corb. What? mends he?

Mos. No, sir: he's rather worse.

Corb. That's well. Where is he?

Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n
asleep.

Corb. Does he sleep well?

Mos. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he should take [him
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought
An opiate here, from mine own doctor—

Mos. He will not hear of drugs.

Corb. Why? I myself [gredients:
Stood by, while it was made, saw all th' in-
And know, it cannot but most gently work.
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

Volp. I, his last sleep, if he would take it.

Mos. Sir,

He has no faith in physick.

Corb. 'Say you, 'say you? [think

Mos. He has no faith in physick: he does
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.

Corb. Not I his heir?

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

Corb. O, no, no, no,

I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees

He cannot brook: he says, they slay a man,
Before they kill him²⁰.

Corb. Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death, so.

Corb. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence, as a judge.

Mos. Nay, more; [demns,
For he but kills, sir, where the law con-
And these can kill him too.

Corb. I, or me;

Or any man. How does his apoplexy?

Is that strong on him still?

Mos. Most violent.

His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer, than 'twas wont—

Corb. How? how?

Stronger than he was wont?

Mos. No, sir: his face

Drawn longer than 'twas wont.

Corb. O, good.

Mos. His mouth

Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.

Corb. Good. [joints,
Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.

Corb. 'Tis good.

Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corb. Good symptoms still.

Mos. And from his brain—

(*Corb.* I conceive you, good.) [rheum,
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes²¹.

¹⁷ ————In golden lard,

Up to the arms in honey.] This indeed is exhibited by all the editions; but I apprehend, that as money was the thing, it might possibly be the word intended.

¹⁸ The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.] In allusion to their different names. Corbaccio, in Italian, signifies an old raven. The poet chose these names to express their greediness after Volpone's supposed wealth.

¹⁹ Betake you to your silence, and your sleep: Stand there and multiply.] There should be a full stop and pause after sleep—Betake you, is spoken to Volpone. Stand there and multiply—this he speaks to the plate, as he is setting it away.

²⁰ ————He says, they slay a man, Before they kill him.] This is still more satirical, than what Shakspeare makes Timon say to the rogues:

“ ————The physician

“ Slays more than you rob; takes wealth and life together.”

²¹ Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum, Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.] What are the resolved corners of the eyes? The expression should be explained. It is taken from that infirmity of old age, by which

Corb. Is't possible? Yet I am better, ha! How^d does he, with the swimming of his head? [now]

"*Mos.* O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy; he Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort: You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes. [out-last him:]

Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mos. I was a coming for you, sir.

Corb. Has he made his will?

What has he giv'n me?

Mos. No, sir.

Corb. Nothing? ha?

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.

Corb. Oh, oh, oh.

"What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?

Mos. He smelt a carcass, sir, when he but heard

My master was about his testament;

As I did urge him to it for your good——

Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so. [of plate.]

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece

Corb. To be his heir?

Mos. I do not know, sir.

Corb. True.

I know it too.

Mos. By your own scale, sir.

Corb. Well,

I shall prevent him, yet. See Mosca, look, Here, I have brought a bag of bright cecchines,

Will quite weigh down his plate.

Mos. Yea, marry, sir. [dicine;

This is true physick, this your sacred me- No talk of opiates, to this great elixir.

Corb. 'Tis aurum palpabile, if not potable. [bowl?]

Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his

Corb. I, do, do, do.

Mos. Most blessed cordial.

This will recover him.

Corb. Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

Corb. What?

Mos. To recover him.

Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.

Mos. Why, sir, this [it.

Will work some strange effect, if he but feel

Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my venture:

Give me't again.

Mos. At no hand; pardon me;

You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corb. How?

Mos. All, sir, 'tis your right, your own; no man

Can claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival, Decreed by destiny.

Corb. How! how, good Mosca?

Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover;

Corb. I do conceive you.

Mos. And, on first advantage Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him Unto the making of his testament: And shew him this.

Corb. Good, good.

Mos. 'Tis better yet.

If you will hear, sir.

Corb. Yes, with all my heart.

Mos. Now, would I counsel you, make home with speed; [scribe

There, frame a will; whereto you shall in- My master your sole heir.

Corb. And disinherit

My son?

Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour Shall make it much more taking.

Corb. O, but colour? [me,

Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)

Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers, [present,

Your more than many gifts, your this day's And last, produce your will; where (with-

out thought,

Or least regard, unto your proper issue,

A son so brave, and highly meriting) The stream of your diverted love hath

thrown you

Upon my master, and made him your heir: He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,

But out of conscience, and mere gratitude— *Corb.* He must pronounce me his?

Mos. 'Tis true.

Corb. This plot

Did I think on before.

Mos. I do believe it.

Corb. Do you not believe it?

Mos. Yes, sir.

Corb. Mine own project.

Mos. Which when he hath done, sir——

Corb. Publish'd me his heir?

Mos. And you so certain to survive him——

the eyes are glued up by a rheum which flows from them; the corners only being open, from whence the humour issues. *Resolve* has a similar sense in *Shakspeare's Hamlet*:

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

"Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."

"*Mos.* O sir, 'tis past the scotomy.] *Scotomia* is a dizziness or swimming in the head, when the animal spirits are so whirled about, that the external objects seem to run round.

Dr. GRAY.
"What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here?" It seems that a syllable is wanting here; I would add the epithet *old*, which would lengthen out the verse in this manner;

"What then did old Voltore, the lawyer, here?"
and it would suit too the character of the speaker.

Corb. I.
Mos. Being so lusty a man——
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir.—— [should be
Corb. I thought on that too; See, how he
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a
good——
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las; sir, heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care,
(I e'en grow grey withal) how to work
things——
Corb. I do conceive, sweet *Mosca*.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.
Corb. I, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it.
Mos. Rook go with you, raven²⁴.
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir——
Corb. And——
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than
your ears, sir.
Corb. I do not doubt, to be a father to
thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his
blessing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me,
why not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass——
Corb. What say'st thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make
haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go.
Volp. O, I shall burst:
Let out my sides, let out my sides——
Mos. Contain [hope
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know, this
is such a bait, it covers any hook. [cing it!
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy pla-
I cannot hold: good rascal, let me kiss thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
Follow your grave instructions; give 'em
words; [hence.
Pour oil into their ears²⁵, and send them
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare
punishment
Is avarice to itself?
Mos. I, with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs
faint, [going,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing,

All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! nay, here was
one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsie, feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may,
With charms like *Æson*, have his youth
restor'd;
And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
And all turns air! Who's that there, now?
a third? [Another knocks.
Mos. Close, to your couch again: I hear
his voice.
It is *Corvino*, our spruce merchant.
Volp. Dead. [Who's there?
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes.

SCENE V.

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone.

Mos. Signior *Corvino*! come most wisht
for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
Corv. Why? what? wherein?
Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.
Corv. He is not dead?
Mos. Not, dead, sir, but as good;
He knows no man.
Corv. How shall I do then?
Mos. Why, sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has [sir;
So much remembrance left, as to know you,
He still calls on you; nothing but your
name
Is in his mouth; is your pearl orient, sir?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like.
Volp. Signior *Corvino*.
Mos. Hark.
Volp. Signior *Corvino*.
Mos. He calls you, step and give it him.
He's here, sir,
And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir?
Tell him, it doubles the twelfth carat.
Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him to see you——
Corv. Say,
I have a diamond for him, too.
Mos. Bast shew't, sir,
Put it into his hand; 'tis only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.
See how he grasps it!
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman!
How pitiful the sight is!

²⁴ *Rook go with you, raven.*] That is, may you, raven, be rooked, or cheated. There
never was a scene of avarice in the extremity of old age, better drawn than this of *Jonson's*.

²⁵ ———— GIVE 'EM WORDS;

Pour oil into their ears.] Give 'em words, is a Latinism; deceive or impose on them:

——— *An ut ignotum, dare nobis*

Verba putas?—*Horat.* l. 1. sat. 3. Mr. Upton.

Mos. Tut, forget, sir.

The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,

Under a visor²⁴.

Corr. Why? am I his heir? [the will,

Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew Till he be dead: but here has been Corbaccio,

[too,

Here has been Vulture, here were others I cannot number 'em, they were so many.

All gaping here for legacies; but I

Taking the vantage of his naming you,

(Signior Corvino, signior Corvino) took

Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd him,

[Who

Whom he would have his heir? Corvino.

Should be executor? Corvino. And,

To any question he was silent to,

I still interpreted the nods, he made

(Through weakness) for consent: and sent home th' others,

[curse.

²⁵Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and

Corr. O, my dear Mosca. Does he not perceive us?

[They embrace.

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,

No face of friend, nor name of any servant, Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:

Not those he hath begotten, or brought up, Can he remember.

Corr. Has he children?

Mos. Bastards,

[beggars,

Some dozen, or more, that he begot on Gypsies and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk,

[fable.

Knew you not that, sir? 'tis the common The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch are all his;

He's the true father of his family²⁶,

In all, save me: but he has giv'n 'em nothing.

[he does not hear us?

Corr. That's well, that's well. Art sure

Mos. Sure, sir? why, look you, credit your own sense.

The pox approach, and add to your diseases, If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,

For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it Thoroughly and thoroughly, and the plague to boot.

[once close

(You may come near, sir) would you would Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime,

[cheeks,

I like two frog-pits: and those same hanging Cover'd with hide²⁷ instead of skin, (nay,

That look like frozen dish clouts set on end.

Corr. Or like an old smok'd wall, on which the rain

Ran down in streaks.

Mos. Excellent, sir, speak out:

You may be louder yet: a culverin

Discharged in his ear, would hardly bore it.

Corr. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.

Mos. 'Tis, good! And what his mouth?

Corr. A very draught.

Mos. O, stop it up——

Corr. By no means.

Mos. 'Pray you, let me.

Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow, As well as any woman that should keep him.

Corr. Do as you will, but I'll begone.

Mos. Be so;

It is your presence makes him last so long.

Corr. I pray you, use no violence.

Mos. No, sir? why?

[you, sir?

Why should you be thus scrupulous, 'pray

Corr. Nay, at your discretion.

Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.

Corr. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.

[needless care

Mos. Puh, nor your diamond. What a Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?

Am not I here? whom you have made your creature?

That owe my being to you?

Corr. Grateful Mosca!

[panion,

Thou art my friend, my fellow, my com-

My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.

Mos. Excepting one.

Corr. What's that?

²⁴ The weeping of an heir should still be laughter

Under a visor.] From the Latin verse of *Syrus Mimus*:

Harēdis fletus sub personā risus est.

²⁵ Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.] From Horace's satire above mentioned;

Juvenetque

Nil sibi legatum, prater plorare, suisque.

This satire, which bears some affinity to dramatic poetry, is the model which our poet chose to copy after.

²⁶ He's the true father of his family.] The preceding passage is closely imitated from Martial, l. 1. cp. 85.

Pater familiæ verus est Quirinalis.—Mr. Upton.

And the description in the foregoing speech of Mosca is as close an imitation from a passage in the 10th satire of Juvenal.

²⁷ And those same hanging cheeks

Cover'd with hide instead of skin.] This is still from Juvenal's 10th satire:

Deformem pro cute pellem,

Pendentesque genas.

Nay, HELP, sir.] Help me rail and abuse Volpone. There are similar passages to this, as Mr. Upton observes, in the other plays of Jonson.

Mos. Your gallant wife, sir.
Now is he gone : we had no other means,
To shoot him hence, but this.

Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day out-gone thyself. Who's
there? [*Another knocks.*]

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me musick, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,
Than will Volpone. Let me see; a pearl?
A diamond? plate? cecchines? Good morn-
ing's purchase;

Why, this is better than rob churches, yet:
Or fat, by eating (once a month) a man.
Who is't?

Mos. The beauteous lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politick
Would-be,
(This is the stile, sir, is directed me)
Hath sent to know, how you have slept to-
night,

And if you would be visited.

Volp. Not now.
Some three hours hence.——

Mos. I told the squire so much.

Volp. When I am high with mirth and
wine: then, then, [*valour*]
'Fore heav'n, I wonder at the desperate
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!

Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politic
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange
airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest:

But had she signior Corvino's wife's face—
Volp. Has she so rare a face?

Mos. O sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
O' the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over!
Than silver, snow, or lilies! a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your
gold!

Volp. Why had not I known this before?

Mos. Alas, sir—
Myself but yesterday discover'd it.

Volp. How might I see her?

Mos. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold,
Never does come abroad, never takes air,
But at a window. All her looks are sweet,
As the first grapes or cherries, and are
watch'd
As near as they are.

Volp. I must see her——

Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is
set

Upon his fellow, and have all their charge
When he goes out; when he comes in,
examin'd. [*her window.*]

Volp. I will go see her, though but at

Mos. In some disguise then.

Volp. That is true: I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same:
we'll think.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Politick Would-be, Peregrine.

Pol. **S**IR, to a wise man, all the world's
his soil:

It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me
forth.

Yea, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred (and unto which I owe
My dearest plots) hath brought me out;
much less,

That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed pro-
ject,

Of knowing men's minds and manners, with
Ulysses:

But a peculiar humour of my wife's,

Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,
To quote, to learn the language, and so
forth——

¹ I hope you travel, sir, with licence?

Per. Yes.

Pol. I dare the safelier converse——How
long, sir,

Since you left England?

Per. Seven weeks.

Pol. So lately?

You ha' not been with my lord ambassador.

Per. Not yet, sir.

Pol. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our
climate?

I heard last night a most strange thing re-
ported

By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded?

Per. What was't, sir?

¹ I hope you travel, sir, with licence? After these words, there is this line omitted:

“*Per.* Yes.”

“*Pol.* I dare the safelier converse.”

I have restored it above from the old books.

Pol. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build

In a ship royal of the king's¹.

Per. This fellow, [name, sir.

Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? Your

Pol. My name is Politick Would-be.

Per. O, that speaks him. A knight, sir.

Pol. A poor knight, sir.

Per. Your lady

Lies here in Venice, for intelligence

Of tires and fashions, and behaviour,

Among the courtizans: the fine lady

Wou'd-be. [oft-times,

Pol. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee,
Suck from one flower.

Per. Good sir Politick,

I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:

'Tis true, sir, of your raven.

Pol. On your knowledge? [the tower².

Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in

Pol. Another whelp!

Per. Another, sir.

Pol. Now heaven! [wick!

What prodigies be these? The fires at Ber-

And the new star! these things concurring,
strange!

And full of omen! saw you those meteors?

Per. I did, sir.

Pol. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,

Were there three porpoises seen above the

As they give out? [bridge,

Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir,

Pol. I am astonish'd.

Per. Nay, sir, be not so³;

I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these—

Pol. What should these things portend?

Per. The very day [don,

(Let me be sure) that I put forth from Lon-

There was a whale discover'd in the river,

As high as Woolwich⁴, that had waited there

(Few know how many months) for the sub-
Of the Stode fleet. [version

Pol. Is't possible? believe it, [dukes!

'Twas either sent from Spain, or the arch-

Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!

Will they not leave these projects? Worthy

Some other news. [sir,

Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,

And they do lack a tavern-fool extremely.

Pol. Is Mass' Stone dead?

Per. He's dead, sir; why? I hope,

You thought him not immortal? O, this

knight [thing

(Were he well known) would be a precious

To fit our English stage: he that should

write [feign

But such a fellow, should be thought to

Extremely, if not maliciously.

Pol. Stone dead! [you apprehend it?

Per. Dead. Lord! how deeply, sir,

He was no kinsman to you?

Pol. That I know of. [fool.

Well! that same fellow was an unknown

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?

Pol. I did so. Sir, [heads

I knew him one of the most dangerous

Living within the state, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Pol. While he liv'd, in action.

He has receiv'd weekly intelligence,

Upon my knowledge, out of the Low

Countries,

(For all parts of the world) in cabbages⁵;

And those dispens'd again to ambassadors,

In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,

Lemons, pomecitrons, and such-like; some-

times,

In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey

cockles.

Per. You make me wonder!

Pol. Sir, upon my knowledge.

Nay, I've observ'd him; at your public

ordinary,

Take his advertisement from a traveller

¹ Pol. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build

In a ship-royal of the king's.] Dr. Grey thinks this is probably an allusion to the swallows that built in Cleopatra's admiral-ship. See *Life of Antony*, by Plutarch; and Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 8.

² Yes, and your lion's whelping in the tower.] Alluding to the lioness, which brought forth a young lion in the tower, 5th August, 1604.—Dr. Grey.

³ Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out?

Per. Nay, sir, be not so.] Be not what? The old books will tell us, which supply the passage that is wanting:

Per. Six and a sturgeon, sir.

Pol. I am astonish'd. Per. Nay, sir, be not so."

⁴ There was a whale discover'd in the river,

As high as Woolwich.] This is mentioned by Stow, as happening in January, 1605.—Dr. Grey.

For the Stode-fleet, we should now perhaps say, the Hamburg-fleet. Stode is about 20 miles distant from Hamburg, on the other side the Elbe.

⁵ He has receiv'd weekly intelligence.

Out of the Low Countries, in cabbages.] This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by chance. Cabbages were not originally the natural growth of England; but about this time they were sent to us from Holland, and so became the product of our kitchen-gardens. I mention this circumstance, trifling as it seems, because it serves to point out that propriety and decorum; which so strongly mark the character of Jonson.

(A conceal'd statesman) in a trencher of meat;

And instantly, before the meal was done, Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.

Per. Strange!

How could this be, sir?

Pol. Why, the meat was cut So like his character, and so laid, as he Must easily read the cypher.

Per. I have heard, He could not read, sir.

Pol. So 'twas given out (In politic) by those that did employ him: But he could read, and had your languages, And to't as sound a noddle —

Per. I have heard, sir, [they were That your Baboons were spies, and that A kind of subtle nation near to China.

Pol. I, I, your Mameluch. Faith, they had [they Their hand in a French plot or two; but Were so extremely given to women, as They made discovery of all: yet I Had my advices here (on Wednesday last) From one of their own coat, they were return'd,

Made their relations, (as the fashion is) And now stand fair for fresh employment.

Per. 'Heart!

This sir Pol. will be ignorant of nothing. It seems, sir, you know all?

Pol. Not all, sir: but

I have some general notions: I do love To note, and to observe; though I live out Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark The currents and the passages of things, For mine own private use; and know the And flows of state. [ebbs

Per. Believe it, sir, I hold Myself in no small tie unto my fortunes,

For casting me thus luckily upon you, Whose knowledge (if your bounty equal it) May do me great assistance, in instruction For my behaviour, and my bearing, which Is yet so rude and raw —

Pol. Why? came you forth

Empty of rules, for travel?

Per. Faith, I had [grammar, Some common ones, from out that vulgar Which he that cry'd Italian to me, taught me'. [bloods,

Pol. Why this it is, that spoils all our brave Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants, Fellows of out-side, and mere bark*. You seem

To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race — I not profess it, but my fate hath been

To be, where I have been consulted with, In this high kind, touching some great men's sons,

Persons of blood and honour. —

Per. Who be these, sir?

SCENE II.

Mosca, Politick, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege.

Mos. Under that window, there't must be. The same.

Pol. Fellows, to mount a bank*! Did your instructor

In the dead tongues, never discourse to you Of the Italian mountebanks?

Per. Yes, sir.

Pol. Why,

Here you shall see one.

Per. They are quacksalvers, Fellows that live by vending oils and drugs.

Pol. Was that the character he gave you of them?

* Which he, that cry'd Italian to me, taught me.] I doubt the truth of cry'd; if *chianare* had been used in the sense of *indottrinare*, I should have liked it much, but it is not so. What if we should alter it then to,

"He that read Italian to me."—Mr. SYMPSON.

The same correction stands in the margin of Mr. Theobald's copy; but if the reader does not acquiesce in the conjecture of these learned gentlemen, we may imagine the expression was humorously designed, to intimate the tone, or whining manner of the teacher. Amongst the old Romans, the proper tuning and measuring the words, was usually taught to children by their first masters; and this first reading Macrobius calls by the name of *singing*: *Videris enim mihi ita adhuc Virgilianos habere versus, qualiter eos pueri, magistris praelegentibus, canebamus.*—SATURNAL. l. i. c. 24.

I think it therefore not improbable, that the poet here intended the pedant's manner in teaching his scholar the proper accent.

* Fellows of out-side, and mere bark.] This is a Greek phrase; *Φλοισδης δ' αργ.* Long. sect. 3.

* Fellows, to MOUNT A BANK.] Plainly alluding to the etymology of a mountebank: Ital. *montar in banco*. So presently, "I who was wont to fix my bank in face of the public piazza, &c."—This whole episode of *sir Politick* would-be never did, nor ever can please. He seems to be brought in merely to lengthen out the play. Perhaps too 'tis particular satire.—Mr. UPTON.

I cannot help thinking this episode to be rather an excrescence than a beauty, as it has no sort of connection with the rest of the play: yet the character is not destitute of humour, and possibly might be intended for some particular person. However, it exposes with great life the taste of that state-intriguing age, in which it was easier to find a politician, than a man.

Per. As I remember.

Pol. Pity his ignorance.

They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet-counsellors to the greatest
princes!

The only languag'd men of all the world!

Per. And, I have heard, they are most
lewd impostors; [belyers

Made all of terms and shreds; no less
Of great men's favours, than their own vile
med'cines;

Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for two-pence, ere they
part, [before.

Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns

Pol. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with
silence. — [friends?

Yourself shall judge. Who is it mounts, my

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, sir.

Pol. Is't he? Nay, then,

I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied to
you. [bank,

I wonder yet, that he should mount his
Here in this nook, that has been wont t'
appear

In face of the Piazza! Here he comes.

Volp. Mount, Zany.

Gre. Follow, follow, follow, follow.

Pol. See how the people follow him! he's
a man [Note,

May write ten thousand crowns in bank here.
Mark but his gesture: I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up!

Per. 'Tis worth it, sir.

Volp. "Most noble gentlemen, and my
"worthy patrons, it may seem strange, that
"I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever
"wont to fix my bank in face of the public
"Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to
"the Procuratia, should now, after eight
"months absence from this illustrious city
"of Venice, humbly retire myself into an
"obscure nook of the Piazza."

Pol. Did not I now object the same?

Per. Peace, sir.

Volp. "Let me tell you: I am not (as
"your Lombard proverb saith) cold on my
"feet; or content to part with my commo-
"dities at a cheaper rate, than I accus-
"tomed: look not for it. Nor that the calu-
"mious reports of that impudent detractor,
"and shame to our profession, (Alessandro
"Buttone, I mean) who gave out, in public,
"I was condemned a' Sforzato to the gal-
"leys, for poisoning the cardinal Bembo's
"—cook, hath at all attached, much less
"dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen,

"(to tell you true) I cannot endure to see
"the rabble of these ground Ciarlitani, that
"spread their cloaks on the pavement, as
"it they meant to do feats of activity, and
"then come in lamely, with their mouldy
"tales out of Boccacio, like stale Tabarine,
"the fabulist: some of them discoursing
"their travels, and of their tedious capti-
"vity in the Turks' galleys, when indeed
"(were the truth known) they were the
"Christians' galleys, where very temperate-
"ly they eat bread, and drunk water, as a
"wholesome penance (enjoined them by
"their confessors) for base pilferies."

Pol. Note but his bearing, and contempt
of these.

Volp. "These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lon-
"sy-fartical rogues", with one poor groat's-
"worth of unprepared antimony, finely
"wrapt up in several scartoccios, are able,
"very well, to kill their twenty a week, and
"play; yet, these meagre starv'd spirits,
"who have half stopt the organs of their
"minds with earthly opipulations, want not
"their favourers among your shrivel'd, sal-
"lad-eating artisans: who are overjoyed
"that they may have their half-pe'rth of
"physick, though it purge 'em into another
"world, it makes no matter."

Pol. Excellent! ha' you heard better
language, sir?

Volp. "Well, let 'em go. And gentle-
"men, honourable gentlemen, know, that
"for this time, our bank, being thus re-
"moved from the clamours of the cana-
"glia, shall be the scene of pleasure and de-
"light: for I have nothing to sell, little or
"nothing to sell."

Pol. I told you, sir, his end.

Per. You did so, sir.

Volp. "I protest, I, and my six servants,
"are not able to make of this precious
"liquor, so fast as it is fetch'd away from my
"lodging by gentlemen of your city:
"strangers of the Terrafirma; worshipful
"merchants; I, and senators too: who,
"ever since my arrival, have detained me
"to their uses, by their splendidous libera-
"lities. And worthily. For, what avails
"your rich man to have his magazines stuff
"with moscadelli, or of the purest grape,
"when his physicians prescribe him (on
"pain of death) to drink nothing but water
"cocted with aniseeds? O, health! health!
"the blessing of the rich! the riches of the
"poor! who can buy thee at too dear a
"rate, since there is no enjoying this world
"without thee? Be not then so sparing of
"your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to
"abridge the natural course of life —"

¹⁰ *These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical rogues.*] Volpone personates a mountebank, in order to get the sight and speech of Corvino's wife: he accordingly makes an oration, in imitation of these quacks, under her window. Our poet has here put into his mouth a long compounded word, after the manner of Aristophanes, who has many of the like kind to banter the dithyrambic poets.—Mr. Upton.

Per. You see his end.

Pol. I, is't not good?

Volp. "For, when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part; take you a ducket, or your oecchine of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed unguento, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes——"

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Pol. Pray you, observe.

Volp. "To fortify the most indigent and crude stomach, I, were it of one that (through extreme weakness) vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, alter the unction and fricace; for the vertigine in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy: the mal caduco, cramps, convulsions, paralyties, epilepsies, tremor-cordia, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stopping of the liver, the stone, the strangury, hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; stops a dysenteria immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures melancholia hypochondriaca, being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt. [*Pointing to his bill and his glass.*] For, this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect: and (in sum) both together may be term'd an abstract of the theorick and practick in the *Æsculapian* art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And, Zan Fritada, pr'y thee sing a verse extempore in honour of it."

Pol. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Pol. Is not his language rare?

Per. But Alchimy, [books].
I never heard the like: or Broughton's

SONG.

"Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
(That to their books put medicines all in)
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper:
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, saffrair not named;
Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymond Lullie's great elixir.

"Ne, had been known, the Danish Gonswart,

"Or Paracelsus, with his long sword."

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volp. "No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed *Oglio del Scoto*; with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of the aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the dispositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the signiory of the Santa, and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency, in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, and as experimented receipts as yours: indeed, very many have assay'd, like apes in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestow'd great cost in furnaces, stills, alembicks, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists); but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha. Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for these may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable. For myself, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange or for money: I spared nor cost nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake (by virtue of chymical art) out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the Balloo, I have been at my book: and am now past the craggy paths of study, and

"Or Broughton's books.] We shall have occasion to give some account of this Broughton in a note on the *Alchemist*. Raymond Lullie, who is afterwards mentioned in the song, was a famous Hermetic philosopher; and Paracelsus is well known; but having no acquaintance with the Danish Gonswart, I cannot give the reader his history.

"come, to the flow'ry plains of honour"
and reputation."

Pol. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. "Put, to our price."

Per. And that vial, sir *Pol.*

Volp. "You all know (honourable gentlemen) I never valu'd this ampulla, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am content to be depriv'd of it for six; six crowns is the price; and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me: take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns, so the cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great duke of Tus any, my gossip, with divers other princes have given me; but I despise money: only to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrious state here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, fram'd my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels. Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation."

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance

Is here, to get some three or four Gazets? Some three-pence if the whole, for that 'twill come to.

SONG.

"You that would last long, list to my song,
"Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
"Would you be ever fair and young?
"Stout of teeth? and strong of tongue?
"Tart of palate? quick of ear?
"Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
"Moist of hand? and light of foot?
"(Or I will come nearer to't)
"Would you live free from all diseases?
"Do the act your mistress pleases?
"Yea fright all aches from your bones?
"Here's a med'cine for the nones."

Volp. "Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains: to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark; I ask'd you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a muccinigo. Six-pence it will cost

you, or six hundred pound—expect no lower price, for by the banner of my front, I will not bate a flagatine, that I will have only a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to shew, I am not content'd by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit, that designs to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, than if I had presented it with a double pistolet."

Per. Will you be that heroic spark, sir *Pol?*

O, see! The window has prevented you.

[*Celia at the window throws down her handkerchief.*]

Volp. "Lady, I kiss your bounty; and for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you over and above my oil, a secret of that high and instimable nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so mean (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an object. Here is a powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her wrinkles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair; from her, deriv'd to Helen, and at the sack of Troy (unfortunately) lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their hair. The rest (at this present) remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion: seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall; makes them white as ivory, that were black as—"

¹² And can now at the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour.] Read, am now past the craggy paths of study.

¹³ ———— [What painful circumstance

Is here to get some three or four GAZETS?] A gazet was a small Venetian coin: and as this was the usual price given for the news-papers, the name of the coin was afterwards transferred to be the name of the news-paper itself.

¹⁴ Here's a med'cine for the NONES.] Or Nonce; for that very purpose.

¹⁵ No, nor a MUCCINIGO.] Muccinigo, or mocenigo, is a small Venetian coin.

SCENE III.

Corvino, Politick, Peregrine.

Cor. Spight o' the devil, and my shame!
Come down here;

[*He beats away the mountebank, &c.*]

Come down: no house but mine to make
your scene?

Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?

What, is my wife your Franciscina? sir?

No windows on the whole Piazza, here,

To make your properties, but mine? but

mine? [*christen'd,*

Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new-

And call'd the Pantalone di besogniosi¹⁶,

About the town.

Per. What should this mean, sir Pol?

Pol. Some trick of state, believe me. I will

home.

Per. It may be some design on you.

Pol. I know not.

I'll stand upon my guard.

Per. It is your best, sir. [*my letters,*

Pol. This three weeks, all my advices, all

They have been intercepted.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Best have a care.

Pol. Nay, so I will.

Per. This knight,

I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

SCENE IV.

Volpone, Mosca.

Volp. O, I am wounded.

Mos. Where, sir?

Volp. Not without; [*them ever.*

Those blows were nothing: I could bear

But angry Cupid bolting from her eyes,

Hath shot himself into me like a flame;

Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,

As in a furnace, an ambitious fire, [*me.*

Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within

I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;

¹⁶ ————— I shall be new christen'd,

And call'd the PANTALONE DI BESOGNIOSI.] The name Pantaloni, was given to the Venetians by way of reproach, and as a kind of local nick-name.

Ménage in his *Origines Françaises*, gives us the following account of the word, which shews the poet's humorous application of it. *Pantalon, culçon, ou haut de chausse, qui tient avec le bas. Le mot nous est venu d'Italie, où les Vénitiens qui portent de ces sortes de hauts de chausse, sont appelez par injure Pantaloni. Et ils sont ainsi appelez de suite: Pantaleon, qu'ils nomment Pantalone, au lieu de Pantaleone, mot corrompu de Pantelemon, qui signifie tout miséricordieux. Ce saint étoit autrefois en grande veneration parmi eux; et plusieurs à cause de cela, s'appeloient Pantaleoni dans leurs noms de baptême: d'où ils jurent tous ensuite appelez de la sorte par les autres Italiens. C'est ainsi que le Tiersme dans son poëme della Secchia rapita appelle les Boulonois Petronii, & les Modenois Gemianani.*

¹⁷ Volp. I did it well.

Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine

With half the happiness; and yet I would

Escape your epilogue.] If I understand this passage right, Mosca speaks aside: meaning he hopes to impose on him, as Volpone had imposed on others in personating a mountebank. The audience have hereby (very artfully by the poet) a hint given them of Mosca's character, and are the better prepared for what follows. Mr. Upton.

Or the sense may be, that he wishes he could as well deceive those who made their court to be Volpone's heir, and escape a beating in the end; for that was the epilogue alluded to.

My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of cinders.

Mos. 'Las, good sir,

Would you had never seen her.

Volp. Nay, would thou

Hadst never told me of her.

Mos. Sir, 'tis true:

I do confess I was unfortunate, [*science,*

And you unhappy: but I'm bound in con-

No less than duty, to effect my best

To your release of torment, and I will, sir.

Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?

Mos. Sir, more than dear,

I will not bid you to despair of aught;

Within a human compass.

Volp. O, there spoke

My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,

Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devo-

tion; [*me too:*

Employ them how thou wilt; nay, coin

So thou, in this, but crown my longings,

Mosca.

Mos. Use but your patience.

Volp. So I have.

Mos. I doubt not

To bring success to your desires.

Volp. Nay, then,

I not repent me of my late disguise.

Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need

not.

Volp. True:

Besides, I never meant him for my heir.

Is not the colour o' my beard and eye-brows

To make me known?

Mos. No jot.

Volp. I did it well.

Mos. So well, would I could follow you

in mine,

With half the happiness; and yet I would

Escape your epilogue¹⁷.

Volp. But were they gull'd

With a belief that I was Scoto?

Mos. Sir,

Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd! [part:
I have not time to flatter you, now, we'll
And as I prosper, so applaud my art.

SCENE V.

Corcio, Celia, Servitore.

Corr. Death of mine honour, with the cities fool? [bank?

A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank
And at a public window? where, whilst he,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces¹⁷,

To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted lechers,
Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,

To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call?
their whistle?

Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings?
¹⁸ His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't?
Or his embroidered suit, with the cope-stitch,

Made of a horse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard? well! you shall have him, yes:

He shall come home, and minister unto you
The fricace for the smother. Or, let me see,
I think you'd rather mount? would you not mount?

[you may:
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truly
And so you may be seen, down to the foot.

Get you a cittern, lady Vanity,
And be a dealer with the virtuous man¹⁹;

Make one: I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutchman, I!
For, if you thought me an Italian,

You would be damn'd, ere you did this,
you whore: [murder
Thou'ldst tremble, to imagine, that the
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice!
Cel. Good sir, have patience.

Corr. What could'st thou propose
Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?

Cel. Alas, sir, be appeas'd! I could not think

My being at the window, should more now
Move your impatience, than at other times.

Corr. No? not to seek and entertain a parley,

With a known knave? before a multitude?
You were an actor with your handkerchief;
Which he, most sweetly, kist in the receipt,
And might (no doubt) return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet:
your sister's, [the turn.

Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve
Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses?

Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?
And that so seldom—

Corr. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty, [me.

To what I now decree: and therefore mark
First I will have this bawdy light dam'd up:
And till't be done, some two or three yards
off, [chance

I'll chalk a line: o'er which, if thou but
To set thy desp'rate foot; more hell, more
horror, [thee,

More wild remorseless rage shall seize on
Than on a conjurer, that had heedless left
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.

¹⁷ ———— *Whilst he*

With his strain'd action, and his DOLE OF FACES,

To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears.]

¹⁸ This, says Mr. Upton, can hardly be
tortured into any kind of meaning; but the poet thus originally gave it:

With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces, &c.

A true picture of a mountebank, with his strain'd action, and his distributing his *faces*, or physical dregs, to the multitude. The correction is ingenious; but, I think, a very easy meaning may be assigned, without altering the text. *Dole of faces*, is the grimace, or change of features, which accompanied the action. We have a parallel expression in the beginning of our poet's *Sejanus*:

"We have no shift of faces."

¹⁹ *His saffron jewel, with the TOAD-STONE in't.]* The toad-stone is a kind of jewel, which the French call *la crapaudine*: it is commonly said to be engendered in the head of a toad; but most probably it is so named from its colour, which may resemble the eyes of a toad, that are bright and shining. To the first of these opinions *Shakspeare* alludes, where he is speaking of affliction;

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

"Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

As you like it, act II. sc. 1.

²⁰ *Get you a cittern, lady VANITY,*

And be a dealer with the virtuous man.] The skilful, or learned man, the virtuoso. She is called lady *Vanity*, in allusion to the old plays in which *vanity*, the vice, was personized, and acted a part. The mountebanks were attended with rope-dancers and girls that played on a cittern, or guitar.

Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee; [backwards;
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks
backwards; [pleasure,
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no
That thou shalt know but backwards: nay,
since you force

My honest nature, know, it is your own
Being too open, makes me use you thus.
Since you will not contain your subtil nostrils

In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers—One
knocks. [Knock within.

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the window: if thou dost—
(Nay, stay, hear this) let me not prosper,
where,

But I will make thee an anatomy,
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a
lecture

Upon thee to the city, and in public.

Away. Who's there?

Ser. 'Tis signior Mosca, sir.

SCENE VI.

Corvino, Mosca.

Corv. Let him come in, his master's dead:
there's yet [welcome,
Some good to help the bad. My Mosca,
I guess your news.

Mos. I fear you cannot, sir.

Corv. Is't not his death?

Mos. Rather the contrary.

Corv. Not his recovery?

Mos. Yes, sir.

Corv. I am curs'd,
I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?

Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil!
Corbaccio, and Voltore brought of it,
Whilst I was busy in an inner room—

Corv. Death! that damn'd mountebank!
but for the law

Now, I could kill the rascal: 't cannot be,
His oil should have that virtue. Ha' not I
Known him a common rogue, come fid-
ling in

To the Osteria, with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forc'd tricks,
been glad [in't?

Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:
I know 'em to a dram.

Mos. I know not, sir, [ears,
But some on't, there, they pour'd into his
Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the fricace.

Corv. Fox o' that fricace.

Mos. And since, to seem the more officious

And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have
had

(At extreme fees) the College of Physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore
him;

Where one would have a cataplasm of spices,
Another a flay'd ape clap'd to his breast,
A third would ha' it a dog, a fourth an oil
With wild cats' skins: at last, they are re-
solv'd

That to preserve him, was no other means,
But some young woman must be straight
sought out,

Lusty and full of juice, to sleep by him;
And to this service (most unhappily,
And most unwillingly) am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you
with,

For your advice, since it concerns you most,
Because, I would not do that thing might
cross [pendence, sir:

Your ends, on whom I have my whole de-
Yet, if I do it not, they may de-late
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate.
I do but tell you, sir. Besides they are all
Now striving, who shall first present him.

Therefore— [what:
I could entreat you, briefly conclude some-
Prevent 'em if you can.

Corv. Death to my hopes!
This is my villainous fortune! best to hire
Some common courtesan?

Mos. I, I thought on that, sir.

But they are all so subtle, full of art,
And age again doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may perchance!
Light on a quean, may cheat us all.

Corv. 'Tis true. [tricks, sir,

Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it;
Some wench you may command. Ha' you
no kinswoman?

Godso—Think, think, think, think, think,
think, think, sir.

One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.

Corv. How!

Mos. Yes, signior Lupo, the physician.

Corv. His daughter?

Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why? alas,
He knows the state of 's body, what it is;
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a
fever;

Nor any incantation raise his spirit:

A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part.

Besides, sir, who shall know it? some one or
two— [man

Corv. I pray thee give me leave. If any
But I had had this luck—The thing in 'tself,
I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affec-
tions,

As this dull doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

Mos. I hear him coming²⁰.

Corv. She shall do't: 'tis done.

Slight, if this doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless 't be for his counsel (which is no-
thing)

Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: wretch!
Covetous wretch²¹! Mosca, I have deter-
min'd.

Mos. How, sir? [you wot of,

Corv. We'll make all sure. The party,
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

Mos. Sir, the thing
(But that I would not seem to counsel you)
I should have mention'd to you at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their
throats.

Why! 'tis directly taking a possession!
And in his next fit, we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled: 't had been done
before,

But for your scrupulous doubts.

Corv. I, a plague on't,
My conscience fools my wit. Well, I'll be
brief, [us:
And so be thou, lest thou should be before
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what
zeal

And willingness I do it: swear it was
On the first hearing (as thou may'st do
truly)

Mine own free motion.

Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;

And only you receiv'd. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good (you must not
know't.)

Corv. But, do not you forget to send now.

Mos. Fear not.

SCENE VII.

Corvino, Celia.

Corv. Where are you, wife? my Celia?
wife? what blubbering?

Come, dry those tears. I think thou
thought'st me in earnest?

Ha? by this light I talk'd so but to try thee.
Methinks, the lightness of the occasion
Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am
not jealous.

Cel. No?

Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was:
It is a poor unprofitable humour.
Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the
world? [gold?

And that the fiercest spies are tan'd with
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't:
And see, I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come, kiss me. Go, and make thee ready
straight,

In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best
looks:

We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I'm free, from jealousy, or fear.

²⁰ *I hear him coming.*] This is spoke aside by Mosca, who over-hears Corvino's last words; and he means, that he is coming into the plot he had laid, to procure his wife for Volpone.

²¹ *Wretch!*

Covetous wretch!] How finely is it imagined by our poet, to make Corvino see the basely covetous character of the physician, and yet be so strangely ignorant of his own! This is an instance of our comedian's great insight into the characters of mankind.

MR. UPTON.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Mosca.

I FEAR, I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosp'rous
parts,

They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy i' my blood: (I know not how)
Success hath made me wanton. I could
skip

Out of my skin, now, like a subtil snake,
I am so limber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,

Not bred 'mongst clods and clod-pouls,
here on earth.

I muse, the mystery was not made a science,
It is so liberally profest! almost

All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites, or sub-parasites. And, yet,
I mean not those that have your bare town-
art, [house,

To know who's fit to feed 'em; have no
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or
get

Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those

With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn
and flatter,
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth :
But your fine elegant racial, that can rise
And stoop (almost together) like an arrow,
Shoot thro' the air as nimble as a star ;
Turn short as doth a swallow ; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder all at
once ;
Present to any humour, all occasion ;
And change a visor, swifter than a thought !
This is the creature had the art born with
him ;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature : and such
sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their Zani's.

SCENE II.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Who's this ? Bonario ? old Corbac-
cio's son ?
The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happily met.

Bon. That cannot be by thee.

Mos. Why, sir ? [leave me :

Bon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and
I would be loth to interchange discourse
With such a mate as thou art.

Mos. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.

Bon. Not I, by heaven : [ness.
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy base-
ness.

Mos. Baseness ?
Bon. I, answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument ? thy flattery ?

Thy means of feeding ?

Mos. Heav'n be good to me.
These imputations are too common, sir,
And easily stuck on virtue when she's poor ;
' You are unequal to me, and howe'er
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you
are not, [censure :

That ere you know me, thus proceed in
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis in-
human. [and good :

Bon. What ! does he weep ? the sign is soft
I do repent me that I was so harsh.

Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong ne-
cessity,

I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy ; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor
raiment,

Out of my mere observance, being not born
To a free fortune : but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,

Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with
praises,

Train'd their credulity with prejudices,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not
rather

Prove the most rugged, and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation ;
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Bon. This cannot be a personated passion !
I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature ;
Prythee forgive me : and speak out thy busi-
ness.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you ; and though
I may seem,

At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master ;
Yet, for the pure love, which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you—

Bon. How !

Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his blood ; 'tis true, sir :
The work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
To abound in you : and, for which mere re-
spect,

Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.

Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the
late trust,

Thou hadst with me ; it is impossible :
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so unnatural.

Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes
Your piety ; and form'd (no doubt) it is
From your own simple innocence : which
makes [But, sir,

Your wrong more monstrous and abhor'd.
I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing : and, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll
bring you, [where

(I dare not say where you shall see, but)
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed ;
Hear yourself written bastard, and profess
The common issue of the earth.

Bon. I'm maz'd !

Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just
sword, [face ;

And score your vengeance on my front and
Mark me your villain : you have too much
wrong,

And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weeps blood in anguish—

Bon. Lead. I follow thee.

¹ You are unequal to me, and howe'er

Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,

That ere you know me, thus proceed in censure.] You are unequal, i. e. unjust ; do not
judge equitably. The sentiment itself is from these lines of Seneca :

Qui statuit aliquid, parte inaudita altera,

Aequum licet statuerit, haud aequus fuit—MEDEA.

SCENE III.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castrone.

Volp. Mosca stays long methinks. Bring forth your sports,

And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

"*Nan.* Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.

"A question it were now, whether of us three,
"Being all the known delicacies of a rich man,

"In pleasing him, claim the precedency can?

"*Cas.* I claim for myself.

"*And.* And so doth the fool.

"*Nan.* 'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.

"First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,

"And every thing, as it is little is pretty;

"Else why do men say to a creature of my shape, [little ape?

"So soon as they see him, it's a pretty

"And why a pretty ape? but for pleasing imitation [fashion.

"Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous

"Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave

"Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.

"Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter, [after:

"Yet, for his brain, it must always come

"And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,

"His body is beholding to such a bad face," [One knocks.

Volp. Who's there? my couch; away, look, Nano, see:

"———In good faith, I am drest

Most favourably to-day, it is no matter,

"Tis well enough."] *Lady* Would-be is setting her dress in order: but the pointing must be altered:

"———I am drest

"Most favourably to-day! It is no matter:

"Tis well enough."———She speaks ironically: afterwards she takes her maids to task about her head-dress; and here our learned poet has plainly JUVENAL in view, *ant. vi. 491*:

"———Is this curl

"In his right place? or this? why is this higher

"Than all the rest?"

So JUVENAL,

Altior hic quare cincinnus?

And a little lower, the dwarf says,

"———She'll beat her women,

"Because her nose is red."

Quanam est hic culpa puella,

Si tibi dis, licuit nasus tuus?

JUVENAL likewise mentions the counsels called to consult on the lady's dressing, as if her character and soul were concerned in the determination.

Tanquam famæ discrimen agatur,

Aut animæ.——

So the lady of our poet,

"Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings.

"(*Nan.* More carefully than of your fame or honour.)"

Give me my cape, first——go, enquire.

Now, Cupid

Send it be Mosca, and with fair return.

Nan. It is the beauteous madam——

Volp. Would-be——is it?

Nan. The same.

Volp. Now torment on me; squire her in: For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.

Nay, quickly, that my fit were past. I fear

A second hell too, that my lothing this Will quite expel my appetite to the other:

Would she were taking now her tedious leave,

Lord how it threatens me what I am to suffer.

SCENE IV.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, Women 2.

Lady. I thank you, good sir. 'Pray you, signify

Unto your patron, I am here. 'Tis his band Shews not my neck enough (I trouble you,

sir,

Let me request you, bid one of my women Come hither to me.) In good faith, I am drest

Most favourably to-day! It is no matter:

'Tis well enough¹. Look, see these petulant things!

How they have done this!

Volp. I do feel the fever

Ent'ring in at mine ears; O, for a charm,

To fright it hence.

Ind. Come nearer: is this curl

In his right place? or this? why is this higher Than all the rest? You ha' not wash'd your eyes, yet?

Or do they not stand even i' your head?
Where is your fellow? call her.

Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon, she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red.

Lad. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth: are all things apt or no?

Wom. One hair a little here, sticks out,
forsooth. [your dear sight,

Lad. Does't so, forsooth? and where was
When it did so, forsooth? What now?

bird-ey'd? [mend it.
And you too? 'Pray you both approach and

Now (by that light) I muse yo'are not
asham'd! [unto you,

I, that have preach'd these things so oft
Read you the principles, argu'd all the

grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,

Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dress-
ings—

(Nan. More carefully than of your fame
or honour.)

Lad. Made you acquainted, what an ample
dowry [unto you,

The knowledge of these things would be
Able, alone, to get you noble husbands

At your return: and you thus to neglect it?
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation

Th' Italians are, what will they say of me?
The English lady cannot dress herself;

Here's a fine imputation to our country!
Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next

room.
This fucus was too coarse too, it's no matter.

Good sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?

Volp. The storm comes toward me.

Lad. How does my Volpone?

Volp. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep;
I dreamt

That a strange fury enter'd, now, my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.

Lad. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I re-
member't—

Volp. Out on my fate; I ha' given her
the occasion

How to torment me: she will tell me hers.

Lad. Methought, the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate—

Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat, and suffer, at the mention

Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.

Lad. Alas, good soul! the passion of the
heart. [of apples;

Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup
Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,

Your elicampne root, myrobalanes—

Volp. Ay me, I have ta'en a grass-hopper
by the wing! [muscadell

Lad. Burnt silk, and amber, you have
Good i' the house—

Volp. You will not drink, and part?

Lad. No, fear not that. I doubt we shall
not get

Some English saffron (half a dram would
serve) [mints,

Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dry'd
Bugloss, and barley-meal—

Volp. She's in again;
Before I feign'd diseases, now I have one.

¹ *Ay me, I have ta'en a GRASS-HOPPER by the wing.*] We had the same expression before, in the dialogue at the end of the *Poetaster*.

"And like so many screaming grass-hoppers

"Held by the wings, fill every ear with noise."

Mr. Upton has the following observation on the place: 'This was a proverb of the poet Archilochus, as Lucian tells us in the beginning of his *Pseudologista*: *Τὸ δὲ τὰ Ἀρχιλόχου καὶ οὐκ ἐστὶ λαγὺ, οὐδὲ τὰ τῶν αἰγῶν οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπων*: For the faster you hold them by the wings, the louder they scream.—But is this true of grass-hoppers? *Cicada* and *Termitis* is not a grass-hopper, for the poet describes it as sitting and singing on trees: however, the common translations must excuse our poet.

² *Lad. BURN'T SILK, and amber, you have muscadell*

Good i' th' house—

And these apply'd with a right scarlet cloth.] *Burnt silk*, says Mr. Sympson, seems to be an old ingredient; and such perhaps he may think the rest of the composition: but our poet, I believe, in this part of the lady's character, hath shadowed out the likeness of those good wives in his own, and the preceding times, who addicted themselves to the study and profession of physick. Most of these ingredients are taken from some very choice receipts, not then out of vogue, and are the same we meet with in the works of our earliest practitioners. Such were Gilbertus, and John of Gaddesden, author of the *Rosa Anglicana*. Had I the performances of these writers at hand, I should probably be able to oblige the reader with a more particular prescription: but I must content myself at present, with producing some extracts which occur in Dr. Friend's *History of Physick*, 2d vol. "Gilbertus then acquaint us, that *burnt silk*, especially if it were of a purple colour, was often given by old nurses in a draught or cordial. *Petula provinciales dant purpuram combustam in potu* "—*similiter pannus tinctus de grano.*" And the virtues of a *right scarlet cloth* were held so extraordinary, that Dr. John, by wrapping a patient in scarlet, cured him of the small-pox, without leaving so much as one mark in his face; and he commends it for an excellent method of cure. *Capiatur scarletum, et involvatur variolosus totaliter, sicut ego feci, et est bona cura.*

Lad. And these apply'd, with a right scarlet cloth—

Volp. Another flood of words! a very torrent!

Lad. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?

Volp. No, no, no, I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.

Lad. I have a little studied physick; but now,

I'm all for musick, save i'the forenoons, An hour or two for painting. I would have A lady, indeed, t' have all, letters, and arts, Be able to discourse, to write, to paint, But principal (as Plato holds) your musick (And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it) Is your true rapture; when there is consent In face, in voice, and cloths: and is, indeed, Our sex's chiefest ornament.

Volp. The poet, As old in time as Plato, and as knowing, Says, that your highest female grace is silence.

Lad. Which o' your poets? Petrarch? or Tasso? or Dante?

Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?

Cicco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Vol. Is every thing a cause to my destruction? [about me!]

Lad. I think I ha' two or three of 'em

Volp. The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still, [it.]

Than her eternal tongue! nothing can 'scape

Lad. Here's Pastor Fido—

Volp. Profess obstinate silence;

That's now my safest.

Lad. All our English writers,

I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,

Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly;

Almost as much as from Montaigne:

He has so modern and facile a vein,

Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear;

Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,

In days of sonneting, trusted 'em with much:

Dante is hard, and few can understand him.

But, for a desperate wit, there's Aretine!

Only his pictures are a little obscene—

You mark me not?

Volp. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.

Lad. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,

Make use of our philosophy—

Volp. O'y me.

Lad. And as we find our passions do rebel,

Encounter 'em with reason, or divert 'em,

By giving scope unto some other humour

Of lesser danger: as, in politic bodies, There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment,

And clouds the understanding, than too much Settling and fixing, and (as 'twere) subsiding Upon one object. For the incorporating

Of these same outward things, into that part, Which we call mental, leaves some certain faces

That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,

Assassinates our knowledge.

Volp. Now, the spirit

Of patience help me.

Lad. Come, in faith, I must

Visit you more a-days; and make you well:

Laugh and be lusty.

Volp. My good angel save me.

Lad. There was but one sole man in all the world,

With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he Would lye you often, three, four hours to-

gether, [rapt]

To hear me speak: and be (sometime) so

As he would answer me quite from the purpose, [discourse]

Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll

(And 't be but only, sir, to bring you sleep)

How we did spend our time and loves to-

gether,

For some six years.

Volp. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Lad. For we were coartanei, and brought

up— [rescue me.]

Vol. Some power, some fate, some fortune

SCENE V.

Mosca, Lady, Volpone.

Mos. God save you, madam.

Lad. Good sir.

Volp. Mosca? welcome,

Welcome to my redemption.

Mos. Why, sir?

Volp. Oh,

Rid me of this, any torture, quickly, there;

My madam, with the everlasting voice:

The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made

Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion!

The cock-pit comes not near it. All my

house, [breath.]

But now, steam'd like a bath, with her thick

A lawyer could not have been heard; nor

scarce

Another woman, such a hail of words

She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence.

The poet

As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,

Says that our highest female grace is silence. Here is a slight error in the text, which I correct on the authority of the first folio: *our* highest, should be read *your* highest. The poet perhaps is Sophocles,

Γυναιξὶ κοσμίαν ἢ σιγὴν φέρει.

Or Euripides, whom the Oracle pronounced the Wiser,

Γυναικεὶ χάρις σιγῇ τε, καὶ τῷ σωφρονιστῇ
Καλλίπρην.

Mos. Has she presented?

Folp. O, I do not care,
I'll take her absence, upon any price,
With any loss.

Mos. Madam —

Lad. I ha' brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work —

Mos. 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I saw your knight,
Where you would little think it —

Lad. Where?

Mos. Marry, [apprehend him.
Where yet, if you make haste, you may
Rowing upon the water in a gondola,
With the most cunning curtizan of Venice.

Lad. Is't true?

Mos. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes:
Leave me, to make your gift. I' knew,
'twould take. [licence,
For lightly, they that use themselves most
Are still most jealous.

Folp. Mosca, hearty thanks,
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
Now to my hopes, what say'st thou?

Lad. But do you hear, sir? —

Folp. Again, I fear a paroxysm.

Lad. Which way

Row'd they together?

Mos. Toward the Rialto.

Lad. I pray you lend me your dwarf.

Mos. I pray you take him. [fair,
Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will:
When he is gone, I'll tell you more.

Folp. My blood,
My spirits are return'd; I am alive:
And like your wanton gamester, at Primero,
Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not
go less, [counter.
Methinks I lye, and draw — for an en-

SCENE VI.

Mosca, Bonario.

Mos. Sir, here conceal'd,* you may hear
all. But pray you
Have patience, sir; the same's your father's
knock*: [One knocks.
I am compell'd to leave you.

Bon. Do so. Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

SCENE VII.

Mosca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone.

Mos. Death on me! you are come too
soon, what meant you?

Did not I say, I would send?

Corv. Yes, but I fear'd
You might forget it, and then they prevent
us. [his horns?

Mos. Prevent? did e'er man haste so, for
A courtier would not ply it so, for a place.
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return.

Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought
you hither?

Cel. Not well, except you told me.

Corv. Now, I will:

Hark hither.

Mos. Sir, your father hath sent word,
[To Bonario.

It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the
while

Into that gallery — at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto
you, sir. [this fellow.

Bon. Yes, I will stay there; I do doubt

Mos. There, he is far enough; he can
hear nothing:

And, for his father, I can keep him off.

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back,
and therefore,

Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.
It must be done. Nor would I move't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.

Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever:
Make me the heir of darkness. Let me live,
Where I may please your fears, if not your
trust.

Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I,
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad:
Not horn-mad, see you? Go to, shew your-
Obedient, and a wife. [self

Cel. O heaven!

Corv. I say it,

Do so.

Cel. Was this the train?

Corv. I've told you reasons;

What the physicians have set down; how
much [are;
It may concern me; what my engagements
My means; and the necessity of those
means,

For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my ven-
[ture.

Corv. Honour? Tut, a breath: [term
There's no such thing in nature: a mere
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold

* Have patience, sir, the same's your FATHER, KNOCKS.] We must read, Mr. Upton
says,

"The same's your father's knock."

This knocking you now hear, is your father's. Mosca expected it to be so, but the sequel
will shew his mistake. Or it may be an elliptical expression, "The same's your father who
knocks."

The worse for touching? clothes for being
look'd on? [wretch,

Why, this's no more. An old decrepit
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others' fingers; only knows to gape,
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a
shadow;

And, what can this man hurt you?

Cel. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entred him?

Corv. And for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry at on the Piazza! who shall know it?
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow,
Whose lips are i' my pocket: save yourself,
If you'll proclaim't, you may. I know no
Should come to know it. [other,

Cel. Are heaven, and saints, then, nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?

Corv. How?

Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.

Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a
sin,

I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan
blood,

That had read Aretine, conn'd all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were profest critick in lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud
him,

This were a sin: but here 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physick,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.

Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a
change? [my pride,

Volp. Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring
Mos. Please you draw near, sir. [em.

Corv. Come on, what —
You will not be rebellious? by that light —

Mos. Sir, signior Corvino, here, is come
Volp. Oh. [to see you.

Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute —

Corv. Thanks, sweet Mosca!

Mos. Freely, unask'd, or unintreated —
Corv. Well. [love]

Mos. (As the true fervent instance of his
His own most fair and proper wife; the
Only of price in Venice — [beauty,

Corv. 'Tis well urg'd [preserv'd you.
Mos. To be your comfortress, and to

Volp. Alas, I'm past already! Pray you,
thank him [that,

For his good care and promptness; but for

'Tis a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst hea-
ven;

Applying fire to a stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may
tell him, [is hopeless!

What I have done for him: marry, my state
Will him to pray for me; and t' use his for-
With reverence, when he comes to't. [tune

Mos. Do you hear, sir?

Go to him with your wife.

Corv. Heart of my father! [come.
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.

Cel. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down
poison,

Eat burning coals, do any thing. —

Corv. Be damn'd. [the hair;
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home by

Cry thee a strumpet through the streets;
rip up [nose;

Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy
Like a raw rotchet — Do not tempt me,
come, [slave

Yield, I am loth—(Death!) I will buy some
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him,
alive; [sing

And at my window hang you forth, devi-
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital
letters,

Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis,
And burning cor'sives, on this stubborn
breast. [do't.

Now, by the blood thou hast incens'd, I'll
Cel. Sir, what you please, you may, I am
your martyr. [serv'd it:

Corv. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not de-
Think who it is intreats you. Pry'thee,
sweet; [attires,

(Good faith) thou shalt have jewels, gowns,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go
kiss him; [suit.

Or touch him, but. For my sake. At my
This once. No? not? I shall remember
this. [my undoing!

Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst
Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advis'd.

Corv. No, no.
She has watch'd her time. God's precious,
this is skirvy,

'Tis very skirvy: and you are —
Mos. Nay, good sir.

Corv. An errant Locust, by heaven, a Lo-
cust! [par'd,

Whore! crocodile! that hast thy tears pre-
Expecting, how thou't bid 'em flow*.

Mos. Nay, pray you, sir,
She will consider.

* *Corv.* Thanks, sweet Mosca.] Here is a line lost, which I have inserted from the old copy,

Mos. Freely, unask'd, or unintreated — *Cor.* Well.

* An errant locust, by heaven, a locust; whore,

Crocodile, that hast thy tears prepar'd,

Expecting, how thou't bid 'em flow.] These verses should thus be ordered and printed;

Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy.

Corr. (S'd death) if she would but speak to
him,

And save my reputation, 'twere somewhat;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin.

Mos. I, now you ha' put your fortune in
her hands. [her;

Why I' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit
If you were absent, she would, be more
coming;

I know it: and dare undertake for her.

What woman can before her husband? pray
Let us depart, and leave her here. [You,

Corr. Sweet Celia,
Thou may'st redeem all, yet; I'll say no
more: [there.

If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay
Cel. O God, and his good angels! whi-

ther, whither,

Is shame fled human breasts? that with
such ease,

Men dare put off your honours, and their
own?

Is that, which ever was a cause of life,
Now plac'd beneath the basest circum-
stance?

And modesty an exile made, for money?

Volp. I, in Corvino, and such earth-fed
minds,

[He leaps off from his couch.

That never tasted the true heav'n of love.

Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,

He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope-man*.

Why art thou maz'd to see methus reviv'd?
Rather applaud thy beauties miracle:

'Tis thy great work; that hath, not now
alone, [shapes,

But sundry times, rais'd me, in several
And, but this morning like a mountebank,

To see thee at thy window. I, before

I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.
Now art thou welcome.

Cel. Sir!

Volp. Nay, fly me not;
Nor let thy false imagination [so:
That I was bed-rid, make thee think, I am
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight,
As when (in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valoys)*
I acted young Antinous; and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
I' admire each graceful gesture, note, and
footing.

SONG.

"Come, my Celia, let us prove,
"While we can, the sports of love",
"Time will not be ours for ever,
"He, at length, our good will sever;
"Spend not then his gifts in vain,
"Suns, that set, may rise again:
"But if once we lose this light,
"Tis with us perpetual night.
"Why should we defer our joys?
"Fame and rumour are but toys.
"Cannot we delude the eyes
"Of a few poor household spies?
"Or his easier ears beguile,
"Thus removed by our wile?
"Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
"But the sweet thefts to reveal:
"To be taken, to be seen,
"These have crimes accounted been."

Cel. Some serene blast me¹¹, or dire
This my offending face. [lightning strike

Volp. Why droops my Celia?
Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found

An errant LOCUST, by heaven, a LOCUST!

Where! crocodile! that hast thy tears prepar'd,

Expecting how thou'lt bid 'em flow.

Locust is not the mischievous insect so named; but, if I understand our learned poet right,
he calls her another *Locusta*, an infamous woman skilful in poisoning, who assisted Nero in
destroying Britannicus, and Agrippina in poisoning Claudius. In the same sense, *Juvenal*:

Instituitque rudes melior Locusta propinquas. Sat. i. 71.—*Mr. Upton.*

Thou hast thy tears, &c. This likewise is imitated from the same satirist:

Plorat

Uberibus semper lacrymis, semperque paratis

In statione sua, atque expectantibus illam,

Qua jubeat manare modo.—Sat. iv. 271.

* ——— Had he met a COPE-MAN.] i. e. a chap-man. So *Verstegan* in the word
scap-man: for this we now say *chapman*; which is as much as to say, as a merchant, or
cope-man.

¹⁰ Come, my Celia, let us prove,
[While we can, the sports of love.] This song is imitated from *Catullus*: it is also in the
collection of our author's smaller poems, which he calls *The Forest*.

¹¹ Some SERENE blast me.] *Serene* is, here, not that disorder in the eyes called *gutta*
serena, which often occasions blindness; but it means a calm, moist, warm air, or evening,
which is frequently the cause of blasts or blights. *Jonson* uses the same word again in his
epigrams;

" ——— Wherever

A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
See, here a rope of pearl; and each, more
orient [rous'd:]

Than that the brave Egyptian queen ca-
Dissolve and drink 'em¹². See, a carbuncle;
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
A diamond would have bought Lollia Pau-
lina,

When she came in like star-light, hid with
jewels,

That were the spoils of provinces¹³: take
these, [ear-ring]

And wear, and lose 'em: yet remains an
To purchase them again, and this whole
state.

A gem but worth a private patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eat such at a meal.
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightin-
gales¹⁴,

The brains of peacocks, and of estriches
Shall be our food: and, could we get the
phoenix [dish.]

(Though nature lost her kind) she were our
Cel. Good sir, these things might move a
mind affected

With such delights: but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' en-
joying, [beyond it,

And which, once lost, I have nought to lose
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:

If you have conscience——

Volp. 'Tis the beggar's virtue:

If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.

Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,

The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath

"—— Wherever death doth please t' appear,

" Seas, serenes, swords, shot, sickness, all are there.—Epig. 32.

And it is used also by Daniel in the same sense:

" The fogs and the serene offend us more,

" Or we may think so, than they did before.—Queen's Arcadia, act 1. sc. 1.

¹² ——— And, each more orient

Than that the brave Egyptian queen carous'd:

Dissolve and drink 'em.] The Egyptian queen is Cleopatra; the story of her dissolv-
ing a pearl and drinking it, is well known.

¹³ A diamond would have BROUGHT Laullia Paulina,

When she came in, like star-light hid with jewels,

That were the spoils of provinces.] We must first reform the text and punctuation,
and then explain the story. Brought should be bought; Laullia is called by the historians
Lollia; and the comma which is set after came in, must be removed, and placed at star-
light. The verse will then stand thus:

When she came in like starlight, hid with jewels.

The story itself is from Pliny: *Lollia Paulina, quæ fuit Cæii principis matrona, ne serio
quidem, aut sollemni caerimoniarum aliquo apparatu, sed vœdiocrium etiam sponsalium cænd,
vidi smaragdus margaritisque operiam, alterno textu fulgentibus, toto capite, crinibus, spirâ,
auribus, collo, monilibus, digitisque.*—*Nec dona prodigi principis fuerant, sed civitæ opes,
provinciarum scilicet spoliis partæ.*—L. 9. 3. 58.

¹⁴ The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,

The brains of peacocks, and of estriches

Shall be our food.] This is a strain of luxury taken from the emperor Heliogabalus:

Comedit, says Ælius Lampridius, *linguas pavonum & lusciniarum*: and he had the brains
of 500 ostriches to furnish out a single dish.

Gather'd in bags, and mixt with Cretan
wines.

Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;
Which we will take, until my roof whirl
round

With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,
My eunuchsing, my fool make up the aptick,
Whilst we in changed shapes, act Ovid's
tales,

Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine;
So, of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.

Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attired like some sprightly dame of France,
Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beau-
ty;

Sometimes, unto the Persian sophy's wife;
Or the grand-signior's mistress; and, for
change,

To one of our most artful curtizans,
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wandering
souls: [sure,

Out at our lips, and score up sums of plea-

" That the curious shall not know

" How to tell them as they flow;

" And the envious, when they find

" What their number is, be pin'd."

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierc'd;
or eyes,

That can be open'd; a heart may be touch'd;
Or any part, that yet sounds man about you:
If you have touch of holy saints, or heaven,
Do me the grace to let me 'scape. If not,
Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betray'd,

By one, whose shame I would forget it were.
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your
lust;

(It is a vice comes nearer manliness)
And punish that unhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my
face,

Or poison it with ointments, for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these
hands,

With what may cause an eating leprosie,
E'en to my bones and marrow: any thing.
That may disfavour me, save in my honour.
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay
down

A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health,
Report, and think you virtuous——

Volp. Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and so report me?
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou would'st
think.

I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long:
I should have done the act, and then have
parley'd.

Yield, or I'll force thee.

Cel. O! just God.

Volp. In vain—— [swine,
Rom. Forbear, foul ravisher, libidinous

Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'st, impostor.
[*He leaps out from where Mosca had
placed him.*

But that I'm loth to snatch the punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou should'st, yet,
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this dross, thy idol.
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:
And he, ere long, shall meet his just reward.

Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in
ruin;

Become my grave, that wert my shelter. O!
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to beggary, to infamy——

SCENE VIII.

Mosca, Volpone.

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched
shame of men,

To beat out my unlucky brains?

Volp. Here, here.

What! dost thou bleed?

Mos. O that his well-driv'n sword
Had been so courteous to have cleft me
down!

Unto the navel, e'er I liv'd to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my error.

Volp. Woe on thy fortune.

Mos. And my folks, sir.

Volp. Th' hast made me miserable.

Mos. And myself, sir.

Who would have thought he would have
hearken'd so?

Volp. What shall we do?

Mos. I know not; if my heart [out.
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it
Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my
throat? [Romans,

And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like
Sipce we have liv'd like Grecians.

Volp. Hark, who's there?

[*They knock without.*

I hear some footing; officers, the saffi,
Come to apprehend us; I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now,
Mine ears are boring.

Mos. To your couch, sir, you
Make that place good, however. Guilty men
Suspect what they deserve still. Signior
Corbaccio!

SCENE IX.

Corbaccio, Mosca, Voltore, Volpone.

Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?

Mos. O, undone, amaz'd, sir.

Your son, (I know not by what accident)
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your will, and making him your
heir, [drawn,

Enter'd our house with violence, his sword
Sought for you, call'd you wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.

Corb. Me?

Mos. Yes, and my patron.

Corb. Th' has at shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the will.

Mos. 'Tis well, sir.

Corb. Right and well.

Be you as careful now for me.

Mos. My life, sir,

Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? will he die shortly,
think'st thou?

Mos. I fear he'll out-last May.

Corb. To-day?

Mos. No, last out May, sir.

Corb. Could'st thou not gi' him a dram?

Mos. O, by no means, sir.

Corb. Nay, I'd not bid you.

Volp. Th' is a knave, I see.

¹¹ *That I had Nestor's hernia, thou would'st think.*] Alluding to these lines of *Juvenal*;
——— *et quibus incendi jam frigidus arto*

Laomedontiades, & Nestoris hernia possit.—Sat. vi. 324.

¹² —— *O that his well-driv'n sword*

Had been so covetous to have cleft me down

Unto the navel.] Th' covetous carries some meaning with it, yet certainly *courteous*,
the reading of the old folio, is the best word. The hyperbole of the expression may be
justified by parallel passages from other poets.

Mos. How, signior Voltore! did he hear me?

Volt. Parasite. [welcome—

Mos. Who's that? O, sir, most timely

Volt. Scarce,

To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.

You are his only? and mine also? are you not?

Mos. Who? I, sir!

Volt. You, sir. What device is this

About a will?

Mos. A plot for you, sir.

Volt. Come, [em.

Put not your foists upon me, I shall scent

Mos. Did you not hear it?

Volt. Yes, I hear, Corbaccio

Hath made your patron there his heir.

Mos. 'Tis true,

By my device, drawn to it by my plot.

With hope—

Volt. Your patron should reciprocate?

And you have promis'd?

Mos. For your good, I did, sir. [here,

Nay more, I told his son, brought, hid him

Where he might hear his father pass the deed;

Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,

That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,

And then his father's oft disclaiming in him¹⁷,

(Which I did mean t' help on) would sure enrage him

To do some violence upon his parent,

On which the law should take sufficient hold,

And you be stated in a double hope:

Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,

My only aim was to dig you a fortune

Out of these two old rotten sepulchres—¹⁸

(*Volt.* I cry thee mercy, Mosca.)

Mos. Worth your patience, [change!

And your great merit, sir. And see the

Volt. Why, what success?

Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.

Whilst we expected the old raven¹⁹, in comes

Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband—

Volt. What, with a present?

Mos. No, sir, on visitation,

(I'll tell you how anon :) and staying long,

The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,

Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear

(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)

T' affirm my patron to have done her rape:

Which how unlike it is, you see; and hence

With that pretext he's gone t' accuse his father,

Defame my patron, defeat you—

Volt. Where's her husband?

Let him be sent for straight.

Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.

Volt. Bring him to the Scrutineo.

Mos. Sir, I will.

Volt. This must be stopt.

Mos. O you do nobly, sir.

Alas, 'twas labour'd all, sir, for your good;

Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:

But fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow

I be projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir.

Corb. What's that?

Volt. Wil't please you, sir, to go along?

Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.

Volp. Need makes devotion: heaven your labour bless.

¹⁷ And then his father's oft disclaiming in him:] A modern writer would say, *oft disclaiming him*; but I suppose the phrase to be elliptical; and expressed at large it would be, disclaiming any part in him. Our poet's contemporaries use the same diction: *see Fletcher*,

"—— Thou disclaim'st in me;

"Tell me thy name."—*Philaster*. Act. II.

¹⁸ My only aim was to dig you a fortune

Out of these two rotten sepulchres.] The expression is as natural, as the image is just: treasure has been often found in antient monuments and sepulchres; a title elegantly given to Corbaccio and Volpone.

¹⁹ Whilst we expected the old raven.] *i. e.* Corbaccio.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Politick, Peregrine.

Pol. **I** TOLD you, sir, it was a plot; you see

What observation is. You mention'd me

For some instructions. I will tell you, sir,

(Since we are met here in this height of *Venice*)

Some few particulars, I have set down,

Only for this meridian, fit to be known

Of your crude traveller; and they are these.

I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,

For they are old¹.

Per. Sir, I have better.

Pol. Pardon,

I meant, as they are themes.

Per. O, sir, proceed:

I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.

Pol. First, for your garb it must be grave
and serious,

Very reserv'd and lockt²; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father; scarce
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice
Both of your company, and discourse; be-
ware

You never speak a truth——

Per. How?

Pol. Not to strangers,

[most:

For those be they you must converse with
Others I would not know, sir, but at distance,
So as I still might be a sayer in 'em:
You shall have tricks else past upon you
hourly.

And then for your religion, profess none,
But wonder at the diversity of all; [other
And, for your part, protest, were there no
But simply the laws o' th' land, you could
content you.

Nic. Machiavel, and monsieur Bodin, both
Were of this mind. Then must you learn
the use

And handling of your silver fork at meals,
The metal of your glass: (these are main
matters

With your Italian;) and to know the hour
When you must eat your melons and your
figs.

Per. Is that a point of state too?

Pol. Here it is:

For your Venetian, if he see a man
Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir,
I now have liv'd here, 'tis some fourteen
months:

Within the first week of my landing here,
All took me for a citizen of Venice,
I knew the forms so well——

Per. And nothing else.

Pol. I had read Contarene³, took me a
house,

Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with move-
ables——

Well, if I could but find one man, one man

To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I
would——

Per. What? what, sir?

Pol. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He should not think again. I would com-
mand it.

Per. As how?

Pol. With certain projects that I have,
Which I may not discover.

Per. If I had

But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
He tells me instantly.

Pol. One is (and that [state
I care not greatly who knows) to serve the
Of Venice with red herrings for three years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's a
letter,

Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that
purpose;

He cannot write his name, but that's his
mark.

Per. He is a chandler?

Pol. No, a cheesemonger. [treat
There are some others too, with whom I
About the same negotiation;
And I will undertake it: for, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with ease, I have cast it all: your
hoy

Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a year:
So if there come but one of three, I save;
If two, I can defalk: but this is now,
If my main project fail.

Per. Then you have others?

[air

Pol. I should be loth to draw the subtil
Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir; where-e'er I come,
I love to be considerate; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do rail my cautions; and sir, which
I mean (in hope of pension) to propound
To the great council, then unto the forty,
So to the ten. My means are made already——

Per. By whom?

Pol. Sir, one that though his place b' ob-
scure⁴, [He's
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him.
A Commandadore.

Per. What, a common serjeant?

¹ *I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,*

For they are old, &c.] Jonson with much humour ridicules the stale counsel and
advice, which at this time, when travelling to Italy was so much in vogue, were retailed
by every pretender to a knowledge of the world. Sir Politick is well versed in all the
exterior of travelling, which he considers as the essence of knowing men and manners.

² *Very reserv'd and lockt.*] This politician, who studied only appearances, has trans-
ferred to modes of dress, what a real statesman prescribed his friend with regard to his
sentiments and opinions: *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto*, was the advice of sir Henry
Wotton to Milton, when he was going on the tour of Italy.

³ *I had read CONTARENE.*] A treatise *della republica & magistrati di Venetia*, di
Gasp. Contarini.

⁴ *Sir, that though his place b' obscure.*] The sense and metre are both defective: the
restoration of a word, dropt in the last edition, supplies both:

Sir, one that tho' his place b' obscure.

Pol. Sir, such as they are, put it in their mouths,

What they should say, sometimes, as well as greater,

I think I have my notes to shew you——

Per. Good sir. [your gen^{try},

Pol. But you shall swear unto me, on Not to anticipate——

Per. I, sir?

Pol. Nor reveal

A circumstance——

My paper is not with me.

Per. O, but you can remember, sir.

Pol. My first is

Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know, No family is here without its box.

Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,

Put case, that you or I were ill affected

Unto the state, sir, with it in our pockets,

Might not I go into the Arsenal,

Or you come out again, and none the wiser?

Per. Except yourself, sir.

Pol. Go to then. I therefore

Advertise to the state, how fit it were,

That none but such as were known patriots,

Sound lovers of their country, should be

suffer'd [these

To enjoy them in their houses; and even

Seal'd at some office, and at such a bigness

As might not lurk in pockets.

Per. Admirable! [resolv'd,

Pol. My next is, how to enquire, and be

By present demonstration, whether a ship,

Newly arriv'd from Soria¹, or from

Any suspected part of all the Levant,

Be guilty of the plague: and where they use

To lie out forty, fifty days sometimes,

About the Lazaretto, for their trial,

I'll save that charge and loss unto the mer-

chant,

And in an hour clear the doubt.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Pol. Or—— I will lose my labour.

Per. My faith, that's much.

Pol. Nay, sir, conceive me. 'Twill cost

me in onions,

Some thirty livres——

Per. Which is one pound sterling.

Pol. Beside my water-works: for this I do, sir. [walls;

First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick-

(But those the state shall venture) on the one

I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in that

I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other

Is full of loop-holes, out of which I thrust

The noses of my bellows; and those bellows

I keep, with water-works, in perpetual motion,

(Which is the easiest matter of a hundred.)

Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally

Attract the infection, and your bellows blow-

ing

The air upon him, will shew (instantly)

By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion,

Or else remain as fair as at the first.

Now it is known, 'tis nothing.

Per. You are right, sir.

Pol. I would I had my noble.

Per. 'Faith, so would I:

But you ha' done well for once, sir.

Pol. Were I false, [reasons

Or would be made so, I could shew you

How I could sell this state now to the Turk,

spite of their galleys, or their——

Per. 'Pray you, sir Pol.

Pol. I have 'em not about me.

Per. That I fear'd.

They are there, sir.

Pol. No, this is my diary,

Wherein I note my actions of the day.

Per. Pray you let's see, sir. What is

here? Notandum, [standing,

A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwith-

I put on new, and did go forth: but first

I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,

I went and bought two tooth-picks, whereof

one

I burst immediately, in a discourse

With a Dutch merchant, 'bout Ragion del

Stato.

From him I went and paid a moccinigo

For piecing my silk stockings; by the way

I cheapen'd sprats; and at St. Mark's I

urin'd.

'Faith these are politic notes!

Pol. Sir, I do slip

No action of my life thus, but I quote it².

Per. Believe me, it is wise!

Pol. Nay, sir, read forth.

SCENE II.

Lady, Nano, Women, Politick, Peregrine.

Lad. Where should this loose knight be,

traw? sure he's hous'd.

Nan. Why then he's fast.

Lad. I, he plays both with me³. [harm

I pray you stay. This heat will do more

To my complexion, than his heart is worth.

(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)

How it comes off!

Wom. My master's yonder.

¹ Whether a ship

Newly arriv'd from SORIA.] I. e. Syria, which is so called by the Italians. The city Tyre, from whence the whole country Syria had its name, was antiently called Zur or Zor; and since the Arabs crected their empire in the East, it is again called Sor, and is at this day known by no other name in those parts. Hence the Italians formed their Soria.

² I do slip

No action of my life thus, but I quote it.] The words note and quote, were at this time synonymous; they have before been used so in this same play.

³ I, he plays BOTH with me.] I. e. both FAST AND LOOSE.

Lad. Where?

Wom. With a young gentleman.

Lad. That same's the party! [knight:
In man's apparel. 'Pray you, sir, jog my
I will be tender to his reputation,

However he demerit.

Pol. My lady!

Per. Where?

Pol. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know
her. She is,

Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty
I durst compare—

Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.

Pol. Nay, and for discourse— [that.

Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss

Pol. Madam,

He is a gentleman, 'pray you use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is—

Lad. None.

Pol. Yes, one

Has put his face as soon into the world—

Lad. You mean, as early? but to-day?

Pol. How's this? [me.

Lad. Why in this habit, sir, you apprehend
Well, master Would-be, this doth not be-
come you; [name

I had thought the odour, sir, of your good
Had been more precious to you, that you
would not [honour;

Have done this dire massacre on your
One of your gravity and rank besides!

But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies; chiefly, their own
ladies. [my knighthood.)

Pol. Now, by my spurs, (the symbol of
(*Per.* Lord, how his brain is humbled
for an oath!)

Pol. I reach you not.

Lad. Right, sir, your politie [you.
May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with
I would be loth to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward, or violent, (as the courtier says)
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means; and
however

I may deserve from master Would-be, yet
T'have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
The unkind instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, I, and to persevere;
In my poor judgment, is not warranted
From being a solecism in our sex,
If not in manners.

Per. How is this!

Pol. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.

Lad. Marry, and I will, sir.

Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-syren here,
Your Sporus, your Hermaphrodite—

Per. What's here?

Poetic fury, and historic storms! [worth,
Pol. The gentleman, believe it, is of
And of our nation.

Lad. I; your White-friars nation?

Come, I blush for you, master Would-be, I;
And am asham'd you should ha' no more
forehead,

Than thus to be the patron, or St. George,
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male out-side.]

Pol. Nay.

An' you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too
liquid. [state-face !

Lad. I, you may carry't clear, with your
But for your carnival concupiscence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I disciple.

Per. This is fine, I' faith!

And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have
occasion?

Madam—

Lad. Go to, sir.

Per. Do you hear me, lady?

Why, if your knight have set you to beg
shirts, [it
Or to invite me home, you might have done
A nearer way by far.

Lad. This cannot work you

Out of my snare.

Per. Why? am I in it, then?

Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines *
(That side that's next the sun) to the queen-
apple. [patience.

Lad. This cannot be endur'd, by any

SCENE III.

Mosca, Lady, Peregrine.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?

Lad. If the senate

Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em
To all the world, no aristocracy.

Mos. What is the injury, lady?

Lad. Why, the callet

You told me of, here I have ta'en disguis'd.

Mos. Who? this? what means your lady-
ship? the creature

I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the senate: you shall see her—

* ————— Only your nose inclines

(That side that's next the sun) to the queen-apple.] This burlesque simile seems to
have furnished Sir John Suckling with a very pretty allusion, in his description of the
rural bride:

"For streaks of red were mingled there,

"Such as are on a Catharin-pear,

"The side that's next the sun."

Lad. Where? [gentleman,

Mos. I'll bring you to her. [his young
I saw him land this morning at the port.

Lad. Is't possible! how has my judgment
wander'd!

Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.

Per. What, more changes yet?

Lad. I hope yo' ha' not the malice to
remember

A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
In Venice here, please you to use me,
sir—

Mos. Will you go, madam?

Lad. Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall con-
vey have forgot our quarrel. [ceive

Per. This is rare! [Bawd!

Sir Politick Would-be? no, sir Politick
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
Well, wise sir Pol, since you have practis'd
thus [head,

Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-
What proof it is against a counter-plot.

SCENE IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage
of the business,

Your constancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the safety of it.

Mos. Is the lie

Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?

Corv. Yes.

Mos. Then shrink not.

Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?

Mos. O, sir,

By no means. I devis'd a formal tale,
That sav'd your reputation. But be valiant,
sir. [pleading

Corv. I fear no one but him, that this lie
Should make him stand for a co-heir—

Mos. Co-halter! [noise]

Hang him, we will but use his tongue, his
As we do croaker's here.

Corv. I, what shall he do?

* ————— *We will but use his tongue,*

As we do CROAKERS, here.] I read *crackers*, that is, squibs. Mr. UFTON.

It seems to be a cant term given to Corbaccio, since Corvino immediately replies, "I,
"what shall he do?" If this is the sense, it should be wrote *croaker's*, i. e. his tongue and
noise: and this meaning seems to be countenanced by what Mosca afterwards says to Cor-
baccio, "If you but *croak* a syllable, all comes out."

"*Mos.* But you shall eat it.

Much worshipful sir.] This is corruptly printed; the true reading exhibited by the
old books is this, "But you shall eat it. Much!" that is, Much good may it do you;
elliptically and ironically spoken. Other instances of this use of the word *much*, have been
remarked before.

"*Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,*

Or the FRENCH HERCULES.] The *Gallie* or *Celtic Hercules* was the symbol of elo-
quence. Lucian has a treatise on this *French Hercules*, surnamed *Ogmios*: he was pic-
tured drest in his lion's skin; in his right hand he held his club; in his left, his bow: several
very small chains were figured, reaching from his tongue to the ears of crowds of men at
some distance.

Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?

Corv. Yes.

Mos. Why, why we'll think:

Sell him for Mummia, he's half dust already.
Do you not smile to see this Buffalo,

[To Voltore.

How he doth sport it with his head?—I
should,

If all were well and past. Sir, only you
[To Corbaccio.

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.

Corv. I, peace.

Mos. But you shall eat it. Much!

[To Corvino.

Worshipful sir", [Then to Voltore again.

"Mercury sit upon your thundering tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your
language

As conquering as his club, to beat along
(As with a tempest) flat, our adversaries;
But much more yours, sir.

Volt. Here they come, ha' done. [sir,

Mos. I have another witness, if you need,
I can produce.

Volt. Who is it?

Mos. Sir, I have her.

SCENE V.

*Advocatori 4, Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Cor-
baccio, Corvino, Mosca, Notario, Com-
mandadori.*

Avoc. 1. The like of this the senate never
heard of.

Avoc. 2. 'Twill come most strange to
them when we report it. [held

Avoc. 4. The gentlewoman has been ever
Of unreprieved name.

Avoc. 3. So the young man.

Avoc. 4. The more unnatural part that of
his father.

Avoc. 2. More of the husband.

Avoc. 1. I not know to give

His act a name, it is so monstrous!

Avoc. 4. But the impostor, he's a thing
T' exceed example! [created

Avoc. 1. And all after-times!

Asoc. 2. I never heard a true voluptuary Describ'd, but him.

Asoc. 3. Appear yet those were cited?

Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.

Asoc. 1. Why is not he here?

Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble—

Asoc. 4. What are you?

Bon. His parasite,
His knave, his pandar: I beseech the court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your grave
eyes [tures-

May bear strong witness of his strange impos-

Volt. Upon my faith and credit, with
your virtues,

He is not able to endure the air.

Asoc. 2. Bring him however.

Asoc. 3. We will see him.

Asoc. 4. Fetch him. [obey'd;

Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be
But sure, the sight will rather move your
pities,

Than indignation: may it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no
reason

To fear our truth should hurt our cause.

Asoc. 3. Speak free.

Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers,
I must now

Discover to your strangely abused ears,
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence, and treachery,
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd
woman

(That wants no artificial looks, or tears,
To help the vizard she has now put on)
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the act
With him; and by this man, the easy hus-
band, [now 12

Pardon'd; whose timeless bounty makes him
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent
person [cus'd.

That ever man's own goodness made ac-
For these not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame;
being plac'd

So 'bove all powers of their gratitude 11,
Began to hate the benefit; and, in place
Of thanks, devise t' extirp the memory

Of such an act: wherein I pray your fa-
therhoods [creatures,

T' observe the malice, yea, the rage of
Discover'd in their evils, and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes. But

that anon [father,
Will more appear. This gentleman, the
Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears,
And griev'd in nothing more than that he
could not

Preserve himself a parent, (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood) at last decreed
To disinherit him.

Asoc. 1. These be strange turns!

Asoc. 2. The young man's fame was
ever fair and honest. [vice,

Volt. So much more full of danger is his
That can beguile so under shade of virtue.

But, as I said, (my honour'd sires) his father
Having this settled purpose, (by what means
To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
(I cannot style him better) by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Enter'd Volpone's house, (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd
For the inheritance) there sought his father:
But with what purpose sought he him, my
lords?

(I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent)
It was to murder him: when being prevented
By his more happy absence, what then did
he? [new deeds;

Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now
14 (Mischief doth ever end where it begins.)
An act of horror, fathers! he dragg'd forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain
bed-rid [couch,

Three years and more, out off his innocent
Naked upon the floor, there left him;
wounded [pet,

His servant in the face; and with this strum-
The stale to his forg'd practice, who was glad
To be so active, (I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
As most remarkable) thought at once to
stop

His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe
their lives.

11 ————Whose TIMELY bounty makes him now

Stand here, &c.] The epithet to bounty destroys the sentiment intended; the true
reading is timeless, i. e. ill-timed bounty.

12 So 'bove all OTHERS of their gratitude.] The right lection given by the folio, "So
'bove all powers of their gratitude."

14 Mischief doth EVER end where it begins.] But the reverse of this seems the truer
remark, and what he intended to say; namely, that mischief does not stop where it first
began, or set out. So that, notwithstanding the authority of the printed books, it is pro-
bable we should read,

Mischief doth never end where it begins.

Avoc. 1. What proofs have you of this?
Bon. Most honour'd fathers,
 I humbly crave, there be no credit given
 To this man's mercenary tongue.
Avoc. 2. Forbear.
Bon. His soul moves in his fee.
Avoc. 3. O, sir.
Bon. This fellow, [Maker.
 For six sols more, would plead against his
Avoc. 1. You do forget yourself.
Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
 Let him have scope: can any man imagine
 That he will spare his accuser, that would
 Have spar'd his parent? [not
Avoc. 1. Well, produce your proofs.
Cel. I would I could forget I were a crea-
Volt. Signior Corbaccio. [ture.
Avoc. 4. What is he?
V. It. The father.
Avoc. 2. Has he had an oath?
Not. Yes.
Corb. What must I do now?
Not. Your testimony's crav'd.
Corb. Speak to the knave? [my heart
 I'll ha' my mouth first stopt with earth;
 Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.
Avoc. 1. But for what cause?
Corb. The mere portent of nature:
 He is an utter stranger to my loins.
Bon. Have they made you to this?
Corb. I will not hear thee,
 Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide,
 Speak not, thou viper.
Bon. Sir, I will sit down,
 And rather wish my innocence should suffer,
 Than I resist the authority of a father.
Volt. Signior Corvino.
Avoc. 2. This is strange!
Avoc. 1. Who's this?
Not. The husband.
Avoc. 4. Is he sworn?
Not. He is.
Avoc. 3. Speak then.
Corb. This woman (please your father-
 hoods) is a whore,
 Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich,
 Upon record—
Avoc. 1. No more.
Corb. Neighs like a jennet.
Not. Preserve the honour of the court.
Corb. I shall,
 And modesty of your most reverend ears.
 And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes
 Have seen her glew'd unto that piece of
 cedar, [here
 That fine well-timber'd gallant; and that
 The letters may be read, throw the horn,
 That make the story perfect.
Mos. Excellent! sir. [there?
Corb. There is no shame in this now, is
Mos. None. [onward
Corb. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were
 To her damnation, if there be a hell

Greater than whore and woman: a good
 catholick
 May make the doubt.
Avoc. 3. His grief hath made him frantic.
Avoc. 1. Remove him hence.
Avoc. 2. Look to the woman. [She swoons.
Corb. Rare! prettily feign'd! again!
Avoc. 4. Stand from about her.
Avoc. 1. Give her the air.
Avoc. 3. What can you say?
Mos. My wound [receiv'd
 (May't please your wisdoms) speaks for me,
 In aid of my good patron, when he mist
 His sought-for father, when that well-taught
 dame
 Had her cue given her, to cry out, A rape.
Bon. O most laid impudence! Fa-
 thers—
Avoc. 3. Sir, be silent; [theirs.
 You had your hearing free, so must they
Avoc. 2. I do begin to doubt th' impos-
 ture here.
Avoc. 4. This woman has too many moods.
Volt. Grave fathers,
 She is a creature of a most profest
 And prostituted lewdness.
Corb. Most impetuous!
 Unsatisfied, grave fathers!
Volt. May her feignings [baited
 Not take your wisdoms: but this day she
 A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose
 eyes, [em
 And more lascivious kisses. This man saw
 Together on the water, in a gondola.
Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw
 'em too,
 Without; who then had in the open streets
 Pursu'd them, but for saving her knight's
 honour.
Avoc. 1. Produce that lady.
Avoc. 2. Let her come.
Avoc. 4. These things,
 They strike with wonder.
Avoc. 3. I am turn'd a stone.

SCENE VI.

Mosca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

Mos. Be resolute, madam.
Lad. 1, this same is she.
 Out, thou camelion harlot; now thine eyes
 Vie tears with the Hyæna. Dar'st thou look
 Upon my wronged face? I cry your par-
 dons,
 I fear I have (forgettingly) transgress'd
 Against the dignity of the court—
Avoc. 2. No, madam.
Lad. And been exorbitant—
Avoc. 2. You have not, lady.
Avoc. 4. These proofs are strong.
Lad. Surely, I had no purpose
 To scandalize your honours, or my sexes.

"O most LAID impudence!" i. e. plotted, designed, or well contrived; as we now say,
 'The scheme was well laid.'

Avoc. 3. We do believe it.
Lad. Surely, you may believe it.
Avoc. 2. Madam, we do.
Lad. Indeed you may; my breeding
 Is not so coarse—
Avoc. 4. We know it.
Lad. To offend
 With pertinacy—
Avoc. 3. Lady.
Lad. Such a presence!
 No surely.
Avoc. 1. We well think it.
Lad. You may think it.
Avoc. 1. Let her o'ercome¹⁴. What wit-
 nesses have you,
 To make good your report?
Bon. Our consciences.
Cel. And heaven, that never fails the in-
 nocent.
Avoc. 4. These are no testimonies.
Bon. Not in your courts,
 Where multitude and clamour overcomes.
Avoc. 1. Nay, then you do wax insolent.
Volt. Here, here,
[Volpone is brought in as impotent.]
 The testimony comes, that will convince,
 And put to utter dumbness their bold
 tongues.
 See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,
 The rider on men's wives, the great im-
 postor,
 The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
 These limbs should affect veneri? Or these
 eyes [hands;
 Covet a concubine? pray you mark these
 Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?
 Perhaps he doth dissemble?
Bon. So he does.
Volt. Would you ha' him tortur'd?
Bon. I would have him prov'd.
Volt. Best try him then with goads, or
 burning irons;
 Put him to the strappado: I have heard
 The rack hath cur'd the gout; 'faith, give it
 him,
 And help him of a malady, be courteous.
 I'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,
 He shall have yet as many left diseases,
 As she has known adulterers, or thou strum-
 pets.
 O my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
 Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
 May pass with sufferance, what one citizen
 But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
 To him that dares traduce him? which of
 you
 Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask

(With leave of your grave fatherhoods) if
 their plot

Have any face or colour like to truth?
 Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,
 It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander?
 I crave your care of this good gentleman,
 Whose life is much endanger'd by their
 fable:

And as for them, I will conclude with this,
 That vicious persons, when they're hot and
 flesh'd

In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
 Damn'd deeds are done with greatest confi-
 dence.

Avoc. 1. Take 'em to custody, and sever
 them. [should live.

Avoc. 2. 'Tis pity two such prodigies

Avoc. 1. Let the old gentleman be re-
 turn'd with care.

I'm sorry our credulity hath wrong'd him.

Avoc. 4. These are two creatures!

Avoc. 3. I've an earthquake in me.

Avoc. 2. Their shame (even in their crad-
 dles) fled their faces.

Avoc. 4. You've done a worthy service
 to the state, sir,

In their discovery.

Avoc. 1. You shall hear, ere night,
 What punishment the court decrees upon
 'em. [like you it?

Volt. We thank your fatherhoods. How

Mos. Rare. [this;

I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipt with gold for
 I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city;

The earth I'd have want men, ere you
 want living: [Mark's.

They're bound to erect your statue in St.
 Signior Corvino, I would have you go

And shew yourself, that you have conquer'd.
Corv. Yes. [profess

Mos. It was much better that you should
 Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other
 Should have been prov'd.

Corv. Nay, I consider'd that:
 Now it is her fault.

Mos. Then it had been yours. [still.

Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate

Mos. I'faith you need not, I dare ease
 you of that care.

Corv. I trust thee, Mosca.

Mos. As your own soul, sir.

Corv. Mosca.

Mos. Now for your business, sir.

Corv. How? ha' you business?

Mos. Yes, yours, sir.

Corv. O, none else?

Mos. None else, not I.

¹⁴ *Avoc.* 1. *We well think it.* *Lad.* *You may think it.*

Avoc. 1. *Let her o'ercome.*] There never was a character supported with more propriety, than this of Lady Would-be. She comes into the court in all the violence of passion, and having vented her rage in a hasty epithet or two, she relapses into her usual formality, and begins to compliment the judges. Tired with her breeding and her eloquence, they are obliged not to give her a reply, and proceed to the examination of the other parties. The preceding scene is a great instance of the power of avarice, when the poet brings the father and the husband, to bear testimony against the son and the wife.

Corb. Be careful then.

Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.

Corb. Dispatch it.

Mos. Instantly.

Corb. And look that all,
Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.

Mos. Curtain-rings, sir.

Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.

Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.

Mos. Sir, I must tender it.

Corb. Two cecchines is well.

Mos. No, six, sir.

Corb. 'Tis too much.

Mos. He talk'd a great while;
You must consider that, sir.

Corb. Well, there's three——

Mos. I'll give it him.

Corb. Do so, and there's for thee.

Mos. Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence

Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,
Worthy this age? You see, sir, how I work
Unto your ends: take you no notice.

Volp. No,
I'll leave you.

Mos. All is yours, the devil and all:
Good advocate, Madam, I'll bring you home.

Lad. No, I'll go see your patron.

Mos. That you shall not:

I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his will; and for
The zeal you have shewn to-day, whereas
before [now

You were but third or fourth, you shall be
Put in the first; which would appear as
begg'd,

If you were present. Therefore——

Lad. You shall sway me.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Volpone.

WELL, I am here, and all this brunt is
past:

I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment; here 'twas good, in
private;

But in your public, ease whilst I breathe.

'Fore god, my left leg 'gan to have the
cramp', [struck me

And I apprehended straight some power had
With a dead palsy: well, I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villainous disease,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll pre-
vent 'em.

Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright
This humour from my heart, (hum, hum,
hum) [He drinks.

'Tis almost gone already: I shall conquer.
Any device now, of rare ingenious knavery,
That would possess me with a violent
laughter,

Would make me up again. So, so, so, so.
[Drinks again.

This heat is life: 'tis blood by this time:
Mosca!

S C E N E II.

Mosca, Volpone, Nano, Castrone.

Mos. How now, sir? does the day look
clear again?

Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,
Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more?

Volp. Exquisite Mosca!

Mos. Was it not carried learnedly?

Volp. And stoutly.

Good wits are greatest in extremities.

Mos. It were a folly beyond-thought, to
trust

Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit:
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.

Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the
wench:

The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.

Mos. Why now you speak, sir. We must
here be fixt;

Here we must rest; this is our master-piece:
We cannot think to go beyond this.

Volp. True,
Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious
Mosca.

Mos. Nay, sir,

To gull the court——
Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.

Mos. Yes, and to make

So rare a musick out of discords——
Volp. Right. [borne it!

That yet to me's the strangest! how th' hast
That these (being so divided 'mongst them-
selves)

Should not scent somewhat, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their own side.

'Fore god, my left leg 'gan to have the CRAMP,

And I apprehended straight some power had struck me

[With a DEAD PALSY.] Alluding to a piece of antient superstition, that all sudden
consternations of mind, and sudden pains of the body, such as cramps, palpitations of the
heart, &c. were ominous, and presages of evil. Hence we may explain, as Mr. Upton re-
marks, a passage in Plautus's *Miles gloriosus*:

Schel. *Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita dorsus totus prurit.*

Mos. True, they will not see't.
Too much light blinds 'em, I think. Each
of 'em

Is so possess'd and stuff'd with his own hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it—

Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.

Mos. Right, sir. [signiors
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great
Of land that yields well; but if Italy
Have any glebe more fruitful than these
fellows,

I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare?

Volp. O (my most honour'd fathers, my
grave fathers,
Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here? If these strange
deeds [much ado

May pass, most honour'd fathers—) I had
To forbear laughing.

Mos. 'T seem'd to me, you sweat, sir.

Volp. In troth, I did a little.

Mos. But confess, sir,

Were you not daunted?

Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected;
Never, but still myself.

Mos. I think it, sir. [this, sir,
Now (so truth help me) I must needs say
And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserv'd
(In my poor judgment, I speak it under fa-
vour,

Not to contrary you, sir) very richly—
Well—to be cozen'd.

Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.

Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard
him first

Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement figures—I look'd still
When he would shift a shirt*; and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain—

Volp. 'Tis right.

I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all,
This very instant.

Mos. Good sir.

Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.

Mos. Castrone, Nano.

Nan. Here.

Volp. Shall we have a jig now?

Mos. What you please, sir.

Volp. Go,

Straight give out about the streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with constancy,
Sadly, do you hear? impute it to the grief
Of this late slander.

Mos. What do you mean, sir?

Volp. O,

I shall have instantly my vulture, crow,
Raven*, come flying hither, (on the news)
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy and full of expectation—

Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from
their mouths? [a gown,

Volp. 'Tis true; I will ha' thee put on
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;
Shew 'em a will: open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll
straight

Put in thy name.

Mos. It will be rare, sir.

Volp. I, [deluded—
When they ev'n gape, and find themselves

Mos. Yes.

Volp. And thou use them scurvily.
Dispatch, get on thy gown.

Mos. But what, sir, if they ask
After the body?

Volp. Say, it was corrupted. [have it

Mos. I'll say, it stunk, sir; and was fain to
Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold,
here's my will.

Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels: I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken;
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave
their faces!

O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter.

Mos. Your advocate will turn stark dull
upon it.

Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge.

Mos. But your Clarissimo, old round-
back, he [touch.

Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the
Volp. And what Corvino?

Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.
My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship—

Volp. Yes,

And kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd all with oils.

Mos. And sweat, sir. Why your gold

* ————— I look'd still

[When he would shift a shirt.] Through the violence of action, accompanying his eloquence. The modern Italian preachers are known to use great vehemence of gesture in their declamatory harangues; and perhaps it may be equally so with the advocates at the bar. Nor was it otherwise with the advocates of old: the death of the great orator Hortensius, was occasioned by a cold he got, after pleading with his usual energy and warmth in behalf of a client.

* I shall have instantly my VULTURE, CROW,
RAVEN, &c.] Voltore, Corvino, Corbaccio.

N n

Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savours; it transforms
The most deformed, and restores 'em lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle*. Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more
subtle

To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth,
her beauty.

Volp. I think she loves me.

Mos. Who? the lady, sir?

She's jealous of you.

Volp. Dost thou say so?

Mos. Hark!

There's some already.

Volp. Look.

Mos. It is the vulture;
He has the quickest scent.

Volp. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture.

Mos. I am set.

Volp. But, Mosca,
Play the artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

SCENE III.

*Voltore, Mosca, Corbaccio, Corvino,
Lady, Volpone.*

Vol. How now, my Mosca?

Mos. Turkey carpets, nine—

Vol. Taking an inventory? that is well.

Mos. Two suits of bedding, tissue—

Vol. Where's the will?

Let me read that the while.

Corb. So, set me down,
And get you home.

Vol. Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. Of cloth of gold, two more—

Corb. Is it done, Mosca?

Mos. Of several velvets, eight—

Vol. I like his care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear?

Corv. Ha? is the hour come, Mosca?

Volp. I, now they muster.

[*Volpone peeps from behind a traverse.*]

Corv. What does the advocate here,

Or this Corbaccio?

Corb. What do these here?

Lad. Mosca?

Is his thread spun?

Mos. Eight chests of linen—

Volp. O,

My fine dame Would-be too!

Corv. Mosca, the will, [hence.

That I may shew it these, and rid 'em

Mos. Six chests of diaper, four of damask
—There.

Corb. Is that the will?

Mos. Down-beds and bolsters—

Volp. Rare!

Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see,
see!

How their swift eyes run over the long deed.

Unto the name, and to the legacies,

What is bequeath'd them there—

Mos. Ten suits of hangings—

Volp. I, t' their garters, Mosca. Now
their hopes

Are at the gasp.

Vol. Mosca the heir!

Corb. What's that?

Volp. My advocate is dumb; look to my
merchant, [is lost,

He has heard of some strange storm, a ship
He faints; my lady will swoon. Old glazen-
eyes,

He hath not reach'd his despair yet.

Corb. All these

Are out of hope; I'm, sure, the man.

Corv. But Mosca—

Mos. Two cabinets—

Corv. Is this in earnest?

Mos. One

Of ebony—

Corv. Or do you but delude me?

Mos. The other, mother of pearl—I am
very busy. [me—

Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon
Item, one salt of agat—not my seeking.

Lad. Do you hear, sir?

Mos. A perfum'd box—'Pray you for-
bear,

You see I'm troubled—made of an onyx—
Lad. How! [at leisure

Mos. To-morrow or next day, I shall be
To talk with you all.

Corv. Is this my large hopes issue?

Lad. Sir, I must have a fairer answer.

Mos. Madam! [house.

Marry, and shall: 'pray you, fairly quit my
Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but
heark you,

Remember what your ladyship offer'd me

To put you in an heir; go to, think on't:
And what you said e'en your best madams

did [Enough.

For maintenance; and why not you?

Go home, and use the poor sir Pol your
knight well, [choly.

For fear I tell some riddles: go, be melan-

Volp. O, my fine devil!

Corv. Mosca, pray you a word.

Mos. Lord! Will not you take your dis-
patch hence yet? [example.

Methinks (of all) you should have been th'
Why should you stay here? with what
thought, what promise?

Hear you? do you not know, I know you
an ass? [wittol,

And that you would most fain have been a
If fortune would have let you? that you are

* —————It transforms

The most deformed, and restores 'em lovely.

As 'twere the strange poetical girdle.] This is literally from the dialogue of Lucian,
intituled *Gallus*: Μεταμορφωσις τῶν ἀνομοειτέστερων ἀνθρώπων ἐν ποικίλοις αἰσθητοῖς καὶ ἡρώδεσσι.

A declar'd cuckold, on good terms? This
 pearl,
 You'll say, was yours? Right: this diamond?
 I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here
 else? [works
 It may be so. Why, think that these good
 May help to hide your bad: I'll not betray
 you;
 Although you be but extraordinary
 And have it only in title, it sufficeth.
 Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.

Volp. Rare Mosca! how his villainy be-
 comes him! [to me!

Vol. Certain he doth delude all these
Corb. Mosca the heir?

Volp. O his four eyes have found it.

Corb. I'm cozen'd, cheated, by a para-
 site slave;

Harlot, th' hast guil'd me.

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
 Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.
 Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
 With the three legs, that here, in hope of
 prey,

Have any time this three years snuff about,
 With your most grov'ling nose, and would
 have bur'd

Me to the pois'ning of my patron, sir?
 Are not you he that have to-day in court
 Profess'd the disinheriting of your son?
 Perjur'd yourself? Go home, and die, and
 stink;

If you but croak a syllable, all comes out:
 Away, and call your porters, go, go, stink.

Volp. Excellent varlet!

Vol. Now, my faithful Mosca,
 I find thy constancy.

Mos. Sir?

Vol. Sincere.

Mos. A table [blesome.

Of porphyry—I mar'le you'll be thus trou-
Vol. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mos. Why? who are you? [mercy,

What? who did send for you? O, cry you
 Reverend sir! good faith, I'm griev'd for
 you,

That any chance of mine should thus defeat
 Your (I must needs say) most deserving
 travails:

But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
 And I could almost wish to be without it,
 But that the will o' th' dead must be ob-
 serv'd.

Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
 You have a gift, sir, (thank your education)
 Will never let you want, while there are men,
 And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
 But half the like, for all my fortune, sir.

If I have any suits (as I do hope,
 Things being so easy and direct, I shall not)
 I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
 (Conceive me) for your fee, sir. In mean
 time, [conscience

You that have so much law, I know ha' the
 Not to be covetous of what is mine. [help
 Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill

To set up a young man. Good faith, you
 look [purge, sir.

As you were costive; best go home and
Volp. Bid him eat lettuce well: my witty
 mischi f,

Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
 transform thee to a Venus—Mosca, go,
 Straight take my habit of Clarissino,
 And walk the streets, be seen, torment 'em
 more:

We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
 Have lost this feast?

M s. I doubt it will lose them.

Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
 That I could now but thank on some disguise
 To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questions:
 How I would vex 'em still at every turn!

Mos. Sir, I can fit you.

Volp. Canst thou?

Mos. Yes, I know

One o' the Commandadori, sir, so like you;
 Him will I straight make drunk, and bring
 you his habit. [brain!

Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy
 O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

Mos. Sir, you must look for curses—

Volp. 'Till they ourst;

The Fox fares ever best when he is curst.

SCENE IV.

Peregrine, Mercatori 3, Woman, Pollick.

Per. Am I enough disguis'd?

Mer. 1. I warrant you.

Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.

Mer. 2. If you could ship him away,
 'twere excellent.

Mer. 3. 'To Zant, or to Aleppo?

Per. Yes, and ha' his
 Adventures put i' th' book of voyages,
 And his guil'd story register'd for truth.
 Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
 And that you think us warm in our dis-
 Know your approaches. [course,

Mer. 1. 'I rust it to our care.

Per. Save you, fair lady. Is sir Pol within?

Wom. I do not know, sir.

Per. 'Pray you say unto him,
 Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,
 Desires to speak with him.

Wom. I will see, sir.

Per. 'Pray you.

I see the family is all female here.

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs
 of state, [time

That now require him whole; some other
 You may possess him.

Per. 'Pray you say again,
 If those require him whole, these will exact
 him, [be

Whereof I bring him tidings. What might
 His grave affair of state now? how to make
 Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
 One o' th' ingredients.

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows

By your word, tidings, that you are no
And therefore wills you stay. [statesman,

Per. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done;
But — here he deigns to come.

Pol. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd
(to-day)

Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me,
And I was penning my apology
To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worse
disaster;

The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,
That told you, he was newly arriv'd —

Pol. I, was
A fugitive punk?

Per. No, sir, a spy set on you;
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profest to him to have a plot
To sell the state of Venice to the Turk.

Pol. O me!

Per. For which, warrants are sign'd by
this time,

To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers —

Pol. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books —

Per. All the better, sir.

Pol. And some essays. What shall I do?

Per. Sir, best

Convey yourself into a sugar-chest,
Or, if you could lie round, a frail were rare,
And I could send you aboard.

Pol. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse-sake merely.

[*They knock without.*]

Per. Hark, they are there.

Pol. I am a wretch, a wretch.

Per. What will you do, sir?

Ha' you ne'er a curran-butt to leap into?

They'll put you to the rack, you must be
sudden.

Pol. Sir, I have an ingine —

(*Mer.* 3. Sir Politick Would-be?

Mer. 2. Where is he?) [time.

Pol. That I have thought upon before

Per. What is it?

Pol. (I shall ne'er endure the torture.)

Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: 'pray you, sir,
help me.

Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs,
(Please you to lay it on, sir) with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir, like a
tortoise,

Till they are gone.

Per. And call you this an ingine?

Pol. Mine own device —

Good sir, bid my wife's women

To burn my papers. [*They rush in.*

Mer. 1. Where's he hid?

Mer. 3. We must
And will sure find him.

Mer. 2. Which is his study?

Mer. 1. What

Are you, sir?

Per. I am a merchant that came here
To look upon this tortoise.

Mer. 3. How?

Mer. 1. St. Mark!

What beast is this?

Per. It is a fish.

Mer. 2. Come out here.

Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and
tread upon him:

He'll bear a cart.

Mer. 1. What, to run over him?

Per. Yes, sir.

Mer. 3. Let's jump upon him.

Mer. 2. Can he not go?

Per. He creeps, sir.

Mer. 1. Let's see him creep.

Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him.

Mer. 2. (Heart) I will see him creep, or
prick his guts.

Mer. 3. Come out here.

Per. Pray you sir, (creep a little.)

Mer. 1. Forth.

Mer. 2. Yet farther.

Per. Good sir, (creep.)

Mer. 2. We'll see his legs.

[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*]

Mer. 3. Godso, he has garters!

Mer. 1. I, and gloves!

Mer. 2. Is this

Your fearful tortoise?

Per. Now, sir Pol, we are even;

For your next project I shall be prepar'd:
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.

Mer. 1. 'Twere a rare motion to be seen
in Fleet-street.

Mer. 2. I, P the Term.

Mer. 1. Or Smith-field in the fair.

Mer. 3. Methinks 'tis but a melancholy
sight.

Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise.

Pol. Where's my lady?

Knows she of this?

Wom. I know not, sir.

Pol. Enquire.

O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
'The freight of the Gazzetti, ship-boys' tale;
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.

Wom. My lady's come most melancholy
home,

And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for
physick.

Pol. And I, to shun this place and clime
for ever,

Creeping with house on back, and think it
well

To shrink my poor head in my politic
shell.

¹ *The freight of the GAZETTI.* The subject of the newspapers. "This whole scene
" seems to be impertinent, and interrupt the story."—Mr. Upton.

SCENE V.

*Volpone, Mosca.**[The first in the habit of a Commandadore; the other of a Clarissimo.]**Volp.* Am I then like him?*Mos.* O, sir, you are he:

No man can sever you.

Volp. Good.*Mos.* But what am I?*Volp.* 'Fore heaven, a brave Clarissimo, thou becom'st it.

Pity thou wert not bora one.

Mos. If I hold

My made one, 'twill be well.

Volp. I'll go and see

What news first at the court.

Mos. Do so. My foxIs out o' his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,
Except he comes to composition with me:
Androgynò, Castrone, Nano.*All.* Here. *[sport.]**Mos.* Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go,
So, now I have the keys, and am possesst.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him. I am his
heir,

And so will keep me, till he share at least.

To cozen him of all, were but a cheat

Well plac'd; no man would construe it a
sin: *[fox-trap.]*

Let his sport pay for't; this is call'd the

SCENE VI.

*Corbaccio, Corvino, Volpone.**Corb.* They say, the court is set.*Corv.* We must maintain

Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

Corb. Why? mine's no tale: my soh
would there have kill'd me.*Corv.* That's true, I had forgot; mine is,
But for your will, sir. *[I'm sure.]**Corb.* I, I'll come upon him

For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio!Much joy unto you. *[sir,**Corv.* Of what?*Volp.* The sudden good

Dropt down upon you——

Corb. Where?*Volp.* (And none knows how.)

From old Volpone, sir.

Corb. Out, errant knave.*Volp.* Let not your too much wealth, sir,
make you furious.*Corb.* Away, thou varlet.*Volp.* Why, sir?*Corb.* Dost thou mock me?*Volp.* You mock the world, sir;

Did you not change wills?

Corb. Out, harlot.*Volp.* O! belike you are the man,

Signior Corvino? 'faith, you carry it well;

You grow not mad withal: I love your
spirit:You are not over-leaven'd with your fortune.
You should ha' some would swell now, like
a wine-fat, *[sir?]*With such an autumn—— Did he gi' you all,
Corv. Avoid, you rascal.*Volp.* Troth, your wife has shewnHerself a very woman: but you are well,
You need not care, you have a good estate,
To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:

Except Corbaccio have a share.

Corb. Hence, varlet.*Volp.* You will not be acknown, sir;
why, 'tis wise. *[semble.]*Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dis-
No man will seem to win. Here comes my
vulture,

Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

SCENE VII.

*Foltore, Volpone.**Folt.* Outstript thus, by a parasite! a
slave! *[crumbs!]*Would run on errands, and make legs for
Well, what I'll do——*Volp.* The court stays for your worship.
I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happi-
ness,

And that it fell into so learn'd hands,

That understand the fingering——

Folt. What do you mean? *[ship,**Volp.* I mean to be a suitor to your wor-
For the small tenement, out of reparations,
That at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew discas'd,
A handsome, pritty, custom'd bawdy-house,
As any was in Venice, (none disprais'd)
But fell with him; his body and that house
Decay'd together.*Folt.* Come, sir, leave your prating.*Volp.* Why, if your worship give me but
your hand,

That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.

'Tis a mere toy to you, sir, candle-rents,

As your learn'd worship knows——

Folt. What do I know?*Volp.* Marry, no end of your wealth, sir;
God decrease it.*Folt.* Mistaking knave! what, mock'st
thou my misfortune?*Volp.* His blessing on your heart, sir,
would 'twere more.

(Now, to my first again, at the next corner.)

SCENE VIII.

*Corbaccio, Corvino, (Mosca passant),**Volpone.**Corb.* See, in our habit! see the impu-
dent varlet!*Corv.* That I could shoot mine eyes at
him, like gunstons.*Volp.* But is this true, sir, of the parasite?

Corb. Again, t' afflict us! monster!

Volp. In good faith, sir,
I'm heartily griev'd, a beard of your grave
length ^{brook'd}
Should be so over-reach'd. I never
That parasite's hair; metaught his nose
should cozen: ^(promise)
There still was somewhat in his look, did
The bane of a Clarissimo.

Corb. Knave.—

Volp. Methinks

Yet you, that are so-traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your
name, ^{[your cheese,}
Should not have sung your shame, and dropt
To let the fox laugh at your emptiness.

Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of
the place,

And your red saucy cap, that seems (to me)
Nail'd to your jolt-head, with those two cec-
chines,

Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you;
approach. ^{[your well,}

Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your va-
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.

Corv. Tarry,

I'd speak with you.

Volp. Sir, sir, another time —

Corv. Nay, now.

Volp. O God, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuc-

Corb. What, come again? ^{[kold.}
^(Mosca walks by them.)

Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca; save me.

Corb. The air's infected where he breathes.

Corv. Let's fly him.

Volp. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the
vulture.

SCENE IX.

Foltore, Mosca, Volpone.

Folt. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with
Your winter will come on. ^{[you now;}

Mos. Good advocate, ^{[thus;}
Pr'ythee not rail, nor threaten out of place

Thou'lt make a solerism (as madam says.)
Get you a biggen more; your brain breaks
loose.

Folt. Well, sir.

* *You shall perceive, sir, I do know your valour well.*] A line is lost, and two different speeches joined together. I have corrected it from the old books, where it stands in this manner:

You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach.

Volp. No haste, sir; I do know your valour well, &c.

* *Vol.* ——— whom equally

I have abus'd, by my false accusation.] This indeed is sense; but a different reading, and a verse more, exhibited by the first copy, gives the poet's true sentiments in a much more spirited manner; there the whole stands thus:

————— if hom equally

I have abus'd, out of most covetous ends

(*Corv.* The man is mad! *Corb.* What's that? *Corv.* He is possess.)

Folt. For which now struck in conscience, &c.

Volp. Would you have me beat the inso-
lent slave?

Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?

Folt. This same

Is doubtless some familiar.

Folp. Sir, the court,

In troth, stays for you; I am mad, a mule,
I hat never read Justinian, should get up,
And r de an advocate. Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done't:
This's but confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the heir?

Folt. A strange officious,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.

Folp. I know —

It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go to-
gether.

SCENE X.

*Avocatori 4, Notario, Commandadore, Bonar-
rio; Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Foltore,
Volpone.*

Avoc. 1. Are all the parties here?

Not. All but the advocate.

Avoc. 2. And here he comes.

Avoc. 1. Then bring 'em forth to sentence.

Folt. O, my most honour'd fathers, let
your mercy

Once win upon your justice, to forgive —

I am distracted —

Folp. What will he do now?

Folt. O,

I know not which t' address myself to first;
Whether your fatherhoods, or these inno-
cents —

(*Corv.* Will he betray himself?)

Folt. Whom equally

I have abus'd¹, out of most covetous ends —

(*Corv.* The man is mad!

Corb. What's that?

Corv. He is possess.)

Folt. For which, now struck in conscience,
here I prostrate

Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.

Avoc. 1, 2. Arise.

Cel. O heav'n, how just thou art!

Folp. I am caught

I' my own noose —

Corv. Be constant, sir: nought now
Can help, but impudence.

Avoc. 1. Speak forward.

Com. Silence.

Folt. It is not passion in me, reverend fa-
But only conscience, conscience, my good
sires, [rasite,

That makes me now tell truth. That pa-
That knave hath been the instrument of all.

Avoc. Where is that knave? fetch him.

Folt. I go.

Corv. Grave fathers,
This man's distracted; he confest it now:
For hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
Who now is dead —

Avoc. 3. How!

Avoc. 2. Is Volpone dead?

Corv. Dead since, grave fathers —

Bon. O sure vengeance!

Avoc. 1. Stay,
Then he was no deceiver.

Folt. O no, none:

The parasite, grave fathers.

Corv. He does speak

Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made
The thing he gap'd for: please your father-
hoods,

This is the truth, though I'll not justify
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.

Folt. I, to your hopes, as well as mine,
Corvino:

But I'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms,
To view these certain notes, and but con-
fer them;

As I hope favour, they shall speak clear
truth.

Corv. The devil has enter'd him!

Bon. Or bides in you.

Avoc. 4. We have done ill, by a public
officer
To send for him, if he be heir.

Avoc. 2. For whom?

Avoc. 4. Him that they call the parasite.

Avoc. 3. 'Tis true,

He is a man of great estate, now left.

Avoc. 4. Go you, and learn his name, and
say, the court [ing

Entreats his presence here, but to the clear-
Of some few doubts.

Avoc. 2. The same's a labyrinth!

Avoc. 1. Stand you unto your first report.

Corv. My state,

My life, my fame —

[*Bon.* Where is't?]

Corv. Are at the stake.

Avoc. 1. Is yours so too?

Corv. The advocate's a knave,
And has a forked tongue —

[*Avoc.* 2. Speak to the point.]

Corv. So is the parasite too.

Avoc. 1. This is confusion.

Folt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read
but those.

Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit
hath writ:

It cannot be, but he's possest, grave fathers.

SCENE XI.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyne, Castrone.

Folt. To make a snare for mine own
neck! and run

My head into it, w.lfully! with laughter!
When I had newly 'scap'd, was free, and
clear!

Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devis'd it,
And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.
How now! who let you loose? whither go
you now? [lings?

What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kit-
Nan. Sir, master Mosca call'd us out of
doors,

And bids us all go play, and took the keys.

And. Yes.

Folt. Did master Mosca take the keys?
why, so!

I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!

What a vile wretch was I, that could not
bear [chets!

My fortune soberly? I must ha' my cot-
And my conundrums! Well, go you, and
seek him:

His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the
court;

Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:
When I provok'd him, then I lost myself.

SCENE XII.

Advocatori, &c.

Avoc. 1. These things can ne'er be re-
concil'd. He here

Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the gentlewoman was brought
thither,

Forc'd by her husband, and there left.

Folt. Most true.

[*pray!*
Cel. How ready is heav'n to those that

Avoc. 1. But that

Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence.

Corv. Grave fathers, he's possest; again,
I say,

Possest: nay, if there be possession,
And obsession, he has both.

Avoc. 3. Here comes our officer.

Folt. The parasite will straight be here,
grave fathers.

Avoc. 4. You might invent some other
name, sir, varlet.

Avoc. 3. Did not the notary meet him?

Folt. Not that I know.

Avoc. 4. His coming will clear all.

Avoc. 2. Yet, it is misty.

Folt. May't please your fatherhoods —

Folt. Sir, the parasite

[*Folt. whispers the Advoc.*

Will'd me to tell you, that his master lives,

That you are still the man, your hopes the
And this was only a jest— [same;

Volt. How?

Volp. Sir, to try

If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Volt. Art' sure he lives?

Volp. Do I live, sir?

Volt. O me!

I was too violent.

Volp. Sir, you may redeem it:

They said, you were possess; fall down,
and seem so: [man!

I'll help to make it good. God bless the
[*Voltore falls.*

(Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see,
see, see

He vomits crooked pins! his eyes are set,
Like a dead hare's hung in a poulterer's shop!

* His mouth's running away! Do you see,
Now, 'tis in his belly. [signior?

(*Corv.* 1, the devil!)

Volp. Now in his throat.

(*Corv.* 1, I perceive it plain.)

Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out, stand clear.

See where it flies,

In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!

Do you not see it, sir?

Corb. What? I think I do.

Corv. 'Tis too manifest.

Volp. Look! he comes t' himself!

Volt. Where am I?

Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You are dispossess.

Arac. 1. What accident is this?

Arac. 2. Sudden, and full of wonder!

Arac. 3. If he were

Possest, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these
fits.

Arac. 1. Shew him that writing: do you
know it, sir? [not.

Volp. Deny it, sir, forswear it, know it

Volt. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand;

But all that it contains is false.

Bon. O practice!

Arac. 2. What maze is this!

Arac. 1. Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the parasite?

Volt. Grave fathers,

No more than his good patron, old Volpone.

Arac. 4. Why, he is dead.

Volt. O no, my honour'd fathers,

He lives—

Arac. 1. How! lives?

Volt. Lives.

Arac. 2. This is subtler yet!

Arac. 3. You said he was dead.

Volt. Never.

Arac. 3. You said so.

Corv. I heard so.

Arac. 4. Here comes the gentleman,
make him way.

Arac. 3. A stool. [dead,
Arac. 4. A proper man; and, were Volpone

A fit match for my daughter.

Arac. 3. Give him way. [cate

Volp. Mosca, I was a'most lost; the advo-
Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd;

All's o' the hinge again—Say, I am living.

Mos. What busy knave is this! most re-
verend fathers,

I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,
But that my order for the funeral

Of my dear patron did require me—

(*Volp.* Mosca!) [tleman.

Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gen-

Volp. 1, quick, and cozen me of all.

Arac. 2. Still stranger!

More intricate!

Arac. 1. And come about again!

Arac. 4. It is a match, my daughter is
bestow'd.

(*Mos.* Will you gi' me half?

Volp. First I'll be hang'd.

Mos. I know

Your voice is good, cry not so loud *.)

Arac. 1. Demand

The advocate: Sir, did you not affirm

Volpone was alive?

Volp. Yes, and he is; [half.)

This gentleman told me so, (thou shalt have

Mos. Whose drunkard is this same?

Speak some that know him:

I never saw his face. (I cannot now

Afford it you so cheap.

Volp. No ??)

* *His mouth's running away.*] Mr. Simpson imagines it should be,

"His mouth's running awry."

We are to suppose, that Voltore feigned a violent convulsion, and distorted his mouth as much as possibly he could: I think therefore the present expression more humorous and pertinent, and have retained it in the text, on the authority of all the editions.

* *I know*

Your voice is good, cry not so loud.] From the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, as Mr. Upton too remarks;

Tr. Scio te bonâ esse voce, ne clama nimis.

† *I cannot now afford it you so cheap.* Volp. No?] There is true comic humour in these dealings between Mosca and Volpone: and one cannot help observing, that at a time so critical to them both, the covetousness in their tempers defeats their several designs. An instance of great decorum in the poet, whose intention was to display an inherent avarice in every human breast. I do not see why Mr. Dryden should say there are two actions in this play; the first naturally ending with the fourth act; the second forced from it in the fifth. The action indeed is something varied, but it still tends to the disappointment and mortification of the pretenders to Volpone's wealth. Yet, as he adds, the disguise of Volpone,

Avoc. 1. What say you?
Volt. The officer told me.
Volp. I did, grave fathers, [life,
 And will maintain he lives, with mine own
 And that this creature told me. (I was born
 With all good stars my enemies.)
Mos. Most grave fathers,
 If such an insolence as this must pass
 Upon me, I am silent: 'twas not this
 For which you sent, I hope.
Avoc. 2. Take him away.
(Volp. Mosca!)
Avoc. 3. Let him be whipt.
(Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?)
Avoc. 3. And taught to bear himself
 Toward a person of his rank.
Avoc. 4. Away.
Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft, whipt?
 And lose all that I have? If I confess,
 It cannot be much more.
Avoc. 4. Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be ally'd anon; I must be
 resolute:
 The fox shall here uncase.
(Mos. Patron.)
Volp. Nay, now.
[He puts off his disguise.]
 My ruins shall not come alone; your match
 I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not
 glue you,
 Nor screw you into a family.
(Mos. Why, patron!)
Volp. I am Volpone, and this is my knave;
 This, his own knave: this, avarice's fool:
 This, a chimera of wittal, fool and knave:
 And reverend fathers, since we all can hope
 Nought but a sentence, let's not now de-
 You hear me brief. [spair it.
Corv. May it please your fatherhoods—
Com. Silence. [racle.
Avoc. 1. The knot is now undone by mi-
Avoc. 2. Nothing can be more clear.
Avoc. 3. Or can more prove
 These innocent.
Avoc. 1. Give them their liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such
 gross crimes be hid. [get riches,
Avoc. 2. If this be held the high-way to
 May I be poor.
Avoc. 3. That's not the gain, but torment.
Avoc. 1. These possessors wealth, as sick men
 possess fevers,
 Which trulier may be said to possess them.
Avoc. 2. Disrobe that parasite.
Corv. Mos. Most honour'd fathers.
Avoc. 1. Can you plead aught to stay the
 course of justice?
 If you can, speak.

Corv. Volt. We beg favour.
Cel. And mercy.
Avoc. 1. You hurt your innocence, suing
 for the guilty.
 Stand forth; and first, the parasite. You
 appear [plotter,
 T' have been the chiefest minister, if not
 In all these lewd impostures; and now,
 lastly,
 Have with your impudence abus'd the court,
 And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
 Being a fellow of no birth or blood: [whipt;
 For which our sentence is, first, thou be
 Then live perpetual prisoner in our galleys.
Volt. I thank you for him.
Mos. Bane to thy wolvisish nature.
Avoc. 1. Deliver him to the Saffi. Thou,
 Volpone,
 By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not
 fall [thee
 Under like censure; but our judgment on
 Is, that thy substance all be straight con-
 fiscate
 To th' hospital of th' Incurabili.
 And since the most was gotten by imposture,
 By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such dis-
 eases,
 Thou art to lie in prison, cramp't with irons,
 Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Re-
 move him.
Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a fox.
Avoc. 1. Thou, Voltore, to take away the
 scandal [fession,
 Thou hast given all worthy men of thy pro-
 Art banisht from their fellowship, and our
 state.
 Corbaccio, bring him near. We here possess
 Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee
 To the monastery of San' Spirito;
 Where, since thou know'st not how to live
 well here,
 Thou shalt be learn'd to die well.
Corb. Ha! what said he?
Com. You shall know anon, sir.
Avoc. 1. Thou, Corvino, shalt
 Be straight imbar'k'd for thine own house,
 and row'd [nal,
 Round about Venice, through the grand ca-
 Wearing a cap, with fair long asses ears,
 Instead of horus; and so to mount (a paper
 Pinn'd upon thy breast) to the Berlina—"
Corv. Yes, [fish,
 And have mine eyes beat out with stinking
 Bruis'd fruit, and rotten eggs—'Tis well.
 I'm glad
 I shall not see my shame yet.
Avoc. 1. And to expiate
 Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to
 send her
 Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:

pone, though not suited to his character, as a crafty or covetous person, agreed well enough
 with that of a voluptuary: and, by it, the poet gained the end at which he aimed, the pu-
 nishment of vice, and the reward of virtue, both which that disguise produced.

"—And so to mount
 To the BERLINA.] i. e. to the pillory.

And these are all your judgments.

(*All. Honour'd fathers.*)

Arac. 1. Which may not be revok'd.

Now you begin,

When crimes are done, and past, and to be
punish'd, [them.

To think what your crimes are : away with

Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,

Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs
feed [bleed,

Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they

Volpone.

"The seasoning of a play, is the applause.

"Now, though the fox be punish'd by the
laws, [due,

"He yet doth hope, there is no suff'ring

"For any fact which he hath done 'gainst
you : [stands :

"If there be, censure him ; here he doubtful

"If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands."

This Comedy was first acted in the year 1605,

By the King's Majesty's Serrants.

The principal Comedians were,

RICH. BURBADGE.

HEN. CONDEL.

WIL. SLY.

JOH. HEMINGS.

JOH. LOWIN.

ALEX. COOKE.

EPICENE; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN,

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MOROSE, a Gentleman that loves no Noise.
 DAUP. EUGENIE, a Knight, his Nephew.
 CLERIMONT, a Gentleman, his Friend.
 TRUE-WIT, another Friend.
 EPICENE, a young Gentleman, suppos'd the
 Silent Woman.
 JOH. DAY, a Knight, her Servant.
 AMOROUS LA-FOOLE, a Knight also.
 THOM. OTTER, a Land and Sea Captain.

CUTBEARD, a Barber.
 MUTE, one of Morose his Servants.
 MAD. HAUGHTY,
 MAD. CENTAURE, } Ladies Collegiates. *
 MRS. MAVIS,
 MRS. TRUSTY, the Lady Haughty's Woman,
 MRS. OTTER, the Captain's Wife.
 PRETENDERS.

PARSON.
 PAGES.
 SERVANTS.

SCENE, London.

PROLOGUE.

"TRUTH says, of old the art¹ of making
 plays
 "Was to content the people¹; and their
 praise,
 "Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.
 "But in this age, a sect of writers are,
 "That, only, for particular likings care,
 "And will taste nothing that is popular.
 "With such we mingle neither brains nor
 breasts;
 "Our wishes, like to those make public
 "Are not to please the cook's taste but
 the guests.
 "Yet, if those cunning palates hither come,
 "They shall find guests entreaty, and
 good room;
 "And though all relish not, sure there
 will be some,
 "That, when they leave their seats, shall
 make 'em say,
 "Who wrote that piece, could so have
 wrote a play:
 "But that, he knew, this was the better

"For, to present all custard, or all tart,
 "And have no other meats to bear a part,
 "Or to want bread, and salt, were but
 coarse art.
 "The poet prays you then, with better
 thought¹
 "To sit; and, when his cates are all in
 brought,
 "Though there be none far-set, there
 will dear-bought,
 "Be fit for ladies: some for lords, knights,
 'squires;
 "Some for your waiting-wench, and city-
 wires;
 "Some for your men, and daughters of
 White-friers
 "Nor is it, only, while you keep your seat
 "Here, that his feast will last; but you
 shall eat
 "A week at ord'naries, on his broken
 "If his muse be true,
 "Who commends her to you."

¹ Truth says, of old the art of making plays
 Was to content the people.] We may just remark this is from Terence, in the prologue
 to the *Andrian*:

*Id sibi negoti credidit solum dari,
 Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.*

A N O T H E R.

"THE ends of all, who for the scene do write;
 "Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
 "And still 't hath been the praise of all best tunes,
 "So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes.
 "Then, in this play, which we present to-night,
 "And make the object of your ear and sight,

"On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true:
 "Lest so you make the maker to judge you.
 "For he knows, poet never credit gain'd
 "By writing truths, but things (like truths) well feign'd.
 "If any yet will (with particular slight
 "Of application) wrest what he doth write;
 "And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
 "They make a libel, which he made a play."

² *The ends of all, who for the scene do write.*] Here is a marginal note in the first folio, which tells us this second prologue was occasioned by some persons' impertinent exception. The poet acquaints us in his dedication, the play had given unjust offence, and had raised him enemies by the representation of it. We may suppose these enemies were the authors of the joke, handed down to us by tradition; that he might well call his comedy the *Silent Woman*, as there was not a man in the house to give it a *plaudite*.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Clermont, Boy, True-wit.

Cler. **H**A' you got the song yet perfect, I ga' you, boy?

[He comes out making himself ready.]

Boy. Yes, sir.

Cler. Let me hear it. *[else.]*

Boy. You shall, sir; but i'faith let nobody

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a poet in town, sir; besides, me a perfect deal of ill-will at the mansion you wot of, whose lady is the argument of it, where now I am the welcomest thing under a man that comes there.

Cler. I think, and above a man too, if the truth were rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confess before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the bed, and carry me in to my lady; and she kisses me with her oil'd face, and puts a peruke o' my head; and asks me an' I will wear her gown? and I say no: and then she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me innocent, and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel if the door be kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so easy to you—well, sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my lady's rushes, a fortnight hence. Sing, sir. *[Boy sings.]*

Tru. Why, here's the man that can melt

away his time, and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad, and his cngle at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle; he thinks the hours ha' no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute¹, or condemn'd to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every particle o' your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cler. Why, what should a man do?

Tru. Why, nothing; or that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Harken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise² Puppy, or Pepper-corn, White-foot, Franklin; swear upon Whitemain's party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give 'em the character of every bowler or better o' the green. These be the things wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have grey heads, and weak hams, moist eyes, and shrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

Tru. I, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil?

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

¹ *Well, sir gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute.*] This is supposed to be transacted, during the plague at London.—Mr. Upton.

² *Horses of the time.*

Tru. Yes; as if a man should sleep all the term, and think to effect his business the last day. O, Clerimont, this time, because it is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to sense, we mock ourselves the finest out of it, with vanity and misery indeed: not seeking an end of wretchedness, but only changing the matter still.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now—

Tru. See but our common disease! with what justice can we complain, that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such dispatch as we expect, when we will never do it to ourselves: nor hear, nor regard ourselves.

Cler. Foh, thou hast read Plutarch's morals, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee: 'fore god, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk to me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: and leave this stoicitie alone, till thou mak'st sermons.

Tru. Well, s.r; if it will not take, I have learn'd to lose as little of my kindness as I can. I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Cler. What college?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cler. No faith, I came but from court yesterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the news? A new foundation sir, here i' the town, of ladies, that call themselves the Collegiates, an order between courtiers and country-madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits, and braveries o' the time, as they call 'em: cry down, or up, what they like, or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most

masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

Cler. Who is the president?

Tru. The grave and youthful matron, the lady Haughty.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal face, her piec'd beauty: there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfum'd, and washt, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him she wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song, I prythee hear it, o' the subject.

SONG.

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
"As you were going to a feast";
"Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
"Lady, it is to be presum'd,
"Though art's hid causes are not found,
"All is not sweet, all is not sound.

"Give me a look, give me a face,
"That makes simplicity a grace;
"Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
"Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
"Than all th' adulteries of art;
"They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other side: I love a good dressing before any beauty in the world. O, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it; she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and choose the best*. If she have good ears, show 'em; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, discover it often: practise

* *Still to be neat, still to be drest,*

As you were going to a feast, &c.] This elegant little madrigal is a very happy imitation from the following Latin poem;

*Semper munditius, semper, Basilissa, decores,
Semper compositus arte recente comas,
Et comptos semper cultus, unguentaque semper,
Omnia sollicitâ compta videre manu,
Non amo. Neglectim mihi se que comit amica
Se det; et ornatus simplicitate valet.
Vincula ne cures capitis discussa soluti,
Nec ceram in faciem: mel habet illa suum.
Fingere se semper, non est confidere amori;
Quid quod saepe decor, cum prohibetur, adest?*

The learned may find these verses, amongst those which are printed at the end of the *Variorum* edition of Petronius. Mr. Upton imagines there are some passages faulty in this poem: I have given it, as I find it in the notes of Colomesius on some passages of Quintilian, printed in his *Opuscula*; he tells us, *Hi versus sic legendi sunt, licet aliud abent ingeniosissimus Nicolaus Heinsius ad Ovidium.* Tom. i. p. 394.

* *Nor is there one kind of it; she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and choose the best.]* Nor is there one kind of it, i. e. dressing. This and some more of the following speeches are imitated from Ovid, *Art. Amand.* l. 3.

*Nec genus ornatus unum est: quod quamque decebit,
Eligat, et speculum consulat anic suum.*

Many passages in this play are imitations from Ovid, and the sixth satire of Juvenal: I shall take notice only of the most striking and material.

any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eye-brows; paint, and profess it.

Cler. How? publicly?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner: that must be private. Many things, that seem foul i' the doing, do please, done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor when the doors are shut, should men be enquiring; all is sacred within, then. Is it for us to see their perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-brows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but inclos'd. They must not discover, how little serves, with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvass hang afore Aldgate? Were the people suffer'd to see the city's Love and Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd? No: no more should servants approach their mistresses, but when they are complete, and finish'd.

Cler. Well said, my True-wit.

Tru. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely. * I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her peruke to cover her baldness; and put it on the wrong way.

Cler. O prodigy!

Tru. And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that revert face, when I still look'd when she should talk from the t'other side.

Cler. Why? thou should'st ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Dauphine Eugenie?

Cler. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? he is very melancholic, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the uncle? is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his head, buckled over his ears.

Cler. O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives, and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammer-man. A brazier is not suffer'd to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's 'prentice once on a Shrove-Tuesday's riot, for being o' that trade, when the rest were quiet.

Tru. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hau'boys.

Cler. Out of his senses. The waights of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practis'd on him one night like the bellman; and never left till he had brought him down to the door, with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

Boy. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him, devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his case: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bear-ward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under master Morose's window: till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer marching to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way, at my request.

Tru. A good wag. How does he for the bells?

Cler. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holy-day eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with

* *Gilders will not work' but inclos'd—How long did the canvass hang afore ALD GATE? Were the people suffer'd to see the city's LOVE and CHARITY, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd?* The poet, with Ovid in his eye, alludes to his own times:

Aurca quæ pendent ornato signa theatro;

Inspecie, quàm tenuis bractea ligna tegat.

The city's Love and Charity were images set up in the front of Aldgate, which Stow, I think tells us was upwards of two years in building.

* *I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, snatch'd at her peruke, and put it on the wrong way.* This and what follows, as Mr. Upton observes, is improved with comic humour from the following;

Dictus eram cuidam subito venisse puella,

Turpida percussas induit illa comas.

* *For being o' that trade, when the rest were quiet.* The old copies read *quit*, i. e. discharged from working, and gone to divert themselves.

double walls, and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and calk'd: and there he lives by candle-light. He turned away a man last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soal'd with wool: and they talk each to other in a trunk. See, who comes here?

SCENE II.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

Daup. How now! what ail you, sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle! There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Daup. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Daup. Marry, that he will disinherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my company, are authors of all the ridiculous acts and monuments are told of him*.

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then ha' him drawn out on a coronation-day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

Daup. I, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more portent*. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

Cler. Yes, why thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has employ'd a fellow this half year all over England to hearken him out a dumb woman; be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

Tru. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cler. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken; thrifty of her speech; that spends but six words a-day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

Tru. Is't possible! who's his agent i' the business?

Cler. Marry, a barber; one Cutbeard, an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

Tru. Why, you oppress me with wonder! a woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

Cler. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his sheers or his fingers: and that continency in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

Tru. Is the barber to be seen? or the wench?

Cler. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pr'y thee, Dauphine, let's go thither.

Cler. I have some business now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if she will not, we can give out, at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Daup. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never have that plea against me, that I opposed the least phant'sy of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himself cannot. Innocent! I pr'y thee, Ned, where lies she? let him be innocent still.

Cler. Why, right over against the barber's; in the house where sir John Daw lies.

Tru. You do not mean to confound me!

Cler. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cler. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cler. Why?

Tru. The only talking sir i' the town! Jack Daw! An' he teach her not to speak—God b' w' you. I have some business too.

Cler. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

* *He thinks I, and my company, are authors of all the ridiculous acts and monuments are told of him.*] Mr. Upton imagines that, by the acts and monuments, the poet hints at Fox's book, as he plainly had done before in *Every man out of his humour*. The audience, by these descriptions of Morose, are well prepared for him when he makes his entrance. The poet has taken pains to bring us acquainted with his principal characters, before they make their appearance in person: and this rule he learnt by conversing with his classic masters. What is said with regard to the character of Morose, is equally true, when applied to those of Daw, La-Foole, and the collegiate ladies; all which we hear described before we see them.

* *That's a more portent.*] A greater prodigy: much and more had these acceptations in our author's days.

Cler. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cler. They say, he is a very good scholar.

Tru. I, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him.

Cler. The world reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am sorry, the world should so conspire to belie him.

Cler. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant, to deny that: would they were his own. God b'w' you, gentlemen.

Cler. This is very abrupt!

SCENE III.

Dauphine, Clerimont, Boy.

Daup. Come, you are a strange open man, to tell every thing thus.

Cler. Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honest fellow.

Daup. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cler. Nay then, you are mistaken, Dauphine: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truly, and heartily.

Daup. I contend not, Ned; but with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cler. When were you there?

Daup. Last night: and such a decameron of sport fallen out, Boccaccio never thought of the like. Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would lie with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk, and be free, and commends her silence in verses; which he reads and swears are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and mutinies, why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affairs of state.

Cler. I pr'ythee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some water, boy.

Daup. We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir La-Foole.

Cler. O, that's a precious mannikin.

Daup. Do you know him?

Cler. I, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, tho' you should meet

him at church in the midst of prayers. He is one of the braveries, though he be none o' the wits. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He does give plays, and suppers, and invites his guests to 'em, aloud out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose: or to watch when ladies are gone to the China-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laugh'd at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweetmeats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Daup. Excellent! he was a fine youth last night, but now he is much finer! what is his Christian name? I ha' forgot.

Cler. Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Boy. The gentleman is here below that owns that name.

Cler. 'Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Daup. Like enough: pr'y thee, let's ha' him up.

Cler. Boy, marshal him.

Boy. With a truncheon, sir?

Cler. Away, I beseech you. I'll make him tell us his pedigree now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who are his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes with a breath.

SCENE IV.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Dauphine.

La-F. Save, dear sir Dauphine, honour'd master Clerimont.

Cler. Sir Amorous! you have very much honor'd my lodging with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging! almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cler. Not so, sir.

La-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were I the Strand, I assure you. I am come, master Clerimont, to entreat you to wait upon two or three ladies, to dinner, to-day.

Cler. How, sir! wait upon them? did you ever see me carry dishes?

La-F. No, sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cler. O, that I will, sir: the doubtfulness of your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour, with the terrible boys, if you should but keep 'em fellowship a day.¹⁰

¹⁰ The doubtfulness o' your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour with the TERRIBLE BOYS, if you should keep 'em fellowship a day.] These terrible boys are mentioned in the *Alchemist*, act iii. sc. 3.

"Kast. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech

"Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco."

A citation from *Wilson's life of King James* will make the allusion here still more manifest.

"The king minding his sports, many riotous demeanours crept into the kingdom; divers sects

La-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

Cler. I believe it, sir; where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, sir.

Daup. Tom Otter? what's he?

La-F. Captain Otter, sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Daup. O, then he is *animal amphibium*.

La-F. I, sir: his wife was the rich China-woman, that the courtiers visited so often; that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cler. Then she is captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, sir; she is my kinswoman, a *La-Foole* by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

Daup. Not of the *La-Fooles* of Essex?

La-F. No, sir, the *La-Fooles* of London.

Cler. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our house, the *La-Fooles* of the north, the *La-Fooles* of the west, the *La-Fooles* of the east and south—we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe—but I myself am descended lineally of the French *La-Fooles*—and, we do bear for our coat yellow, or *or*; checker'd azure, and gules, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house—but let that go, antiquity is not respected now—I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company—there will be a great lady or two, my lady Haughty, my lady Centaure, mistress Dol Mavis—and they come o' purpose, to see the silent gentlewoman, mistress

Epicæne, that honest sir John Daw has promis'd to bring hither—and then, mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, sir Dauphine, with yourself, master Clerimont—and we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and dance—I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my lord Loffy, and after, my lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleased my elder brother to die—I had us fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any worn in the island-voyage, or at Cadiz, none disprais'd, and I came over in it hither, shew'd myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and surveyed my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies—and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Daup. Can you take up ladies, sir?

Cler. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Daup. Would I were your half in that commodity.

La-F. No, sir, excuse me: I meant money, which can take up any thing. I have another guest or two, to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—Your servant.

Daup. We will not fail you, sir precious *La-Foole*; but she shall, that your ladies come to see: if I have credit, afore sir Daw.

Cler. Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker, as this?

Daup. Or such a rook as the other! that will betray his mistress to be seen¹². Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cler. Go.

sects of vicious persons, going under the title of *roaring boys*, *bravadoes*, *roysters*, &c. commit many insolencies; the streets swarm, night and day, with bloody quarrels, private duels fomented, &c.—Mr. Upton.

¹¹ *I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the ISLAND-VOYAGE, or at CADIZ, none disprais'd.*] This *island-voyage* was undertaken 1585, sir Francis Drake being admiral, with a fleet of one and twenty sail, and with above two thousand volunteers aboard: they went to Hispaniola, and there made themselves masters of the town of St. Domingo. The other adventure here mentioned, was undertaken in 1596, when the earl of Essex and sir Walter Raleigh burnt the Indian fleet at Cadiz, consisting of forty sail, and brought home immense treasures. It was the fashion in the reign of queen Elizabeth, for the young adventurers to go abroad with fine furnitures and dresses, seeking their various fortunes.

¹² *Such a ROOK as the other! that will betray his MASTER to be seen.*] The rook here meant was sir John Daw, who had no master to betray: but he pretended to make love to Epicæne, who was to be a party at the feast: and as she is the person intended, I have made no scruple to change the *master* into *mistress*, which alteration has also the sanction of the first folio.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Morose, Mute.

Mor. CANNOT I, yet, find out a more compendious method, than by this trunk, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discord of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me, they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible, that thou should'st answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street-door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise (—) very good. [*At the break still the fellow makes legs or signs.*] And, you have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed on the out-side of the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or with brickbats, they can make no noise? but with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise: (—) very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? (—) good. And, he will come presently? answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. (—) So. Your Italian, and Spaniard, are wise in these! and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? stay, if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one: (—) good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? (—) good. And, is the lock oil'd, and the hinges, to-day? (—) good. And the quilting of the stairs no where worn out and bare? (—) very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, (as I have heard) and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a Barbarian to trans-

scend 'em in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what villain? what prodigy of mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat: what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

[*One winds a horn without again.*]

Mut. It is a post from the court—

Mor. Out, rogue, and must thou blow thy horn, too?

Mut. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says, he must speak with you, pain of death—

Mor. Pain of thy life, be silent.

S C E N E II.

True-wit, Morose, Cutbeard.

Tru. By your leave, sir, I am a stranger here: is your name master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all? This is strange. What say you, sir; nothing? Has Harpocrates been here with his club, among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time; I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend 'em to you, sir—

[*Mor.* O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?]

Tru. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you?

Tru. Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword—

Tru. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do (groom), and you the other, if you stir, sir: be patient, I charge you, in the king's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say, you are to marry? to marry! do you mark, sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

Tru. Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London-bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or, such a delicate steeple? the town, as Bow, to vault from; or, a braver height, as Paul's; or if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter, [*He shews in a halter.*] which they have

¹ *Yea, even in the war (as I have heard) and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence.*] A little enlargement, perhaps, of the reports of travellers: but the exact discipline and order observed in the Turkish army, is remarked by Busbequius in these words: *Fidebam summo ordine cujusque corporis milites suis locis distributos, et (quod vix credat, qui nostratis militia consuetudinem novit) summum erat silentium, summa quies, rixa nulla, nullum cujusquam insolens factum, sed ne vox quidem aut vitulatio per lasciviam aut ebrietatem emissam.*—BUSBEQUII Epist. 3.

sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock noose; or, take a little sublime, and go out of the world like a rat; or, a fly (as one said) with a straw i' your a—: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plays, Puritan parlees², mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen daily, private and public? If you had liv'd in king Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the Confessor, you might, perhaps, have found one in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented with one man: now, they will as soon be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye³. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good sir! have I ever cozen'd any friends of yours of their lands? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begg'd a reversion from 'em? bastarded their issue? what have I done, that may deserve this?

Tru. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an assassinate upon your father; vitiated your mother; ravished your sisters—

Tru. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts that could be nam'd, to do that you do—

Tru. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems, your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger (but you may do your pleasure for all them; I persuade not, sir) if, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer, for his skill at his weapon; why it is not their fault, they have discharged their

consciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, no sweet-meats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses i' the town will be there. If foul and crooked she'll be with them, and by those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house, as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May, and humorous as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour; though it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited, to hear her speak Latin and Greek; and you must lye with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren, once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of 'em⁴; and hear long-winded exercises, singings and catechizings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cause, will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir? But this is not half, i' faith: you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before, I come not to persuade you. Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

[*The Mute is stealing away.*]

Mor. O, what is my sin! what is my sin!

Tru. Then, if you love your wife, or rather doat on her, sir; O, how she'll torture you! and take pleasure i' your torments! you shall lye with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that jewel, or that pearl when she does; every half-hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keep what servants

² PURITAN PARLEES.] The reading of edition 1640, and the subsequent copies: the first folio of 1616 gives it *Puritan preachings*.

³ Now they will as soon be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye.] The preceding parts of this speech, and the whole scene, are imitated from the sixth satire of Juvenal; in which he rails, as Mr. Upton expresses it, with the most scurrilous acrimony against women and matrimony.

Ferre potes dominum sulvis tot restibus ullam,

Cum poteant altæ caligantesque fenestra,

Cum tibi vicinam se præbeat Æmilius pons?—Juv. sat. vi. 30.

I shall not point out every distinct allusion of our author, but leave it as matter of amusement to the learned reader, to compare the copy and original together.

⁴ If PRECISE, you must entertain the whole family or wood of 'em.] If precise—a Precisian, as they were called, or Puritan. The other expression occurs in the *Alchemist*;

“—————Affected

“By the whole family or wood of you.”—Act. 3. sc. 2.

Wood here signifies, as *silva*, or *Tan*, sometimes, i. e. a stock of things, or plenty of matter brought together.

she please; what company she will; that friend must not visit you without her licence; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; or, feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be serv'd in silver; have the chamber fill'd with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewellers, tire-women, sempsters, feather-men, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets; never weighs what her pride costs, sir: so she may kiss a page, or a smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard; be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress¹; or, so she may censure poets and authors, and stiles, and compare 'em; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth²; or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question: and then skip to the mathematicks, and demonstration: and answer, in religion to one, in state to another, in bawdry to a third.

Mor. O, O!

Tru. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soon you shall die? next, if her present servant love her? next, if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her family would make the best bawd, male or female? what precedence she shall have by her next match: and sets down the answers, and believes 'em above

the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Mor. Gentle sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your pleasure o' me? I'll think of these things.

Tru. Yes, sir: and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going a-foot, and lyes in a month of a new face, all oil, and birdlime; and rises in asses milk, and is cleans'd with a new fucus: God b' w' you, sir. One thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity aforehand, as your wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir: who can tell? or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antedate you cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devis'd impossible thing, sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance. Farewell, Mute.

Mor. Come, ha' me to my chamber: but first shut the door. O, shut the door, shut the door: is he come again?

[*The horn again.*]

Cut. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

Mor. O Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me into my bed, and give me physick with thy counsel.

SCENE III.

Daw. Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicene.

Daw. Nay, an' she will, let her refuse at her own charges: 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen. But she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Cler. O, by no means she [*They dissuade may not refuse*—to stay *her privately* at home, if you love your reputation. "Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laugh at by the

¹ Know all the news, what was done at SALISBURY, what in PROGRESS.] At Salisbury, viz. at the time of their horse-races: What in progress—when the king went his progress to Scotland, or elsewhere.

² She may censure poets, and authors, and stiles, and compare 'em; DANIEL, with SPENSER, JONSON with the T'OTHER YOUTH, and so forth.] This is still from Juvenal, though humorously applied to his own times. This is artful, says Mr. Upton, and an ingenious ridicule on the bad taste of women: for Daniel was no more to be compared with Spenser, than Decker, as our poet thought, was to be brought into a comparison with himself: for 'tis Decker he hints at by the t'other youth. And yet this comparison was really made by those who complimented Daniel on the facility of his genius: this we learn from the following epigram of Fitz-Geoffrey;

Spenserum si quis nostrum velit esse Maronem,

Tu, Danicle, mihi Naso Britannus eris:

Sin illum potius Phœbum velit esse Britannum,

Tum, Danicle, mihi tu Maro noster eris,

Nil Phæbo ulterius: si quid foret, illud haberet

Spenserus, Phæbus tu, Danicle, fores.

Quippe loqui Phæbus cuperet si more Britanno,

Hand scio quo poterat, ni velit ore tuo.—Epig. Oxon. 8vo. 1601.

lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

Daup. You shall not go: let him be laugh't at in your stead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling and talking loud to satisfy the company.

Cler. He will suspect us, talk aloud. 'Pray, mistress Epicene, let's see your verses, we have sir John Daw's leave: do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

Epi. They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon.

Daup. His vain glories, lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, shew 'em, mistress, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em myself, too: an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of modesty.

"Modest, and fair, for fair and good are near
"Neighbours, how c'er.—"

Daup. Very good.

Cler. I, is't not?

Daw. "No noble virtue ever was alone,
"But two in one."

Daup. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, sir John.

Daup. It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

Cler. Peace.

Daw. "No noble virtue ever was alone,
"But two in one."

"Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
"Bright beauty's rays:

"And having prais'd both beauty and modesty,
"I have prais'd thee."

Daup. Admirable!

Cler. How it chimes, and cries tink i' the close, divinely!

Daup. I, 'tis Seneca.

Cler. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The Dor on Plutarch and Seneca, I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen!

Cler. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! mere essayists! a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age: I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observ'd, as either of 'em.

Daup. Indeed! sir John?

Cler. He must needs, living among the wits and braveries too.

Daup. I, and being president of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle, a mere commonplace fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides, and Livie, tedious and dry; Tacitus,

an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. Homer, an old tedious prolix ass, talks of curriers, and chimes of beef. Virgil, of dunging of land, and bees. Horace, of I know not what.

Cler. I think so.

Daw. And so, Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest——

Cler. What a sack full of their names he has got!

Daw. And how he pours them out! Politian, with Valerius Flaccus!

Cler. Was not the character right of him?

Daup. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endur'd.

Daup. Why? whom do you account for authors, sir John Daw?

Daw. Syntagma juris civilis, Corpus juris civilis, Corpus juris canonici, the king of Spain's bible.

Daup. Is the king of Spain's bible an author?

Cler. Yes, and Syntagma, sir.

Daup. What was that Syntagma, sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Daup. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

Cler. I, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And, then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha; the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a scholar.

Daup. 'Fore god, you have a simple learn'd servant, lady, in titles.

Cler. I wonder that he is not call'd to the helm, and made a counsellor!

Daup. He is one extraordinary.

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary! to say truth, the state wants such.

Daup. Why, that will follow.

Cler. I muse a mistress can be silent to the dotes of such a servant?

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Daup. In verse, sir John?

Cler. What else?

Daup. Why? how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse, is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

Daup. Why, would not you live by your verses, sir John?

¹ *I muse a mistress can be silent to the DOTES of such a servant.*] To the endowments, or good qualities; he designs it as an English word, though it is pure Latin.

Cler. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! he did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Daup. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not asham'd.

Cler. I, he profess himself; but sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising if the state so much! Do you think he will? your verses, good sir John, and no poems!

Daw. "Silence in woman, is like speech in man;

"Deny't who can."

Daup. Not I, believe it: your reason, sir.

Daw. "Nor is't a tale,

"That female vice should be a virtue male,
"Or masculine vice a female virtue be:

"You shall it see

"Prov'd with increase;

"I know to speak, and she to hold her peace."

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

Daup. No, faith; how mean you with increase, sir John?

Daw. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing but *consentire videtur*; and in time is *gravida*.

Daup. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Cler. A madrigal of procreation; you mistake.

Epi. 'Pray you give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you shall.

Cler. See, here's True-wit again.

SCENE IV.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutbeard, Daw, Epicene.

Cler. Where hast thou been, in the name of madness, thus accounted with thy horn?

Tru. Where the sound of it might have pierc'd your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid the banes, had: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Daup. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith; an' thou should'st hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horn got me entrance; kiss it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a post; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundering into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description. I have put him off o' that scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, sirs? why stand you mute? are you stupid? you are not worthy o' the benefit.

Daup. Did not I tell you? Mischief!

Cler. I wonder you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

Tru. Why so?

Cler. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing, that ever man did to his friend.

Daup. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru. Wherein, for god's-sake? Gentlemen, come to yourselves again.

Daup. But I presag'd thus much afore to you.

Cler. Would my lips had been solder'd when I spake on't! 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesy; off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Daup. 'Fore heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute: now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath profess't this obstinate silence for my sake, being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now, all my hopes are utterly miscarried, by this unlucky accident.

Cler. Thus 'tis, when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why: I wonder what courteous itch possess't you! you never did absurder part i' your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity.

Daup. Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

Cler. I know it, would it had not.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard? what news?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning, (I think this be the gentleman) that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatening him from marriage—

Daup. On, I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your uncle, sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to-day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Daup. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! By this light, I knew it would be thus.

Daup. Nay, sweet True-wit, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the absurd, weak part.

Cler. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was mere fortune?

Tru. Fortune! mere providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my genius

is never false to me in these things. Shew me how it could be otherwise.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleas'd.

Cler. Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event.

Tru. Event! by this light, thou shalt never persuade me, but I foresaw it as well as the stars themselves.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now: do you two entertain sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cler. Master True-wit, lady, a friend of ours.

Tru. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

Cler. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seen and heard her well-celebrated in sir John Daw's madrigals.

Tru. Jack Daw, God save you; when saw you La-Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, master True-wit.

Tru. That's a miracle! I thought you two had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

Tru. Godso; 'tis true! what a false memory have I towards that man! I am one: I met him ev'n now, upon that he calls his delicate fine black horse, rid into foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give 'em the cue—

Cler. Lest they should forget?

Tru. Yes: there was never poor captain took more pains at a muster to shew men, than he, at this meal, to shew friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

Cler. What! do you say so, sir John?

Tru. Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit: where's his mistress, to hear and applaud him? is she gone?

Daw. Is mistress Epicæne gone?

Cler. Gone afore, with sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

Tru. Gone afore! that were a manifest injury, a disgrace and a half; to refuse him at such a festival-time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too.

Cler. Tut, he'll swallow it like cream: he's better read in *Jure Civili*, than to esteem any thing a disgrace, is offer'd him from a mistress.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for John Daw, I warrant her: does she refuse me?

Cler. No, sir, do not take it so to heart: she does not refuse you, but a little neglects you. Good faith, True-wit, you were to blame, to put it into his head, that she does refuse him.

Tru. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not!

Tru. Nor to any body else, sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cler. It had been an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholic, if faith.

Cler. As a dog if I were as you, sir John.

Tru. Or a snail, or a hog-louse: I would roll myself up for this day; in troth they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

Cler. 'Tis well done: he begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Cler. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right melancholic, sir John.

Tru. Yes, sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cler. Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measur'd out by time, to be sold to laughter?

Tru. A mere talking mole! hang him: no mushroom was ever so fresh*. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cler. Let's follow him: but first let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house to hear what news.

Tru. Content.

SCENE V.

Morose, Epicæne, Cutbeard, Mute.

Mor. Welcome, Cutbeard; draw near with your fair charge: and in her ear softly intreat her to unmask. (—) So. Is the door shut? (—) Enough. Now, Cutbeard, with the same discipline I use to my

* *A mere talking MOLE! hang him; no mushroom was ever so fresh.*] Mr. Upton says, it should have been printed *moile*; but the present reading gives us as humorous an idea: alluding to the opinion that the mole has no eyes. And the same appellation, I find, was given to one of the emperors, which an ingenious French writer takes notice of, in his defence of the elegant and easy Voiture. *Et cet Empereur, qui fut surnommé la Taupe Babilardie, n'eust peut-être pas loué si adroitement que celle-cy.* The other expression is taken from the *Bacchis* of Plautus;

*Nihil sapit,
Nec sentit; tanti est, quanti est fungus putridus.*

family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutbeard, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife? answer me not but with your leg, unless it can be otherwise: (—) Very well done, Cutbeard. I conceive besides, Cutbeard, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage. (—) This I conceive, Cutbeard. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. (—) Very well done, Cutbeard. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. [*He goes about her and views her.*] She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour; a sweet composition or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair gentlewoman; [*she curt'sies:*] let not my behaviour seem rude, tho' unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange. (—) Nay, lady, you may speak, though Cutbeard and my man might not; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady, out of the first fire of meeting eyes (they say) love is stricken: do you feel any such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? ha, lady? (—) [*Curt'sie.*] Alas, lady, these answers by silent curt'sies from you, are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments. Can you speak, lady?

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. O' my judgment, a divine softness! but can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and (not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest pleasure) think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jump right with what you conceive? (—) [*Curt'sie.*] Excellent! divine! if it were possible she should hold out thus! Peace, Cutbeard, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity

have lasting: but I will try her fether. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine ears banqueted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her that I mean to chuse for my bed-phere*. The ladies in court think it a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himself: and do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they (with so much circumstance) affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in your self with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation?

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, lady? good lady, speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O Morose! thou art happy above mankind! pray that thou may'st contain thy self. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall choose for my heifer, to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have council of taylors, linens, lace-women, embroiderers, and sit with 'em sometimes twice a day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftener than she, and better by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect: and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold (but necessary) instructions, for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, sir.

Mor. How, lady? pray you rise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom, and you, sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine. Cutbeard, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not, but with thy leg. (—) I know what thou would'st say*, she's poor, and her friends deceased. She

* I must have mine ears banqueted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her I chuse for my BED-PHERE. [*Banqueted with pleasant conferences, very elegantly expressed from Plato de republ. εἰς ἑαυτὴν λόγων καλῶς.* Hence Cicero, *Cogitationum bonarum epula*—*Discendi epulas*. For *bed-phere*, we must read *bedfere*, i. e. *bed-companion*. So *fere* is used in our old poets: the word we had from the Danes.—Mr. Upton.

** Thank me not but with thy leg. (—)] Where this break is (—) Cutbeard shakes his head, which Morose interprets, *I know what thou would'st say*, &c. This is taken from the *Aulularia* of Plautus;

has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutbeard; and in respect of her poverty, Cutbeard, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutbeard. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutbeard. Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, your now mistress. O my felicity! how shall I be reveng'd on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots to fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his title must do it: no, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's, and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat at the twelve-penny ordinary, it knighthood, for its diet, all the term-time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in Coleharbour, and fast. It shall fright all its friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourscore had brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Bear at the Bridge-foot, and be drunk in tear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs; and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens' wives, and be refus'd, when the master of a dancing-school, or (how do you call him) the worst reveller in the town is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool the lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia; but the best and last fortune to it knighthood shall be, to make Dol

Tear-sheet, or Kate Commop a lady, and so it knighthood may eat.

SCENE VI.

True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutbeard.

True. Are you sure he is not gone by?

Daup. No, I stay'd in the shop ever since.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

True. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard, succeeds it, or no?

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it so well: *salutis secer*, as it is i' the proverb, he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'em, and away.

True. 'Slight, get one o' the silenc'd ministers; a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, sir.

Daup. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: when 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus*.

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it!

True. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Cler. Beslrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Daup. And for my part. What is't?

True. To translate all La-Foole's company, and his feast thither, to-day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

Daup. I, marry; but how wilt he do?

True. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Me. ————— *Ejus cupio filiam*

Virginem mihi desponderi—Verba ne facias, soror:

Scio quid dictura es, haec esse pauperem. Ille pauper placeat.

This passage is to be interpreted exactly after the same manner, with that above.

True. 'Slight, get one of the SILENC'D MINISTERS.] Alluding to the nonconformist clergy silenc'd in the year 1604, after the Hampton-court conference. Mr. Pierce in his *Vindication of the dissenters*, first part, p. 164, observes from *Culterwood*, "That in the second year of king James, three hundred ministers were either silenced, or deprived of their benefices, or excommunicated, or cast into prison, or forced to leave their own country." But Dr. Heylin, and Mr. Foulis, (*Heylin's history of the presbyterians*, book xi. p. 372. *Foulis's history of wicked plots of the pretended saints*, p. 62.) in answer to Mr. Calderwood, tell us, "That only forty-nine were deprived upon all occasions, as appears by the rolls brought in to archbishop Bancroft before his death; which, in a realm containing nine thousand parishes, was no great matter."—Dr. GRAY.

Q q

Cler. For god's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Daup. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the college-honours: one o' their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleek'd.

Cler. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

Tru. Best go see, and assure ourselves.

Cler. Who knows the house?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Daup. Not I.

Cler. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? not know Tom Otter!

Cler. No: for god's sake what is he?

Tru. An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendent; and does Latin it as much as your barber: he is his wife's subject, he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up

and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Daup. What be those, in the name of sphynx?

Tru. Why, sir, he has been a great man at the bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls his deer and his ape; and several degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the cupboard.

Cler. For god's love we should miss this, if we should not go.

Tru. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain common places, behind her back; and to her face—

Daup. No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you.

¹² *What be those, in the name of SPHYNX?*] In the name of ignorance. The description of this sphynx, and the interpretation assigned, we may take from a note of our poet on a passage in his masque intitled, *Love freed from ignorance and folly*. "By this sphynx was understood ignorance, who is always the enemy of love and beauty, and lies still in wait to entrap them. For which antiquity hath given her the upper parts and face of a woman, the nether parts of a lion, and the wings of an eagle; to shew her fierceness, and swiftness to evil, where she hath power."

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Otter, Mrs. Otter, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Ott. **N**AY, good princess, hear me *paucis verbis*.

Mrs. Ott. By that light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i' faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse? Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove-tuesday! I would have you get your Whitsontide velvet-cap, and your staff i' your hand, to entertain 'em; yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, princess, neither; but under correction, sweet princess, give me leave—These things I am known to the courtiers by: it is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse, is known all over England, *in rerum natura*.

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to Paris-garden, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a

hear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? Think i' your discretion, in any good polity.

Ott. The horse then, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well hors'd I know: I love it myself.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine horse this *Poetaron Pegasus*. Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a *taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the bank-side, I'll commit you to the master of the garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfum'd for great ladies? is this according to the instrument, when I married you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray

you? who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'tis marle you ha' them on now. Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun holy-days? and then out at the banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?

Tru. (For god's sake, let's go stave her off him.)

Mrs. Ott. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? you forget this.

Tru. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. Ott. O, here are some o' the gallants! Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.

SCENE II.

True-wit, Mrs. Otter, Capt. Otter, Clerimont, Dauphine, Cutbeard.

Tru. By your leave, fair mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Ott. I shall not be obnoxious, or difficult, sir.

Tru. How does my noble captain? is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

Ott. Sir, *sic visum superis*.

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get toasts and butter made for the woodcocks: that's a fit province for you.

Cler. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to!

Tru. O, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Daup. Dares he ever speak?

Tru. No Anabaptist ever rail'd with the like licence: but mark her language in the mean time, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, lady. Was not sir John Daw here, to ask for him, and the company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot assure you, Mr. True-wit. Here was a very melancholy knight

in a ruff, that demanded my subject for some body, a gentleman, I think.

Cler. I, that was he, lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

Daup. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in!

Tru. O, sir! she is the only authentical courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

Tru. No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir.

Tru. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, sir.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard? any cross?

Cut. O, no, sir, *omnia bene*. 'Twas never better o' the hinges, all's sure. I have so pleas'd him with a curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

Daup. What is he for a vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not pickt, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers. I came to tell you, sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem* (as they say) be ready with your vexation.

Daup. Gramercy, honest Cutbeard; be thereabouts with thy key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, sir: *ad manum*.

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cler. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. Ott. Is Mr. True-wit gone?

Daup. Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I judged by the physiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream last night too of the new pageant, and my lady Mayoress, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hither to see some China stuffs; and she expounded it out of Artemidorus, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.

Cler. Your dream, lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir, any thing I do but dream o' the city. It stann'd me a damask table-cloth, cost me eighteen pound, at one time, and burnt me a black satten gown, as I stood by the fire, at my lady Centaur's chamber in the college, another time. A third time, at the lord's masque, it dropt all

¹ When NED WHITING or GEORGE STONE were at the stake.] Two noted bears of that age, who went by the names of their owners. So in the *Widow of Walling-street*, act iii. a fellow, who has just escaped from the hands of the bailiffs, says, "How many dogs do you think I had upon me? almost as many as George Stone the bear."

² Mrs. Ott. I shall not be obnoxious.] The old editions read, It shall not be obnoxious.

my wire and my ruff with wax-candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new suit all over (a crimson satten doublet, and black velvet skirts) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my chamber a leash of days for the anguish of it.

Daup. These were dire mischances, lady.

Cler. I would not dwell in the city, an' 'twere so fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir; but I do take advice of my doctor to dream of it as little as I can.

Daup. You do well, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

Daup. And your father, lady: but we stay to speak with a knight, sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, sir. It is my cousin sir Amorous his feast—

Daup. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Daup. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your servant, sir.

SCENE III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine, Otter.

Cler. Why, do not you know it, sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Cler. I'll tell you then; she's married by th' time. And whereas you were put i' th' head, that she was gone with sir Dauphine, I assure you, sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discovered the whole plot, and made your mistress so acknowledging, and indeed so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day.—She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle old Morose: and she wi'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i' faith?

Cler. Why, what do you think of me, sir John? ask sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good sir Dauphine, did she desire me to forgive her?

Cler. I assure you, sir John, she did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cler. Yes, for look you, sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you

the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her: and then at the time she would have appear'd (as his friend) to have given you the dor. Whereas now, sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there, she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name: and so disappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and (as it were) a saver i' the main¹.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cler. About it then presently. True-wit is gone before to confront the coarher, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your antagonist, but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-F. Are the ladies come, sir John Daw, and your mistress? Sir Dauphine! you are exceeding welcome, and honest master Clerimont. Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

Daup. Collegiates! do you not hear, sir Amorous, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How, sir!

Cler. Will you speak so kindly to sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront?

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen? let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you!

Cler. Why, sir, his mistress is married to-day to sir Dauphine's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here now to have entic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own I think.

La-F. Has sir John Daw wrong'd me so inhumanly?

Daup. He has done it, sir Amorous, most maliciously and treacherously; but if you'll be rul'd by us, you shall quit him i' faith.

La-F. Good gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray?

Daup. Marry, sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently, and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good confidence, ('tis but over the way, hard by) and we'll second you, where you shall set it o' the board, and bid 'em welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly: and for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal guest herself, sit rank'd with

¹ And (as it were) a saver i' the main.] Certainly here is a letter lost at the press; and may, though exhibited by all the editions, should be read *main*.

the college-honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolv'd.

Cler. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Damp. Well, there be guests and meat now, how shall we do for musick?

Cler. The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noise of fiddlers or other.

Damp. I would it would call the trumpeters thither.

Cler. Faith there is hope; they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but we have 'em.

Damp. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. I, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

Damp. Tut, flatter 'em both, (as Truewit says) and you may take their understandings in a purse-net. They'll believe themselves to be just such men as we make 'em, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Cler. See! sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

[*He enters like a sewer.*]

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the *La-Fooles* shall be disgrac'd.

Damp. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pest'ling device, sir Amorous! it will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cler. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means—

Ott. Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *f. sinate*: and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you—

Cler. And yourself too, captain Otter.

Damp. By any means, sir.

Ott. Yes, sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my cousin sir Amorous, and you, gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Cler. That you shall do, captain Otter.

* *La-F.* My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Damp. She must consent, sir Amorous, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no decorum among ladies.

Ott. But they are decora, and that's better, sir.

Cler. I, she must hear argument. Did not Pasiphae, who was a queen, love a bull? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a bear, and made a star, mistress Ursula, i' the heavens?

Ott. O god! that I could have said as much! I will have these stories painted i' the bear-garden, *ex Ovidii metamorphosi*.

Damp. Where is your princess, captain? pray be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, sir.

Cler. Make haste, good sir Amorous.

SCENE IV.

Morose, Epicæne, Parson, Cutbeard.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

[*The parson speaks as having a cold.*]

Par. I thank your worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says, *præsto*, sir, whensoever your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse. (Umh, umh.)

[*He coughs.*]

Mor. O, O, stay Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cut. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. (Umh, umh, umh.)

[*Again.*]

Mor. Away, away with him, stop his mouth, away, I forgive it.—

Epi. Fy, master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

* *He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with CLOTH-WORKERS.*] The Protestants, who came over into England, from Flanders, and brought with them the wool-len manufactory, were much given to singing at their work. And to this custom of theirs Falstaff alludes, "I would I were a weaver: I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs." (*First part of Henry IV.* act 2.) These are the people whom our author here calls *cloth-workers*.

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, (as you pretend in court) to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. I, sir; why, did you think you had married a statue? or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth*, and look upon you.

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! what, Cutbeard?

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir, it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simple maid: but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, sir.

Mor. What, sirrah. None of my knaves there? where is this impostor Cutbeard?

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern.

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis, sold my liberty to a distaff.

SCENE V.

True-wit, Morose, Epicæne.

Tru. Where's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me.

Tru. I wish you all joy, mistress Epicæne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, master True-wit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance too!

Tru. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here. Before I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir?

Tru. Your marriage-hour, sir. I commend your resolution, (that notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice

of a night-crow) would yet go on, and be yourself. It shows you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries*.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? you might as well ha' told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court, and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant, as, *lippis et tonsoribus notum*? Well, sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! where are all my eaters? my mouths now? bar up my doors, you varlets.

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let 'em stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation?

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

Tru. Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason: and methinks is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, sir, aforenoon? a man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steeped in the humour and silence of the night; and give the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feasting, of musick, of revels, of discourse: we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort, or hope, can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come—

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

Tru. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber!

Tru. (Yes, faith, a cursed wretch, indeed, sir.)

Mor. I have married his cittern, that's

* *A playse mouth.*] A mouth drawn all on one side. Mr. Theobald queries the expression, and proposes *Fish-face*, which occurs in *Beaumont and Fletcher*; but the expression there, is to be explained by this phrase of Jonson.

* *That would not be put off with LEFT-HANDED CRIES.*] Inauspicious or unlucky cries; agreeable to the sense of the Latin *lævus*, and alluding to that verse of Virgil:

Sæpe sinistra curva prædixit ab ilice cornix;
as he had call'd himself the night-crow before.

common to all men'. Some plague above the plague—

Tru. (All Egypt's ten plagues.)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, sir; or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brains beat out with the curling-iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man.

Tru. (I, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru. (A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

Tru. (But in hell, sir.)

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissars rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

Tru. Very dreadful that! (And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.)

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his: but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

Tru. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or for want of bread—

Tru. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or, draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make meal o' the mill-stones.)

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others, break out upon him!

Tru. And he now forget the cure of 'em in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' scrap'd all his linen into lint for't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever. Now, no more, sir.

Tru. O that last was too high set! you might go less with him, i'faith, and be reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole—

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a comb-maker—

Mor. No more, sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another—

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers—

Mor. Sir—

Tru. Or, may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet be hang'd for it.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

SCENE VI.

Daw, Morose, True-wit, Haughty, Centaure, Mucis, Trusty.

Daw. This way, madam.

Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be overwhelm'd with noise'. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in myself for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants too!

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My lady Haughty, [*She kisses them severally as he presents them.*] this my lady Centaure, mistress Dol Mavis, mistress Trusty, my lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

Tru. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' she have such servants.

Tru. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies, you must not go away, now; they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I'faith; master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so

¹ *I have married his CITTERN, that's common to all men.*] i. e. his cittern-wench; one fit to attend him with a cittern or guitar, if ever he should commence quack, and mount a stage. There is an explanatory passage in the *For*,

"Get you a cittern, lady vanity,

"And be a dealer with the virtuous man."

² *Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.*] This, as Mr. Upton justly observes, is a very fine instance of the suspense of character. Morose, through the impetuous desire of revenge, for a while acts out of his real character.

³ *Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be overwhelm'd with noise.*] This is artfully and very judiciously managed by the poet, to have the several noises gradually rise upon Morose, from the speaking of his mistress, the congratulations of True-wit, with the collegiate ladies, to the chorus of drums and trumpets.

many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'd kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel: you shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Epi. Your ladyship does me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy of your favour: as you have done both him and me grace, to visit so unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, mistress Morose; we will all bear, rather than one shall be oppress'd.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the silent woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, master True-wit says.

Hau. O, master True-wit! save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? she speaks, methinks!

Tru. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us, she could not speak.

Tru. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

Tru. That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the college: and she have wit, she shall be one of us; shall she not, Centaure? we'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes faith, madam, and Mavis, and she will set up a side.

Tru. Believe it, madam, and mistress Mavis she will sustain her part.

Mor. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mor. So I will, madam.

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever!

Tru. In the mean time, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little: you know his disease, talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or—

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, help me. Master Bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last!

Hau. We see no ensigns of a wedding

here; no character of a bride: where be our scarves and our gloves? I pray you, give 'em us. Let's know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your ladyship's painter, I would.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, i' faith. But, do you hear, master Morose, a jest will not absolve you in this manner? You that have suck'd the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap, (as we may say:) and you to offend in such a high point of ceremony as this! and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! how much plate have you lost to-day (if you had but regarded your profit), what gifts, what friends, through your mere rusticity?

Mor. Madam—

Hau. Pardon me, sir, I must insinuate your errors to you; no gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an epithalamium, I promise my mistress, I have begun it already: will your ladyship hear it?

Hau. I, good Jack Daw.

Mor. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friends? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand, into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I shall be loth to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam—

Epi. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

Tru. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the island to the other. Do not mistake me, sir; I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your bravo, ladies?

Tru. As God help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

SCENE VII.

Clerimont, Morose, True-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Mistress Otter, &c.

Cler. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any musick? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, sirs, all of you.

[*Musick of all sorts.*]

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! this day I shall be their anvil to work

on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts. I can give you the receipt.

Tru. Peace, boys.

Cler. Play, I say.

Tru. Peace, rascals. You see who's your friend now, sir? take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? no. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. Look you here, sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mrs. Otter, your neighbour, in the rump, or tail of it.

[*La-Foole passes over, sewing the meat.*]

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come? hide me, hide me.

Tru. I warrant you, sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No? Mistress bride, will you intreat in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shame-fac'd, here—

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Hav. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mar. Very prettily, absolutely well.

M. Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mar. You shall pardon me, mistress Otter.

M. Ott. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mar. But not in ordinary.

M. Ott. But I am.

Mar. We'll dispute that within.

Cler. Would this had lasted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had sent for the heralds. Captain Otter, what news?

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

[*The drum and trumpets sound.*]

Mor. O, O, O.

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of them, anon, for bold Britons, i' faith.

Mor. O, O, O.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. WAS there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man indeed?

Cler. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to a place of rest, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may presume it, I think.

Tru. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the sneezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the musick, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.

Cler. And she carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Cler. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

Tru. And has almost brought him to the

faith, i' the article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, Dauphine?

Daup. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away i' the jest else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himself up i' the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam o' the roof, like him o' the sadler's horse in Fleet-street, upright: and he will sleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates?

Daup. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

Tru. O, they are instructing her i' the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks, the lady Haughty looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her i' the morning. I think I shall come about to thee again, True-wit.

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses, time and years have made i' their features, with dres-

[*Daup.* O, hold me up a little, I shall go away i' the jest else.] I shall faint, or fall down with laughing.

¹ings. And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. O, you shall have some women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is so rude and—

Tru. I, and others, that will stalk i' their gait like an estrich, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure i' the feet, and number i' the voice: they are gentlenesses, that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Daup. How cam'st thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou would'st make me a proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you must leave to live i' your chamber then a month together upon Amadis de Gaule, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows, and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tires too, to see, and to be seen. In these places, a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling,

as he lies on his back droning a tobacco-pipe. He must go where she is.

Daup. Yes, and be never the nearer.

Tru. Out, heretick. That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Daup. Why?

Tru. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish 'em, and he shall: for though they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last. You must persevere, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rub'd. With praises you must mix kisses too. If they take them, they'll take more. Though they strive, they would be overcome.

Cler. O, but a man must beware of force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesie. She that might have been forc'd, and you let her go free without touching, though then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken all ways.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them i'

² True. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made i' their features, with dressings.] "True-wit here resumes the subject of ladies' dressings, &c. which he held with Clerimont above, in act 1. sc. 1. and our learned comedian cannot easily part with the pleasure he finds in translating and imitating Ovid; though the audience, perhaps, may think the business and action of the play is hereby too much interrupted."—Mr. Upton.

³ Whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever.] This is still from Ovid;

Illic invenies quod ames, quod ludere possis,

Quodque semel tangas, quodque tenere velis.

⁴ That difference makes thee worthy it should be so.] The first folio gives us here the true reading; it should be, That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so, which is a proper reply to what Dauphine said before.

⁵ Penelope herself cannot hold long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last.]

Penelopem ipsam, persta modo, tempore vinces,

Capta videt sero Pergama, capta tamen.

But in these imitations of Ovid, our poet very judiciously has his eye upon his own times: alluding to the long siege of Ostend, which held out three years and three months, and was at last taken by the marquis Spinola, after the slaughter of a hundred and twenty thousand men on both sides.

⁶ But all women are not to be taken ALWAYS.] The original is,

Sunt diversa puellis

Pectora; mille animos excipe mille modis.

This shews the text is corrupted, and that it should be read, All women are not to be taken all ways. A parallel corruption occurs in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, where sir Toby, speaking of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, says, "He has all the good gifts of nature:" to which Maria replies, "He hath indeed almost natural," where I apprehend it should be *all most natural*.

their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many, that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow 'em of a friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen o' your Barbary often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your French taylor, barber, hener, &c. Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then if she be covetous and craving, do you promise any thing, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field, that yields little; or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots: and say, they were sent you out o' the country, though you bought 'em in Cheapside. Admire her tises, like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her; like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea the whole family, and salute 'em by their names, ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase 'em so,) and make her physician your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

Daup. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so heark'ning after these mys-

teries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Daup. Yes, by my troth, am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'ythee?

Daup. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the stable, an' you be such a stallion.

Tru. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou would'st think it strange, if I should make 'em all in love with thee afore night!

Daup. I would say, thou hadst the best philtre i' the world, and could'st do more than madam Medea, or doctor Foreman*.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat, while I live, and the bawd for my drink.

Daup. So be it, I say.

SCENE II.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Morose, Tru-wit, La-Foole, Mrs. Otter.

Ott. O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have mist you here!

Cler. Why, captain, what service? what service?

Ott. To see me bring up my bull, bear, and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait 'em.

Daup. A good employment.

Tru. Come on, let's see your course then.

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I have plac'd the drum and the trumpets, and one to give 'em the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself, and my bear for sir John Daw, and my horse for sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and—

* Or, if she be a GREAT one, perform always the second parts to her.]

Partes illa potentis agat.

But, as Mr. Upton remarks, whether she be great or little, it alters not the case at all. "I am afraid then, (says he,) that our poet did not here rightly understand his author. Let the whole farce be so managed, says Ovid, that your mistress may seem to carry all before her: yield to her in her disputes; be you the vanquished, and she the victor." This is the force of Ovid's words. Jouson has expressed it by a metaphor, taken from the stage, where a less principal character acting in subordination to the first, and forwarding all his designs, was said *secum ius partes agere*.

* And could'st do more than madam Medea, or doctor FOREMAN.] He was a famous astrologer and reputed magician; the person concerned with Mrs. Turner at the instance of the countess of Essex, and used charms, spells, and philtre potions, to debilitate the earl her husband, and to inflame the passion of the viscount Rochester, her gallant. *Eachard's hist. of England*, vol. 1. p. 931.—DR. GREY.

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not.

Ott. St. George and St. Andrew ! Fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound. *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well said, captain, i'faith ; well fought at the bull.

Cler. Well held at the bear.

Tru. Low, low, captain.

Dawp. O, the horse has kickt off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

Tru. Godso, off with his spurs, some-body.

La-F. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Dawp. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the business, I hope ?

Daw. Not a word, sir : you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd down, for all my cousin.

Cler. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are discontented with something ; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, sir Amorous ; fear no cousins. *Jaeta cest alea.*

Tru. O, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now, will make him rail desperately.

Cler. Speak to him of her.

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dawp. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife ! *Buz. Titivilitium* *. There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title : but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again ; another bout. Wives are nasty sluttish animals.

Dawp. O, captain.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's master True-wit ?

Daw. He's slipt aside, sir.

Cler. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall ha' the bear, cousin, and sir John Daw the horse, and I'll ha' the bull still. Sound Tritons o' the Thames. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*—

Mor. Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there ?

[*Morose speaks from above, the trumpets sounding.*]

Cler. O, now the trumpets have wak'd him, we shall have his company.

Ott. A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding ; *mala bestia*.

[*His wife is brought out to hear him.*]

Dawp. Why did you marry one then, captain ?

Ott. A pox—I married with six thousand pound, L. I was in love with that. I ha' not kist my fury these forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's, *profecto*.

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous liar ! Kiss me, sweet master True-wit, and prove him a slandering knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, lady.

Ott. And she has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

Mrs. Ott. O viper, mandrake !

Ott. A most vile face ! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs-bones. All her teeth were made i' the Black-friers, both her eye-brows i' the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part o' the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes ; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great Gerinan clock ; and so comes forth, and rings a tedious 'larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters. Ha' you done me right, gentlemen ?

Mrs. Ott. No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

[*She falls upon him, and beats him.*]

Ott. O, hold, good princess.

Tru. Sound, sound.

Cler. A battle, a battle.

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell ?

Ott. Under correction, dear princess. Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want teeth, and eye-brows, thou bull-dog ?

Tru. Sound, sound still.

* *Wife! Buz. Titivilitium.*] This last is a word of no signification, taken from Plautus, and so used here.

[*Ha' you done me right, gentlemen ?*] That is, in drinking off their cups ; it is spoke to Daw and La-Foole.

Ott. No, I protest, under correction.—

Mrs. Ott. I, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I'll make thee an example—

[*Morose descends with a long sword.*]

Mor. I will have no such examples in my house, lady Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Ah—

Mor. Mrs. Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous¹¹. Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors, out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the gally-foist is afloat to Westminster¹²! A trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Daup. What ails you, sir?

Mor. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows asunder, with their brazen throats.

Tru. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Daup. So I will.

Cler. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?

Cler. Is't not on, captain?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i' faith, for all these disasters. There is *bona spes* left.

Tru. Away, captain, get off while you are well.

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as

tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first.

SCENE III.

Haughty, Mrs. Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, Epicane, True-wit, Clerimont.

Hau. We wonder'd why you shriek'd so, Mrs. Otter.

Mrs. Ott. O god, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! sure he's beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mrs. Otter?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, Mrs. Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too. Learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband so, he dares not speak, but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milk and honey.

Mav. Look, how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach and four horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

Hau. And go with us to Bedlam, to the china-houses, and to the exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortaliz'd herself, with taming of her wild male.

Mav. I, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

¹¹ Mrs. MARY AMBREE, *your examples are dangerous.*] *Mary Ambree* is the heroine of an old ballad; she was at the siege of Gaunt: and is mentioned by our poet, in his masque called, *The Fortunate Isles*.

" Her you shall see,
" But credit me,
" That Mary Ambree,
" Who marched so free
" To the siege of Gaunt,
" And death could not daunt,
" As the ballad doth vaunt,
" Were a braver wight,
" And a better sight."

She is mentioned also in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act 5, *sub finem*:

" My Mary Ambree, had I but seen into you,
" You should have had another bed-fellow."

¹² *Sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill MAY-DAY, or when the GALLY-FOIST is afloat to Westminster.*] Alluding to the sports which were antiently used on May-day; and particularly to the insurrection of the apprentices in London, against foreigners and aliens, upon May-day 1517; which on that account was afterwards called *Evil May-day*.—The *Gally-foist* is the city-berge, which was used upon the lord-mayor's day, when he was sworn into his office at Westminster.

Epi. But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do 'em all graces?

Hau. Why not? why should women deny their favours to men? are they the poorer, or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?¹³

Tru. Well said, La-Foole; what a new one he has got?

Cen. They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.

Mao. We are rivers, that cannot be call'd back, madam: she that now excludes her lovers, may live to lie a forsaken beldam, in a frozen bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, Mavis: and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then? make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cock-pit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Cler. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast 'em again, servant. And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

Hau. O yes, Morose: how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

SCENE IV.

Morose, Dauphine, True-wit, Epicane, Clerimont, Daw, Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Trusty.

Mor. O my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate!

Daup. Why, sir?

Mor. That I should be seduced by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

Daup. I would I had been worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, (nephew) a hand, or any other member.

Daup. Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster-hall, i' the cock-pit, at the fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf, (what place is there else?) London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billingsgate, when the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target!

Daup. I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

Tru. I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, master True-wit, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceiv'd the effect of it, too late, in madam Otter.

Epi. How do you, sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

Epi. You are not well, sir! you look very ill! something has distemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these have serv'd, do you think, sir? would not one of these have serv'd?

Tru. Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindness, sir; certain tokens that she has a voice, sir.

Mor. O, is't so? come, and be no otherwise—What say you?

Epi. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence—

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epi. O lord! gentlemen, lay hold on him, for god's sake. What shall I do? who's his physician (can you tell?) that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him. Good sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors e're.

Mor. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you posses of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! he looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has!¹⁴

¹³ Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches? The poet is loth to part with his favourite Ovid, but introduces him where he has any opportunity:

Quid vellet opposito lumen de lumine sumi,

Quisve cavo vastos in mare servet aquas?

¹⁴ He looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has? This, as Mr. Upton remarks, is a plain imitation of the following passage in the *Menæchmi* of Plautus:

Mul.

Cler. I, 'tis melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies! servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ay me! what fortune had I, to marry a distracted man?

Daw. I'll tell you, mistress—

Tru. How rarely she holds it up!

Mor. What mean you, gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called *mania*, in Latin *insania*, *furor*, *vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico eradit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epi. I, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir.

Mor. O no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent book of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the fox, and all the beasts, called *Done's* philosophy.

Cen. There is indeed, sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O misery!

La-F. I have read it, my lady Centaure, all over to my cousin here.

Mrs. Ott. I, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the antients; the moderns are not for this disease.

Cler. Why, you discommended them too, to-day, sir John.

Daw. I, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's ethicks.

Mor. Say you so, sir John? I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I pry'thee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad when they put her to me.

Mor. I think so. Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage-ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the sick man's salve,

and the other with Green's groat's-worth of wit.

Tru. A very cheap cure, madam.

Hau. I, 'tis very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My lady call'd for you, mistress Trusty: you must decide a controversy.

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cured with the sick man's salve?

Tru. My mother, madam, with the salve.

Tru. Then it was the sick woman's salve?

Tru. And my father with the groat's-worth of wit. But there was other means us'd; we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescrib'd to go to church, by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a-week —

Epi. To sleep?

Tru. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

Mor. O!

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, mistress Morose, the groat's-worth of wit.

Epi. But I shall disfigure you, sir Amorous: can you spare it?

La-F. O yes, for a week, or so; I'll read it myself to him.

Epi. No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little laudanum, or opium?

Tru. Why, sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you not know that, sir? never ceases all night.

Tru. And snores like a porcupine.

Mor. O redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate. For how many causes may a man be divorc'd, nephew?

Dawp. I know not, truly, sir.

Tru. Some divine must resolve you in that, sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

Cler. Alas, poor man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour, or so.

Cler. By my faith, a large truce.

Mul. *Fiden' ut illi oculos virere? ut viridis exoritur color*

Ex temporibus atque fronte, ut oculi-scintillant, vide!

It may be just necessary to mention, that *sports for spots* is the blunder of the last edition.

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight—
Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madam—

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me i' th' nick t'other night at Primero.

Tru. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. I, Otter's wine has swell'd their humours above a spring-tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have 'em as silent as signs, and their post too, ere I ha' done. Do you hear, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly; magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst; (I have some purpose in't;) and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw, and his fellow, with any discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angered me to the soul, to hear 'em begin to talk so malepert.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in and hear me do't?

Tru. No, I'll stay here. Drive 'em out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of 'em presently.

Cler. What a cast of kastrils are these, to hawk after ladies thus!

Tru. I, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cler. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

SCENE V.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw,

La-Foole.

Cler. O sir, you are welcome.

Tru. Where's thine uncle?

Dawp. Run out of doors in's night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou would'st ha' said so, an' thou hadst been here! The ladies have laugh'd

at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And ask'd, if thou wert thine uncle's keeper?

Tru. And the brace of baboons answer'd, Yes; and said, thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didst live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and swagger.

Dawp. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to grand madam's bed-posts, and have 'em baited with monkeys.

Tru. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon 'em, I warrant thee shall serve; trust my plot.

Dawp. I, you have many plots! so you had one make all the wenches in love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit¹¹.

Cler. 'Fore god, I'll be his witness thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Daw and La Foole—which of 'em comes out first, will I seize on: (you two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speak¹².) If I do not make 'em keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have failed once—I hear Daw coming: hide, and do not laugh, for god's sake.

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trou?

Tru. O, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must ha' it taken up.

Dawp. What matter, sir? between whom?

Tru. Come, you disguise it, sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaures were at, tho' there be a she-one here. The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me ere-while.

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

¹¹ If they do not invite thee, and be ready to SEARCH for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.] The sense here is not defective indeed, but is much improved by restoring the word *scratch*, the reading of the first edition, instead of *search*, the error of the later copies.

¹² You two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speak.] A kind of sneer, as Mr. Upton supposes, on his contemporary Shakspeare; and we have a sarcasm of the same kind above, where Morose says, "I could sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target."

Tru. Do you not wait for sir Amorous?

Daw. Not I, by my knighthood.

Tru. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walk'd here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

Tru. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I have known many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as sir Amorous, did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back with such threatenings and contempts—He said to Dauphine, you were the arrant'st ass—

Daw. I, he may say his pleasure.

Tru. And swears, you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, sir—but fighting.

Tru. I, sir; but who knows what satisfaction he'll take? blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

Daw. I pray you, master True-wit, be you a mediator.

Tru. Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. [*He puts him up.*] Godso, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he does not hear you sigh. In good faith, sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are arm'd as if you sought revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would hear reason. Jack Daw, Jack! asleep?

Daw. Is he gone, master True-wit?

Tru. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O god, yes.

Tru. What a quick ear fear has?

Daw. But is he so arm'd, as you say?

Tru. Arm'd? did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?

Daw. I, sir.

Tru. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother if the house has furnish'd him strangely; or, if it were out of the house, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

Tru. He has got somebody's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees: and that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger!—But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, callivers, and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall: a man of two thousand a year is not cess'd at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challeng'd at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. If he could but victual himself for half a year in his breeches, he is sufficiently arm'd to overrun a country.

Daw. Good lord! what means he, sir? I pray you, master True-wit, be you a mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my right arm, for writing madrigals.

Tru. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb, or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best.

[*He puts him up again, and then came forth.*]

Daw. Good sir, do.

Cler. What hast thou done?

Tru. He will let me do nothing, he does all afore me; he offers his left arm.

Cler. His left wing, for a Jack Daw.

Daw. Take it by all means.

Tru. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou?

Daw. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his arms, but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body, as his reputation.

Tru. He is a scholar and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for we all resolv'd him an ass before. To your places again.

Cler. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

Cler. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off else.

Daw. Come away, Clerimont.

Tru. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master True-wit.

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court to make water.

Tru. By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Question till your throat be cut, do: daily till the enraged soul find you.

Ss

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. Daw it is: will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: what's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone you¹⁷; but he seems so implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide myself.

Tru. Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest up'n him afore the ladies —

La-F. Not I, never in my life, broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff, and I follow'd him; unless he took off nce at me in his drink ere-while, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

Tru. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down¹⁸, through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, where's La-Foole? who saw La-Foole? And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but [O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel] which leads us to conjecture, that the main cause of his tury is, for bringing your meat to-day, with a towel about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, an' he be angry for that, I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming resolution, sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: or, I'll away into the country presently.

Tru. How will you go out o' the house, sir? he knows you are i' the house, and he'll watch you this se'nnight, but he'll have you: he'll outwait a sergeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

Tru. You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet master True-wit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot?

Tru. A stool were better, sir, of sir Ajax his invention¹⁹.

La-Fa. I, that will be better indeed; and a palat to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not advise thee to sleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another fear —

La-F. Is there? what is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this door with his foot sure.

La-F. I'll set my back against it, sir. I have a good back.

Tru. But then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter! if he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

Tru. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it, no man knows; perhaps blow up the corner of the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly.

[*He feigns as if one were present, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himself.*

I protest, sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you do? Before god you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied. Sir Amorous, there's no standing out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction: I dare give any terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, sir: I'll stand to any conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, sir? were't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two fear'd most?

[*He calls forth Clerimont and Dauphine.*

Cler. Yes, but this tears the bravest: the other, a whining dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid in a great look, and a stout accent, I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been pity these two should ha' been conceal'd?

Cler. Shall I make a motion?

¹⁷ *There had been some hope to attonk you.*] To make you friends, to set you at one again.

¹⁸ *But he walks the round up and down.*] A phrase taken from the army; where it was the business of certain inferior officers to go round to the centinels and outguards, who from thence were called *gentlemen of the round*. See *Every man in his humour*, act 3. sc. 5.

¹⁹ *A stool were better, sir, of sir Ajax his invention.*] The allusion here seems to me as poor, as it is obvious. So again in his epigrams,

"And I could wish for their eterniz'd sakes,

"My muse had plough'd with his that sung *A-jax*."

However, poor as the pun is, the wits of our author's age were not ashamed to use it. The same allusion is in a play of Shakspeare's, *Love's Labour Lost*, act 5. "Cost. Your lion that holds the poll-ax, sitting on a close-stool, will be given to *Ajax*; he will be then the ninth worthy."—Mr. Urron.

Our grave antiquary Camden hath condescended to allude to it upon a similar subject: having mentioned the French word *pet*, "Enquire, says he, if you understand it not, of "Cloacina's chaplains, or such as are well read in *A-jax*." *Remains*, 4to, edit. 3.

Tru. Briefly: for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cler. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

Tru. Umh? I, by my troth.

Dawp. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think 'em wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine: do, Clerimont, fetch 'em, and discourse to 'em all that's past, and bring 'em into the gallery here.

Dawp. This is thy extreme vanity now: thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest they mak't were not publish'd.

Tru. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. Trust me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a carpet i' the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion o' thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away——
John Daw.

Daw. What good news, sir?

Tru. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendi quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir.

Tru. And that you would suffer, I told him: so at first he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, sir?

Tru. Your upper lip, and six o' your fore-teeth²⁰.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare 'em all. So after long argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and then he would have.

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have 'em.

Tru. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembered or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own person; he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir; take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure: which will be but a little while, we'll get it releas'd presently.

Daw. Five kicks? he shall ha' six, sir, to be friends.

Tru. Believe me, you shall not overshoot yourself, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, sir; he shall have it with all my heart to be friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O god, sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir.

Tru. Sir Amorous, you shall have six to another, or rehearsing old matters.

[*Dauphine comes forth and kicks him.*]

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I protest, sir Amorous, you shall have six.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you should not talk. Come, give him six, an' he will needs. Your sword. Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another——Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by: sir Amorous.

La. F. What's here? a sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword——

Lady F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts.

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him: if not, he shall beat it himself, for Amorous.

Tru. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.

Tru. Then you must submit yourself to be hood-wink'd in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, gules, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre.*

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, sir; because if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace, (which I hope he will not do) you might swear safely,

²⁰ Your upper lip, and six o' your FORE-TEETH.] The loss of teeth to be inflicted on the knight as a disgraceful punishment, seems to have been copied after a penalty of the same nature, mentioned in an old French romance: *Dans le roman de Huon de Bourdeaux, entre autres choses à faire pour affronter l'amiral Gaudisse, on ordonna au pauvre chevalier Huon, de ne rentrer point en France, qu'il n'eust esté lui arracher la barbe, et quatre dents maschelières: ce qu'il fit enfin avec l'aide d'Oberon le Fè, son ami loyal, mais non pourtant sans maint coup ferir.*

and protest he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

Tru. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, sir. If he should—Come, sir. All hid, sir John.

[*Dauphine enters to tweak him.*]

La-F. Oh, sir John, sir John. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh—

Tru. Good sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis sir John's pleasure, you should retire into the study. Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by-and-by, Damon and Pythias upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be. I trust, we shall have 'em tamer i' their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. God's will, the ladies have surpris'd us.

SCENE VI.

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Epicene, Trusty, Dauphine, True-wit, &c.

Hau. Centaure, how our judgments were impos'd on by these adulterate knights!

[*Having discovered part of the past scene above.*]

Cent. Nay, madam Mavis was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd 'em in the college²¹.

Mar. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never look'd toward their valours.

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems.

Mar. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ott. So master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? he seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so, madam, believe it.

Cent. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mar. Yes, faith, do, and bring sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, Mavis.

Mar. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

Hau. I, he shews he is judicial in his clothes.

Cent. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake²².

Hau. I, and have every hair in form.

Mar. That wear purer linen than ourselves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite!

Epi. I, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him.

Cent. I could love a man for such a nose!

Mar. Or such a leg!

Cent. He has an exceeding good eye, madam!

Mar. And a very good lock²³!

Cent. Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. Ott. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, man! they are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrae'd our brace of knights here, master True-wit.

Tru. Not I, madam; it was sir Dauphine's ingine; who, if he have disfigure'd your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself.

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, sir.

Cent. Godso, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mar. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as sir Dauphine.

Cent. We would be all glad to stile him of our friendship, and see him at the college.

Mar. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

Daup. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, Dauphine? Why, all their actions are govern'd by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do any thing; but as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one

²¹ 'Twas her commendation UTTER'D 'EM in the college.] This is sense, and consistent; but if the reader has a mind for a change, he may adopt Mr. Upton's reading, *usher'd 'em*; i. e. introduced them.

²² Not so superlatively neat as some that have their faces set in a brake.] So read all the copies, the first folio excepted, which gives us the true lection *brake*. A *brake*, amongst other acceptations, is a sort of bridle, which they made use of to young horses, in order to make them carry their heads steady, and in a proper place.

²³ A very good LOCK.] A favourite lock of hair, which it was the fashion of those times to nourish.

of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways 'em generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it now thou hast 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

Gen. We'll entreat sir Dauphine's company.

Tru. Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch 'em out to you straight.

Hau. Will you, master True-wit?

Daup. I; but, noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to 'em, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, sir Dauphine.

Gen. Mar. Upon our honours, sir Dauphine.

Tru. Sir Amorous, sir Amorous. The ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but slip out by-and-by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet sir John here, as by chance, when I call you. Jack Daw.

Daw. What say you, sir?

Tru. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger i' your looks to your adversary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble sir John Daw! where ha' you been?

Daw. To seek you, sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, sir.

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in peace, man.

Daup. Where's your sword, sir John?

Cler. And yours, sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth, to mend the handle e'en now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Daup. Indeed, sir? How their excuses meet.

Cler. What a consent there is i' the handles?

Tru. Nay, there is so i' the points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. Ott. O me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away.

SCENE VII.

Morose, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Mor. What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

[He had found the two swords drawn within.]

Tru. O sir! here hath like to have been murder since you went! a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours: we were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begg'd by this time else——

Mor. For what?

Cler. For man-slaughter, sir, as being necessary.

Mor. And for her favours?

Tru. I, sir, heretofore, not present. Clerimont, carry 'em their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Daup. Ha! you spoke with the lawyer, sir?

Mor. O, no! there is such a noise i' the court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors! that the noise here is silence to't! a kind of calm midnight!

Tru. Why, sir, if you would be resolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall inquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, master True-wit?

Tru. Yes, and are very sober grave persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

Mor. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands?

Tru. Alas, sir! your nephew and I have been asham'd, and oftentimes mad, since you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, sir.

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen; I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion——

Tru. You shall find none, sir; but heapt, heapt plenty of vexation.

Daup. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

Tru. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Daup. Why? to what purpose?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepest divine, and gravest lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Daup. Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a welt o' the one, and a canonical cloke with sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few terms i' their mouths; if there come not forth as able a doctor, and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for nirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and Otter too.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out this case, to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw, or La-Foole, or any thing worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Maris.

La-F. **W**HERE had you our swords,
master Clerimont?

Cler. Why, Dauphine took 'em from the madman.

La-F. And he took 'em from our boys, I warrant you?

Cler. Very like, sir.

La-F. Thank you, good master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cler. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen.

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

Mar. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for sir Dauphine to translate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

Cler. He has it in the hilt of a knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of instruments.

Cler. Like a surgeon!

La-F. For the mathematicks: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack, when he was here, and of the prince of Moldavia, and of his mistress, mistress Epicæne.

Cler. Away! he hath not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly. Sir John, I am telling sir Amorous here, that you two govern the ladies where-e'er you come, you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, sir.

Cler. Faith, I believe that they do, withal—but, that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions—

Daw. Not I, sir Amorous is.

La-F. I protest, sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise i' the state, sir Amorous, you ha' the person.

La-F. Sir John, you ha' the person, and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse—and then you have activity beside.

La-F. I protest, sir John, you come as high from Tripoly, as I do every whit: and lift as many join'd stools, and leap over 'em, if you would use it—

Cler. Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom, or commonwealth of ladies' affections: I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

La-F. That we have—velvet petticoats, and wrought smocks, or so.

Daw. I, and—

Cler. Nay, out with it, sir John; do not envy your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why—a—do you speak, sir Amorous.

La-F. No, do you, sir John Daw.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we have been—

La-F. In the great bed at Ware together in our time. On, sir John.

Daw. Nay, do you, sir Amorous.

Cler. And these ladies with you, knights?

La-F. No, excuse us, sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pound when we came home.

Cler. Do you hear, sir John? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, sir.

Cler. You lay in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and conversed with her hourly, sir.

Cler. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, sir. I was her servant, and sir Amorous was to be.

Cler. Come, you have both had favours

¹ *I protest, sir John, you come as high from Tripoly, as I do every whit.*] To come as high from Tripoly, a phrase then in use, to signify the doing feats of activity and strength; so Jonson in his Epigrams,

“Can come from Tripoly, leap stools, and wink.” Ep. 115.

And so likewise his contemporaries,

“Get up to the window there, and presently

“Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tripoly.”

Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, Act 4. sc. 2.

Tripoly was famous for the jousts and tournaments held there in the days of chivalry; and from those feats perhaps the phrase was derived.

from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Dau. O, no, sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, sir; we must not wound reputation.

Cler. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefore speak plainly: how many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha?

La-F. Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

Dau. O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but sir Amorous knows what's what, as well.

Cler. Dost thou, i' faith, Amorous?

La-F. In a manner, sir.

Cler. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this: nor shall he, for me.

Dau. Hang him, mad ox.

Cler. Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the lady Haughty: he'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont.

Hau. I assure you, sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only, that hath embark'd me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in ourselves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish gems from pebbles—

Daup. (Are you so skilful in stones?)

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis—

Daup. You do not, madam; I perceive they are your mere foils.

Hau. Then are you a friend to truth, sir: it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure. My

chamber, sir, my page shall shew you; and Trusty, my woman shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, sir Dauphine. Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madam, a-writing. I'll follow you presently: I'll but speak a word with sir Dauphine.

Daup. With me, madam?

Cen. Good sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her, whatever you do besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect cour-tier, and loves nobody but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay 'em or no, heaven knows; and she's above fifty too, and par-gets²! See her in a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worse face than she! you would not like this by candle-light. If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for sir Dauphine, (you shall not see it i' faith, Centaure.) Good sir Dauphine, solve it me: I'll call for it anon.

Cler. How now, Dauphine? how dost thou quit thyself of these females?

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Cler. O, you must not tell though.

Daup. Mass, I forgot that: I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this: another loves me with caution, and so would possess me: a third brings me a riddle here: and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cler. A riddle? pray let me see't.

[*He reads the paper.*]

"Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honour'd, as to appear at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physick to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation. MAVIS."

² Do not trust HAUGHTY, nor make any credit to her.] i. e. Nor give her any credit; from the Latin idiom, *fidem facere*. Jonson is too bold in introducing phrases from the learned languages.

³ Her physicians give her out to be none of the clearest—she's above fifty too, and PAR-GETS.] Perhaps *clearest* is a corruption for *cleanest*, though the words are nearly synonymous. She *pargets*; she paints, the term then in vogue;

"Pha. From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old rivel'd faces,

Chorus. Good Mercury defend us." *Cynthia's Revels*, act 5.

And bishop Hall employs the same metaphor; "Whence learned they to daub these mud-walls with apothecaries' mortar?" *Censure of Travel*, sect. 21

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? what's their plain-dealing, trow?

Daup. We lack True-wit, to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for somewhat else too: his knights reformadoes are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Daup. You jest.

Cler. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance against all the women's reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth: and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly—

Daup. What, they have lain with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why; and the place where. I had almost brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it to-day.

Daup. Not both of 'em?

Cler. Yes, faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would ha' set it down under their hands.

Daup. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

SCENE III.

True-wit, Morose, Otter, Catboard, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. O are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the women (as I have given the bride her instructions) to break in upon him in the l'envoy. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, master doctor and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge 'em bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will; you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you lose yourselves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously, while I present you.

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

Tru. Yes, sir; please you salute 'em.

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms, as "God save you," and "You are wel-

come," are come to be a habit in our lives! or, "I am glad to see you!" When I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him, whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would hear the canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My father, in my education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not, embracing the one, and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours, and impertinencies of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a wind-mill! the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.

Tru. Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? master parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce. First, you must understand the nature of the word divorce, *à divertiendo*—

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, the canon-law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case:

but there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments (as we call 'em), all which do not *dirivere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon-law, not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.

Mor. I understood you before: good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you must give the learned men leave, sir. To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris*.

Ott. Of which there are several species.

Cut. I, as *error personæ*.

Ott. If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ*.

Ott. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis*.

Ott. If she prove stubborn or headstrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? is that, sir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

Cut. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum* be *edictionem*. It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is of no obstandy.

Tru. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fall'n from by this time!

Cut. The next is *conditio*: if you thought her free-born, and she prove a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. I, but, master doctor, those servitudes are *sublate* now, among us Christians.

Cut. By your favour, master parson—

Ott. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*: if either party have made a vow of chastity. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline. The fourth is *cognatio*: if the persons be of kin within the degrees.

Ott. I: do you know what the degrees are, sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, sir; they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cut. But there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis*: if you were her god-father, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That comment is absurd, and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as

much a-kin in that, as god-fathers, and god-daughters.

Mor. O me! to end the controversy, I never was a god-father, I never was a god-father, in my life, sir. Pass to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known case. The sixth, *cultus disparitas*, difference of religion: have you ever examin'd her, what religion she is of?

Mor. No; I would rather she were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no means, good sir; on to the rest: shall you ever come to an end, think you?

Tru. Yes, he has done half, sir. (On to the rest.) Be patient, and expect, sir.

Cut. The seventh is *vis*: if it were upon compulsion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine; too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*: if ever she have taken holy orders.

Ott. That's superstitious too.

Mor. No matter, master parson; would she would go into a nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*: if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust myself too soon into these fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas*; which is, *inchoata quædam affinitas*.

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum*.

Mor. I feel no air of comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

Ott. Which is no less *vera affinitas*, than the other, master doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

Ott. You say right, venerable doctor: and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ persone efficiuntur una car*——

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, master parson: *ita per fornicationem æquæ est verus pater, qui sic generat*——

Ott. Et verè filius qui sic generatur——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cler. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and last is, *si fortè coire nequibus*.

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum gravissimum*: it doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

Tru. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confess yourself but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorc'd first.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbis perpetuus, & insanabilis*; as *paralysis, elephantiasis*, or so——

Damp. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

T t

Ott. You say troth, sir; and as it is in the canon, master doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, sir.

Cter. Before he speaks.

Ott. That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum*. So your *omnipotentes*—

Tru. Your *impotentes*, you whoreson lobster.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium*.

Tru. *Matrimonium*? we shall have most *tra-matrimonial* Latin with you; *matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Daup. You put 'em out, man.

Cut. But, then, there will arise a doubt, master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium*: that *frigida sit præditus* (do you conceive me, sir?)

Ott. Very well, sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore*.

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely apotastical.

Cut. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a will, master doctor, you can prove nothing else. Does not the verse of your own canon say,

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant—¹

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, master parson?

Mor. (O, this was it I fear'd.)

Ott. *In æternum*, sir.

Cut. That's false in divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis false in humanity, to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *præstare fidem datum*? I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convallere*?

Ott. He cannot *convallere*, it is impossible.

Tru. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect 'em else.

Cut. Or, if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum*, *odio uxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then.

Daup. (They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.)

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris*; and this is positive.

Mor. Good sir, let me escape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, sir?

Ott. And therefore if he must be *manifestus frigidus*, sir.

Cut. I, if he be *manifestus frigidus*, I grant you—

Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

Ott. 'Then, *frigiditatis causa*—

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*—

Mor. O, mine ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cut. I, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

Mor. Good echoes forbear.

Ott. If you confess it—

Cut. Which I would do, sir—

Mor. I will do any thing—

Ott. And clear myself in *foro conscientie*—

Cut. Because you want indeed—

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. *Exercendi potestate*.

SCENE IV:

Epicæne, Morose, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole; Otter, Cut-beard.

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you, help me. This is such a wrong as never was offered to poor bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form-sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife—

¹ Does not the verse of your own canon say,

Hæc socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant

The following are the verses alluded to;

1 2 3 4 5
Error, conditio, votum, cognatio, crimen,

6 7 8 9 10
Cultus disparitas, vis, ordo, ligamen, honestas,

11 12
Si sis affinis, si forte coire nequibis;

(Si parochi & duplicis desit presentia testis,

Raptive sit mulier, nec parti reddita tuta)

Hæc jacienda vetant connubia, facta retractant.

The canon law allows fourteen impediments, which are comprehended in the verses above, though only twelve of them are enumerated by our author's casuists. See Cowell's *Interpreter*, in the word *divorce*.

Mor. O the variety and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

Mae. We'll have our men blanket 'em i' the hall.

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

Tru. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll hear, before you proceed?

Mae. I'd ha' the bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O mankind generation!

Daup. Ladies, for my sake, forbear.

Hau. Yes, for sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he lists.

Tru. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity; she'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that nam'd once, you shall not entreat her to stay; she'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him*.

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons—

Tru. Silence, ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman—

Cler. Hear him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity, which before I conferred with these learned men, I thought I might have conceal'd—

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction, by asking your public forgiveness.

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unable in nature, by reason of frigidity, to perform the duties, or any the least office of a husband.

Mae. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncaruate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ott. A lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this; it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his own.

Tru. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may have him search'd.

Daw. As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

La-F. Yes, faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, must I undergo that?

Mrs. Ott. No, let women search him, madam; we can do it ourselves.

Mor. Out on me, worse!

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cler. Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Cut. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divoritii*, in the law.

Ott. I, it is the same in theology.

Mor. Worse, worst than worst!

Tru. Nay, sir, be not utterly disheartened, we have yet a small relick of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me in *errore qualitatis*, e'en now? Dauphine, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty and asham'd.

Ott. Marry, sir, in *errore qualitatis* (which master doctor did forbear to urge), if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espoused for a maid—

Mor. What then, sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contraccuum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, s'r, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good master Clerimont.

La-F. You shall excuse us, master Clerimont.

Cler. Nay, you must make it good now, knights; there is no remedy: I'll eat no

* O MANKIND generation!] This word *mankind*, or *mannish*, says Mr. Upton, which we meet with in old authors, has not yet been sufficiently explained. *Mon*, besides its well known signification, in the language of our forefathers, signified wickedness. Thus Chaucer uses it in the *Man of lawes tale*;

"Fie, mannish, fie." Vers. 783.

And Shakspeare in *Coriolanus*, act 4.

"Are you mankind?"

And in the *Winter's Tale*, act 2.

"Out! a mankind witch!"

And Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso;

"See, see, this mankinde strumpet, see (he cride)

"This shameless whore." 20. 95.

* She'll fly you like one that had the MARKS upon him.] Of the plague, small-pox, or any other contagious distemper.

words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir?

Tru. Jack Daw, he's worse than sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont.

La-F. I'll confess it, sir.

Daw. Will you, sir Amorous? will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolv'd.

Tru. So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? she's but a woman, and in disgrace: he'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cler. You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i' faith.

Tru. Why, an' it must, it shall, sir, they say. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his patience.

Daw. It is true, indeed, sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Mor. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir—

La-F. In good fashion. She was our mistress, or so—

Cler. Nay, you must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

Off. 1. The question is, if you have carnaliter, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter? what else, sir?

Off. 1. It is enough: a plain nullity.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise.

Cen. And ha' they confess'd?

Mat. Now out upon 'em, informers!

Tru. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Hon. I would except against 'em as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mrs. Off. Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hon. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

Cut. But, gentlemen, you have not known her since *matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the premisses; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Off. I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? this is worst of all worst worsts! that hell could have devis'd! marry a whore! and so much noise!

Daup. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray be gone, companions. And, gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

Daup. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despised kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you from this unhappy match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now—

Mor. (It cannot be.)

Daup. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward.

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Daup. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and friends, tendered you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now—

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew: I will do it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and for ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke

* This is worst of all worst worsts. It should be, "This is worst, of all worsts worst;" from that expression in St. Chrysostom, *ὁ κακὸς κακὸς κακώτερος*.—Mr. Upton.

your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate wretched gentlewoman!

Han. Will sir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knows you, belike; away, crocodile!

Gen. He does it not sure without good ground.

Daup. Here, sir.

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to any thing, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before—I will not take the advantage.

Daup. Then here is your release, sir; you have married a boy, [*he takes off Epiccene's peruke,*] a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year, at my

great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you. What say you, master doctor? This is *junum impediendum*, I hope, *error personæ*?

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu*.

Cut. *In primo gradu*.

Daup. I thank you, good doctor Cutbeard, and parson Otter. You are beholden to 'em, sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend master True-wit, who enabled 'em for the business. [*He pulls off their beards and disguise.*] Now you may go in and rest, be as private as you will, sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come. Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good. Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutbeard. And I am Otter, your princess shall be reconcil'd to you. How now, gentlemen, do you look at me?

Cler. A boy.

Daup. Yes, mistress Epiccene.

Tru. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot: but much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it,

* Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot.] Mr. Upton has here prevented me in a judicious observation, which I will give the reader in his words: "Hardly, I believe, can be given a better instance of a happy discovery, and unravelling of the whole plot, than in this play which we have now before us. The persons of the play are all met together, and all in the highest suspense of the catastrophe: by concealing this part of the plot, Dauphine has lurch'd his friends of the better half of the garland. And let this phrase which True-wit gives to his friend, be returned back again to our poet." I would observe only, to justify the poet in his expressions, that the metaphor he has used, though apparently destitute of a perfect uniformity, is employed by his contemporaries in the same manner: thus Shakspeare,

" ————— He lurch'd

" All swords o' th' garland.—*Coriolanus*.

Now we have gone through this celebrated poem of our author, it would be unjust not to take notice of the judgment passed upon it, by a greater genius than Jonson, and one who fell very little short of him, or who was perhaps his equal, in critical abilities and learning. The genius I mean is Mr. Dryden; whose just and great commendations of this play are such as the poet would have thought himself honoured in receiving, had he been then alive. The examen of this comedy, which Mr. Dryden goes through with in his *Essay on dramatic poetry*, shews it to be perfectly agreeable to the dramatic unities, which are so strongly insisted on by the French critics, and commentators upon Aristotle. "The length of the action, (says Mr. Dryden,) so far from exceeding the compass of a natural day, does not take up an artificial one; but is all included in the limits of three hours and a half, which is no more than is required for the presentment on the stage. The scene of it is laid in London: the latitude of place is almost as little as you can imagine; for it lies all within the compass of two houses, and after the first act, in one. The continuity of scenes is observed more than any of our plays, except his own *Fox* and *Alchemist*. They are not broken above twice, or thrice at most, in the whole comedy; and in the two best of Corneille's plays, the *Cid* and *Cinna*, they are interrupted once. The action of the play is entirely one: the end or aim of which is the settling Morose's estate on Dauphine. The intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmixed comedy in any language: the conversation of gentlemen in the persons of True-wit and his friends is described with more gaiety, air, and freedom, than in the rest of Jonson's comedies; and the contrivance of the whole is still the more to be admired, because it is a comedy where the persons are only of common rank, and their business private, not elevated by passions or high concerns, as in serious plays." Thus far this great genius, and master of the drama; whose suffrage, I think, may justly determine us to pronounce the *Silent woman* the most exact and finished comedy which our nation hath produced.

lad. And Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing these two to confession, wear my part of it freely. Nay, sir Daw, and sir La-Foote, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, tho' not with her! you meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to-day, in your own imagin'd persons, and so lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sex, should beat you now thriftilly, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit of fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away, you common moths of these, and all

ladies' honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laught at: you deserve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumour. Madams, you are mute, upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such insectæ hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discover'd any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is (a'most) of years, and will make a good visitant within this twelve-month. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his secrecy, that can speak so well of his silence.—Spectators, if you like this comedy, rise cheerfully, and now Morose is gone in, clap your hands*. It may be, that noise will cure him, at least please him.

* *Now Morose is gone in, clap your hands.*] Some criticks of the last age imagined the character of Morose to be wholly out of nature. But to vindicate our poet, Mr. Dryden tells us from tradition, and we may venture to take his word, that Jonson was really acquainted with a person of this whimsical turn of mind: and as humour is a personal quality, the poet is acquitted from the charge of exhibiting a monster, or an extravagant unnatural caricatura. But Mr. Theobald seems to have made a further discovery of the original, from which the author copied: and that appears to be the sophist Libanius. Mr. Theobald's copy hath this remark in the margin: "*N. B. Libanii declamatio de Moroso, qui, cum uxorem loquacem durisset, seipsum accusat*, Gr. Lat. interpret. F. Morello, ap. Morel. 1597." And he adds, "Probably Jonson borrowed the character and marriage of Morose from this declamation." It does not appear that Mr. Theobald had ever read the declamation itself, in which he would probably have found some proofs of a plain and direct imitation: and I am sorry too, that I have not been able to procure the book, and compare it with the character in the play: but the learned reader, who is now apprised of the supposed similitude, may examine the resemblance of features, whenever he has the opportunity of doing it.

This Comedy was first acted in the year 1609,

By the King's Majesty's Servants.

The principal Comedians were,

NAT. FIELD.
GIL. CARIE.
HUG. ATTAWEL.
JOH. SMITH.

WILL. BARRSTED.
WILL. PEN.
RICH. ALLIN.
JOH. BLANEY.

THE ALCHEMIST.¹

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SUBTLE, *the Alchemist.*
FACE, *the House-keeper.*
DOL COMMON, *their Collegue.*
DAPPER, *a Clerk.*
DRUGGER, *a Tobacco-man.*
LOVE-WIT, *Master of the House.*
EPICURE MANNON, *a Knight.*
SURLEY, *a Gamester.*

TRIBULATION, *a Pastor of Amsterdam.*
ANANIAS, *a Deacon there.*
KASTRILL, *the angry Boy.*
DA. PLIANT, *his Sister, a Widow.*
NEIGHBOURS.
OFFICERS.
MUTES.

SCENE, London.

THE ARGUMENT.

*T*he sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
*H*is house in town, and left one servant there,
*E*ase him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,
*L*aving their narrow practice, were become
*C*o'st'ners at large; and only wanting some
*H*ouse to set up, with him they here contract,
*E*ach for a share, and all begin to act.
*M*uch company they draw, and much abuse,
*I*n casting figures, telling fortune's news,
*S*elling of flies, flat bawd'ry with the stone;
*T*ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

¹ *The ALCHEMIST.*] By this expression is here meant, one who pretends to the knowledge of what is called the philosophers stone, which had the faculty of transmuting baser metals into gold. The professors of the art of chemistry are themselves (as well as the critics) not entirely agreed about the meaning and etymology of the word: Menage, who assents to Bochart, derives it from an Arabic term, signifying the *occult science*; and Julius Firmicus, who lived in the time of Constantine, is said to be the first writer who uses the word *Alchymia*. But if the curious reader would be more fully informed of the origin and progress of chemistry, I refer him to the history of it, prefixed to *Boerhaave's Chemistry*, published by Dr. Shaw. But with regard to our poet, in the choice of his subject he was happy; for the age was then extremely addicted to the study of chemistry, and favourable to the professors of it. The following comedy was therefore no unseasonable satire upon the reigning foible; since among the few real artists there was undoubtedly a far greater number of impostors. There was also at this time a particular controversy on foot, with the famous Dr. Anthony, about his *Aurum Potabile*, which was warmly agitated by the members of the faculty; and we shall find that our poet alludes to this dispute in some passages of the play.

P R O L O G U E.

FORTUNE, that favours fools, these two short hours

We wish away, both for your sakes and
Judging spectators; and desire in place,
To th' author justice, to ourselves but
grace.

Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,

No country's mirth is better than our own:
No clime breeds better matter for your
whore, [more,

Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed
the stage; [rage

And which have still been subject for the
Or spleen of comic writers. Tho' this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;

Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
The vices that she breeds, above their
cure.

But when the wholesome remedies are
sweet,

And in their working gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,
But will with such fair correctives be
plac'd:

For here he doth not fear who can apply.

If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think, or
wish, were done;

They are so natural follies, but so shown,
As even the doers may see, and yet not
own.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Face, Subtle, Dol. Common.

Face. BELIEVE'T, I will.

Sub. Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your wits? why gentlemen! for love —

Fac. Sirrah, I'll strip you —

Sub. What to do? lick figs
Out at my —

Fac. Rogue, rogue, out of all your
sleights! [are you madmen?

Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general,

Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll
gum your silks

With good strong water, an' you come.

Dol. Will you have [all?

The neighbours hear you; will you betray
Heark, I hear some body.

Fac. Sirrah —

Sub. I shall mar

All that the taylor has made, if you ap-
proach. [solent slave,

Fac. You most notorious whelp, you in-
Dare you do this?

Sub. Yes faith, yes faith.

Fac. Why, who

Am I, my mungil? who am I?

Sub. I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself —

Fac. Speak lower, rogue.

Sub. Yes, you were once (time's not long
past) the good, [that kept

Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum,
Your master's worship's house here in the

For the vacations — [Friars,

Fac. Will you be so loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated
suburb-captain.

Fac. Sirrah, I'll strip you — *Sub.* What to do? lick figs

Out at my — Fac. Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights. Our poet could not possibly have chosen a happier incident to open his play with. Instead of opening with a dull narration, you have action; and such action too, as cannot possibly be supposed to happen at any other time, than this very present time. Two rogues with their punk, are introduced quarreling, and just so much of their secrets is discovered to the audience, as is sufficient for the audience at present to know. The reader, perhaps too, is to be informed, that our learned comedian does not deal in vulgar English expressions, but in vulgar Attic or Roman expressions. — *I fart at thee, τὸς ὀνόμας ἀλαμπύριον, paupertati oppedere.* Aristophanes in *Plut.* v. 618. and Horace, the polite itorace, did not think himself too delicate for this phrase: *Vin' tu Judæis oppedere curtis.* Lib. i. s. 9. ver. 70. *What to do? lick figs out at my —* The allusion here will be very obvious to those who have read the story of the punishment inflicted on the inhabitants of Milan, by the emperor Frederick Barbarossa. The facetious Rabelais relates it, B. iv. chap. 45. — Mr. Upton.

Fac. By your means, doctor dog?

Sub. Within man's memory,

All this I speak of.

Fac. Why, I pray you, have I

Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?

Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well.

Fac. Not of this, I think it.

But I shall put you in mind, sir; at Pie-

corner, [stalls;

Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks'

Where, like the father of hunger, you did

walk [nose,

Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-

And your complexion of the roman wash,

Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,

Like powder-corns shot at th' artillery-yard.

Sub. I wish you could advance your voice

a little. [veral rags

Fac. When you went pinn'd up in the se-

Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills,

before day;

Your feet in mouldyslippers, for your kibes

A felt of rug, and a thin thred-den cloke,

That scarce would cover your no-but-

Sub. So, sir! [tocks—

Fac. When all your alchemy, and your

algebra,

Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,

Your conjuring, coz'ning, and your dozen

of trades, [linen

Could not relieve your corpse with so much

Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;

I ga' you count'nance, credit for your

coals,

Your stills, your glasses, your materials;

Built you a furnace, drew you customers,

Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you,

beside,

A house to practise in ———

Sub. Your master's house?

Fac. Where you have studied the more

thriving skill

Of bawdry since.

Sub. Yes, in your master's house.

You and the rats here kept possession.

Make it not strange. I know yo' were one

could keep

The butt'ry-hatch, still lock'd, and save the

chippings,

Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men,

The which, together with your Christmas-

vails, [ters,

At post and pair, your letting out of coun-

Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,

And gave you credit to converse with cob-

webs,

Here, since your mistress' death hath broke
up house.

Fac. You might talk softer, rascal.

Sub. No, you scarabe.

I'll 't thunder you in pieces: I will teach you

How to beware to tempt a fury again,

That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

Fac. The place has made you valiant.

Sub. No, your clothes.

Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,

So poor, so wretched, when no living thing

Would keep thee company, but a spider, or

worse? [tering-pots?

Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and wa-

Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd

thee

I' the third region, call'd our state of grace?

Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence,

with pains [work?

Would twice have won me the philosopher's

Put thee in words and fashion, made thee

fit

For more than ordinary fellowships?

Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling di-

mensions? [cards,

Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit,

Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?

Made thee a second in mine own great art?

And have I this for thanks? do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the projection?

Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name ———

Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil

war? [num,

Sub. Never been known, past *equi cliba-*

The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in

cellars, [been lost

Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's;

To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,

Had not I been. [reign?

Dol. Do you know who hears you, sove-

Fac. Sirrah ———

Dol. Nay, general, I thought you were

civil ——— [thus loud.

Fac. I shall turn desperate, if you grow

Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.

Fac. Hang thee, collier, [will,

And all thy pots and pans, in picture, I

Since thou hast mov'd me ———

Dol. (O, this'll o'erthrow all.)

Fac. Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have

all thy tricks

Of 'coz'ning with a hollow cole, dust, scrap-

pings, [sheers,

Searching for things lost, with a sieve and

* ——— No, you SCARABE,

I'll thunder you in pieces.] You scarabe — the beetle bred in dung, and corrupted
filth: so a little lower, he explains the phrase, "Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of
dung?"

* ——— Have all thy tricks

Of coz'ning with a hollow cole.] This alludes to a story in the *Chanon's Yeman's tale*,
as told by Chaucer, v. 1180. This tale is a satire on the pretenders to alchemy, and the
tricks they practised to cheat the ignorant and foolish.

Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
And taking in of shadows with a glass,
Told* in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.

Dol. Are you sound?

Ha! you your senses, masters?

Fac. I will have

A book, but barely reckoning thy impos-
tures, [printers.

Shall prove a true philosopher's stone, to
Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal.

Fac. Out, you dog-leach,

The vomit of all prisons —

Dol. Will you be

Your own destructions, gentlemen?

Fac. Still spew'd out

For lying too heavy o' the basket'.

Sub. Cheater.

Fac. Bawd.

Sub. Cow-herd.

Fac. Conjuror.

Sub. Cut-purse.

Fac. Witch.

Dol. O me!

We are ruin'd! lost! ha' you no more re-
gard [ment? 'sight,

To your reputations? when's your judg-
Have yet some care of me, o' your repub-
lick — [rogue, within

Fac. Away, this brach. I'll bring thee,
The statute of sorcery, tricesimo-tertio

Of Harry the Eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy
neck [barbing it.

Within a noose, for laundring gold, and
Dol. You'll bring your head within a

cockscorn, will you?

[*She catches out Face's sword, and breaks
Subtle's glass.*

And you, sir, with your menstrue, gather it
up,

'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,

Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your
throats.

I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.

Ha! you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world? and shall it now be said,

Yo' have made most courteous shift to cozen
yourselves?

You will accuse him? you will bring him in
Within the statute? who shall take your
word?

A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom nota puritan in Black-friers will trust

So much as for a feather! and you too
Will give the cause, forsooth? you will

insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions?

You must be chief? as if you only had
The powder to project with, and the work

Were not begun out of equality?
The venter tripartite? all things in common?

Without priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual
curs,

Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,

And lose not the beginning of a term,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too!

And take my part, and quit you.

Fac. 'Tis his fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,

And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does.

Dol. How does it? do not we
Sustain our parts?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I
hope

Ours may to-morrow match it.

Sub. I, they may. [Death on me!

Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! I, and do.
Help me to throttle him.

Sub. Dorothee, mistress Dorothee;

* And taking in of SHADOWS with a GLASS,

Told in RED LETTERS.] i. e. says Mr. Upton, letters written in blood; and he thinks it an allusion to a particular manner of divination with a glass, mentioned by the scholiast of Aristophanes, in *Nub.* v. 750. I rather apprehend it, an allusion to a practice familiar to the fortune-tellers of our author's days; and that these shadows were visions taken by a beril, which is a kind of crystal, they had used to look into. Certain formulas of prayer were used before they made the inspection; these forms they termed a Call; and the person making the inspection, was styled the *Speculator*, *Seryer*, or *Seer*. As to the expression told in red letters, the meaning is, that he would have all those tricks just mentioned printed in red letters, which would be apter to catch the eye of a passenger, than the common print. And it was customary at that time, to print the titles of their ballads, and vulgar tales, in red letters.

Still spew'd out

For lying too heavy o' the basket.] i. e. for eating more than his share of the provisions collected, or sent in for the prisoners. In the last edition, these words are a continuation of Dol's speech, whereas they evidently belong to Face, to whom I have here restored them.

* Or, by this hand, I shall grow FACTIOUS too.] Dr. Grey questions the present reading, and thinks *fractious*, that is, quarrelsome, might have been the original word. I would not deprive the reader of his ingenious conjecture, though I have not taken upon me to alter the text. And it seems confirmed by what Dol afterwards says to Subtle:

"——— To leave your faction, sir,

"And labour kindly in the common work."

'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean? [cibation?

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and

Sub. Not I, by heaven —

Dol. Your Sol and Luna — help me'.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myself.

Dol. Will you, sir? do so then, and quickly; swear.

Sub. What shall I swear?

Dol. To leave your faction, sir, And labour kindly in the common work.

Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant aught beside.

I only us'd those speeches as a spur To him.

Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we? [best.

Fac. 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me. [we go make

Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours, (That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in)

A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals, Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride, [heads in,

Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.

And may Don Provost ride a feasting long, In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs, (My noble sovereign, and worthy general) Ere we contribute a new crewel garter To his most worsted worship.

Sub. Royal Dol!

Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.

Fac. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

And not be styl'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,

Dol Singular: the longest cut at night, Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

Sub. Who's that? one rings. To the windo', Dol; pray heaven,

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

Fac. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week

O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London.

Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now:

I had a letter from him. If he do,

He'll send such word, for airing o' the house, As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:

Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Sub. Who is it, Dol?

Doc. A fine young quodling*.

Fac. O,

My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have

(I told you of him) a familiar, To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

Dol. O, let him in.

Sub. Stay. Who shall do't?

Fac. Get you

Your robes on: I will meet him, as going

Dol. And what shall I do?

Fac. Not be seen, away.

Seem you very reserv'd.

Sub. Enough.

Fac. God b' w' you, sir.

I pray you let him know that I was here.

His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but —

SCENE II.

Dapper, Facr, Subtle.

Dap. Captain, I am here. [doctor.

Fac. 'Who's that? he's come, I think, Good faith, sir, I was going away.

Dap. In truth,

I am very sorry, captain.

Fac. But I thought

Sure I should meet you.

Dap. I, I'm very glad.

I had a scurvy writ or two to make, And I had lent my watch last night to one That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd

Of my pass-time. Is this the cunning man?

Fac. 'His is his worship.

Dap. Is he a doctor?

Fac. Yes.

* *Dol.* Your Sol and Luna — help me.] To rail and abuse him, as Mr. Upton says the phrase must here be understood. Or perhaps, to throttle him; as she now holds him fast by the collar, and had just before said so, and called for assistance.

Rascals,

Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,

Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your head in,

For which you should pay ear-rent?] To see me ride, i. e. to see me carted as a bawd; and you, as a couple of rogues, to lose your ears in the pillory.—Mr. Upton.

* *Dol.* A fine young quodling.] A quodling, or codlin; metaphorically, a too soon ripe-headed young boy. By the same metaphor below he is called a puffin.—Mr. Upton.

¹⁰ *Fac.* Who's that? he's come, I think, doctor.] The editions all agree in giving us the line in this manner; but I cannot conceal my suspicion that it ought to be divided, the former part belonging to Subtle, and the latter part only to Face. If this conjecture be right, it should stand thus;

Sub. Who's that? *Fac.* He's come, I think, doctor.

Dap. And ha' you broke with him, cap-
Fac. I. [tain ?]
Dap. And how ?
Fac. Faith, he does makes the matter, sir,
 so dainty,
 I know not what to say—
Dap. Not so, good captain.
Fac. Would I were fairly rid on it, be-
 lieve me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why
 should you wish so ?
 I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
Fac. I cannot think you will, sir. But
 the law
 Is such a thing—and then he says, Read's
 matter
 Falling so lately !—
Dap. Read ? he was an ass,
 And dealt, sir, with a fool.
Fac. It was a clerk, sir.
Dap. A clerk ?
Fac. Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law
 Better, I think—
Dap. I should, sir, and the danger.
 You know, I shew'd the statute to you.
Fac. You did so.
Dap. And will I tell then ? By this hand
 of flesh,
 Would it might never write good court-hand
 more,
 If I discover. What do you think of me,
 That I am a Chiause ?
Fac. What's that ?
Dap. The Turk was, here—
 As one would say, do you think I am a
 Turk ?
Fac. I'll tell the doctor so.
Dap. Do, good sweet captain.
Fac. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's
 prevail ;

This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my
 answer. [this
 I would do much, sir, for your love—But
 I neither may, nor can.
Fac. Tut, do not say so.
 You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
 One that will thank you richly, and h' is no
 Chiause :
 Let that, sir, move you.
Sub. 'Pray you, forbear—
Fac. He has
 Four angels here—
Sub. You do me wrong, good sir.
Fac. Doctor, wherein ? to tempt you with
 these spirits ?
Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to
 my peril.
 'Fore heav'n, I scarce can think you are my
 friend,
 That so would draw me to apparent danger.
Fac. I draw you ? a horse draw you, and
 You, and your flies together—
Dap. Nay, good captain.
Fac. That know no difference of men.
Sub. Good words, sir.
Fac. Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs-meat !
 'Slight, I bring you [ribels,
 No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs !, or Cla-
 That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush,
 And spit out secrets like hot custard—
Dap. Captain.
Fac. Nor any melancholic under-scribe,
 Shall tell the vicar ; but a special gentle,
 That is the heir to forty marks a year,
 Consorts with the small poets of the time,
 Is the sole hope of his old grand-mother,
 That knows the law, and writes you six fair
 hands,
 Is a fine clerk, and has his cyph'ring perfect,

" ————And then he says, READ's matter
Falling so lately.] In Rymers's *Fædera*, vol. 16. p. 666. we meet with a pardon from
 James I. to the person here meant, for practising the black art. " Simon Read of St.
 George's, Southwark, professor of physick, who was indicted for the invocation of wicked
 " spirits, in order to find out the name of the person who had stole 37l. 10s. from Tobias
 " Matthew of St. Mary Steynings in London." This was in 1608. There was also one
 Read, probably the same person, who with one Jenkins stood suit with the college of phys-
 cians in 1602, and was cast for practising without a licence.

" As one would say, do you think I am a Turk ?] Dapper makes a blundering kind of
 answer, highly in character, to Face's question. A *chouse*, to *chouse*, or put the *chouse*
 upon one, are expressions well known. The etymology of the word is not so easily ascer-
 tained ; that alluded to here, the reader may find in Skinner. Mr. Upton. The *Chinese*,
 as Dr. Grey observes from Sir Paul Ricaut's *State of the Turkish Empire*, were reckoned in
 the number of their militia ; though their office was chiefly with relation to civil processes ;
 and they were in the nature of pursuivants, or sergeants.

" *Fac.* Good deeds, sir, doctor DOGS-MEAT.] The 4to of 1612, reads, doctor dogs-
 mouth.

" ————'Slight, I bring you
 No cheating CLIM O' THE CLOUGH.]

" For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,

" And William a Cloudelee,

" To shoot with our Forester for forty marks,

" And the Forester beat them all three."

See Pedigree, Education, &c. of Robin Hood, &c.

Collection of Old Ballads, vol. I. p. 67. 3d edit.—Dr. GREY.

Cloughs in our old English, are rocks and broken mountains, what we now call cliffs.

Will take his oath o' the Greek Xenophon¹¹,
If need be, in his pocket; and can court
His mistress out of Ovid.

Dap. Nay, dear captain.

Fac. Did you not tell me so?

Dap. Yes, but I'd ha' you

Use master doctor with some more respect.

Fac. Hang him, proud stag, with his
broad velvet head. [change

But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would
An article of breath with such a puckfoist—
Come, let's be gone.

Sub. Pray you let me speak with you.

Dap. His worship calls you, captain.

Fac. I am sorry

I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.

Dap. Nay, good sir, he did call you.

Fac. Will he take then?

Sub. First, hear me—

Fac. Not a syllable, 'less you take.

Sub. Pray ye, sir—

Fac. Upon no terms, but an Assumpsit.

Sub. Your humour must be law.

Fac. Why now, sir, talk. [He takes the money. [Speak.

Now I dare hear you with mine honour.
So may this gentleman too.

Sub. Why, sir—

Fac. No whispering.

Sub. 'Fore heav'n you do not apprehend
the loss

You do your self in this.

Fac. Wherein? for what?

Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the money i' the town.

Fac. How! [gamester,

Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after

As they do crackers in a puppet play.

If I do give him a familiar,

Give you him all you play for; never set him:
For he will have it.

Fac. You are mistaken, doctor. [horses,
Why, he does ask one but for cups and
A rilling fly; none o' your great familiars.

Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for

Sub. I told you so. [all games.

Fac. 'Slight, that's a new business!

I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office, for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.

Dap. I 'tis true, sir;

But I do think now I shall leave the law,
And therefore—

Fac. Why, this changes quite the case!
Do you think that I dare move him?

Dap. If you please, sir;

All's one to him, I see.

Fac. What! for that money?

I cannot with my conscience: nor should you
Make the request, methinks.

Dap. No, sir, I mean

To add consideration.

Fac. Why then, sir, [doctor?
I'll try. Say that it were for all games,

Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for
At any ordinary, but o' the score, [him
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.

Fac. Indeed! [the realm,

Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of
If it be set him.

Fac. Speak you this from art? [art.

Sub. I, sir, and reason too, the ground of
H' is o' the only best complexion,

The queen of Fairy loves.

Fac. What! is he!

Sub. Peace. [see him—

He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but

Fac. What?

Sub. Do not you tell him.

Fac. Will he win at cards too? [Isaac¹²,

Sub. The spirits of dead Holland, living
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous
luck

As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put

Six o' your gallants to a cloke, indeed.

Fac. A strange success, that some man
shall be born to!

Sub. He hears you, man—

Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

Fac. Faith, I have confidence in his good-
nature:

You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.

Sub. Why as you please; my venture
follows yours.

Fac. Troth, do it, doctor; think him
trusty, and make him.

He may make us both happy in an hour;

Win some five thousand pound, and send
us two od't.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir.

Fac. And you shall, sir.

You have heard all?

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.

Fac. Nothing? [Face takes him aside.

Dap. A little, sir.

Fac. Well, a rare star

Reign'd at your birth.

Dap. At mine, sir? No.

¹¹ Will take his oath o' the Greek XENOPHON,
[If need be, in his pocket.] The 4to has the Greek Testament, which I should think the
most eligible reading; as it is probable the clerk might carry a Testament about him, to ad-
minister oaths to his master's clients. But Xenophon is the reading of the folio of 1616,
whose authority prevents me from altering the present text.

¹² Sub. The spirits of dead HOLLAND, living ISAAC,
You'd swear, were in him.] The context leads us to imagine these were lucky
gamesters, and persons well known at ordinaries, and places of the like resort; though 'tis
possible the poet may allude to the two famous chemists Isaac, and John Isaac Hollandus,
who flourished about this time, and wrote several treatises on Alchemy.

Fac. The doctor
Swears that you are——
Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.
Fac. Allied to the queen of Fairy.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no such matter——
Fac. Yes, and that
Yo' were born with a cawl o' your head.
Dap. Who says so?
Fac. Come, [seemle it.
You know it well enough, though you dis-
Dap. I-fac, I do not: you are mistaken.
Fac. How!
Swear by your fac? and in a thing so known
Unto the doctor? how shall we, sir, trust you
I' the other matter? can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand
pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
Dap. By Jove, sir, [half.
I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you
I-fac's no oath.
Sub. No, no, he did but jest.
Fac. Go to. Go thank the doctor. He's
your friend,
To take it so.
Dap. I thank his worship.
Fac. So:
Another angel.
Dap. Must I?
Fac. Must you? 'sight, [tor,
What else is thanks? will you be trivial? doc-
When must he come for his familiar?
Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me?
Sub. O, good sir!
There must a world of ceremonies pass,
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.
Fac. Not, if she danc'd, to-night.
Sub. And she must bless it.
Fac. Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?
Dap. Whom?
Fac. Your aunt of Fairy?¹⁷ [captain;
Sub. Not since she kist him in the cradle,
I can resolve you that.
Fac. Well, see her grace, [know.
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made believe it,
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone
woman,
And very rich; and if she take a phant'sie,
She will do strange things. See her, at any
hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the doctor's fear.
Dap. How will't be done then?
Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought.
Do you

But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll see her grace.
Fac. Enough.
Sub. Who's there? [One knocks without.
Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way.)
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself:
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers' ends, and wash
your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry hum
Thrice, and then buz as often; and then
Fac. Can you remember this? [come.
Dap. I warrant you. [stoying
Fac. Well then, away. 'Tis but your be-
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's ser-
vants, [know
And put on a clean shirt: you do not
What grace her grace may do you in clean
linen.

SCENE III.

Subtle, Druggier, Face.

Sub. Come in: (good wives, I pray you
forbear me now:
Troth I can do you no good till afternoon.)
What is your name, say you? Abel Drug-
Dru. Yes, sir. [ger?
Sub. A seller of tobacco?
Dru. Yes, sir.
Sub. Unh.
Free of the grocers?
Dru. I, an't please you.
Sub. Well——
Your business, Abel?
Dru. This, an't please your worship;
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
At corner of a street: (Here's the plot on't):
And I would know by art, sir, of your wor-
ship, [cromancy,
Which way I should make my door, by ne-
And where my shelves; and which should
be for boxes, [thrive, sir.
And which for pots. I would be glad to
And I was wish'd to your worship by a gen-
tleman,
One captain Face, that says you know
men's planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
Sub. I do,
If I do see 'em——
Fac. What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.
Dru. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your
worship.
I pray you, speak for me to master doctor.
Fac. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do
you hear?

¹⁷ ————Did you never see

Her royal grace yet? *Dap.* Whom? your aunt of Fairy.] Here is a mistake in the last speech; your aunt of Fairy belongs to Face, and is the proper reply to Dapper's question. The persons are so ordered in the folio of 1616.

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow ;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil, [not
Nor washes it in muscadell and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd
clouds :

But keeps it in fine lilly pots, that open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs ",
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper,
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no gold-
smith. [sure on—

Sub. H' is a fortunate fellow, that I am

Fac. Already, sir, ha' you found it ? Lo'
thee, Abel !

Sub. And in right way to'ard riches—

Fac. Sir.

Sub. This summer
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet ; spend
what he can.

Fac. What, and so little beard ?

Sub. Sir, you must think,

He may have a receipt to make hair come :
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and
fine for't ;

His fortune looks for him another way.

Fac. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know
this so soon ?

I am amus'd at that !

Sub. By a rule, captain,
In metaposcropy, which I do work by ;
A certain star i' the forehead, which you
see not.

Your chesnut, or your olive-colour'd face
Does never fail : and your long ear doth pro-
mise !

" I knew't, by certain spots too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

" *He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.*

Naturalists tell us that a coal of juniper, if
covered over with its own ashes, will retain its fire a whole year : *Fuerunt qui existimaverint
truncum ligni juniperi accensum, et proprio cinere contextum ignem annuum servare.*

CARDAN. de subtil. l. 8.

Abel kept this coal of juniper for his customers to light their pipes with.

" *I knew't, by certain spots too, in his TEETH,*

And on the NAIL of his mercurial finger.] Our poet's authority is Cardan : *Sunt etiam
in nobis vestigia quadam futurorum eventuum in unguibus, atque etiam in dentibus—sed
pro manus natura, et digitorum in quibus fiunt, et colorum et mutatione eorum.*—De
subtil. l. 18.

" ————The rest,

They'll seem to follow.] The construction is, as to the rest, *quod attinet ad ceteros.*
Shakspeare uses this construction very frequent, which his editors never considered, and
hence have frequently altered his words. *They'll seem*—they'll think it convenient, suitable,
&c.—MR. UFTON.

To confirm the observation of this phraseology occurring in Shakspeare, I must take
leave to mention an instance in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Now afore God, this holy reverend friar,

" All our whole city is much bound to him."

Mr. Warburton, not considering this construction, has altered the last word to *hymn* ; i. e.
celebrate or praise : but if it is taken in the manner mentioned above, he will judge, I be-
lieve, his correction, however ingenious, not absolutely necessary.

" *And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice.*] The droll antick character, so often men-
tioned in our old plays.

Fac. Which finger's that ?

Sub. His little finger. Look.

Yo' were born upon a Wednesday ?

Dru. Yes, indeed, sir. [Venus ;

Sub. The thumb, in chiromanty, we give
The fore-finger, to Jove ; the midst, to
Saturn ;

The ring to Sol ; the least, to Mercury :

Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
His house of life being Libra ; which fore-
shew'd, [with ballance.

He should be a merchant, and should trade

Fac. Why, this is strange ! Is't not, hon-
est Nab ? [Ormus,

Sub. There is a ship now, coming from
That shall yield him such a commodity

Of drugs—This is the west, and this the

Dru. Yes, sir. [south ?

Sub. And those are your two sides ?

Dru. I, sir.

Sub. Make me your door, then, south ;
your broad side, west :

And on the east-side of your shop, aloft,
Write, Mathlai, Turmief, and Baraborat ;
Upon the north-part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those mercurial spirits,
That do fright flies from boxes.

Dru. Yes, sir.

Sub. And

Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone
To draw in gallants, that wear spurs : the
They'll seem to follow ". [rest,

Fac. That's a secret, Nab ! [a vice "

Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.

You shall deal much with minerals.

Dru. Sir, I have

At home, already—

Sub. I, I know you have arsnike,

Vitriol, sal-tartre, argaile, alkaly,

Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, captain, Will come, in time, to be a great distiller²², And give a 'say (I will not say directly, But very fair) at the philosopher's stone.

Fac. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

Dru. Good captain, What must I give?

Fac. Nay, I'll not counsel thee. Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst) Th'art like to come to.

Dru. I would gi' him a crown.

Fac. A crown! and toward such a fortune? heart, Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

Dru. Yes, I have a Portague, I ha' kept this half year.

Fac. Out on thee, Nab. 'Slight there was such an offer—

'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee. Doctor, Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears

He will appear more grateful, as your skill Does raise him in the world.

Dru. I would entreat Another favour of his worship.

Fac. What is't, Nab?

Dru. But, to look over, sir, my almanack, And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither Bargain, nor trust upon them.

Fac. That he shall, Nab.

Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his shelves.

Fac. Now, Nab?

Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?

Dru. 'Thank, sir, both your worships.

Fac. Away.

Why now, you smoky persecutor of nature! Now do you see, that something's to be done,

Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive waters,

Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?

You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on?

And yet you think, I am at no expense,

In searching out these veins, then following 'em,

Then trying 'em out. 'Fore god, my intelligence

Costs me more money, than my share oft comes to

In these rare works,

Sub. You are pleasant, sir. How now?

SCENE IV.

Face, Dol, Subtle.

What says my dainty Dolkin!

Dol. Yonder fish-wife

Will not away. And there's your giants, The bawd of Lambeth.

Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.

Dol. Not afore night, I have told 'em, in a voice, [liars.

Thorough the trunk, like one of your family. But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon—

Sub. Where?

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane, Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue, To one that's with him.

Sub. Face, go you, and shift.

Dol. You must presently make ready, too—

Dol. Why, what's the matter?

Sub. O, I did look for him [sleep!

With the sun's rising: 'marvel, he could This is the day I am to perfect for him

The magisterium, our great work, the stone: And yield it, made, into his hands: of which

He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd.

And now he's dealing pieces on't away, Methinks I see him ent'ring ordinaries, Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses, Reaching his dose, walking Moor-fields for lepers, [lets,

And offering citizens' wives pomander-brace—As his preservative, made of the elixir;

Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young; [rich:

And the high-ways, for beggars, to make I see no end of his labours. He will make Nature asham'd of her long sleep: when art,

Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,

In her best love to mankind, ever could.

If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.

²² Will come, in time, to be a great DISTILLER.] i. e. Chemist. He said above, "You shall deal much with minerals."—In the dispute subsisting at this time between Dr. Anthony, and his antagonists, they insisted, that the virtues of metals, as to physical uses, were very uncertain; and in his defence he undertakes to shew, that there are really great virtues, both for preserving health, and curing diseases, in the mineral kingdom.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Mammon, Surly.

Sur. **C**OME on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore

In novo orbe; here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to't;
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.

This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
This day you shall be spectatissimi.

You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,¹
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping

The livery punk, for the young heir, that
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satten, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails, for a rude-spun cloke,
To be displaid at madam Augusta's,² make
The sons of Sword and Hazzard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,

Commit idolatry with wine, and trumpets:
Or go a feasting, after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young

Viceroyes,
And have your punques, and punquettees,
my Surly.

And unto thee, I speak it first, Be rich.
Where is my Subtle, there? Within hough!
(*Within.* Sir, he'll come to you by-and-by.)

Mam. That is his fire-drake,
His lungs, his zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,

Till he firke nature up, in her own center.
You are not faithful, sir. This night, I'll change

All, that is metal, in my house, to gold.
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,

And buy their tin, and lead up: and to
Lothbury³,

For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that, too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire,
and Cornwall, [now?] ^[now?]

And make them perfect Indies! you admire

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of the great medicine!

Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum:
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.
But, if my eyes do cozen me so, (and I
Giving 'em no occasion) sure I'll have
A whore, shall p— 'em out, next day.

Mam. Ha! why?
Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which he calls elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Givè safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,

I'll make an old man, of fourscore, a child.

Sur. No doubt, he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,

Young giants; as our philosophers have done
(The ancient patriarchs afore the flood)
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it:
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of pickt-hatch
would thank you,
That keep the fire alive, there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,

¹ *You shall no more deal with the hollow dye.*] This alludes to the way of cheating among gamsters, to make their dice hollow, and then by loading them to make them run high or low. Hence they were called high and low men, and high and low Fulhams. See *Every Man out of his Humour*, act 3. sc. 6. The high were so loaden, as to run 4, 5, or 6; the low to run 1, 2, or 3.

² *To be display'd at madam Augusta's.*] The mistress of a brothel: and probably the same whom he elsewhere calls madam Casarean.

³ *Mam.* ——— *That is his fire-drake,*

His lungs.] Lungs was a term of art, for the under-operators in chemistry, whose business principally was to take care of the fire. So Cowley, in his sketch of a philosophic college, in the number of its members, reckons two lungs, or chemical servants; and afterwards, assigning their salaries, To each of the lungs twelve pound,

⁴ ——— *And to Lothbury,*

For all the copper.] Lothbury, the name of a street in London, at that time inhabited chiefly by founders and brasiers.

Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve:
And, of what age soever, in a month.
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom, in three months^{*}.

Sur. And I'll [then,
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises,
Without their poets.

Mam. Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve th' whole city, with preservative,
Weekly; each house has dose, and at the
rate—

Sur. As he that built the water-work,
does with water[†]?

Mam. You are incredulous.

Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Pertinax, Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his
sister,

And Solomon have written of the art;
I, and a treatise penn'd by Adam[‡].

Sur. How!

Mam. O' the philosopher's stone, and in
high Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in high Dutch?

Mam. He did:

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.^{*}

Sur. What paper?

Mam. On cedar board.

Sur. O that, indeed (they say)

Will last 'gainst worms.

Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,

'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason's
fleece, too,

Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-
vellum[†].

Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub;
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,

The manner of our work: the bulls, our
furnace, [dragon:

Still breathing fire: our argent-vive, the
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,

That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the
bating;

And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
(Th' alembick) and then sow'd in Mars his
field, [fix'd.

And thence sublim'd so often, till they're
Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus'
story, [eyes,

Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus'
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,

All abstract riddles of our stone. How now?

SCENE II.

Mannion, Face, Surly.

Mam. Do we succeed? Is our day come?
and holds it?

Fac. The evening will set red upon you,
sir; [ferment

You have colour for it, crimson: the red
Has done his office, three hours hence pre-
pare you

To see projection.

Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again, I say to thee, aloud, Be rich.

^{*} *I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague*

Out o' the kingdom, in three months.] The defence which Dr. Anthony published of himself at Cambridge in 1610, is called *Medicina chymica & veri potabilis auri assertio, ex incubrationibus Fra. Anthonii Londinensis in medicini doctoris*. It is divided into seven chapters: the last enumerates the several distempers which his *aurum potabile* cures; among which is the plague itself; as he asserts to have been demonstrated by experience, in the plague which depopulated London in 1602.

[†] *As he that built the water-work, does with water.*] *He*, viz. Sir Hugh Middleton, as Mr. Upton too remarks: the New River was brought to London much about this time.

[‡] *I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,*

And Solomon have written of the art;

I, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.] The writers on chemistry carry their pretensions very high; and in the catalogue of authors who have wrote on the subject, are numbered Moses, and Miriam, and even Adam himself. Besides those mentioned by Fabricius, the reader may consult the history of chemistry prefixed to Dr. Shaw's edition of Boerhaave.

^{*} *Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in high Dutch?* Mam. *He did:*

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.] A very humorous allusion to the fantastical conceit of Goropius Becanus, who undertook to maintain the teutonic language to be the primitive tongue, and the same which Adam himself spake in Paradise.

[†] *I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,*

Which was no other than a book of alchemy,

Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum.] Our learned author takes this from Suidas; Το μηδελωγραφον γραπτον δεκα βιβλια ης η δεξια ηντογραμματον περιεχον ουκ ειναι δεκα γραμματα λεγεται. Vid. SUID. in voc. βιβλιον. The poet, with great humour, in the following verses, ridicules the attempt of writers, who, having fixed on a favourite hypothesis, explain all the ancient mythology in its support; and suppose it involved in all the fictions and fables of the poets.

This day, thou shalt have ingots: and, to-morrow,

Give lords th' affront. Is it, my zephyrus, right?

Blushes the bolts-head?

Fac. Like a wench with child, sir, That were, but now, discover'd to her master. [care is,

Mam. Excellent witty lungs! my only Where to get stuff enough now, to project This town will not half serve me. [on;

Fac. No, sir? buy

The covering off o' churches:

Mam. That's true.

Fac. Yes.

Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory;

Or cap 'em, new, with shingles.

Mam. No, good thatch:

Thatch will lye light upo' the rafters, lungs. Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;

I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe, Lost in the embers; and repair this brain, Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.

Fac. I have blown, sir,

Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal, [in, just,

When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put To keep your heat still even; these bleav'd-eyes

Have wak'd, to read your several colours, sir, Of the pale citron, the green lyon, the crow, The peacock's tail, the plumed swan¹⁰.

Mam. And, lastly,

Thou hast descry'd the flower, the *san-
guis agni?*

Fac. Yes, sir.

Mam. Where's master?

Fac. At prayers, sir; he, Good man, he's doing his devotions For the success.

Mam. Lungs, I will set a period To all thy labours: thou shalt be the master; Of my seraglio.

Fac. Good, sir.

Mam. But, do you hear?

I'll geld you, lungs.

Fac. Yes, sir.

Mam. For I do mean

To have a list of wives and concubines, Equal with Solomon, who had the stone Alike with me: and I will make me a back With the elixir, that shall be as tough As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night. Th'art sure thou saw'st it blood?

Fac. Both blood and spirit, sir.

Mam. I will have all my beds blown up; not stuff: [room

Down is too hard. And then, mine oval Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took From Elefantis, and dull Aretine

But coldly initiated. Then, my glasses Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse, And¹¹ multiply the figures, as I walk

Naked between my succubæ. My mists I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room, [pits

To¹² lose ourselves in; and my baths, like

¹⁰ ———— To read your several colours, sir,

Of the pale citron, the green lyon, the crow,

The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.]

These are terms made use of by adepts in the hermetic science, to express the several effects arising from the different degrees of fermentation. Thus we are told by one Hostius in the time of Nero; an account of whose impurities we have in the first book of Seneca's Natural Questions: *Huc loco volo tibi narrare fabellam, ut intelligas quam nullum instrumentum irritande voluptatis libido contemnat, & ingeniosa sit ad incitendum furorem suum.* And afterwards he says, *Non quantum peccabat videre contentus, specula sibi, per quæ flagitia sua divideret disponeretque, circumdedit.*

Whether these terms contain a meaning, is best known to those who use them, and pretend to understand them. I shall not trouble the reader with any more accounts of this kind, but refer those who are desirous of being initiated, to Ashmole's *Theatrum Chymicum*, and to the chymical collections published by the same author, under the anagrammatical name of James Hasolle, Esq. i. e. Elias Ashmole.

¹¹ ———— Then, my glasses

Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse,

And multiply the figures.]

This species of lust, which the iniquitous Mammon is contriving, was really practised by one Hostius in the time of Nero; an account of whose impurities we have in the first book of Seneca's Natural Questions: *Huc loco volo tibi narrare fabellam, ut intelligas quam nullum instrumentum irritande voluptatis libido contemnat, & ingeniosa sit ad incitendum furorem suum.* And afterwards he says, *Non quantum peccabat videre contentus, specula sibi, per quæ flagitia sua divideret disponeretque, circumdedit.*

¹² ———— My mists

I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room.

To lose ourselves in.] Our poet is truly classical in all his instances of luxury and extravagance. It was the custom with the Romans on festival occasions, to have a mixture of wine, and saffron, and other odours, which was diffused about the room where the assembly met. And Suetonius informs us, that when Nero made his entry into Rome, after his return from Greece, the streets were sprinkled with this mixture. It was chiefly used in the theatres, where it was conveyed to the top, and then sprinkled on the heads of the spectators,

To fall into: from whence we will come forth

And roll us dry in gossamour and roses.

(Is it arriv'd at Ruby?)—Where I spy

A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,

Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow

I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuck-

Fac. And I shall carry it? [old.

Mam. No. I'll ha' no bawds,

But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,

Best of all others. And my flatterers

Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines¹³,

That I can get for money. My mere fools,

Eloquent burgesses; and then my poets,

The same that writ so subtilty of the fart¹⁴,

Whom I will entertain still for that subject.

The few that would give out themselves to be

Court and town-stallions, and, each-where,

belie [them];

Ladies, who are known most innocent, for

Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:

And they shall fan me with ten estrich-tails

A-piece, made, in a plume, to gather wind.

We will be brave, Puffe, now we ha' the

med'cine.

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,

Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded

With emeralds, saphirs, hyacinths, and ru-

bies. [heels,

The tongues of carps, dormise, and camels'

Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,

(Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsie¹⁵)

And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,

Headed with diamant, and carbuncle.

My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,

Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have

The beards of barbles serv'd, instead of sal-

lads; [paps

Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous

Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,

Drest with an exquisite, and poignant sauce;

For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,

Go forth, and be a knight.

Fac. Sir, I'll go look

A little, how it heightens.

Mam. Do. My shirts

I'll have of taffata-sarsnet, soft and light

As cob-webs; and for all my other raiment,

It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,

Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes and bird skins, perfum'd

With gums of Paradise, and eastern air—

Sur. And do you think to have the stone, with this?

Mam. No, I do think t' have all this, with the stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,

A pious, holy, and religious man,

One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Mam. That makes it, sir; he is so. But I buy it.

My venture brings it me. "He, honest wretch,

A notable, superstitious, good sou',

Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,

tators, as we learn both from Pliny, (*Nat. Hist.* lib. 21. c. 17.) and from Lucan, lib. 9. v. 808 & seq.

That this piece of luxury was not a very early invention, even among the Romans themselves, appears from Propertius and Ovid; who in commending the frugality of their ancestors, mention their want of this delicacy as an instance of it.

Non sinuosa cavo pendebant vela theatro

Pulpita solennes non oluere crocos.—PROPERT. lib. 4. cl. 1.

Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela theatro,

Nec fuerant liquido pulpita rubra croco.—OVID. *Art. Amanul.* lib. 1.

¹³ ——— *My flatterers*

Shall be the pure and gravest of divines.] The pure, i. e. the puritanical.

Mr. Upton.

¹⁴ ——— *And then my poets,*

The same that writ so subtilty of the fart.] Who the author alluded to should be, I cannot say: in the collection of poems, called *Musarum Deliciae*, or the *Muses' Recreation*, by sir John Mennes, and Dr. Smith, there is a poem called the *Fart censured in the Parliament House*; it was occasioned by an escape of that kind in the house of commons. I have seen part of this poem ascribed to an author in the time of queen Elizabeth, and possibly it may be the thing referred to by Jonson.

¹⁵ *The tongues of carps, dormise, and camels' heels,*

Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,

(*Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsie.*) This is from the historian *Ælius Lampridius*, in the life of *Heliogabalus*: *Comedit Apicius ad imitationem Apicii calcanca camelorum, & cristas vicis gallinaceis demptas, linguas pavonum & luciniarum: quod qui ederet ab epilepsia tutus diceretur.* Most of sir Epicure's dainties are mentioned in *Lampridius*.

¹⁶ ——— *He, honest wretch,*

A notable, superstitious, good soul,

Has worn his KNEES BARE, &c.] The true hermetic philosophers were extremely devout, and given to prayer: Aubrey tells us of Dr. Napier, rector of Lyndford, in Bucks, a very pious man and hermetic philosopher, that his knees were horny with frequent prayer.

With prayer and fasting for it : and, sir, let
him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a prophane word, afore him : 'tis poi-
son.

SCENE III.

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, Face.

Mam. Good morrow, father.

Sub. Gentle son, good morrow.

And to your friend there. What is he, is
with you ?

Mam. An heretick, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.

Sub. Son, I doubt,

Yo' are covetous, that thus you meet your
time (ing.

I' the just point : prevent your day, at morn-
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.

Take heed you do not cause the blessing
leave you, {sorry

With your ungovern'd haste. I should be
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper, where my love and zeal hath
plac'd 'em. {self,

Which (heaven I call to witness with your-
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all
my ends,

Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.

Mam. I know, sir,
You shall not need to fear me. I but come
To ha' you confute this gentleman.

Sur. Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone ; would not be gull'd.

Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done, bright sol is in his robe.
We have a med'cine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it. Ulen Spiegel.

Fac. Anon, sir.

Sub. Look well to the register,
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the Aludeis.

Fac. Yes, sir.

Sub. Did you look

O' the bolts-head yet ?

Fac. Which, on D. sir ?

Sub. I.

What's the complexion ?

Fac. Whitish.

Sub. Infuse vinegar, {ture.
'To draw his volatile substance and his tinc-
And let the water in glass K. be felter'd,

And put into the Gripe's egg. Lute him
well :

And leave him clos'd in balneo.

Fac. I will, sir.

Sur. What a brave language here is ! next
to canting. {son,

Sub. I have another work, you never saw,
That three days since past the philosopher's
wheel,

In the lent heat of Athanor ; and's become
Sulphur o' Nature.

Mam. But 'tis for me ?

Sub. What need you ?

You have enough, in that, is perfect.

Mam. O but—

Sub. Why, this is covetise !

Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges, and grammar-schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then, a church.

Sub. How now ?

Fac. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the feltre ?

Sub. Marry, yes ;

And bring me the complexion of glass B.

Mam. Ha' you another ?

Sub. Yes, son, were I assur'd
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it. But, I hope the
best.

I mean to tinct C. in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.

Mam. Of white oil ? {helm too.

Sub. No, sir, of red. F. is come over the
I thank my maker, in S. Mary's bath,
And shews *lac virginis*. Blessed be heaven.
I sent you of his feces there calcin'd.

Out of that calx, I ha' won the salt of mer-
cury.

Mam. By pouring on your rectified water ?

Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

How now ? what colour says it ?

Fac. The ground black, sir.

Mam. That's your crow's head ?

Sur. Your cocks-comb's, is't not ?

Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were
the crow.

That work wants something.

Sur. (O, I look'd for this.

The hay is pitching)

Sub. Are you sure, you loos'd 'em

I' their own menstrue ?

Fac. Yes, sir, and then married 'em,
And put 'em in a bolts-head nipp'd to di-
gestion,

According as you bade me, when I set

The liquor of Mars to circulation

In the same feat.

Sub. The process then was right.

Fac. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort
brake, {cane,

And what was sav'd, was put into the Pelli-
And sign'd with Hennes' seal.

Sub. I think 'twas so.

We should have a new Amalgama¹⁷.

Sur. (O, this ferret
Is rank as any pole-cat.)

Sub. But, I care not.

Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H. has his white shirt on?

Fac. Yes, sir,

He's ripe for inceration: he stands warm,
In his ash-fire. I would not, you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mam. He says right.

Sur. I, are you bolted?

Fac. Nay, I know't, sir,
I have seen th' ill fortune. What is some
three ounces

Of fresh materials?

Mam. Is't no more?

Fac. No more, sir,

Of gold, t'amalgama, with some six of mer-
cury. [serve]

Mam. Away, here's money. What will

Fac. Ask him, sir.

Mam. How much? [him ten.

Sub. Give him nine pound: you may gi'

Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.

Mam. There 'tis. [have it so,

Sub. This needs not. But that you will
To see conclusions of all. For two
Of our inferior works are at fixation,
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.

Ha' you set the oil of luna in kemia?

Fac. Yes, sir.

Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?

Fac. I.

Sur. We shall have a salad.

Mam. When do you make projection?

Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'-
cine,

By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso*,
And giving him solution; then congeal him;
And then dissolve him, then again congeal
him:

For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hun-
dred.

After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure
Silver or gold, in all examinations,
As good as any of the natural mine.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

Mam. Not those of iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.

We'll change all metals.

Sur. I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my spits?

Sub. Yes, and your racks. [and hooks]

Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers,
Shall he not?

Sub. If he please.

Sur. To be an ass.

Sub. How, sir! [withal;

Mam. This gentleman you must bear
I told you he had no faith.

Sur. And as little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.

Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, sir,
in our art,

Seems so impossible?

Sur. But your whole work, no more.

That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt¹⁸!

Sub. Sir, do you

Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?

Sur. If I should?

Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.

No egg but differs from a chicken more

Than metals in themselves.

Sur. That cannot be.

The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,

And is a chicken in *potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of lead, and other
metals,

Which would be gold, if they had time.

Mam. And that

Our art doth further.

Sub. I, for 'twere absurd

To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect i' the instant. Something went be-
There must be remote matter. [fore.

Sur. I, what is that?

Sub. Marry, we say—

Mam. I, now it heats: stand, father,

Found him to dust—

Sub. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On the other part, a certain crass and vis-
cous [rate,

Portion of earth; both which, con corpo-
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals, and all stones,
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more driness, it becomes a stone.
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.

¹⁷ *We should have a new AMALGAMA.*] A mixture of metals with mercury.

Dr. GREY.

I have not troubled the reader with the explanation of all the terms of art, which he may learn by consulting his dictionary: some of them mean the same thing, and the exact meaning of some is dubious.

¹⁸ *That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,*

As they do eggs in Egypt.] Besides the accounts given us by Sandys and other later travellers, of the manner of hatching chickens at Grand Cairo, the reader may consult an exact relation by the celebrated Mr. John Greaves, 2d vol. of his works, edit. 1737.

Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the
means.

Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engender'd;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part; the one
(Which is the last) supplying the place of
male,

The other of the female in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in
them;

And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence, than nature doth in
earth.

Beside, who doth not see in daily practice,
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,
Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly
plac'd?

And these are living creatures, far more per-
And excellent than metals.

Mam. Well said, father! [gument,
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an ar-
He'll bray you in a mortar.

Sur. Pray you, sir, stay.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat
With charming.

Sub. Sir?
Sur. What else are all your terms,
Whereon no one o' your writers 'grees with
other?

Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chry-
soperme,
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your
blood,

Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and
your panther, [your adrop,
Your sun, your moon, your firmament,
Your Lato, Azoch, Zeraich, Chibrit, Heau-
tarit, [man,

And then your red man, and your white wo-
With all your broths, your menstrues, and
materials, [blood,

Of piss, and egg-shells, women's terms, man's
Hair o' th' head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds,
and clay,

Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?

Sub. And all these nam'd,
Intending but one thing; which art our
writers

Us'd to obscure their art.

Mam. Sir, so I told him,
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.

Sub. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Speak not the Scriptures oft in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of
wisdom,
Wrap'd in perplexed allegories?

Mam. I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Sisyphus was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
He would have ours common. Who is this?

[*Dol is seen.*

Sub. God's precious—What do you mean?
go in, good lady,
Let me entreat you. Where's this varlet?

Fac. Sir? [thus?

Sub. You very knave! do you use me

Fac. Wherein, sir?

Sub. Go in, and see, you traitor. Go.

Mam. Who is it, sir?

Sub. Nothing, sir; nothing.

Mam. What's the matter, good sir?

I have not seen you thus distemper'd; who
is't? [versaries;

Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their ad-
But ours the most ignorant. What now?

[*Lace returns.*

Fac. 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would
speak with you.

Sub. Would she, sir? Follow me.

Mam. Stay, lungs.

Fac. I dare not, sir.

Mam. How! pray thee stay.

Fac. She's mad, sir, and sent hither—

Mam. Stay man, what is she?

[*Fac.* A lord's sister, sir.

He'll be mad too.

Mam. I warrant thee.)

Why sent hither?

Fac. Sir, to be cur'd.

Sub. Why rascal!

Fac. Loe you. Here, sir. [*He goes out.*

Mam. 'Fore god, a Bradamante, a brave
piece!.

Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be
burnt else.

Mam. O, by this light, no. Do not
wrong him. He's

Too scrupulous that way. It is his vice.

No, he's a rare physician, do him right,
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done
Strange cures with mineral physick. He
deals all

With spirits, &c. He will not hear a word
Of Galen, or his tedious recipe's.

How now, lungs! [*Face again.*

Fac. Softly, sir, speak softly. I meant
To ha' told your worship all. This must
not hear.

" 'Fore god, & BRADAMANTE.] An heroine in *Orlando Furioso*.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd : let him alone.

Fac. Y^e are very right, sir, she is a most rare scholar, [works²⁰.]

And is gone mad with studying Broughton's If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,

She falls into her fit, and will discourse So learnedly of genealogies,

As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

Mam. How might one do 't have conference with her, lungs?

Fac. O, divers have run mad upon the conference.

I do not know, sir : I am sent in haste, To fetch a vial.

Sur. Be not gull'd, sir Mammon.

Mam. Whence? 'pray ye, be patient.

Sur. Yes, as you are, [and whores.

And trust eⁿ moderate knaves, and bawds,

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, Ulen,

One word.

Fac. I dare not, in good faith.

Mam. Stay, knave.

Fac. H^e's extreme angry that you saw her, sir. [out of her ht?]

Mam. I rank that. What is she when she's

Fac. O, the most affablest creature, sir!²¹ so merry! [quick-silver,

So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like Over the helm : and circulate, like oil,

A very vegetal : discourse of state,

Of mathematicks, bawdry, any thing—

Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means, [wa—

No trick to give a man a taste of her— Or so?—Ulen.

Fac. I'll come to you again, sir.

Mam. Surly, I did not think one o' your breeding

Would traduce personages of worth.

Sur. Sir Epicure,

Your friend to use: yet still, loth to be gull'd,

I do not like your philosophical bawds.

Their stone is litchery enough to pay for, Without this bait.

Mam. Heart, you abuse yourself.

I know the lady, and her friends, and means, The original of this disaster. Her brother H^e's told me all.

Sur. And yet you ne'er saw her Till now?

Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have [believe it] [think,

One o' the treacherousest memories, I do Of all mankind.

Sur. What call you her brother?

Mam. My lord— [think on't. He wⁱl not have his name known, now I

Sur. A very treacherous memory!

Mam. O' my faith—

Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it,

I'll we meet next.

Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.

He's one I honour, and my noble friend,

And I respect his house.

Sur. Heart! can it be,

That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,

A wise sir too, at other times, should thus With his own oaths, and arguments, make

hard means

To gull himself? An' this be your elixir,

Your *lapia mincralis*, and your lunary,

Give me your honest trick, yet, at primero,

Or glee; and take your *luteum sapientis*,

Your *menstruum simplex*: I'll have gold

before you,

And with less danger of the quicksilver,

Or the hot sulphur²².

Fac. Here's one from captain Face, sir, [To Surly.

Desires you to meet him i' the Temple-church, [since.

Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business, if you please to quit us, now; and come

[He whispers Mammon.

Again within two hours, you shall have

My master busy examining o' the works;

And I will steal you in unto the party,

That you may see her converse. Sir, shall

I say,

You'll meet the captain's worship?

Sur. Sir, I will.

But, by attorney, and to a second purpose²³.

Now, I am sure, it is a bawdy-house;

²⁰ *She is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.*] Mr. Hugh Broughton, a celebrated rabbin in Queen Elizabeth's days, and a great publisher. See STAYPE's *Whitgift*, and *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. 2.—Dr. GREY.

²¹ *Fac. O, the most AFFABLEST creature, sir!*] This manner of speaking, by a comparative or superlative, formed from a comparative or superlative, was common to our old writers. Our author has an ingenious remark on this mode of speech, in his *English Grammar*, which the reader will permit me to set before him: "Furthermore, these adverbs *more* and *most* are added to the comparative and superlative degrees themselves, which should be before the positive: and this is a certain kind of English Atticism, or eloquent phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the *most antientest* and *finest* Gracians, who for more emphasis and vehemency's sake, used so to speak."

²² *With less danger of the quicksilver, Or the hot sulphur.*] Meaning, with less danger of being salivated for it.

²³ *But by attorney, and to a second purpose.*] i. e. I will delegate, as it were, or appoint some other character to act instead of my own proper character. He speaks this aside. For soon after he puts on the person of a Spanish don.—Mr. Upton.

I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me :

The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why, h' is the most authentic dealer

I' these commodities! the superintendant
To all the quainter traffickers in town.
He is the visitor, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what hour ;
what price ;

Which gown ; and in what smock ; what
fall ; what tyre.

Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth :

Which if I do discover, dear sir Mammon,
You 'll give your poor friend leave, tho' no
philosopher, [shall weep.

To laugh : for you that are, 'tis thought,
Fac. Sir, he does pray, you 'll not forget.

Sir. I will not, sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.
Mam. I follow you, straight. [cion,

Fac. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspi-
This gent'leman has a par'lous head.

Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise ?

Fac. As my life, sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I
am ? and praise me ?

And say, I am a noble fellow ?
Fac. O what else, sir ? [stone,

And that you 'll make her royal, with the
An empress ; and yourself, king of Bantam.

Mam. Wilt thou do this ?
Fac. Will I, sir ?

Mam. Lungs, my lungs !
I love thee.

Fac. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection.

Mam. Th' hast witch'd me, rogue : take,
go.

Fac. Your jack, and all, sir.
Mam. Thou art a villain—I will send my
jack, [thine ear.

And the weights too. Slave, I could bite
Away, thou dost not care for me.

Fac. Not I, sir ?

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee,
my good weasel, [chain

Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a
With the best lord's vernaun of 'em all.

Fac. Away, sir.

Mam. A Count, nay, a Count Palatine—
Fac. Good, sir, go.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better : no,
nor faster.

SCENE IV.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

Sub. Has he bit ? has he bit ?

Fac. And swallow'd too, my Subtle.

I have giv'n him line, and now he plays,
i' faith.

Sub. And shall we twitch him ?

Fac. Thorow both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

Sub. Dol, my lord Wha't's hum's sister,
you must now

Bear yourself *Statelich*.

Dol. O let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud ;
Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,

And be as rude as her woman.

Fac. Well said, sanguine.

Sub. But will he send his andirons ?

Fac. His jack too ; [Well,
And's iron shoeing horn : I ha' spoke to him.

I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

Sub. O monsieur Caution, that will not
be gull'd.

Fac. I, if I can strike a fine hook into him,
now, [angle.

The Temple-church, there I have cast mine
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.

Sub. What, more judicious !
[One knocks.

Dol, scout, scout ; stay, Face, you must go
to the door, [Dol ?

'Pray god it be my Anabaptist. Who is't,
Dol. I know him not. He looks like a
gold end-man.

Sub. Godso ! 'tis he, he said he would
send

What call you him ?

The sanctified elder, that should deal [in.
For Mammon's jack and andirons ! Let him

Stay, help me off, first, with my gown.
Away, [Now,

Madam, to your withdrawing chamber.
In a new tune, new gesture, but old lan-

guage. [one
This fellow is sent from one negotiates with

About the stone too ; for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints : that hope

To raise their discipline by it. I must use
him

In some strange fashion, now, to make him
admire me."

24 ————— I must use him

[In some strange fashion now to make him admire me.] It is judiciously remarked by Mr. Upton; that nothing can be finer imagin'd than this change of Subtle's behaviour. Fools always admire what they least understand ; and characters is the least they are acquainted with. To the voluptuous and wicked Mammon, Subtle appears holiness and humility itself : to the ignorant and devout Ananias, he appears all learning and science ; to which every other consideration must submit : and all this, very agreeably to the ruler of decorum, to excite the admiration and wonder of those various kinds of fools.

SCENE V.

*Subtle, Face, Ananias.**Sub.* Where is my drudge?*Fac.* Sir.*Sub.* Take away the recipient,
And rectify your monstree from the
phlegma.Then pour it o' the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let 'em macerate together.*Fac.* Yes, sir.

And save the ground?

Sub. No. *Terra damnata*Must not have entrance in the work. Who
are you?*Ana.* A faithful brother, if it please you.*Sub.* What's that?

A Lullianist? a Ripley? Filius artis?

Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?

Know you the Sapor Pontick? Sapor Stip-
tick?

Or what is homogene, or heterogene?

Ana. I understand no heathen language,
truly.*Sub.* Heathen, you Knipper-doling²²? is*Ans.* Sacra,

Or Chrysoporia, or Spagyrica,

Or the Pamphysick, or Panarchick know-
ledge,

A heathen language?

Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.*Sub.* How? heathen Greek?*Ana.* All's heathen but the Hebrew.*Sub.* Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth,
and speak to him,Like a philosopher: answer, if the language.
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.*Fac.* Sir, Putrefaction,
Solution, Ablution, Sublimation,
Cohobation, Calcination, Ceration, and
Fixation.*Sub.* This is heathen Greek, to you, now?
And whence comes Vivification?*Fac.* After Mortification.*Sub.* What's Cohobation?*Fac.* 'Tis the pouring onYour Aqua Regis, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.*Sub.* What's the proper passion of metals?*Fac.* Malice.*Sub.* What's your *ultimum supplicium*
aurei?*Fac.* Antimonium.*Sub.* That's heathen Greek to you? and
what's your Mercury?*Fac.* A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.*Sub.* How know you him?*Fac.* By his Viscosity,

His Oicosity, and his Suscitability.

Sub. How do you sublime him?*Fac.* With the calce of egg-shells,
White marble, talc.*Sub.* Your Magisterium, now?

What's that?

Fac. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into
hot, hot into dry.*Sub.* This's heathen Greek to you still?Your *Lapis philosophicus*?*Fac.* 'Tis a stone, and not

A stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:

Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd;

If you coagulate, it is coagulated;

If you make it to fly, it flieth.

Sub. Enough.This's heathen Greek to you? What are
you, sir?*Ana.* 'Please you, a servant of the exil'd
brethren, [goods:That deal with widows, and with orphans'
And make a just account unto the saints:

A deacon.

Sub. O, you are sent from master Whol-
some,

Your teacher?

Ana. From Tribulation Wholsome,

Our very zealous pastor.

Sub. Good. I have

Some orphans' goods to come here.

Ana. Of what kind, sir?*Sub.* Pewter, and brass, andirons, and
kitchen-ware,Metals, that we must use our medicine on:
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth,
For ready money.*Ana.* Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?*Sub.* Why do you ask?*Ana.* BecauseWe then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost value.*Sub.* 'Slid, you'd cozen else,And if their parents were not of the faithful?
I will not trust you, now I think on't,Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you
brought money

To buy more coals?

Ana. No surely.*Sub.* No? how so? [sir,*Ana.* The brethren bid me say unto you,
Surely, they will not venture any more,

Till they may see projection.

Sub. How!*Ana.* You have had, [and glasses,
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome,Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and theyhave heard since, [egg,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it of

And a small paper of pin-dust.

Sub. What's your name?

²² *Heathen, you KNIPPER-DOLING?*] *Knipper-doling* was a fanatical Anabaptist at Munster in Germany; he with one Rotman and John Buckold, commonly called John of Leyden, a taylor, and the rest of the superstitious crew, raised great disturbances in the Low Countries about the end of the year 1533.

Ana. My name is Ananias.

Sub. Out, the varlet

That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away,
Flee, mischief; had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked Ananias? send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire; and down th' alembicks, and the
furnace.

Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both Sericon, and Bufo, shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the
bishops,

Or th' antichristian, hierarchy shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes. The
Aqueity,

Terreity, and Sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias. This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling
inore.

A man must deal like a rough nurse, and
Those that are froward to an appetite.

SCENE IV.

Face, Subtle, Druggier.

Fac. H' is busy with his spirits, but we'll
upon him.

Sub. How now! what mates? what bai-
ards ha' we here?

Fac. I told you he would be furious.
Sir, here's Nab, [look on:]

Has brought you another piece of gold to
(We must appease him. Give it me :) and
prays you,

You would devise (what is it, Nab?)

Dru. A sign, sir.

Fac. I a good lucky one, a thriving sign,
doctor.

Sub. I was devising now.

Fac. (Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What say you to his constellation, doctor?
The Balance?

Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull;
Or the bull's-head: in Aries, the ram.
A poor device. No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystic character; whose
radii,

Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affec-
tions,

That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus—

Fac. Nab!

Sub. He shall have a *bel*, that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
In a *rug* gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's
drug!

And right aneust him a dog snarling er;
I here's *Dru*-ger, *Abel* Druggier. That's
his sign. [pluck!]

And here's now mysters, and hierogly-
Fac. *Abel*, thou art made.

Dru. Sir, I do thank his worship. [Nab.]

Fac. Six o' thy legs more will not do it,
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.

Dru. Yes, sir:

I have another thing I would impart—

Fac. Out with it, Nab.

Dru. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich young widow—

Fac. Good? a bona roba?

Dru. But nineteen at the most.

Fac. Very good, *Abel*.

Dru. Marry, sh' is not in fashion yet; she
wears

A hood; but 't stands acop.

Fac. No matter, *Abel*.

Dru. And I do now and then give her a
fucus—

Fac. What! dost thou deal, Nab?

Sub. I did tell you, captain.

Dru. And physick too sometime, 'sir: for
which she trusts me [purpose]
With all her mind. She's come up here of
To learn the fashion.

Fac. Good (his match too!) on, Nab.

Dru. And she does strangely long to know
her fortune. [hither.]

Fac. Gods lid, Nab, send her to the doctor

Dru. Yes, I have spoke to her of his wor-
ship already:

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her marriage.

Fac. Hurt it? 'tis the way

To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell
her this. [your widows]

She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honour is their multitude of suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune.

What?

Thou dost not know.

Dru. No, sir, she'll never marry [vow].
Under a knight. Her brother has made a

Fac. What, and dost thou despair, my
little Nab, [thee]

Knowing what the doctor has set down for
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?

One glass o' thy water, with a madam I
know, [a knight?]

Will have it done, Nab: what's her brother?

Dru. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm
in his land, sir, govern

Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does
His sister here; and is a man himself [up]

Of some three thousand a year, and is come
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,

²² And here's now mystery, and hieroglyphick.] The ridicule on the taste for rebuses, com-
mon at that time, is well placed: Camden, in his remains, will help the reader to others
of the same kind; and such too was that of one Newberry, who had a sign expressing his
name, in the manner here mentioned.

And will go down again, and die i' the country.

Fac. How! to quarrel?

Dru. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do, to manage 'em by line.

Fac. 'Sud, Nab! the doctor is the only man

In Christendom for him. He has made a
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels. He will give him

An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'y may persuade. Go to.
'Sha't give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premisses.

Sub. O, good captain.

Fac. He shall,
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not,
No offers, bring the damask, and the parties.

Dru. I'll try my power, sir.

Fac. And thy will too, Nab.

Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this! what is't
an ounce?

Fac. He'll send you a pound, doctor.

Sub. O, no.

Fac. He will do't.

It is the gooddest soul. Abel, about it.

(Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)

A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause in-
deed

Why he came now. He dealt with me in
To get a med'cine for 'em.

Sub. And shall, sir. This works.

Fac. A wife, a wife for one o' us, my dear
Subtle:

We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall
The more in goods, the other has in tail.

Sub. Rather the less. For she may be so
light

She may want grains.

Fac. I, or be such a burden,

A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and
then determine.

Fac. Content. But Dol must ha' no breath

Sub. Mum.

Away, you to your Surly yonder, catch him.

Fac. 'Pray god I ha' not staid too long.

Sub. I fear it.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

Tri. THESE chastisements are common
to the saints,

And such rebukes we of the separation
Must bear, with willing shouldiers, as the
trials

Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana. In pure zeal

I do not like the man, he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Tri. I think him a prophane person indeed.

Ana. He bears

The visible mark of the beast in his fore-head.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto
all means

That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified
cause

Should have a sanctified course.

Tri. Not always necessary:

The children of perdition are oft-times
Made instruments even of the greatest
works.

Beside, we should give somewhat to man's
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate

The brain of man, and make him prone to
passion.

Where have you greater atheists than your

Or more prophane, or choleric, than your
glassmen?

More antichristian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would
ask you,

Safhan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenick? We must give, I
say,

Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
When as the work is done, the stone is made,

This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,

Against the menstruous cloth, and rag of
Rome.

We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t'up-
braid him

With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg,
What need we have to hasten on the work,

For the restoring of the silenc'd saints,
Which ne'er will be, but by the philoso-
pher's stone.

And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assur'd me; *aurum potabile* being

The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;

And must be daily us'd in the disease.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly by
man;

Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

Tri. Let us call on him then.

Ana. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first: peace
be within.

SCENE II.

Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias.

Sub. O, are you come? 'twas time. Your
threescore minutes
Were at last thread, you see; and down
had gone

Furnus accendit, turris circulatorius:
Lembeck, bolts-head, retort, and pellicane
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? nay then, it goes down
yet.

Tri. Sir, be appeased, he is come to
humble

Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.

Sub. Why, this doth qualify!

Tri. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance: but are
ready

To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.

Sub. This qualifies more!

Tri. And for the orphans' goods, let them
be valu'd,

Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numbred: here, by me, the
saints,

Throw down their purse before you.

Sub. This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your
cause?

Shew'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your
friends, [fleet])

From th' Indies to serve you, with all their
That ev'n the med'cinal use shall make you
a faction,

And party in the realm? as, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the
gout,

Why, you but send three drops of your
Elixir,

You help him straight: there you have
made a friend.

Another has the palsy, or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a
friend.

A lady that is past the feat of body,
Tho' not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,
With the oil of talc: there you have made
a friend;

And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make 'em
smooth and sound,

With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still
You increase your friends.

Tri. I, 'tis very pregnant. [pewter

Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's
To plate at Christmass—

Ana. Christ-tide, I pray you.

Sub. Yet Ananias?

Ana. I have done.

Sub. Or changing
His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot
But raise you friends'. Withal, to be of
power

To pay an army in the field, to buy
The king of France out of his realms, or
Spain

Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal,
That shall oppose you?

Tri. Verily, 'tis true.

We may be temporal lords ourselves, I
take it.

Sub. You may be any thing, and leave
off to make

Long-winded exercises: or suck up
Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune to call the flock together:
For (to say sooth) a tune does much with
women,

And other phlegmatic people, it is your bell.

Ana. Bells are prophane: a tune may be
religious.

Sub. No warning with you? then fare-
well my patience.

'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus
tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, sir.

Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes;
the man

He stands corrected: neither did his zeal
(But as yourself) allow a tune somewhere.

Which now, being to'ard the stone, we
shall not need. [dows

Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to win wi-
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the common cause:
Nor take the start of bonds broke but one
day,

And say, they were forfeited by providence.
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge
meals,

To celebrate your next day's fast the better:
The whilst the brethren and the sisters
humbled,

Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;

¹ ————— You cannot

But raise your friends.] So the last edition; the others more truly as it stands
above.

As whether a christian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets;
Or have that idol starch about their linen².

Ana. It is indeed an idol.

Tri. Mind him not, sir. [trouble]
I do command thee, spirit (of zeal, but
To peace within him. Pray you, sir, go on.

Sub. Nor shall you need to libel¹ 'gainst
the prelates,

And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of
necessity

Rail against plays, to please the alderman,
Whose daily custard you devour. Nor lie
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not
one [selves]

Of these so singular arts. Nor call your-
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like,
affected

By the whole family or wood of you¹,
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple.

Tri. Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably fa-
mous. [thing!]

Sub. O, but the stone, all's idle to it! no-

The art of angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
From east to west; and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.

Ana. I hate traditions:
do not trust them—

Tri. Peace.

Ana. They are popish all.

I will not peace. I will not—

Tri. Ananias.

Ana. Please the prophane, to grieve the
godly, I may not.

Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts
him, sir.

But truly, else, a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the
truth. [bag]

Sub. Has he a competent sum there? the
To buy the goods within? I am made
guardian,

And must, for charity and conscience-sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor
orphan: [gainers.]

Though I desire the brethren too, good
There they are within. When you have
view'd, and bought 'em,

And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no
more

To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll gi't you in by weight.

Tri. But how long time,
Sir, must the saints expect yet?

Sub. Let me see, [hence,
How's the moon now? eight, nine, ten days
He will be silver potate; then three days
Before he citronize: some fifteen days

The magisterium will be perfected. [week,
Ana. About the second day of the third
In the ninth month?

Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.

Tri. What will the orphans' goods arise to,
think you? [three cars,

Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of
But I must ha' more coals laid in. [en.]

Tri. How!

Sub. Another load,

² Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets;
Or have that idol starch about their linen.]

The puritans of our author's days affected all these, and other scruples of equal consequence; and would have reformed the dresses of the age, as well as the constitution and language of the kingdom, by scripture precedents, and scripture expressions. In the dominion of grace all was to be pure simplicity. There cannot be an exacter copy of the principles and practice of the fanatics in that time, than what is given us in this scene: the pamphlets and writings of that period, as well as the troubles that followed in the next reign, corroborate all that Jonson hath here said.

And such like, affected

[By the whole family or wood of you.] We have had this expression before in the *Silent Woman*, act 2. sc. 2. Wood is used to signify any miscellaneous collection, or stock of materials, hence some poets intitle their miscellaneous works *silicarium libri*: and our poet, alluding to this antient practice, calls his the *Forest*. As to the names here mentioned, every one knows the affectation of the puritans in giving them: the vanity of these new names is taken notice of by Camden, which, saith he, have been lately given by some to their children with no evil meaning, but upon some singular and precise conceit. As if the puritans imagined the name sanctified the man; and thought with the Spaniards, that it conveyed to the person some mark of grace agreeably to that which was signified by it. And this was the reason, as the historian tells us, why such pompous names became so common in Spain: *La custome estoit de bailler volontiers à leurs enfans, des noms ou surnoms bien sonnants, estimans que cela leur acquerroit grace envers les hommes, et que un beau nom revenoit à la personne quelque marque ou impression conforme à ce que par icelui estoit signifié.*—Hist. d'Espagne, de Meyerne Turquet. p. 286.

And then we have finish'd. We must now
increase

Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, b. laci cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should with this draught fall low, and that
the saints

Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now,
instantly, [dollars]
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch
As any are in Holland.

Tri. Can you so? [tion.

Sub. I, and shall 'bide the third examina-

Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the bre-
thren.

Sub. But you must carry it secret.

Tri. I, but stay,

This act of coining, is it lawful?

Ana. Lawful?

We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,
This 's foreign coin '.

Sub. It is not coining, sir.

It is but casting.

Tri. Ha? you distinguish well.

Casting of money may be lawful.

Ana. 'Tis, sir.

Tri. Truly, I take it so.

Sub. There is no scruple,

Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:

This case of conscience he is studied in.

Tri. I'll make a question of it to the bre-
thren. [doubt not,

Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful,

Where shall it be done?

Sub. For that we'll talk anon.

[Knock without.

There's some to speak with me. Go in, I
pray you,

And view the parcels. That's the inventory.

I'll come to you straight. Who is it? Face!
appear.

SCENE III.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

Sub. How now? good prize?

Fac. Good pox! yond' caustive cheater

Never came on.

Sub. How then?

Fac. I ha' walk'd the round

Till now, and no such thing.

Sub. And ha' you quit him?

Fac. Q. it him? an' hell would quit him
too, he were happy.

Slight, would you have me stalk like a mill-
jade, [grains?

All day, for one that will not yield us
I know him of old.

Sub. O, but to ha' gull'd him,

Had been a mast'ry.

Fac. Let him go, black boy,

And turn thee, that some fresh news may
possess thee.

A noble count, a don of Spain (my dear
Delicious compeer, and my party bawd)

Who is come hither, private, for his con-
science,

'And brought munition with him, six great
slops, [trunks,

Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round
Furnish'd with pistols, and pieces of eight,

Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy
bath,

(That is the colour) and to make his batt'ry
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,

Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where
is she?

She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,

For she must milk his Epididymis.

Where is the doxy?

Sub. I'll send her to thee: [Leydens,
And but dispatch my brace of little John

And come again myself.

Fac. Are they within then?

Sub. Numb'ring the same.

Fac. How much?

Sub. A hundred marks, boy.

Fac. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten
pounds of Mammon!

Three o' my clerk! a portague o' my
grocer!

This o' the brethren! beside reversions,
And states to come i' the widow, and my
count!

* ———— I, but stay,
This act of coining, is it lawful? *Ana.* Lawful?

We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,

This's FOREIGN COIN.] Counterfeiting of foreign coin, was first made high treason, by
the first of Queen Mary, sess. 2. chap. 6. "Coining of any foreign coin of gold, or silver,
"current by the king's proclamation, is high treason." Wood's *institutes of the laws of*
England, p. 344. 3d edit. I think Mr. Hearn, in his argument at archbishop Laud's trial,
mentions this.—Dr. GREY.

It is well known the puritans rejected all human forms of government as carnal ordi-
nances; and were for establishing a plan of policy, in which the scripture only was to be the
civil code.

* *And brought munition with him, six great SLOOPS,*

Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside ROUND TRUNKS.] The corruption in the word
sloops, might be occasioned by what follows in the next line; but the true reading is *slops*,
a large pair of breeches or trowsers, worn by sailors; and so the words *round trunks* seem
to mean, not a chest or portmanteau, but the *trunk-hose*, which were the common wear of
that and the preceding age.

My share to-day will not be bought for
Dol. What? [forty—

Fac. Pounds, dainty Dorothy, art thou so
near? [camp?

Dol. Yes, say lord general, how fares our

Fac. As with the few that had entrench'd
themselves

Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol.

And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew
fat [in

With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought

Daily by their small parties. This dear
hour

A doughty don is taken with my Dol;

And thou may'st make his ransom what thou
wilt, [ter'd

My Dousabel: he shall be brought here fet-
With thy fair looks, before he sees thee;

and thrown

In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;

Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy
drum; [tame,

Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be

As the poor black-birds were i' the great
frust,

Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him

I' the swan-skin coverlid, and cambrick
sheets, [gift?

Till he work honey and wax, my little god's-

Dol. What is he, general?

Fac. An Adalantado, [yet?

A Grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here

Dol. No.

Fac. Nor my Druggier?

Dol. Neither.

Fac. A pox on 'em,

They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days.

How now! ha' you done?

Sub. Done. They are gone. The sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew

Another chapman now would buy 'em out-
right.

Fac. 'Stid, Nab shall do't against he ha'
the widow,

To furnish household.

Sub. Excellent well thought on.

Pray God he come.

Fac. I pray he keep away

Till our new business be o'er past.

Sub. But, Face,

How can'st thou by this secret don?

Fac. A spirit

Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,

As I was conjuring yonder in my circle

For Surly, I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath

Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet

Dol,

You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time. And do you hear? good

action. [close;

Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop,

And tickle him with thy mother-tongue.

His great

Verdugoship has not a jot of language?;

So much the easier to be cozen'd; my

Dolly, [scure,

He will come here in a hir'd coach, ob-

And our own coach-man, whom I have sent

as a guide,

No creature else. Who's that?

[One knocks.

Sub. It is not he!

Fac. O no, not yet this hour.

Sub. Who is't?

Dol. Dapper,

Your clerk.

Fac. God's will then, Queen of Fairy,

On with your tire; and, doctor, with your
robes.

Let's dispatch him for god's sake.

Sub. 'I will be long.

Fac. I warrant you, take but the cues I
give you, [more!

It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are

Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,

That fain would quarrel.

Sub. And the widow?

Fac. No, [come.

Not that I see. Away. O, sir, you are wel-

SCENE IV.

Face, Dapper, Druggier, Kastil.

Fac. The doctor is within a moving for
you;

(I have had the most ado to win him to it)
He swears you'll be the dearling of the dice:

He never heard her highness dote till now

(he says)

Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious

That can be thought on.

Dap. Shall I see her grace?

Fac. See her, and kiss her too. What,
honest Nab!

Hast' brought the damask?

Nab. No, sir, here's tobacco.

Fac. 'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring
the damask too?

Dru. Yes, here's the gentleman, captain,
master Kastil,

I have brought to see the doctor.

* *My little God's-gift.*] So he calls Dol in allusion to her name Dorothea, which is in Greek the *gift of God*. This manner of alluding to the proper names is very common in our learned poets. So MILTON, III. 656. "Uriel—gloriously bright." And ver 667, "Brightest seraph," in allusion to his name in Hebrew. And B. VI. ver. 29. "Abdiel"—servant of God." With many other instances of the same kind.—MR. UPROX.

His great

VERDUGOSHIP has not a jot of language.] i. e. His great hangmanship. *Verdugo* is a Spanish word signifying amongst other things a *hangman* or *executioner*, and the name likewise of a family in Spain.

Fac. Where's the widow?

Dru. Sir, as he likes, his sister (he says) shall come.

Fac. O, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

Kas. I, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else, [doctor?

By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one That can do things. Has he any skill?

Fac. Wherein, sir? [rel fairly,

Kas. To carry a business, manage a quar- Upon fit terms.

Fac. It seems, sir, you are but young About the town, that can make that a question. [some speech

Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard Of the angry boys', and seen 'em take tobacco;

And in his shop: and I can take it too. And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down And practise i' the country.

Fac. Sir, for the duello, The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you, To the least shadow of a hair: and shew you An instrument he has of his own making, Wherewith no sooner shall you make report Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't

Most instantly, and tell in what degree Of safety it lies in, or mortality. [line,

And how it may be borne, whether in a right Or a half circle; or may else be cast Into an angle blunt, if not acute: [rules

All this he will demonstrate. And then, To give and take the lie by.

Kas. How? to take it?

Fac. Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle;

But never in diameter'. The whole town Study his theorems, and dispute them ordi- At the eating-academies. [narly

Kas. But does he teach

Living by the wits too?

Fac. Any thing whatever.

You cannot think that subtilty but he reads it. [pimp,

He made me a captain. I was a stark Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him: It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method:

First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

* ———— *I have heard some speech*

Of the ANGRY BOYS.] These are called the terrible boys, in the *Silent Woman*, act 2. sc. 4: the roars and vapours of that time, who were very numerous.

* *But never in DIAMETER.*] What Shakspeare calls the lie *direct*; the others are the lie *circumstantial*. See *As You Like It*, act 5. sc. 6. where the several degrees are humorously recounted. The same subject is alluded to by Fletcher in words exactly similar to our author's:

" ———— Has he given the lie

" In circle or oblique, or semicircle,

" Or direct parallel? you must challenge him."

Queen of Corinth, act 4. sc. 1.
The ridicule upon this absurdity of duelling, is finely maintained, as occasion presented, by the great triumvirate of dramatic poets, Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher.

Z z

Kas. No, I'll not come there. You shall

Fac. For why, sir? [pardon me.

Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.

Fac. Why, would you be

A gallant, and not game?

Kas. I, 'twill spend a man.

Fac. Spend you? it will repair you when you are spent. [have vented

How do they live by their wits there, that Six times your fortunes?

Kas. What, three thousand a year!

Fac. I, forty thousand.

Kas. Are there such?

Fac. I, sir. [man

And gallants yet. Here's a young gentle- Is born to nothing, forty marks a year,

Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated, [you

And have a flie o' the doctor. He will win By irresistible luck, within this fortnight,

Enough to buy a barony. They will set him [mas!

Upmost at the groom porters all the Christ- And for the whole year through at every

place [chair;

Where there is play, present him with the The best attendance, the best drink; some-

times

Two glasses of canary, and pay nothing; The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,

The partridge next his trencher: and some- where

The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty. You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,

As play-houses for a poet; and the master Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,

Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink

To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being The goodly president mouth of all the board.

Kas. Do you not gull one?

Fac. 'Ods my life! do you think it? You shall have a cast commander, (can but

get

In credit with a glover, or a spurrier, For some two pair of either's ware afore-

hand) [him,

Will, by most swift posts, dealing with Arrive at competent means to keep himself,

His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fa- And be admir'd for't. [shion,

Kas. Will the doctor teach this?

Your first and second intentions, know your
 canons,
 And your divisions, moods, degrees, and
 differences, [dents,
 Your predicaments, substance, and acci-
 Series extern and intern, with their causes,
 Efficient, material, formal, final,
 And ha' your elements perfect —

Kas. What, is this
 The angry tongue he talks in?

Sub. That false precept,
 Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
 And made 'em enter quarrels, often-times,
 Before they were aware; and afterward,
 Against their wills.

Kas. How must I do then, sir?

Sub. I cry this lady mercy: she should
 first
 Have been saluted. I do call you lady,
 Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
 My soft and buxom widow.

[*He kisses her.*]

Kas. Is she, i' faith?

Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

Kas. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
 And subtlety of her lip, which must be
 tasted [melts
 Often, to make a judgment. 'Slight, she

[*He kisses her again.*]
 Like a myrobolane! here is yet a line,
In rico frontis, tells me, he is no knight.

Pli. What is he then, sir?

Sub. Let me see your hand.

O, your *linea fortunæ* makes it plain;
 And Stella here, *in monte Veneris*:
 But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.
 He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady;
 But shall have some great honour shortly.

Pli. Brother,

He's a rare man, believe me!

Kas. Hold your peace.

Here comes the t'other rare man. 'Save you,
 captain. [sister?

Fac. Good master Kastil. Is this your

Kas. I, sir.

Please you to kiss her, and be proud to
 know her!

Fac. I shall be proud to know you, lady.

Pli. Brother,

He calls me lady, too.

Kas. I, peace. I heard it.

Fac. The Count is come.

Sub. Where is he?

Fac. At the door.

Sub. Why, you must entertain him.

Fac. What'll you do

With these the while?

Sub. Why, have 'em up, and shew 'em
 Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

Fac. 'Fore god,

She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her.

Sub. Must you? I, if your fortune will,
 you must.

Come, sir, the captain will come to us pre-
 sently:

I'll ha' you to my chamber and demonstra-
 tions,

Where I'll shew you both the grammar,
 and logic, [method

And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole
 Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,

That hath the several scales upon't, shall
 make you [moon-light.

Able to quarrel, at a straw's-breadth, by
 And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,

Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-
 sight [greater

Against you see your fortune; which is
 Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

SCENE III.

Face, Subtle, Surly.

Fac. Where are you, doctor?

Sub. I'll come to you presently.

Fac. I will ha' this same widow, now I
 ha' seen her,

On any composition.

Sub. What do you say?

Fac. Ila' you dispos'd of them?

Sub. I ha' sent 'em up.

Fac. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have
 this widow.

Sub. Is that the matter?

Fac. Nay, but hear me.

Sub. Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Fac. Nay, thou art so violent now—Do
 but conceive,

Thou art old, and canst not serve—

Sub. Who, cannot I?

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a—

Fac. Nay,

But understand: I'll gi' you composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee: what,
 sell my fortune?

'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not
 murmur. [Dol

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble,
 Knows it directly.

Fac. Well, sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

Sub. I follow you, sir: we must keep
 Face in awe,

Or he will over-look us like a tyrant.

Brain of a taylor! who comes here? Don
 John? [Surly, like a Spaniard.

Sur. Sennores, *bravo las manos*, a vuestras
 mercedes.

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and
 kist our *anos*.

Fac. Peace, Subtle.

Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

He looks in that deep ruff, like a head in a
 platter,

Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two tressils.

Fac. Or, what do you say to a collar of
 brawn, cut down

Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a
 Spaniard.

Sub. Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, master Dap-
Dap. I long to see her grace. [*per.*]
Sub. She now is set
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
From her own private trencher, a dead
mouse, [*withal,*
And a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with
fasting : [*(she says)*
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you
It would be better for you.
Fac. Sir, he shall
Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her
highness ;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we ha' done —
Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To any body, till then.

Fac. For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in's mouth.
Sub. Of what?
Fac. Of ginger-bread. [*grace*
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her
Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.
Gape, sir, and let him fit you.
Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him?
Dol. I' the privy.
Sub. Come along, sir,
I now must shew you Fortune's privy lod-
gings. [*ready?*
Fac. Are they perfum'd, and his bath
Sub. All.
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.
Fac. Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by-and-
by.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Fac, Mammon, Dol.

Fac. O SIR, you are come i' the only
finest time —

Mam. Where's master?

Fac. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will b' all chang'd shortly.

Mam. Into gold?

Fac. To gold and silver, sir.

Mam. Silver I care not for.

Fac. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

Mam. Where's the lady?

Fac. At hand here. I ha' told her such
brave things o' you, [*spirit—*

Touching your bounty, and your noble
Mam. Hast thou?

Fac. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity i' your confer-
ence,

For fear of putting her in rage —

Mam. I warrant thee. [*And then*

Fac. Six men will not hold her down.

If the old man should hear or see you —

Mam. Fear not.

Fac. The very house, sir, would run
mad. You know it,

How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physick, or ma-
thematticks,

Poetry, state, or bawdry, (as I told you)
She will endure, and never startle: but

No word of controversy.

Mam. I am school'd, good Ulen.

Fac. And you must praise her house, re-
And her nobility. [*member that,*

Mam. Let me alone :

No herald, no, nor antiquary, lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.

Fac. Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady.

Mam. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her, all in gold ;
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danae: shew the god a miser,
Compar'd with Mammon. What? the
stone will do't. [*sleep gold :*

She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold,
Nay, we will *concumere* gold. I will be
puissant, [*comes.*

And mighty in my talk to her. Here she
Fac. To him, Dol, suckle him. This is
the noble knight,

I told your ladyship —

Mam. Madam, with your pardon,

I kiss your vesture.

Dol. Sir, I were uncivil

If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in
health, lady. [*no lady, sir.*

Dol. My lord, my brother is, though I
Fac. (Well said, my Guinea bird.)

Mam. Right noble madam —

(*Fac.* O, we shall have most fierce idola-
Mam. 'Tis your prerogative. [*try.*)

Dol. Rather your courtesy.

Mam. Were there nought else t' enlarge
your virtues to me, [*your blood.*

These answers speak your breeding, and
Dol. Blood we boast none, sir, a poor ba-
ron's daughter.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? profane not.
Had your father

Slept all the happy remnant of his life

After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
H^e had done enough to make himself, his
And his posterity noble. [issue,

Dol. Sir, although
We may be said to want the gilt and trap-
pings, [keep
The dress of honour, yet we strive to
The seeds and the materials.

Mam. I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug money us'd to make your
compound.

There is a strange nobility iⁿ your eye,
This lip, that chin! methinks you do re-
One o' the Austriack princes'. [seemle

Fac. Very like,
Her father was an Irish costarmonger.

Mam. The house of Valois just had such
a nose,

And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.

Dol. Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all these princes.

Fac. I'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.

Fac. I'll in, and laugh.

Mam. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity, beyond
An earthly beauty!

Dol. O, you play the courtier.

Mam. Good lady, gi^{ve} me leave —

Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.

Mam. To burn in this sweet flame;
The Phoenix never knew a nobler death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier,
and destroy

What you would build. This art, sir, iⁿ
your words,

Calls your whole faith in question.

Mam. By my soul —

Dol. Nay, oaths are made o' the same

Mam. Nature [air, sir,

Never bestow'd upon mortality [ture:

A more unblam'd, a more harmonious lea-
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else.

Sweet madam, let me be particular —

Dol. Particular, sir? I pray you know
your distance. [ask

Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to

How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
Yo' are lodg'd here, iⁿ the house of a rare
man,

An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

Dol. Yes, sir; I study here the mathe-
And distillation'. [matics,

Mam. O, I cry you pardon.

He's a divine instructor, can extract

The souls of all things by his art; call all

The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,

Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature

What her own forces are. A man, the
emp'r^{or}

Has courted above Kelley'; sent his medals

And chains, t' invite him.

Dol. I, and for his physick, sir —

Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,

That drew the envy of the Thunderer!

I know all this, and more.

Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,

Whole with these studies, that contemplate

nature. [form

Mam. It is a noble humour: but this

Was not intended to so dark a use.

Had you been crooked, foul, of some

coarse mould,

A cloyster had done well; but such a feature,

That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,

To live recluse! is a mere solacism,

Though in a nunnery. It must not be.

I muse, my lord your brother will permit it!

You should spend half my land first, were

I he.

Does not this diamant better on my finger,

Than iⁿ the quarry?

Dol. Yes.

Mam. Why, you are like it.

You were created, lady, for the light!

Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first

pledge

Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In chains of adamant?

Mam. Yes, the strongest bands.

And take a secret too. Here, by your side,

Doth stand, this hour, the happiest man in

Europe.

Dol. You are contented, sir?

Mam. Nay, in true being,

The envy of princes, and the fear of states.

Dol. Say you so, sir Epicure?

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,

Dr. GREY.

¹ ——— Methinks you do resemble

One o' the Austriack princes.] They were distinguished by their thick lips.

² And DISTILLATION.] i. e. Chemistry; the word is so used above.

³ ——— A man, the emp'r^{or}

Has courted above KELLEY.] The emperor was Rodolph II. who had once a great respect for Kelley; but at last he fell into his displeasure, by attempting to put a chemical cheat upon him, so that he imprisoned him at Prague; from whence endeavouring to escape, he broke his legs, and died soon after. Kelley was an intimate friend of the famous Dr. J. Dee, and concerned with him in his chemical processes and experiments. It is said they were in possession of the elixir, and actually made projection upon several metals, and converted them into gold. His history may be met with in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* 1st vol. col. 279; and in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 45, 46. where are some incredible stories about him.

Fac. He will do more, sir, when your land is gone,

(As men of spirit hate to keep earth long)
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll shew a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity;
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and
others,

That without help of any second broker,
(Who would expect a share) will trust such
parcels.

In the third square, the very street and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does
but wait

To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oat-meal, woad, or
cheeses.

All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand oblig'd.

Kas. I faith! is he such a fellow?

Fac. Why, Nab here knows him.

And then for making matches for rich wi-
dows, [man!

Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their for-
tunes.

Kas. God's will, my suster shall see him.

Fac. I'll tell you, sir, [thing!
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange
(By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab,
it breeds melancholy;

And that same melancholy breeds worms;)
but pass it; [tavern

He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at
But once in his life!

Dru. Truth, and no more I was not.

Fac. And then he was so sick—

Dru. Could he tell you that too?

Fac. How should I know it?

Dru. In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach—

Fac. And he has no head

To bear any wine; for what with the noise
o' the fiddlers,

And care of his shop, for he dares keep no
Dru. My head did to ache— [servants—

Fac. As he was fain to be brought home,
The doctor told me. And then a good old
woman—

Dru. (Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-
lane) did cure me,

With sudden ale, and pelitory, o' the wall:
Cost me but two-pence. I had another
Was worse than that. [sickness

Fac. I, that was with the grief [pence,
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-
For the water-work."

Dru. In truth, and it was like

T' have cost me almost my life.

Fac. Thy hair went off?

Dru. Yes, sir, 'twas done for spite.

Fac. Nay, so says the doctor. [suster,

Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my
I'll see this learned boy before I go:

And so shall she.

Fac. Sir, he is busy now:

But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her

And he by that time will be free. [sooner;
Kas. I go.

Fac. Druggier, she's thine: the damask.
(Subtle and I [Dapper.

Must wrestle for her.) Come on, master
You see how I turn clients here away,

To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you per-
form'd

The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

Dap. Yes, o' the vinegar,

And the clean shirt.

Fac. 'Tis well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's

a-fire, [o' you.
But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight
Ha' you provided for her grace's servants?

Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward

Fac. Good. [shillings.

Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.

Fac. Very good.

Dap. And three James shillings, and an
Elizabeth groat;

Just twenty nobles.

Fac. O, you are too just, [Maries".
I would you had had the other noble in

¹⁰ *Fac.* — I, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence

[For the water-work.] The New-River begun in 1608 by Sir Hugh Middleton, and finished at a very great expence (about five-hundred thousand pounds, in which he had the assistance of King James I, the lord-mayor, and commonalty of London) in the year 1613. See an account of the number of houses supplied by it at that time, in *Stow's Annals*, p. 938.—*Dr. GREY.*

¹¹ *Just twenty nobles.* *Fac.* O, you are too just.

[I would you had had the other noble in Maries.] If the reader will be at the pains to reckon this account, he will find master Dapper deserves the praise of justice which *Face* gives him. Twenty nobles, at six shillings and eight-pence each, amount to the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence, which sum the other pieces make. The Harry's sovereign was a half sovereign only, and valued at ten shillings. *Face* wanted the other noble in Maries, because the money was coined in the several successive reigns of Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, and James; so that Mary's being left out made a chasm in the account.

Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.
 Fac. I, those same [doctor.
 Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the

SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, Dapper, Dol.

Subtle disguis'd like a priest of Fairy.

Sub. Is yet her grace's cousin come?

Fac. He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting?

Fac. Yes.

Sub. And hath cry'd hum?

Fac. Thrice, you must answer.

Dap. Thrice.

Sub. And as oft buz?

Fac. If you have, say.

Dap. I have.

Sub. Then, to her cuz,

Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
 As he was bid, the Fairy-queen dispenses,
 By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
 Which that he straight put on, she doth im-
 portune.

And though to fortune near be her petticoat,
 Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth
 note:

And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath
 sent, [rent;

Which, being a child, to wrap him in was
 And prays him for a scarf he now will wear
 it [tear it]

(With as much love as then her grace did
 About his eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[*They blind him with a rag.*

And, trusting unto her to make his state,
 He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him.
 Which that he will perform, she doth not
 doubt him.

Fac. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas,
 he has nothing,

But what he will part withal as willingly,
 Upon her grace's word (throw away your
 purse) [all]

As she would ask it: (handkerchiefs and
 She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.

(If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
 Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will
 send

Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
 Directly with her highness. If they find

That you conceal a mite, you are undone.)
 [*He throws away, as they bid him.*

Dap. Truly, there's all.

Fac. All what?

Dap. My money; truly.

Fac. Keep nothing that is transitory about
 you.

(Bid Dol play musick.) Look, the elves
 are come

To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise
 you.

[*Dol enters with a cittern; they pinch him.*

Dap. "O, I have a paper with a spur-

Fac. Ti, ti. [ryal in't.

They knew't, they say.

Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet.

Fac. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other pocket?

Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.

They must pinch him, or he will never con-
 fess, they say.

Dap. O, O.

Fac. Nay, pray you hold. He is her
 grace's nephew.

Ti, ti, ti! what care you? good faith, you
 shall care, [Shew

Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies.
 You are innocent.

Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing.

Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equi-
 vocate, she says.

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the
 light when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good dark, I ha' nothing but
 a half-crown

Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave
 me"; [me.

And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook
 Fac. I thought 'twas something. And

would you incur

Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles?
 Come, [half-crowns.

I had rather you had thrown away twenty
 You may wear your leaden heart still.

How now?

Sub. What news, Dol?

Dol. Yonder's your knight, sir Mammon.

Fac. God slid, we never thought of him
 Where is he? [till now.

Dol. Here hard by. H'is at the door.

Sub. And you are not ready now? Dol,
 get his suit.

He must not be sent back.

Fac. O by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffin here,
 Now he's o' the spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,

With some device. Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, would
 her grace speak with me?

I come. Help, Dol.

Fac. Who's there? Sir Epicure,

[*He speaks through the key-hole, the other
 knocking.*

My master's i' the way. Please you to walk
 Three or four turns, but till his back be
 turn'd,

And I am for you. Quickly, Dol.

¹¹ Dap. O, I have a paper with a SPUR-RYAL in't.] A spur-ryal was a gold coin; and in the third of James I. it passed for fifteen shillings. They were first coined in Edward the IVth's time.

¹² — I ha' nothing but a half-crown
 Of gold.] Crowns in silver were not coined till Henry VIIIth's time, nor common till the reign of Edward VI.

Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kas. To be a countess, say you? A Spanish countess.

Pli. Why, is that better than an English countess?

Fac. Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

Fac. Ask from your courtier, to your inas-of-court-man,

To your mere milliner; they will tell you all, Your Spanish genet is the best horse; your Spanish

Stoup is the best garb; your Spanish beard is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best

Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance; Your Spanish titillation in a glove

The best perfume. And for your Spanish pike, [speak.

And Spanish blade, let your poor captain Here comes the doctor.

Sub. My most honour'd lady.

(For so I am now to style you, having found

By this my scheme, you are to undergo An honourable fortune, very shortly.)

What will you say now, if some—

Fac. I ha' told her all, sir;

And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be

A countess; do not delay 'em, sir: a Spanish countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce worshipful captain, you can keep [madam,

No secret. Well, since he has told you, Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kas. She shall do that, sir.

I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.

Sub. Well then: nought rests

But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Pli. Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

Sub. No? [em.

Pli. Never sin' eighty-eight could I abide

And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth. [miserable;

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be Choose which you will.

Fac. By this good rush, persuade her, She will cry strawberries else, within this twelve-month. [worse.

Sub. Nay, shads, and mackerel, which is *Fac.* Indeed, sir? [kick you.

Kas. Godslid, you shall love him, or I'll

Pli. Why?

I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.

Kas. Do,

Or by this hand I'll maul you.

Fac. Nay, good sir,

Be not so fierce.

Sub. No, my enraged child, [taste

She will be rul'd. What, when she comes to The pleasures of a countess! to be court-
ed—

Fac. And kist, and ruffled!

Sub. I, behind the hangings.

Fac. And then come forth in pomp.

Sub. And know her state! [chamber

Fac. Of keeping all th' idolaters o' the Barer to her, than at their prayers!

Sub. Is serv'd

Upon the knee!

Fac. And has her pages, ushers,

Footmen, and coaches—

Sub. Her six mares—

Fac. Nay, eight!

Sub. To hurry her through London, to th' Exchange,

Beth'lem, the china-houses—

Fac. Yes, and have [tires:

The citizens gape at her, and praise her And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her! [my sister,

Kas. Most brave! by this hand, you are not If you refuse.

Pli. I will not refuse, brother.

Sur. *Que es esto, señores, que non se venga? Esta tardanza me mata!*

Fac. It is the count come:

The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

Sub. *En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!*

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, le mas acabada Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!*

Fac. Is't not a gallant language that they speak? [French?

Kas. An admirable language! Is't not

Fac. No, Spanish, sir.

Kas. It goes like law-French,

And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

Fac. List, sir.

Sur. *El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el Resplandor, que trae esta dama. Fálgame dios!*

Fac. He admires your sister.

Kas. Must not she make curtsie?

Sub. Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!

It is the Spanish fashion, for the women

To make first court.

Fac. 'Tis true he tells you, sir:

His art knows all.

Sur. *Por que no se acude?*

Kas. He speaks to her, I think.

Fac. That he does, sir. [se tarda?

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que*

Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand

Noddy. [him! gull.

Pli. What say you, brother?

Kas. Ass, my sister, [you,

Go kiss him, as the cunning man would ha' I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.

Fac. O, no, sir.

Sur. *Señora mia, mi persona muy indigna Alle gar a tanta hermosura.*

Fac. Does he not use her bravely?

Kas. Bravely, i-faith!

Fac. Nay, he will use her better.

Kas. Do you think so?

Sur. *Señora, si sera servida, entremus,*

Kas. Where does he carry her?

Fac. Into the garden, sir; [her.
Take you no thought: I must interpret for

Sub. Give Dol the word. Come, my
force child, advance,
We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

Kas. Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you
shall be brother

To a great count.

Kas. I, I knew that at first. [Kastrils.

This match will advance the house of the

Sub. 'Pray god your sister prove but pliant.

Kas. Why,

Her name is so, by her other husband.

Sub. How!

Kas. The widow Pliant. Knew you not
that?

Sub. No, faith, sir:

Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it.

Come, let's go practise.

Kas. Yes, but do you think, doctor,

I e'er shall quarrel well?

Sub. I warrant you.

SCENE V.

Dol. Mammon, Face, Subtle.

Dol. For, after Alexander's death—

[In her fit of talking.

Mam. Good lady—

Dol. That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were
slain,

The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptole-
mee—

Mam. Madam. [beast,

Dol. Made up the two legs, and the fourth

That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south:
which after [leg—

Was call'd Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron—

Mam. Lady—

Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was

Egypt, too:

Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg—

Mam. Sweet madam.

Dol. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust,
which fall

In the last link of the fourth chain. And these
Be stars in story, which none see, or look
at—

Mam. What shall I do?

Dol. For, as he says, except

We call the rabbins, and the heathen
Greeks—

Mam. Dear lady. [Athens,

Dol. To come from Salem, and from
And teach the people of Great Britain—

Fac. What's the matter, sir?

Dol. To speak the tongue of Eber, and
Javan—

Mam. O,

She's in her fit.

Dol. We shall know nothing—

Fac. Death, sir,

We are undone.

Dol. Where then a learned linguist

Shall see the ancient us'd communion

Of vowels and consonants—

Fac. My master will bear!

Dol. A wisdom, which Pythagoras held
most high—

Mam. Sweet honourable lady.

Dol. To comprise

All sounds of voices, in few marks of
letters—

Fac. Nay, you must never hope to lay
her now.

Dol. And so we may arrive by talmud skill,
And prophane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim;
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

[They speak together.

Fac. How did you put her into't?

Mam. Alas, I talk'd

Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,

With the philosopher's stone (by chance)
and she

Falls on the other four straight.

Fac. Out of Broughton*!

* Falls on the other four straight. *Fac.* Out of Broughton.] He has been taken notice of before, as a great dealer in the prophecies of the Old Testament, and the expositions of the rabbins. The ingenious author of the *life of Bernard Gilpin*, has given us a very beautiful elegy, wrote in 1612, on the death of *Hugh Broughton*; which, though designed as an encomium, is rather a satire on him for the misemployment of his time and talents. His skill in expounding prophecies, and tracing Jewish genealogies, is there touched on in the following stanzas:

“ What meant that monstrous man, whom Babel's king
“ Did in a troubled slumber once behold,
“ Like huge Goliath, slain by David's sling,
“ Whose dreadful head and curled locks were gold,
“ With breasts and mighty arms of silver mould;
“ Whose swelling belly and large sides were brass;
“ Whose legs were iron, feet of mingled mass,
“ Of which one part was clay, the other iron was?

I told you so. 'Slid stop her mouth.

Mam. Is't best? [man hear her,

Fac. She'll never leave else. If the old We are but faces, ashes.

Sub. What's to do there?

Fac. O, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Mam. Where shall I hide me?

[Upon *Subtle's* entry they disperse.

Sub. How! what sight is here! [light. Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the Bring him again. Who is he? what, my son!

O, I have liv'd too long.

Mam. Nay, good, dear father, There was no unchaste purpose.

Sub. Not? and flee me, When I come in?

Mam. That was my error.

Sub. Error, [name. No marvel, Guilt, guilt, my son. Give it the right If I found check in our great work within, When such affairs as these were managing!

Mam. Why, have you so?

Sub. It has stood this half hour: And all the rest of our less works gone back. Where is the instrument of wickedness, My lewd false drudge?

Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him. Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.

I saw her by chance.

Sub. Will you commit more sin, T' excuse a varlet?

Mam. By my hope 'tis true, sir. [whom

Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven;

And lose your fortunes.

Mam. Why, sir?

Sub. This 'll retard The work, a month at least.

Mam. Why, if it do, What remedy? but think it not, good father: Our purposes were honest.

Sub. As they were, [me. So the reward will prove. How now! aye God, and all saints be good to us. What's that?

[A great crack and noise within.

Fac. O sir, we are defeated! all the works Are flown in *fumo*, every glass is burst. Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt Of thunder had been driven through the house.

Retorts, receivers, pellicanes, bolt-heads, All struck in shivers! help, good sir! alas,

[*Subtle* falls down in a swoon. Coldness and death invades him. Nay, sir Mammon,

Do the fair offices of a man! you stand, As you were readier to depart than he. Who, there? my lord her brother's come.

Man. Ha, lungs?

Fac. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight, [One knocks. For he's as furious as his sister's mad.

Mam. Alas! [fume, sir,

Fac. My brain is quite undone with the I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mam. Is all lost, lungs? will nothing be preserv'd,

Of all our cost?

Fac. Faith, very little, sir. [sir. A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort,

Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.

Fac. And so am I, sir.

Mam. Cast from all my hopes—

Fac. Nay, certainties, sir.

Mam. By mine own base affections.

Sub. O, the curst fruits of vice and lust! [Subtle seems come to himself.

Mam. Good father, It was my sin. Forgive it.

Sub. Hangs my roof

Over us still, and will not fall, O justice, Upon us, for this wicked man!

Fac. Nay, look, sir, [sight: You grieve him now with staying in his

"What meant the lion, plum'd in eagle's wings;

"What meant the bear, that in his horrid jaw

"Three ribs of some devoured carcase brings;

"What meant the leopard which Belshazzar saw,

"With dreadful mouth, and with a murdering paw;

"And what that all-devouring horned beast

"With iron teeth, and with his horrid crest:

"All this, and much besides by *Broughton* was exprest.

"'Twas he that branch'd *Messiah's* sacred stem,

"In curious knots, and trac'd his earthly race

"From princely *Adam*, to the noble *Sem*,

"So down to him that held *Coniah's* place,

"And from his son to *Mary* full of grace, &c."

Life of Ber. Gilpin, p. 124. & seq.

I would observe, this *Broughton* is not the person meant by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Scornful lady*, act 2. and again in *It without money*, act 3. though Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward both imagine he was. The person there alluded to, as Mr. Symphon rightly observes, was one Nic. Britain or Briton, whose works were of a different kind from those of *Hugh Broughton*.

Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and
take you,
And that may breed a tragedy.

Mam. I'll go. [be.

Fac. I, and repent at home, sir. It may
For some good penance you may ha' it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Beth'lem—

Mam. Yes. [wits.

Fac. For the restoring such as ha' their
Mam. I'll do't.

Fac. I'll send one to you to receive it.

Mam. Do.

Is no projection left?

Fac. All flown, or stinks, sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd, that's good
for med'cine, think'st thou?

Fac. I cannot tell, sir. There will be,
perhaps,

Something about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch; tho' not your itch of
mind, sir. Good sir,

It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home.
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

Sub. Face.

Fac. I.

Sub. Is he gone?

Fac. Yes, and as heavily

As all the gold he hop'd for were in's blood.
Let us be light though.

Sub. I, as balls, and bound

And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.

Fac. Now to our Den.

Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this
time [travail

Is made a countess, Face: she has been in
Of a young heir for you.

Fac. Good, sir.

Sub. Off with your case, [should,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom
After these common hazards.

Fac. Very well, sir.

Will you go fetch don Diego off, the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be
pleas'd, sir. [pockets now.

Would I do were in her place, to pick his
Fac. Why, you can do't as well, if you
would set to't.

I pray you prove your virtue.

Sub. For your sake, sir.

SCENE VI.

Surly, Dame Pliant, Subtle, Face.

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you
are fal'n;

'Mongst what a nest of villains; and how near
Your honour was t'have catch'd a certain
clap,

(Thro' your credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstances would ha' made a
man: [yo' were wise too.

For yo' are a handsome woman: would
I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel,
And where I might have wrong'd your ho-
nour, and ha' not,

I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I am a ba-
chelor, [me a man,

Worth nought: your fortunes may make
As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think
upon it,

And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, sir. [me alone

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let
To treat with them.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego?

And my dear madam countess: hath the
count

Been courteous, lady? liberal? and open?

Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,

After your coitum, and scurvy! truly,

I do not like the dulness of your eye:

It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch',

* *It hath a heavy cast, 'tis UPSEE DUTCH.*] This odd expression occurs in a comedy of
Fletcher's;

"——— So, sit down, lads,

"And drink me upsee Dutch."—*Beggar's Bush*, act 3. sc. 1.

Mr. Sympson here asks, "What is upsee Dutch?" to which Mr. Seward replies, "I wish
"I could answer Mr. Sympson's question; but I can find no such word in any dictionary or
"glossary of mine." The expression, with a little difference, occurs again in the 4th scene
of the 4th act of the same play, and is applied to a wassel;

"Frig. ——— I for the structure,

"Which is the bowl.

"Hig. Which must be upsee English,

"Strong, lusty London beer."

Indeed no dictionary or glossary will help us to the phrase; but I will endeavour to assign
a meaning, which, as it gives a consistent sense to these different places, may probably be
the true one. It is a proverbial expression, and is used, as proverbs frequently are, in
some little latitude of sense. In Jonson, *'tis upsee Dutch*, signifies it is like a drunken
Dutchman's, *your eye is dull and hath a heavy cast*, like a Dutchman's in liquor, or, as we
say proverbially, "Who is seas over." That is the original of the phrase: *Upsee* is a
corruption from the Dutch *op-zee*, which is literally *over sea*; and 'tis probable we
borrowed that proverb from Holland. In Fletcher, the phrase to drink *upsee Dutch*,
means to drink as Dutchmen, or the same liquor which they do, till we are drunk like
them: the other term must in like manner be explained by the epithet English; so that
upsee

And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

[He falls to picking of them.]

Sur. Will you, don bawd, and pick-
purse? how now! reel you?

Stand up, sir, you shall find since I am so
heavy.

I'll gi' you equal weight.

Sub. Help! murder!

Sur. No, sir,

[cart,
There's no such thing intended. A good
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish don that should be cozened,
Do you see? cozened? where's your cap-
tain Face? [rascal.

That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all
Fac. How, Surly! [tain.

Sur. O, make your approach, good cap-
I have found from whence your copper rings
and spoons [taverns.

Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in
'Twas here you learn'd t' anoint your boot
with brimstone,

Then rub men's gold on't, for a kind of touch,
And say 't was naught, when you had chang'd
the colour, [doctor.

That you might ha't for nothing. And this
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold, in a bolts-head,
And, on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another
With sublim'd Mercury, that shall burst i'
the heat,

And fly out all in fumo? Then weeps Mam-
mon; [Faustus.

Then swoons his worship. Or, he is the
That casteth figures, and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and pox, by the Epheme-
rides,

And holds intelligence with all the bawds
And midwives of three shires: while you
send in— [child,

Captain, (what is he gone?) damself with
Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
With the green-sickness. Nay, sir, you
must tarry [sir.

Tho' he be scap't; and answer by the cars,

SCENE VII.

Face, Kastril, Surly, Subtle, Druggier, Ana-
nias, Dane Pliant, Dol.

Fac. Why, now's the time, if ever you
will quarrel

Well (as they say) and be a true-born child.
The doctor and your sister both are abus'd.

Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a
slave [Are you

Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore.
The man, sir, I would know?

Sur. I should be loth, sir,

To confess so much.

Kas. Then you lie i' your throat.

Sur. How? [cheater,

Fac. A very arrant rogue, sir, and a
Employ'd here by another conjurer,
That does not love the doctor, and would
cross him,

If he knew how—

Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.

Kas. You lie:

And 'tis no matter.

Fac. Well said, sir. He is

The impudent'st rascal— [sir?

Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me,

Fac. By no means: bid him be gone.

Kas. Begone, sir, quickly.

Sur. This's strange! Lady, do you in-
form your brother. [town,

Fac. There is not such a foist in all the
The doctor had him presently: and finds
yet, [Subtle.

The Spanish count will come here. Fear up,
Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this
hour. [disguise,

Fac. And yet this rogue would come in a
By the temptation of another spirit, [it.

To trouble our art, tho' he could not hurt
Kas. I, [ther?

I know—Away, you talk like a foolish mau-
Sur. Sir, all is truth, she says.

Fac. Do not believe him, sir. [sir.

He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways,
Sur. You are valiant out of company.

Kas. Yes, how then, sir?

Fac. Nay, here's an honest fellow too,
that knows him, [Abel.)
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say,
This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the
widow. [pound,

He owes this honest Druggier here, seven
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of
tobacco.

Dru. Yes sir. And he has damn'd him-
self three terms to pay me.

Fac. And what does he owe for lotium?

Dru. Thirty shillings, sir.

And for six syringes.

Sur. Hydra of villainy!

Fac. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out
o' the house.

upsey English, is drinking the liquor which Englishmen usually get drunk with; and that is truly explained in the following line, to be strong-beer.

* *You talk like a foolish MAUTHER.*] i.e. An ignorant foolish young girl. The word is still used in some counties, particularly in Norfolk.

Sur.—HYDRA OF VILLAINY! The plot of Surly, and the counterplot of Face and Subtle, are highly agreeable to comic humour; nor were things ripe yet for a full discovery. Surly finding himself assailed with these fools and knaves, cries out *Hydra of villainy!* The Greek proverb is *Aspis uxor*, *Lerna malorum*: the name of the famous lake where Hercules destroyed the Hydra, whose heads, 'tis fabled, grew as fast as they were cut off.—Mr. Upton.

Kas. I will.—Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie :

And you are a pimp.

Sur. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you : I must laugh at this.

Kas. It is my humour : you are a pimp and a trig.

And an *Anadis de Gaul*, or a Don Quixot.

Dru. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb.
Do you see ?

Ana. Peace to the household.

Kas. I'll keep peace for no man. [ful.

Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded law-
Kas. Is he the constable ?

Sub. Peace, Ananias.

Fac. No, sir. [a whit,

Kas. 'Then you are an otter, and a shad,
A very tin.

Sur. You'll hear me, sir ?

Kas. I will not.

Ana. What is the motive ?

Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman,

Against his Spanish slops—

Ana. 'They are prophane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Sur. New rascals !

Kas. Will you be gone, sir ?

Ana. Avoid Satan.

Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride,
About thy neck, betrays thee ; and is the
same [seventy-seven,

With that which the unclean birds, in
Were seen to prank it with, on divers coasts.
Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

Sur. I must give way.

Kas. Begone, sir.

Sur. But I'll take

A course with you—

Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend.

Sur. Captain and doctor—

Ana. Child of perdition.

Kas. Hence, sir.

Did I not quarrel bravely ?

Fac. Yes, indeed, sir. [shall do't.

Kas. Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I

Fac. O you must follow, sir, and threaten
him tame.

He'll turn again else.

Kas. I'll return him then. [for thee :

Fac. Druggier, this rogue prevented us,
We had determin'd that thou should'st ha'
come, [and he,

In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so ;
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.

Hast brought the damask ?

Dru. Yes, sir.

Fac. Thou must borrow [the players ?

A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with

Dru. Yes, sir ; did you never see me play
the fool ? [can help it.

Fac. I know not, Nab : thou shalt, if I
Hieronymo's old cloke, ruff, and hat will
serve,

I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.

[*Subtle* hath whispered with him *this while*.

Ana. Sir, I know [spies

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath
Upon their actions : and that this was one
I make no scruple. But the holy synod
Have been in prayer, and meditation for it,
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.

Sub. True :

But here I cannot do it ; if the house [out,
Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would
And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there (for th' state) never
come out :

And then are you defeated.

Ana. I will tell

This to the elders, and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the separation
May join in humble prayer again.

[*Sub.* And fasting.] [peace of mind

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The
Rest with these walls.

Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

Fac. What did he come for ?

Sub. About casting dollars,
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful—

Fac. I conceive. Come, Subtle,

Thou art so down upon the least disaster !
How would'st thou ha' done, if I had not
help'd thee out ?

Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy
i' faith.

Fac. Who would ha' look'd it should ha'
been that rascal [sir,
Surly ? he had dy'd his beard and all. Well,
Here's damask come to make you a suit.

Sub. Where's Druggier ? [habit ;

Fac. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish
I'll be the count, now.

Sub. But where's the widow ?

Fac. Within, with my lord's sister :
madam Dol

Is entertaining her.

Sub. By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest I will stand again.

Fac. You will not offer it ?

Sub. Why ?

Fac. Stand to your word,

Or—here comes Dol, she knows—

Sub. Y' are tyrannous still.

* *Dru.* Yes, sir ; did you never see me PLAY THE FOOL ?] Honest Abel, however guilty of playing the fool, does not here mean it in the sense those words are usually spoke. He means the droll character of the fool, which, with that of the vice, made up a principal part of the comic diversion to our simpler ancestors, as they had a place in every representation on the stage. From this character the proverbial expression came into common use. Hieronymo's old cloke, ruff, and hat, mentioned in the following line, were the dress in which the character of Hieronymo, so often taken notice of, was then acted.

Fac. Strict for my right. How now,
Dol. Hast told her,
 The Spanish count will come?
Dol. Yes, but another is come,
 You little look'd for!
Fac. Who is that?
Dol. Your master:
 The master of the house.
Sub. How, *Dol.*?
Fac. She lies. [lins, Dorothy.
 This is some trick. Come, leave your quib-
Dol. Look out, and see.
Sub. Art thou in earnest?
Dol. 'Slight. [talking.
 Forty o' the neighbours are about him,
Fac. 'Tis he, by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill day
 For some on us.
Fac. We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Lost, I'm afraid.
Sub. You said he would not come,
 While there died one a week, within the li-
 berties.
Fac. No: 'twas within the walls.

Sub. Was't so? cry you mercy.
 I thought the liberties. What shall we do
 now, *Fac.*? [knock.
Fac. Be silent: not a word, if he call or
 I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
 Of Jeremy, the butler. I' the mean time,
 Do you two pack up all the goods, and pur-
 chase*, [keep him
 That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll
 Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then,
 At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,
 Where we'll meet to-morrow, and there we'll
 share. [cellar:
 Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the
 We'll have another time for that. But, *Dol.*,
 'Pr'y thee go heat a little water quickly,
 Subtle must shave me. All my captain's
 beard
 Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy,
 You'll do't?
Sub. Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.
Fac. And not cut my throat, but trim me?
Sub. You shall see, sir.

* *Do you two pack up all the goods, and PURCHASE.] Purchase was a cant term then given to goods stolen, or dishonestly come by: thus we find in Shakespeare, 1st Part of Henry IV.*

"Gadshill. Thou shalt have a share in our purchase." Act 2. sc. 2.
 And in Henry V. act 3.

"They will steal any thing, and call it purchase."
 And this sense seems to be derived from the days of Chaucer, who thus uses it in his prophecy;
 "And robbery is holde purchase."

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Love-wit, Neighbours.

Loc. **H**AS there been such resort, say
 you?
Nei. 1. Daily, sir.
Nei. 2. And nightly, too.
Nei. 3. I, some as brave as lords.
Nei. 4. Ladies, and gentlewomen.
Nei. 5. Citizens' wives.
Nei. 1. And knights.
Nei. 6. In coaches.
Nei. 2. Yes, and oyster-women.
Nei. 1. Beside other gallants.
Nei. 3. Sailors' wives.
Nei. 4. Tobacco-men.
Nei. 5. Another Pinllico!
Loc. What should my knave advance,
 To draw this company? he hung out no
 banners

Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be
 seen?
 Or a huge lobster with six claws?
Nei. 6. No, sir.
Nei. 3. We had gone in then, sir.
Loc. He has no gift
 Of teaching i' the nose, that e'er I knew of.
 You saw no bills set up that promis'd cure
 Of agues, or the tooth-ache?
Nei. 2. No such thing, sir.
Loc. Nor heard a drum strook, for ba-
 boons, or puppets?
Nei. 5. Neither, sir.
Loc. What device should he bring forth
 now?
 I love a teeming wit as I love my nourish-
 ment:
 'Pray god he ha' not kept such open house,
 That he hath sold my hangings, and my bed-
 ding:
 I left him nothing else. If he have cat'em,

A plague o' the mouth, say I.¹ Sure he has got

Some bawdy pictures, to call all this ging;
The frier, and the nun; or the new motion
Of the knight's courser, covering the parson's mare;

The boy of six years old, with the great thing;
Or't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt,
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.

When saw you him?

Nci. 1. Who, sir, Jeremy?

Nci. 2. Jeremy Butler?

We saw him not this month.

Loc. How!

Nci. 4. Not these five weeks, sir.

Nci. 6. These six weeks, at the least.

Loc. Yo' amaze me, neighbours!

Nci. 5. Sure, if your worship know not where he is,

He's slipt away.

Nci. 6. Pray god, he be not made away.

[*He knocks.*]

Loc. Ha? it's no time to question, then.

Nci. 6. About

Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up, a mending my wife's stockings.

Loc. This's strange! that none will answer! Didst thou hear

A cry, say'st thou?

Nci. 6. Yes, sir, like unto a man

That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

Nci. 2. I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock

Next morning. [so!]

Loc. These be miracles, or you make 'em
A man an hour strangled, and could not
And both you heard him cry? [speak,

Nci. 3. Yes, downward, sir.

Loc. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee.

What trade art thou on?

Nci. 3. A smith, an't please your worship.

Loc. A smith? then lend me thy help to get this door open.

Nci. 3. That I will presently, sir; but fetch my tools—

Nci. 1. Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

SCENE II.

Love-wit, Face, Neighbour.

Loc. I will.

Fac. What mean you, sir?

Nci. 1, 2, 4. O, here's Jeremy!

Fac. Good sir, come from the door.

Loc. Why? what's the matter?

Fac. Yet farther, you are too near yet.

Loc. I' the name of wonder! what means the fellow?

Fac. The house, sir, has been visited.

Loc. What! with the plague? stand thou then farther.

Fac. No, sir, I had it not.

Loc. Who had it then? I left

None else but thee i' the house.

Fac. Yes, sir, my fellow,

The cat that kept the butt'ry, had it on her

A week before I spied it: but I got her

Convey'd away i' the night. And so I shut

The house up for a month—

Loc. How!

Fac. Purposing then, sir,

T' have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,

And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it:

Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir. [is stranger!]

Loc. Breathless, and farther off. Why this The neighbours tell me all, here, that the doors

Have still been open—

Fac. How, sir!

Loc. Gallants, men, and women,

And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here [Hogsden,

In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright!

Fac. Sir,

Their wisdoms will not say so!

Loc. To-day they speak

Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French-hood,

Went in, they tell me: and another was seen In a velvet gown at the window! divers more Pass in and out!

Fac. They did pass thro' the doors then,

Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;

For here, sir, are the keys: and here have been,

In this my pocket, now above twenty days,

And for before, I kept the fort alone there.

But that 'tis yet not deep i' the afternoon,

I should believe my neighbours had seen double [paritions!

Thro' the black pot, and made these ap-

For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks

And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

Loc. Strange!

Nci. 1. Good faith, I think I saw a coach!

Nci. 2. And I too,

I'd ha' been sworn!

Loc. Do you but think it now?

And but one coach?

Nci. 4. We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy

Is a very honest fellow.

¹ ——— If he have cat 'em

A plague o' the mouth, say I.] Though the expression in the last line may be admitted with some explanation, it is better, I think, to adopt the reading of the first folio, which gives us *mouth*; as clothes laid up, and not used or aired, are apt to be eaten by those insects,

Fac. Did you see me at all?

Nei. 1. No; that we are sure on.

Nei. 2. I'll be sworn o' that.

Lon. Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

Nei. 3. Is Jeremy come?

Nei. 1. O, yes, you may leave your tools, We were deceiv'd, he says.

Nei. 2. He has had the keys;
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

Nei. 3. Like enough. [lings.

Lon. Peace, and get hence, you change-

Fac. Surly come! [tell all.

And Mammon made acquainted! they'll
(How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?)

Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience!

SCENE III.

*Surly, Mammon, Love-wit, Face, Neighbours,
Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, Dapper,
Subtle.*

Sur. No, sir, he was a great physician.

This,

It was no bawdy-house; but a mere chancel.
You knew the lord and his sister.

Mam. Nay, good Surly—

Sur. The happy word, *be rich*—

Mam. Play not the tyrant—

Sur. Should be to-day pronounc'd to all
your friends. [your brass-pots,

And where be your andirons now? and
That should ha' been golden flaggons, and
great wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they
ha' shut their doors,

Metinks!

Sur. I, now 'tis holy-day with them.

Mam. Rogues,

Cozeners, impostors, bawds.

Fac. What mean you, sir?

[*Mammon and Surly knock.*

Mam. To enter, if we can.

Fac. Another man's house?

Here is the owner, sir. Turn you to him,
And speak your business.

Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?

Lon. Yes, sir.

Mam. And are those knaves within, your
cheaters?

Lon. What knaves? what cheaters?

Mam. Subtle and his lings.

Fac. The gentleman is distracted, sir!

No lings, [weeks, sir,

Nor lights ha' been seen here these three
Within these doors, upon my word!

Sur. Your word,

Groom arrogant?

Fac. Yes, sir, I am the house-keeper,
And know the keys ha' not been out of my
hands.

Sur. This's a new Face.

Fac. You do mistake the house, sir:

What sign was't at?

Sur. You rascal! This is one
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.

Lon. 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.

Sur. No, sir, we'll come with a warrant.

Mam. I, and then

We shall ha' your doors open.

Lon. What means this?

Fac. I cannot tell, sir.

Nei. 1. These are two o' the gallants,
That we do think we saw,

Fac. Two of the fools!

You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has craz'd 'em all! (O me,
The angry boy come too! He'll make a
noise,

And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)

Kas. What, rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll
open the door anon,

[*Kastril knocks.*

Punk, cockatrice, my suster. By this light,
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a
whore,

To keep your castle—

Fac. Who would you speak with, sir?

Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozen-
ing captain,

And pus my suster.

Lon. This is something, sure!

Fac. Upon my trust, the doors were never
open, sir.

Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me
twice over,

By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.

Lon. Here comes another.

Fac. Ananias too!

And his pastor!

Tri. The doors are shut against us.

[*They beat too at the door.*

Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur,
sons of fire,

Your stench it is broke forth: abomination
Is in the house.

Kas. I, my suster's there.

Ana. The place,

It is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and
the constable.

Tri. You shall do well.

¹ *How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?*

Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.] This passage, as Mr. Upton hath re-
marked, is copied from Plautus; and the reflection is applied with judgment.

Sed quidnam hic sese tam cito recipit domum?

Metuo ne de hac re quippiam hic inaudiverit.

Acedam atque appellabo: heu, quam timeo miser!

Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius.—PLAUT. *Mostel.*

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kas. You will not come then? punk devise, my suster!¹
Ana. Call her not sister. She's a harlot verily.
Kas. I'll raise the street.
Lov. Good gentlemen, a word.
Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal.
Lov. The world's turn'd Beth'lem.
Fac. These are all broke loose, Out of St. Kather'nes, where they use to keep
 The better sort of mad-folks.
Nai. 1. All these persons We saw go in and out here.
Nai. 2. Yes, indeed, sir.
Nai. 3. These were the parties.
Fac. Peace, you drunkards. Sir, I wonder at it! please you to give me leave To touch the door, I'll try an' the lock be chang'd.
Lov. It mazes me!
Fac. Good faith, sir, I believe There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*. Would I could get him away.
[Dapper cries out within.]
Dap. Master captain, master doctor.
Lov. Who's that?
Fac. (Our clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, sir.
Dap. For god's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?
Fac. Ha! [melted, Illusions, some spirit o' the air: (his gag is And now he sets out the throat.)
Dap. I am almost stifled—
Fac. (Would you were altogether.)
Lov. 'Tis i' the house.
Ha! list.
Fac. Believe it, sir, i' the air!
Lov. Peace, you — [well.
Dap. Mine aunt's grace does not use me
Sub. You fool,
 Peace, you'll mar all.
Fac. Or you will else, you rogue.
Lov. O, is it so? then you converse with spirits! [remy,
 Come, sir. Nomore o' your tricks, good Je-
 The truth, the shortest way.
Fac. Dismiss this rabble, sir.
 What shall I do? I am catch'd.
Lov. Good neighbours, [sir,
 I thank you all. You may depart. Come,
 You know that I am an indulgent master:

And therefore conceal nothing. What's your med'cine,
 To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?
Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:
 (But here's no place to talk on't i' the street.)
 Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
 And only pardon me th'abuse of your house:
 It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
 In recompence, that you shall gi' me thanks for, [rich one.
 Will make you seven years younger; and a 'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloke.
 I have her within. You need not fear the house,
 It was not visited.—
Lov. But by me, who came Sooner than you expected.
Fac. It is true, sir.
 'Pray you forgive me.
Lov. Well: let's see your widow.

SCENE IV.

Subtle, Dapper, Face, Dol.

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your gag?
Dap. Yes, faith, it crumbled Away i' my mouth.
Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then.
Dap. No,
 I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.
Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady: but in troth
 You were to blame.
Dap. The fume did overcome me, And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you [tain.
 So satisfy her grace. Here comes the cap-
Fac. How now! is his mouth down?
Sub. !! he has spoken!
Fac. (A pox, I heard him and you too.)
 He's undone then.
 (I have been fain to say, the house is haunted
 With spirits, to keep churl back.
Sub. And hast thou done it?
Fac. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
 Of Face so famous, the precious king
 Of present wits.
Fac. Did you not hear the coil,
 About the door?
Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.)

¹ You will not come then? punk, devise, my suster.] I agree with Mr. Upton in reforming this passage, and the explanation given. It should be *punk devise, my suster*. *Punk devise*, means, thou arrant whore. The phrase is taken from the French *à point devisez*. So Chaucer in the *Roman of the Rose*, ver. 1215:

"Her nose was wrought at *point devise*," i. e. with the utmost exactness. So Shakespeare, in *Twelfth Night*, act 2. sc. 8:

"*Mal.* I will be *point devise*, the very man;" i. e. exactly the same in every particular. Our poet again uses the expression in the *Tale of a Tub*, act 5. sc. 7;

"———And if the dapper priest
 "Be but as cunning, *point* in his *devise*,
 "As I was in my lie."

Fac. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you.

Sub. Well, sir, your aunt her grace
Will give you audience presently, on my
suit, [eat your gag
And the captain's word, that you did not
In any contempt of her highness.

Dap. Not I, in troth, sir.

[*Dol.* like the queen of Fairy.

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your
knees and wriggle:
She has a stately presence. Good. Yet
nearer,

* And bid, god save you.

Dap. Madam.

Sub. And your aunt.

Dap. And my most gracious aupt, god
save your grace.

Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been
angry with you: [the tide,
But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of
Arise, and touch our velvet gown. [love.

Sub. The skirts,
And kiss 'em. So.

Dol. Let me now stroke that head.
Much, nephew, shalt thou win; much shalt
thou spend; [thou lend.

Much shalt thou give away; much shalt
Sub. I', much! indeed. Why do you
not thank her grace?

Dap. I cannot speak for joy.

Sub. See, the kind wretch!
Your grace's kinsman right.

Dol. Give me the bird.

Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck,
cousin;

Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'night,
On your right wrist—

Sub. Open a vein with a pin.

And let it suck but once a week: till then,
You must not look on't.

Dol. No. And, kinsman,

Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come
on. [Woolsack pies,

Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more
Nor Dagger frumety.

Dol. Nor break his fast,

In Heaven and Hell.

Sub. She's with you every where!

Nor play with costar-mongers, at mum-
chance, tray-trip.

God make you rich, (when as your aunt has
done it:) but keep

The gallant'st company, and the best
games—

Dap. Yes, sir.

Sub. Gleeck and Primero: and what you
get, be true to us.

Dap. By this hand, I will.

Sub. You may bring's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, (if but three thou-
Be stirring) an' you will. [sand

Dap. I swear, I will then.

Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.

Fac. Ha' you done there?

Sub. Your grace will, command him no
more duties?

Dol. No:

But come, and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests
of treasure,

And some twelve thousand acres of fairy-land,
If he game well and comely, with good
gamesters. [ing part.

Sub. There's a kind aunt! kiss her depart-
But you must sell your forty mark a year,
now.

Dap. I, sir, I mean.

Sub. Or, gi't away; pox on't.

Dap. I'll gi't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch
the writings.

Sub. 'Tis well, away.

Fac. Where's Subtle?

Sub. Here. What news? [suit,
Fac. Druggier is at the door, go take his
And bid him letch a parson, presently:

Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt
spend [Dol,

A hundred pound by the service! Now queen
Ha' you pack'd up all?

Dol. Yes.

Fac. And how do you like

The lady Pliant?

Dol. A good dull innocent. [hat.

Sub. Here's your Hieronymo's cloke, and
Fac. Give me 'em.

Sub. And the ruff, too?

Fac. Yes, I'll come to you presently.

Sub. Now he is gone about his project,
Dol,

I told you of, for the widow.

Dol. 'Tis direct

Against our articles.

Sub. Well, we'll fit him, wench.

Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her
bracelets?

Dol. No, but I will do't.

Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,

When we are shipt, and all our goods aboard,
East-ward for Ratcliff; we will turn our
course [word,

To Brainford, west-ward, if thou say'st the
And take our leaves of this o'er-weening
rascal,

* And bid, God save you.] That is, say to your aunt, *God save you*: so that the reading of the 4to, which is, *God save her*, though it varies the phrase, makes no alteration in the meaning, and requires no alteration of the text.

* *Sub.* I, MUCH INDEED.] The passage should be thus pointed;
I, much! indeed.

It is an elliptical form of speaking, equivalent to—Much good may it do you! and it is generally used ironically. It has occurred, and been explained more than once before.

This peremptory Face.

Dol. Content, I'm weary of him.

Sub. Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol,

Against the instrument that was drawn between us.

Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

Sub. Yes, tell her,

She must by any means address some present [for wronging]

To th' cunning man; make him amends

His art with her suspicion; send a ring,

Or chain of pearl; she will be tortur'd else

Extremely in her sleep, say, and ha' strange

things

Come to her. Will thou?

Dol. Yes.

Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,

My bird o' the night; we'll tickle it at the

Pigeons, [trunks,

When we have all, and may unlock the

And say; this's mine, and thine; and thine,

and mine. [They kiss.

Fac. What now, a billing?

Sub. Yes, a little exalted

In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

Fac. Druggier has brought his parson;

take him in, Subtle,

And send Nab back again to wash his face.

Sub. I will: and shave himself.

Fac. If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er

it is! [pound a month by.

Fac. A trick, that Dol shall spend ten

Is he gone? [sir.

Sub. The chaplain waits you i' the hall,

Fac. I'll go bestow him.

Dol. He'll now marry her, instantly.

Sub. He cannot, yet, he is not ready.

Dear Dol, [him

Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive

Is no deceit, but justice, that would break

Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Fac. Come, my venturers,

You ha' packt up all? where be the trunks?

bring forth.

Sub. Here.

Fac. Let us see 'em. Where's the money?

Sub. Here,

In this.

Fac. Mammon's ten pound: eight score

before. [Dapper's.

The brethren's money, this. Druggier's, and

What paper's that?

Dol. The jewel of the waiting-maid's,

That stole it from her lady, to know cer-

tain — [her mistress?

Fac. If she should have precedence of

Dol. Yes.

Fac. What box is that?

Sub. The fish-wife's ring, I think.

And th' ale-wife's single money. Is't not,

Dol? [lor's wife

Dol. Yes: and the whistle, that the sai-

Brought you to know an' her husband were

with Ward?

Fac. We'll wet it to-morrow: and our

silver-breakers, [petticoats,

And taven-cups. Where be the French

And girdles, and hangers?

Sub. Here, i' the trunk,

And the bolts of lawn.

Fac. Is Druggier's damask there?

And the tobacco?

Sub. Yes.

Fac. Give me the keys.

Dol. Why you the keys!

Sub. No matter, Dol: because

We shall not open 'em, before he comes.

Fac. 'Tis true, you shall not open them,

indeed: [Dol.

Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? not forth,

Dol. No!

Fac. No, my smock-rampant. The right

is, my master [keep 'em;

Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will

Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your

figures?]

I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good

partners,

Both he, and she, be satisfied: for here

Determines the indenture tripartite,

'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do

Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side;

Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet

gown, Dol.

Here will be officers presently, bethink you

Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock:

For thither you will come else. Hark you,

thunder. [Some knock.

Sub. You are a precious fiend!

Off. Open the door.

Fac. Dol, I am sorry for thee i' faith.

But hear'st thou? [where:]

It shall go hard, but I will place thee some-

Thou shalt ha' my letter to mistress Amo.

Dol. Hang you —

* ————The whistle that the sailor's wife

Brought you to know an' her husband were with WARD.] He was a famous pirate of that age; of him, and one Dansiker, were many ballads, and histories, then wrote to entertain the people.

¹ Doctor, 'tis true, (you LOOK) for all your figures.] i. e. You look to that—I wrote on the margin of my book,

Doctor, 'tis true (look you) for all your figures. — Mr. Upton.

This correction of Mr. Upton is easy and ingenious, but I judge unnecessary: you look, means, you look surprized, and seem unwilling to believe it. A similar expression occurs at the conclusion of the *Silent Woman*: "How now, gentlemen! do you look at me."

Fac. Or madam Cæsarean*.

Dol. Pox upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee.

Fac. Subtle,
Let's know where you set up next: I'll send
you [tance:]

A customer, now and then, for old acquaint-
What new course ha' you?

Sub. Rogue, I'll hang myself:
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed, and the
buttery.

SCENE V.

*Love-wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face,
Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, Druggier,
Dame Pliant.*

Lov. What do you mean, my masters?

Mam. Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

Off. Or we'll break it open.

Lov. What warrant have you?

Off. Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it.

Lov. Is there an officer, there?

Off. Yes, two or three for failing.

Lov. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

Fac. Sir, ha' you done?

Is it a marriage? perfect?

Lov. Yes, my brain.

Fac. Off with your ruff and cloke then;
be yourself, sir.

Sur. Down with the door.

Kas. 'Slight, ding it open*.

Lov. Hold,

Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

Mam. Where is this collier?

Sur. And my captain Face?

Mam. These day-owls.

Sur. That are birding in men's purses.

Mam. Madam suppository.

Kas. Doxy, my suster.

Ana. Locusts

Of the foul pit.

Tri. Prophane as Bel and the dragon.

Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the
lice of Egypt.

Lov. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are
you officers,

And cannot stay this violence?

Off. Keep the peace.

Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter?
whom do you seek?

Mam. The chemical cozeners.

Sur. And the captain pander.

Kas. The nun my suster.

Mam. Madam Rabbi.

Ana. Scorpions,
And caterpillars.

Lov. Fewer at once, I pray you.

Off. One after another, gentlemen, I
charge you,

By virtue of my staff—

Ana. They are the vessels

Of pride, lust, and the cart.

Lov. Good zeal, lie still,
A little while.

Tri. Peace, deacon Ananias.

Lov. The house is mine here, and the
doors are open:

If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' god's
name.

I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)
It somewhat 'maz'd me; 'till my man, here,
(fearing

My more displeasure) told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike, presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town, while there was
sickness) [are,

To a doctor, and a captain: who, what they
Or where they be, he knows not.

Mam. Are they gone? [They enter.

Lov. You may go in and search, sir. Here
I find [smok'd,

The empty walls worse than I left 'em,
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a for-
nace;

The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle:
And madam, with a dildo, writ o' the walls.
Only one gentlewoman, I met here,

That is within, that said she was a widow—

Kas. I, that's my suster. I'll go thump

her. Where is she?

Lov. And should ha' married a Spanish

count, but he,

When he came to't, neglected hers so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with

her.

Sur. How! have I lost her then?

Lov. Were you the don, sir?

Good faith, now, she does blame yo' ex-
tremely, and says [the pains

You swore, and told her, you had ta'en
To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your
face,

* Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mrs. Amo. *Dol.* Hang you—

Fac. Or madam CÆSAREAN.] The names of two bawds in our poet's time: the last seems
to be mentioned in his epigrams;

"And madam Cæsar, great Proserpina,

"Is now from home."

The Voyage.

She is called madam *Augusta* at the beginning of this play; the 4to calls her madam Im-
perial.

['Slight, DING it open.] Break it open. Ding is used in the Scotch poets in the same
sense; and, as Mr. Upton also says, it is yet so used in the West of England.

Borrow'd a suit, and ruff, all for her love ;
And then did nothing. What an oversight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this !
Well-fare an old harquebuzier, yet, [hit,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and
All in a twinkling.

Mam. The whole nest are fled !

Loc. What sort of birds were they ?

[*Mammon comes forth.*]

Mam. A kind of choughs, [purse
Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick'd my
Of eight-score and ten pounds, within these
five weeks,

Beside my first materials ; and my goods,
That lie i' the cellar, which I am glad they
ha' left,

I may have home yet.

Loc. Think you, so, sir ?

Mam. I. [wise.

Loc. By order of law, sir, but not other-

Mam. Not mine own stuff ?

Loc. Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate, that you were
gull'd of 'em,

Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold
them.

Mam. I'll rather lose 'em.

Loc. That you shall not, sir,
By me in troth. Upon these terms they are
yours. [gold all ?

What, should they ha' been, sir, turn'd into

Mam. No, [then ?

I cannot tell. It may be they should. What

Loc. What a great loss in hope have you
sustain'd ?

Mam. Not I, the common-wealth has.

Fac. I, he would ha' built

The city new ; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from
Hogsden ; [kers,

That every Sunday in Moor-fields, the young-
And tits, and tom-boys should have fed on,
gratis.

Mam. I will go mount a turnep-cart, and
preach [months. Surly,

The end o' the world, within these two
What ! in a dream ?

Sur. Must I needs cheat myself,

With that same foolish vice of honesty !

Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.

That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet
him.

Fac. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring
you word, [strangers

Unto your lodging ; for in troth, they were
To me, I thought 'em honest as myself, sir.

[*They come forth.*]

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all
yet. Go,

And get some carts—

Loc. For what, my zealous friends ?

Ana. To bear away the portion of the
righteous

Out of this den of thieves.

Loc. What is that portion ?

Ana. The goods sometimes the orphans,
that the brethren

Bought with their silver pence.

Loc. What, those i' the cellar,
The knight sir Mammon claims ?

Ana. I do defy

The wicked Mammon, so do all the bre-
thren. [conscience

Thou prophane man, I ask thee with what
Thou canst advance that idol against us,

That have the seal ? were not the shillings
numbred, [told out,

That made the pounds ? were not the pounds
Upon the second day of the fourth week,

In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,

The year of the last patience of the saints,

Six hundred and ten ?

Loc. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you.

But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ana. Sir.

Tri. Be patient, Ananias.

Ana. I am strong,

And will stand up, well girt, against an
host,

That threaten Gad in exile.

Loc. I shall send you

To Amsterdam to your cellar.

Ana. I will pray there,

Against thy house : may dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy

roof, [coz'nage.

This seat of falsehood, and this cave of
Loc. Another too ?

Dru. Not I sir, I am no brother.

[*Drugger enters, and he beats him away.*]

Loc. Away, you Harry Nicholas, do you
talk ?

Fac. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good
sir, go, [To the parson.

And satisfy him ; tell him all is done :

He staid too long a-washing of his face.

The doctor, he shall hear of him at West-
chester ;

And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or
Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.

If you can get off the angry child, now, sir—

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have
match'd most sweetly, ha' you not ?

[To his sister.

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-
tom ? [you, now.

'Slight, you are a mammet ! O, I could touse
Death, mun' you marry with a pox ?

Loc. You lie, boy ;

¹⁰ Away, you Harry Nicholas, do you talk ?] This fellow was a horrid enthusiast, and author of the sect called the Family of Love. See STRYPE'S *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 2d vol. p. 508.—Dr. GREY.

As sound as you: and I'm beforehand with you.

Kas. Anon?

Lov. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah¹¹.

Why do you not buckle to your tools?

Kas. God's light!

This is a fine old boy, as e'er I saw!

Lov. What, do you change your copy now? proceed, [dare.

Here stands my dove: stoop at her if you

Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot chuse, i' faith! [protest,

An' I should be hang'd for't. Suster, I I honour thee for this inatch.

Lov. O, do you so, sir?

Kas. Yes, an' thou canst take tobacco, and drink, old boy,

I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage,

Than her own state.

Lov. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

Fac. Yes, but go in, and take it, sir.

Lov. We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, Jeremy.

Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a jovy boy;

Come let's in, I pr'ythee, and take our whiffs.

Lov. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy. That master [vant,

That had receiv'd such happiness by a ser- In such a widow, and with so much wealth,

Were very ungrateful, if he would not be A little indulgent to that servant's wit,

And help his fortune, though with some small strain

Of his own candour. Therefore, gentlemen,

And kind spectators, if I have outstript

An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think

What a young wife, and a good brain may do: [too.

Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it Speak for thyself, knave.

Fac. So I will, sir. Gentlemen,

My part a little fell in this last scene,

Yet 'twas decorum¹². And though I am clean

Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,

Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all

With whom I traded; yet I put myself

On you that are my country: and this pelf,

Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests

To feast you often, and invite new guests.

¹¹ *I will feize you, sirrah,*] I'll drive you: the word is common in our old authors, and, as Mr. Upton adds, still used in the West of England.—Dr. GREY.

¹² *My part a little fell in this last scene, Yet 'twas decorum.*] i. e. suitable to the *decorum* of character. The catastrophe of the play is well managed, and the discovery of the whole not injudiciously contrived. Our poet could not help telling his audience he thought so too.

This Comedy was first acted in the year 1610,

By the King's Majesty's Servants.

The principal Comedians were,

RICH. BURBADGE.

JOH. LOWIN.

HEN. CONDEL.

ALEX. COOKE.

ROB. ARMIN.

JOH. HEMINGS.

WILL. OSTLER.

JOH. UNDERWOOD.

NIC. TOOLY.

WILL. EGGLESTONE.

CATILINE HIS CONSPIRACY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SYLLA'S GHOST.
CATILINE.
LENTULUS.
CETHEGUS.
AURONIVS.
CURIUS.
VARGUNTEIVS.
LONGINUS.
LECCA
FULVIUS.
BESTIA.
GABINIUS.
STATILIUS.
CEPARIUS.
CORNELIVS.
VOLTURTIUS.
AURELIA.
FULVIA.
SEMPRONIA.
GALLA.

CICERO.
ANTONIUS.
CATO.
CATULUS.
CRASSUS.
CÆSAR.
QU. CICERO.
SYLLANUS.
FLACCUS.
POMTINIUS.
SANGA.
SENATORS.
THE ALLOBROGES.
PETREIUS.
SOLDIERS.
PORTER.
LICTORS.
SERVANTS.
PAGES.
CHORUS.

SCENE, Rome.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sylla's Ghost.

DOST thou not feel me, Rome? not yet?
is night
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?¹
Can Sylla's ghost arise within thy walls
Less threat'ning, than an earthquake, the
quick falls

Of thee and thine? Shake not the frightened
heads [beds?
Of thy steep tow'rs? or shrink to their first
Or, as their ruin the large Tyber fills,
Make that swell up, and drown thy seven
proud hills? [death,
What sleep is this doth seize thee so like
And is not it? Wake, feel her in my breath:
Behold I come, sent from the Stygian sound,
As a dire vapour that had cleft the ground²,

¹ *Dost thou not feel me, Rome? not yet? is night*

So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?] The poet opens his play with the ghost of Sylla: this is an imitation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, in which the ghost of Tantalus appears, attended by the furies. Perhaps this first scene ought rather to be considered as a prologue. There are other instances in the ancient dramatic writers, where these shadowy beings are introduced in the beginning of a play. The prologue to the *Aulularia* of Plautus is spoke by the god Lar; and, what is exactly to our purpose, in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, the ghost of Polydorus is the first speaker in the tragedy.

² *Behold I come, sent from the Stygian sound,*

As a dire vapour, that had cleft the ground.] This is from Seneca:

*Mittor, ut dirus vapor
Tellure rupta, vel gravem populis lucem
Sparsura pestis.* Thyest. ver. 87.

T' ingender with the night, and blast the day;
Or like a pestilence that should display
Infection through the world; which thus I do.

[*Discovers Catiline in his study.*]

Pluto be at thy counsels, and into
Thy darker bosom enter Sylla's spirit:
All that was mine, and bad, thy breast inherit.
Alas, how weak is that for Catiline!
Did I but say (vain voice!) all that was
mine?

All that the Gracchi, Cinna, Marius, would,
What now, had I a body again, I could,
Coming from hell, what fiends would wish
should be,

And Hannibal could not have wish'd to see,
Think thou, and practise. Let the long-lid
seeds

Of treason in thee now shoot forth in deeds
Ranker than horror; and thy former facts
Not fail in mention, but to urge new acts:
Conscience of them provoke thee on to more:
Be still thy incests, murders, rapes before
Thy sense; thy forcing first a vestal nun;
Thy parricide, late, on thy own only son¹,
After his mother, to make empty way
For thy last wicked nuptials; worse than they
That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
Which got thee at once a daughter and a wife.
I leave the slaughters, that thou didst for me,
Of senators; for which, I hid for thee
Thy murder of thy brother, (being so brib'd)
And writ him in the list of my proscrib'd
After thy fact, to save thy little shame:
Thy incest with thy sister, I not name;
These are too light: fate will have thee
pursue

Deeds after which no mischief can be new;
The ruin of thy country: thou wert built
For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
What though defeated once thou'st been,
and known,

Tempt it again: that is thy act, or none.
What all the several ills that visit earth,
(Brought forth by night with a sinister birth)
Plagues, famine, fire, could not reach unto,
The sword, nor surfeits; let thy fury do:
Make all past, present, future all thine own;
And conquer all example in thy one.
Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
To hate an old, but still a fresher crime

Drown the remembrance: let not mischief
cease,

But while it is in punishing, increase.²
Conscience and care die in thee; and be free
Not heav'n itself from thy impiety: [day,
Let night grow blacker with thy plots, and
At shewing but thy head forth, start away
From this half-sphere; and leave Rome's
blinded walls [rals,
T' embrace lulis, hatreds, slaughters, fume-
And not recover sight, till their own flames
Do light them to their ruins. All the names
Of thy confederates too be no less great
In hell than here: that when we would re-
peat [all,

Our strengths in muster, we may name you
And furies upon you for furies call.
Whilst what you do may strike them into
fears, [chief theirs.

And make them grieve, and wish your mis-

SCENE II.

Catiline solus.

Cat. It is decreed. Nor shall thy fate, O
Rome,

Resist my vow. Tho' hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas to guard thee, I would
through: [dust;

I'd plough up rocks, steep as the Alps in
And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds;
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud
city!

The ills that I have done cannot be safe
But by attempting greater; and I feel
A spirit within me chides my sluggish hands,
And says, they have been innocent too long.
Was I a man bred great as Rome herself?
One form'd for all her honours, all her
glories?

Equal to all her titles; that could stand
Close up with Atlas, and sustain her name
As strong as he doth heaven? and was I,
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse
By her no-voice, when I stood candidate
To be commander in the Pontic war?
I will hereafter call her stepdame ever:
If she can lose her nature, I can lose
My piety; and in her stony entrails
Dig me a seat; where I will live again,
The labour of her womb, and be a burden

¹ *Thy forcing first a vestal nun;*

Thy parricide, late, on thy own ONLY SON.] This priestess of Vesta, defiled by Catiline, is said to have been a sister of Tully. He killed his son, in order to make room for his mistress Aurelia Orestilla: the 4to reads *thine own natural son*; the lection I follow, is that of the eldest folio, which I think the most emphatical.

² *Let not mischief cease,*

But while it is in punishing, increase.] These, with the preceding and following verses, are translated likewise from Seneca:

Nec vocet cuiquam vetus

Odiſſe crimen; ſemper oriatur novum;

Nec unum in uno; dumque punitur ſcelus,

Crescat.

Juſque omne percat; non ſit à veſtris malis

Immune calum

Nox atra, ſat, excidat cælo dies.

Weightier than all the prodigies and mon-
sters [knew Mars.
That she hath teem'd with, since she first

SCENE III.

Catiline, Aurelia.

Cat. Who's there?

Aur. 'Tis I.

Cat. Aurelia?

Aur. Yes.

Cat. Appear,

And break like day, my beauty, to this circle:
Upbraid thy Phœbus, that he is so long

In mounting to that point, which should give
thee [my sweet?

Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frowns
Have I too long been absent from these lips,
[*He kisses them.*

This check, these eyes? what is my tres-
pass? speak.

Aur. It seems you know, that can accuse
yourself.

Cat. I will redeem it.

Aur. Still you say so. When?

Cat. When Orestilla, by her bearing well
These my retirements, and stol'n times for
thought,

Shall give their effects leave to call her queen
Of all the world, in place of humbled Rome.

Aur. You court me now.

Cat. As I would always, love,
By this ambrosiac kiss, and this of nectar,
Would'st thou but hear as gladly as I speak.
Could my Aurelia think I meant her less;
When, wooing her, I first remov'd a wife,
And then a son, to make my bed and house
Spacious and fit t' embrace her? these were
deeds

Not t' have begun with, but to end with
more [one

And greater: He that, building, stays at
Floor, or the second, hath erected none.

'Twas how to raise thee I was meditating;
To make some act of mine answer thy love:

That love, that when my state was now
quite sunk, [again,

Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up
And made my emergent fortune once more
look [stars,

Above the main; which now shall hit the
And stick my Orestilla there amongst 'em,

If any tempest can but make the billow,
And any billow can but lift her greatness.

But I must pray my love, she will put on

Like habits with myself. I have to do
With many men, and many natures*. Some
That must be blown and sooth'd; as Len-
tulus, [blood,

Whom I have hear'd with magnifying his
And a vain dream out of the Sybil's books,
That a third man of that great family
Whereof he is descended, the Corneli,
Should be a king in Rome: which I have
hir'd

The flatt'ring augurs to interpret him,
Cinna and Sylla dead. Then bold Cethegus,
Whose valour I have turn'd into his poison,
And prais'd so into daring, as he would
Go on upon the gods, kiss lightning, wrest
The engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire,
When I would bid him move. Others there
are,

Whom envy to the state draws, and puts on
For contumelies receiv'd, (and such are
sure ones)

As Curius, and the forenam'd Lentulus,
Both which have been degraded in the se-
nate, [rubbd,

And must have their disgraces still new
To make 'em smart, and labour of revenge.
Others whom mere ambition fires, and dole
Of provinces abroad, which they have
feign'd [mis'd,

To their crude hopes, and I as amply pro-
These, Lecca, Vargunteius, Bestia, Autro-
nius. [captains

Some whom their wants oppress, as th' idle
Of Sylla's troops: and divers Roman knights
(The profuse wasters of their patrimonies)
So threaten'd with their debts, as they will
now

Run any desp'rate fortune for a change.
These for a time we must relieve, Aurelia,

And make our house their safeguard: like
for those

That fear the law, or stand within her gripe,
For any act past, or to come. Such will
From their own crimes be factious, as from
ours. [won

* Some more there be, slight airlings, will be
With dogs and horses, or perhaps a whore;
Which must be had: and if they venture
lives

For us, Aurelia, we must hazard honours
A little. Get thee store and change of women,
As I have boys; and give 'em time and place,
And all connivance: be thyself, too, courtly;
And entertain, and feast, sit up, and revel;

* ————— I have to do

With many men, and many natures.] The following description is artful in the poet, to
let us into the true characters of the several conspirators, and prepare us for their appear-
ance. It is perfectly consonant likewise to historic truth; and is only a poetical translation
of what Sallust himself hath given us in the introduction to his history of *Catiline's Con-
spiracy*.

* *Some more there be, slight AIRLINGS.*] *Airlings* is an expressive word, and very signifi-
cantly denotes the levity and impotence of mind in most of the conspirators. But Mr.
Theobald, dissatisfied with the word, and probably induced by the following terms, pro-
poseth *airclings* as the juster reading.

Call all the great, the fair, and spirited dames
Of Rome about thee: and begin a fashion
Of freedom and community. Some will
thank thee, [must ake
Tho' the sour senate frown, whose heads
In fear and feeling too. We must not spare
Or cost or modesty. It can but shew
Like one of Juno's, or of Jove's disguises,
In either thee or me: and will as soon
When things succeed, be thrown by, or let
fall,

As is a veil put off, a visor chang'd,
Or the scene shifted in our theatres——

[*A noise without.*]

Who's that? It is the voice of Lentulus.

Aur. Or of Cethegus.

Cat. In, my fair Aurelia, [see
And think upon these arts. They must not
How far you're trusted with these privacies;
Tho' on their shoulders, necks, and heads
you rise.

SCENE IV.

Lentulus, Cethegus, Catiline.

Lent. 'Tis, methinks, a morning full of
fate!

It riseth slowly, as her sullen car [at it!
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung
She is not rosie-finger'd, but swoln black!
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with
clouds,

As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day!
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morn.

Cet. Why, all the fitter, Lentulus: our
coming

Is not for salutation, we have business.

Cat. Said nobly, brave Cethegus. Where's
Autronius?

Cet. Is he not come?

Cat. Not here.

Cet. Nor Vargunteius?

Cat. Neither.

Cet. A fire in their beds and bosoms,
That so will serve their sloth rather than
virtue.

They are no Romans, and at such high need
As now.

Lent. Both they, Longinus, Lecca, Curius,
Fulvius, Gabinus, gave me word last night,
By Lucius Bestia, they would all be here,
And early.

Cet. Yes: as you, had I not call'd you.
Come we all sleep, and are mere dormice;
flies

A little less than dead: more dulness hangs
On us than on the morn. We're spirit-bound
In ribs of ice; our whole bloods are one
stone;

And honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
Tho' they burn hot as fevers to our states.

Cat. I muse they would be tardy at an
hour
Of so great purpose.

Cet. If the gods had call'd
Them to a purpose, they would just have
come [slow
With the same tortoise speed; that are thus
To such an action, which the gods will envy,
As asking no less means than all their pow'rs,
Conjoin'd, t'effect. I would have seen
Rome burnt

By this time, and her ashes in an urn:
The kingdom of the senate rent asunder;
And the degen'rate talking gown run frighted
Out of the air of Italy.

Cat. Spirit of men! [much
Thou heart of our great enterprise! how
I love these voices in thee!

Cet. O, the days [leave
Of Sylla's sway, when the free sword took
To act all that it would!

Cat. And was familiar
With entrails, as our augurs.

Cet. Sons kill'd fathers,
Brothers their brothers.

Cat. All hate had licence given it, all rage
reins¹.

¹ *Lent.* It is, methinks, a morning full of fate! Lentulus is before described as much addicted to superstition, and the observance of omens; this remark therefore upon the blackness of the morning, could not have proceeded with equal propriety from the mouth of any other. The beginning of Mr. Addison's *Cato* hath a great similitude to this speech of Lentulus, which almost induceth one to imagine it a copy from our poet.

² *All hate had licence given it; all rage REIGN'D.* As this line is perfectly good sense, the reader perhaps may not see any necessity for altering the text; but as there is a different reading in the oldest folio, and a reading I think far more poetical and nervous, I am inclined to give it the preference. In that copy the verse stands thus:

All hate had licence given it: all rage reins.

The same is continued in the edition of 1640. The succeeding editor in 1692 took the word *reins* to be a verb, and perceiving it inconsistent in point of grammatical construction with the preceding sentence, he altered it to the verb *reign'd*, which the sense seemed to require: and this reading was copied in the last edition of 1716. But the true lection is the substantive *reins*, as it now stands in the text: the image is a classical and bold prosopopeia, taken from a horse with the reins thrown loose upon his neck, who exults at large without the least sense of controul or restraint. One may take occasion from hence, to observe the great uncertainty of conjectural criticism; and how easy it is to be misled by the similitude of sounds, to adopt a word or meaning that was never intended by the author. And this will often be the case, even with the most judicious critics, where an equivocal word occurring

Cat. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretcht himself
To seem more huge; whilst to his stained thighs

The gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down [his arch :
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through
No age was spar'd, no sex.

Cat. Nay, no degree.

Cat. Not infants in the porch of life were free.

The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay.
Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,

All died. [lives ?

Cat. 'Twas crime enough, that they had
To strike but only those that could do hurt,
Was dull and poor. Some fell to make the number,

As some the prey.

Cat. The rugged Charon fainted,
And ask'd a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came :
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive [from ;

The bodies that those souls were frighted
And ev'n the graves were fill'd with men,
yet living,

Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the dead.

Cat. And this shall be again, and more,
and more !

Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius,

Is to stand up in Rome.

Lent. Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain.

Cat. How ?

Lent. I mean, not clear'd,
And therefore not to be reflected on.

Cat. The Sybil's leaves uncertain ? or the comments

Of our grave, deep, divining men not clear ?

Lent. All prophecies you know suffer the torture.

Cat. But this already hath confess'd,
without ;

And so been weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,

As 'twere malicious ignorance in him
Would faint in the belief.

Lent. Do you believe it ?

Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it ?

Lent. The augurs all are constant, I am meant.

Cat. They had lost their science else.

Lent. They count from Cinna.

Cat. And Sylla next, and so make you the third : [it.

All that can say the sun is ris'n, must think

Lent. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth.

Cat. Why, what can they do less ? Cinna and Sylla

Are set and gone ; and we must turn our eyes

On him that is and shines. Noble Cethegus,

occurring shall either improve or debase the sentiment, according to the sense it is taken in. An instance of this kind occurs to me in Beaumont and Fletcher ; and I believe that I shall give no offence to the ingenious Mr. Seward, by observing that an ambiguity of expression induced him to propose a correction, where none was wanting. La-writ abusing Sampson, the advocate, says thus :

"Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions,

"Thou spittle of lame causes——"

Mr. Seward remarks, that to call a petty-fogger a person spit out of lame causes, seems very stiff; and as the common cant-term *spitter* is so near the face of the letters, there can be little doubt of its being the original. But I apprehend, with submission, that *spittle* is the original word ; and it gives us a very humorous idea : *spittle*, in that author's age, was the same with what is now more usually called an hospital ; and to call the wrangling lawyer a *spittle of lame causes*, is intimating, with true comic humour, that his practice was made up of nothing but mean and beggarly causes, which no other man of the profession would be concerned in. I have mentioned this instance only as it confirms the reflection made above ; that the best critics may be easily deceived, where the expression will admit of two meanings equally consistent with common sense.

* *All died.* Cat. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives.] This description of outrageous cruelty, which triumphed in the days of Sylla, is borrowed from Lucan, who gives us this account of the barbarities exercised by Marius and his faction.

*Quis fuit ille dies, Marius quo mania victor
Corripuit ? quantoque gradu mors seu cucurrit ?
Nobilitas cum plebe perit : lateque vagatur
Ensis ; & à nullo revocatum est pectore ferrum :
Stat cruor in templis, multaque rubentia cæde
Lubrica saxa madent ; nulli sua profuit atas.
Non senis extremum piguit tergentibus annis
Præcipitasse diem : nec primo in limine vitæ
Infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
Crimine quo parvi cadem potuere mereri ?
Sed satis est jam posse mori.—LUCAN, lib. 2.*

But view him with me, here! He looks already

As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
And the aw'd purple dropp'd their rods and axes:

The statues melt again, and household gods
In groans confess the travail of the city:

The very walls sweat blood before the change;

And stones start out to ruin, ere it comes.
Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

Len. I am your creature, Sergius; and
whate'er

The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
It is not augury, nor the Sybil's books,
But Catiline that makes it.

Cat. I am shadow

To honour'd Lentulus, and Cethegus here,
Who are the heirs of Mars.

Cet. By Mars himself,
Catiline is more my parent; for whose virtue
Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,
Though envy should come too. O, there
they are.

Now we shall talk more, though we yet do
nothing.

[To them.] Autronius, Furgunteius, Longinus,
Curius, Lecca, Bestia, Fulvius,
Gabinus, &c.

Aut. Hail, Lucius Catiline.

Var. Hail, noble Sergius.

Lon. Hail, Publius Lentulus.

Cur. Hail, the third Cornelius.

Lec. Caius Cethegus, hail.

Cet. Hail, sloth and words,

Instead of men and spirits.

Cat. Nay, dear Caius—

Cet. Are your eyes yet unseel'd? dare
they look day

In the full face?¹⁰

Cat. He's zealous for th' affair,

And blames your tardy coming, gentlemen.

Cet. Unless we had sold ourselves to sleep
and ease,

And would be our slaves' slaves—

Cat. Pray you forbear.

Cet. The north is not so stark and cold.

Cat. Cethegus—

Bes. We shall redeem all, if your fire will
let us.

Cat. You are too full of lightning, noble
Caius.

Boy, see all doors be shut, that none ap-
proach us

On this part of the house. Go you, and bid
The priest, he kill the slave I mark'd last
night, [him:]

And bring me of his blood, when I shall call
Till then, wait all without.

Var. How is't, Autronius?

Aut. Longinus?

Lon. Curius?

Cur. Lecca?

Var. Feel you nothing? [invade me,

Lon. A strange unwonted horror doth
I know not what it is!

Lec. The day goes back,

Or else my senses!

Cur. As at Atreus' feast!

[A darkness comes over the place.

Ful. Darkness grows more and more!

Len. The vestal flame, I think, be out.

Gab. What groan was that?

[A groan of many people is heard under
ground.

Cet. Our phant'sies:

Strike fire out of ourselves, and force a day.

Aut. Again it sounds!

Bes. As all the city gave it!

Cet. We fear what ourselves feign.

Var. What light is this?

[A fiery light appears.

Cur. Look forth.

Len. It still grows greater!

Lec. From whence comes it?

Lon. A bloody arm it is, that holds a pine
Lighted, above the capitol! and now
It waves unto us!

Cat. Brave, and ominous!

Our enterprise is seal'd.

Cet. In spite of darkness, [more:]

That would discountenance it. Look no
We lose time and ourselves. To what we
came for,

Speak, Lucius, we attend you.

Cat. Noblest Romans¹¹,

¹⁰ Cet. *Are your eyes yet unseel'd? dare they look day
In the full face?* The old editions have it,

*Dare they look day
In the dull face?*

Mr. Seward, dissatisfied with the epithet *dull*, conjecturally substituted *full*, which is also
the reading of the last edition. Though the day, says he, had been before described black
and ominous, and therefore the sense may be, *dare you look even such a day as this in the
face?* yet the natural taunt of Cethegus taking his metaphor from a hawk just unseel'd is,

*Dare you look day
In the full face?*

For my own part, I have no objection to the words *dull face*, though I have retained the
text as I found it.

¹¹ Cat. *Noblest Romans,*

If you were less, or that your faith and virtue

Did not hold good that title, &c.] This speech of Catiline is in general a translation of
his speech in Sallust, and express'd with great decorum and spirit.

If you were less, or that your faith and virtue
Did not hold good that title, with your blood,
I should not now unprofitably spend
Myself in words, or catch at empty hopes
By airy ways, for solid certainties.
But since in many, and the greatest dangers,
I still have known you no less true than
valiant,

And that I taste in you the same affections,
To will or nill, to think things good or bad,
Alike with me, (which argues your firm
friendship)

I dare the boldier, with you, set on foot,
Or lead unto this great and goodliest action.
What I have thought of it afore, you all
Have heard apart. I then express'd my zeal
Unto the glory; now, the need inflames me.
When I forethink the hard conditions
Our states must undergo, except in time
We do redeem ourselves to liberty,
And break the iron yoke forg'd for our necks;
For what less can we call it, when we see
The common-wealth engross'd so by a few,
The giants of the state, that do by turns
Enjoy her, and defile her? all the earth,
Her kings and tetrarchs are their tributaries;
People and nations pay them hourly stipends;
The riches of the world flow to their coffers,
And not to Rome's. While (but those few)

the rest,

However great we are, honest, and valiant,
Are herded with the vulgar, and so kept,
As we were only bred to consume corn,
Or wear out wool; to drink the city's water;
Ungrac'd, without authority, or mark;
Trembling beneath thier rods: to whom, if
all

Were well in Rome, we should come forth
bright axes."

All places, honours, offices are theirs,
Or where they will confer 'em: they leave
us

The dangers, the repulses, judgments, wants;
Which how long will you bear, most valiant
spirits?

Were we not better to fall once with virtue,
Than draw a wretched and dishonour'd
breath,

To lose with shame, when these men's pride
will laugh?

I call the faith of gods and men to question,

The power is in our hands, our bodies able,
Our minds as strong; o' the contrary, in
them

All things grown aged, with their wealth
and years;

There wants but only to begin the business,
The issue is certain.

Lon. On.

Cet. Let us go on."

Cur. Bes. Go on, brave Sergius.

Cet. It doth strike my soul,

(And who can 'scape the stroke, that hath
a soul,

Or but the smallest air of man within him?)
To see them swell with treasure, which they
pour

Out in their riots, eating, drinking, building,
I, in the sea! planning of hills with valleys,
And raising valleys above hills! whilst we
Have not to give our bodies necessities,
They have their change of houses, manors,
lordships;

We scarce a fire, or a poor household Lar!
They buy rare Attic statues, Tyrian hang-
ings,

Ephesian pictures, and Corinthian plate,
Attalic garments, and now new-found gems,
Since Pompey went for Asia, which they
purchase

At price of provinces! the river Phasis
Cannot afford 'em fowl, nor Lucrine lake
Oysters enough: Circel too is search'd,
To please the witty gluttony of a meal!
Their ancient habitations they neglect,
And set up new; then, if the echo like not
In such a room, they pluck down those,
build newer,

Alter them too; and by all frantic ways,
Vex their wild wealth, as they molest the
people,

From whom they force it! Yet they cannot
tame,

Or overcome their riches! not by making
Baths, orchards, fish-pools, letting of seas
Here, and then forcing 'em out again

With mountainous heaps, for which the
earth hath lost

Most of her ribs, as entrails; being now
Wounded no less for marble, than for gold!

We, all this while, like calm benumb'd
spectators,

" Trembling beneath their rods; to whom, if all

Were well in Rome, we should come forth bright axes.] The original is, *sine gratiâ, sine auctoritate, his obnoxii quibus, si respublica valeret, forwideri censemus*. Our poet hath preserved the sentiment, and given it a very ingenious turn; the allusion is to the consul's fasces, or rods, in which the axe was bound up.

" Cet. Lon. On, let us go on.] A very great beauty is here lost: two characters totally different are confounded into one, by misplacing the speakers. Longinus should only, as the rest afterwards do, bid Catiline proceed in his speech: and the fury of Cethegus catches the word, and without hearing more would rush into action. I read therefore, Lon. On. Cet. Let us go on.—The rest join with Longinus, and Catiline proceeds. With this change it is a very spirited, as well as necessary pause to the length of the speech.—Mr. SEWARD.

This correction is so very striking and judicious, that I have ventured to place it in the text, though against the authority of all the copies.

Sit till our seats do crack, and do not hear
The thund'ring ruins; whilst at home our
wants,

Abroad our debts, do urge us; our states
daily

Bending to bad, our hopes to worse; and
what

Is left but to be crush'd? Wake, wake, brave
friends,

And meet the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
Behold, renown, riches, and glory court
you;

Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
Methinks (though I were dumb) th' affair
itself,

The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
With the brave spoil the war brings, should
invite you.

Use me your general, or soldier; neither
My mind nor body shall be wanting to you:
And being consul, I not doubt t' effect

All that you wish, if trust not flatter me,
And you'd not rather still be slaves, than free.

Cat. Free, free.

Lon. 'Tis freedom.

Cur. Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why, these are noble voices! No-
thing wants, then,

But that we take a solemn sacrament,
To strengthen our design.

Cat. And most to act it.

Deferring hurts, where pow'rs are so pre-
par'd.

Aut. Yet, ere we enter into open act,
(With favour) 'twere no loss, if t' might be
inquir'd,

What the condition of these arms would be?

Par. I, and the means to carry us through?

Cat. How, friends!

Think you that I would bid you grasp the
wind,

Or call you to th' embracing of a cloud?
Put your known valours on so dear a business,

And have no other second than the danger,
Nor other garland than the loss? Become

Your own assurances. And for the means,
Consider, first, the stark security

The commonwealth is in now; the whole
senate

Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow;
Their forces all abroad; of which the greatest,

That might annoy us most, is farthest off,
In Asia, under Pompey; those near hand,

Commanded by our friends! one army in
Spain,

By Cneus Piso; th' other in Mauritania,
By Nucerinus; both which I have fir'd,

And fast unto our plot. Myself, then stand-
ing

Now to be consul, with ray hop'd colleague
Caius Antonius, one no less engag'd

By his wants, than we; and whom I've
power to melt,

And cast in any mould. Beside, some
others,

That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure, and
great ones)

Who, when the time comes, shall declare
themselves

Strong for our party; so that no resistance
In nature can be thought. For our reward

then:

First, all our debts are paid; dangers of
law,

Actions, decrees, judgments against us,
quitted;

The rich men, as in Sylla's times, pro-
scrib'd,

And publication made of all their goods:

That house is yours; that land is his; those
waters,

Orchards, and walks, a third's; he has that
honour,

And he that office: such a province falls

To Vargunteus; this t' Autronius; that

To bold Cethegus; Rome to Lentulus.

You share the world, her magistracies,
priesthoods,

Wealth and felicity, amongst you, friends;

And Catiline your servant. Would you,
Curius,

Revenge the contumely stuck upon you,
In being removed from the senate? now,

Now is your time. Would Publius Lenu-
lus

Strike for the like disgrace? now is his
time.

Would stout Longinus walk the streets of
Rome,

Facing the Prætor? now has he a time

To spurn and tread the fasces into dirt,

Made of the usurers and the lictors brains.

Is there a beauty, here in Rome, you love?

An enemy you would kill? what head's not
yours?

Whose wife, which boy, whose daughter, of
what race,

That th' husband, or glad parents, shall not
bring you,

And boasting of the office? only spare

Yourselves, and you have all the earth be-
side,

A field to exercise your longings in.

I see you rais'd, and read your forward
minds

High in your faces. Bring the wine and
blood

You have prepar'd there.

Lon. How!

Cat. I have kill'd a slave,

And of his blood caus'd to be mix'd with
wine.

Fill every man his bowl. There cannot
be

A fitter drink to make this sanction in.

Here I begin the sacrament to all¹⁴.

¹⁴ Here I begin the sacrament to all.] Jonson uses the word sacrament in the same sense which belongs to the Latin original. *Sacramentum* was the oath the soldiers took when they

O for a clap of thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the universe,
To tell the world the fact, and to applaud it.
Be firm, my hand; not shed a drop; but
pour

Fierceness into me with it, and fell thirst
Of more and more, till Rome be left as
bloodless

As ever her fears made her, or the sword.
And when I leave to wish this to thee, step-
dame,

Or stop't effect it, with my powers fainting.
So may my blood be drawn, and so drunk
As is this slave's. (up,

Luc. And so be mine.

Len. And mine.

Ant. And mine.

Var. And mine.

Cet. Swell me my bowl yet fuller.

(They drink.

Here, I do drink this, as I would do Cato's,
Or the new fellow Cicero's, with that vow
Which Catiline hath given.

Cur. So do I.

Lec. And I.

Bas. And I.

Ful. And I.

Gab. And all of us.

Cat. Why now's the business safe, and
each man strengthen'd.

Sirrah, what all you?

(He spies one of his boys not answer.—

Pag. Nothing.

Bas. Somewhat modest.

Cat. Slave, I will strike your soul out
with my foot, (face:

Let me but find you again with such a
You whelp —

Bas. Nay, Lucius.

Cat. Are you cowering it, (neural

When I command you to be free, and ge-
To all?

Bas. You'll be observ'd.

Cat. Arise, and shew

But any least aversion in your look
To him that bours you next¹⁵, and your
throat opens.

Noble confederates, thus far is perfect.
Only your suffrages I will expect
At the assembly for the choosing consuls,
And all the voices you can make by friends
To my election. Then let me work out
Your fortunes and mine own. Meanwhile,
all rest

Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
Have bound up brooks and rivers, forc'd
wild beasts

Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
Clowis to their houses, and the country
sleeps;

That, when the sudden thaw comes, we may
break

Upon them like a deluge, bearing down
Half Rome before us, and invade the rest
With cries, and noise, able to wake the urns
Of those are dead, and make their ashes fear.
The horrors that do strike the world, should
come (be dumb,

Loud, and unlook'd for; till they strike,

Cet. Oraculous Sergius!

Len. God-like Catiline!

CHORUS.

"Can nothing great, and at the height,
"Remain so long, but its own weight
"Will ruin it? or is't blind chance,
"That still desires new states t' advance,
"And quit the old? else why must Rome
"Be by itself now overcome?
"Hath she not foes enow of those
"Whom she hath made such, and enclose
"Her round about? or are they none,
"Except she first become her own?
"O wretchedness of greatest states,
"To be obnoxious to these fates!
"That cannot keep what they do gain;
"And what they raise so ill sustain!

they were inlisted: the horrid ceremony now attending it is recorded by Sallust, who does not indeed relate it for a certainty: *Fuere et tempestate, qui dicerent Catilinam, oratione habita, cum ad iurjurandum populares sui scelus adigerit, humani corporis sanguinem vino permixtum in pateris circumtulisse, &c.* The circumstances of this conspiracy are in general so well known, and our author hath so closely adhered to the history, that it is unnecessary to point out every imitation; which would be only transcribing whole pages and whole orations.

¹⁵ To him that boards you next, and your throat opens.] The grossity of this image may be a little shaded by restoring the true text, which former editors seem to have misunderstood. The first folio reads *bours* you next, and that is the true word. To *bours* is to joke, or to be familiarly merry with any one. *Bourde*, says Junius in his *Etymologicon*, est oblectabilium jacturatum hilaritate, variisque urbanitatis lepore, familiarium consortia detinere; and hence it is sometimes taken in the same sense in which the word *play* is often used by our old poets; and which the Greeks also give to the verb *παίζω*, and the Latins to *ludere*. The Scots yet use *bours*, in the sense of dallying and playing the wanton. Spenser applies it to the waters of a river which glide in gentle murmurs:

"The next the stubborn Neure, whose waters grey

"By fair Kilkenny and Rossepointe bours."—*Fairy Queen*, l. 4. cant. 11.

The same mistake seems to possess a passage in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, act. 1. sc. 4: "Sir Tob. You mistake, knight: accost, is front her, board her, woo her, assail her." Where it should probably be read, *bours her*.

" Rome now is mistress of the whole
 " World, sea and land, to either pole;
 " And even that fortune will destroy
 " The pow'r that made it: she doth joy
 " So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,
 " As now th' excess is her disease.
 " She builds in gold, and to the stars,
 " As if she threaten'd heav'n with wars;
 " And seeks for hell in quarries deep,
 " Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
 " A hope of day. Her women wear
 " The spoils of nations in an ear,
 " Chang'd for the treasure of a shell;
 " And in their loose attires do swell,
 " More light than sails, when all winds play:
 " Yet are the men more loose than they;
 " More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rubb'd,
 " and trimm'd,
 " Moresleek, more soft, and slackerlimb'd;
 " As prostitute; so much, that kind
 " May seek itself there, and not find.
 " They eat on beds of silk and gold,
 " At iv'ry tables, or wood sold
 " Dearer than it; and leaving plate,
 " Do drink in stone of higher rate.

" They hunt all grounds, and draw all seas,
 " Fowl every brook and bush, to please
 " Their wanton taste; and in request
 " Have new and rare things, not the best.
 " Hence comes that wild and vast ex-
 " pence,
 " That hath enforc'd Rome's virtue thence,
 " Which simple poverty first made:
 " And now ambition doth invade
 " Her state, with eating avarice,
 " Riot, and ev'ry other vice.
 " Decrees are bought, and laws are sold,
 " Honours, and offices, for gold;
 " The people's voices, and the free
 " Tongues in the senate, bribed be."
 " Such ruin of her manners Rome
 " Doth suffer now, as she's become
 " (Without the gods it soon gainsay)
 " Both her own spoiler, and own prey.
 " So, Asia, art thou cru'ly ev'n
 " With us, for all the blows thee giv'n;
 " When we, whose virtue conquer'd thee,
 " Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd be."

¹⁰ So much, that KIND.] i. e. Nature.

¹¹ The people's voices, and the free

Tongues in the senate, bribed be.] In this part of the chorus our poet had his eye upon the specimen *belli civilis* by Petronius Arbiter;

*Nec minor in campo furor est, emptique Rurites
 Ad prædam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.
 Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum.*

The sentiment of Petronius furnished him with matter, not only in the present instance, but for the general design of the whole chorus. I will take leave to transcribe a few lines from the speech of Pluto to Fortune, which are made use of in the verses before these.

*En etiam mea regna petunt, perfossa dehincit
 Molibus insanis tellus; jam montibus haustis
 Antra gemunt: & dam variis liquis inventi usus,
 Inferas manes cælum sperare jubentur.*

Was I to add more, I should copy almost the whole poem. Jonson, I think, does not appear to any great advantage in the choruses to this play. My friend Mr. Sympsom is also of the same opinion: he says, the sentiments in them are not sufficiently great, nor his measures at all imitative of the ancients; that variety of numbers which runs through all the Greek tragic poets, seems never once to have been his aim. But I imagine Seneca, not Sophocles or Æschylus, was what he copied after, and 'tis then no wonder that he succeeded no better.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Fulvia, Galla, Servant.

Ful. THOSE rooms do smell extremely.
 Bring my glass,
 And table hither, Galla.
Gal. Madam.
Ful. Look

Within, in my blue cabinet, for the pearl
 I had sent me last, and bring it.

Gal. That from Clodius? [*Clodius still,*
Ful. From Caius Cæsar. You're for
 Or Curius. Sirrah, if Quintus Curius come,
 I am not in fit mood; I keep my chamber,
 Give warning so without.

Gal. Is this it, madam?

Ful. Yes, help to hang it in mine ear.

Gal. Believe me,
It is a rich one, madam.
Ful. I hope so : [end,
It should not be worn there else. Make an
And bind my hair up.

Gal. As 'twas yesterday ? [you me
Ful. No, nor t'other day. When knew
Appear two days together in one dressing ?

Gal. Will you ha't in the globe or spire ?
Ful. How thou wilt ; [tinnence.
Any way, so thou wilt do it, good imper-
Thy company, if I slept not very well
A-nights, would make me an errant fool,
with questions.

Gal. Alas, madam —

Ful. Nay, gentle half o' th' dialogue, cease.

Gal. I do it indeed but for your exercise,
As your physician bids me.

Ful. How ! does he bid you

To anger me for exercise ?

Gal. Not to anger you, [ence
But stir your blood a little : there's differ-
Between lukewarm and boiling, madam.

Ful. Jove ! [ha' done.
She means to cook me, I think. Pray you,

Gal. I mean to dress you, madam.

Ful. O, my Juno, [Galla !
Be friend to me ! Off'ring at wit too ? why,
Where hast thou been ?

Gal. Why, madam ?

Ful. What hast thou done

With thy poor innocent self ?

Gal. Wherefore, sweet madam ?

Ful. Thus to come forth, so suddenly, a
wit-worm ? [dream

Gal. It pleases you to flout one. I did
Of lady Sempronia —

Ful. O, the wonder's out.

That did infect thee ? well, and how ?

Gal. Methought

She did discourse the best —

Ful. That ever thou heard'st ?

Gal. Yes.

Ful. In thy sleep ? of what was her dis-
course ? [state,

Gal. Of the republick, madam, and the
And how she was in debt, and where she
meant [man !

To raise fresh sums : she's a great stateswo-

Ful. Thou dream'st all this ?

Gal. No, but you know she is, madam ;
And both a mistress of the Latin tongue,
And of the Greek.

Ful. I, but I never dreamt it, Galla,
As thou hast done ; and therefore you must
pardon me.

Gal. Indeed you mock me, madam.

Ful. Indeed, no. [wit too ?
Forth with your learned lady. She has a

Gal. A very masculine one.

Ful. A she-critick, Galla ? [jests,
And can compose in verse, and make quick
Modest, or otherwise ?

Gal. Yes, madam.

Ful. She can sing too ?

And play on instruments ?

Gal. Of all kinds, they say.

Ful. And doth dance rarely ?

Gal. Excellent ! so well,

As a bald senator made a jest, and said,
'Twas better than an honest woman need'.

Ful. Tut, she may bear that. Few wise
women's honesties
Will do their courtship hurt.

Gal. She's liberal too, madam.

Ful. What ! of her money, or her hon-
our, pr'ythee ?

Gal. Of both ; you know not which she
doth spare least.

Ful. A comely commendation.

¹ Gal. *Will you ha't in the GLOBE or SPIRE ?*] These were various ways in which the Roman ladies bound up their hair : and the manner is still to be seen on the coins and medals of that and the following age. Juvenal has an allusion to the spiry form of dressing the head, which seems chiefly to have been used by those ladies, who were desirous of adding something to their stature :

Tot premit ordi-ibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum

Adificat caput ; Andromachen à fronte ridebis,

Post, in nor est : alium credas. — JUVENAL sat. 6.

² Ful. *And doth dance rarely ?* Gal. *Excellent ! so well,*

As a bald senator made a jest, and said,

'Twas better than an honest woman need.]

The poet throughout this whole character of Sempronia, hath had his eye upon his author Sallust : he has faithfully selected the particulars, yet varied the arrangement of them, in a manner different from the historian's relation. Sallust, in drawing the picture of this celebrated lady, hath the following strokes : *Psallere, saltare elegantius quam necesse est probe.* Jonson has made Fulvia's attendant express herself in the same terms, but as coming from the dry gravity of a *conscript* father. This gives an air of humour to the whole ; and is justly adapted to the vein of loquacity, characteristic of my lady's woman. This scene will come under the censure which Dryden passes on some others in this play, and on a scene of our author's *Sejanus*. Jonson himself, says that critick, in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* has given us this oleo of a play, this unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy. In *Sejanus* you may take notice of the scene betwixt Livia and the physician, which is a pleasant satire upon the artificial helps of beauty : in *Catiline* you may see the parliament of women ; the little envies of them to one another, and all that passes betwixt Curius and Fulvia ; scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest.

Gal. Troth, 'tis pity she is in years.

Ful. Why, Galla?

Gal. For it is.

Ful. O, is that all? I thought thou'dst had a reason.

Gal. Why, so I have. She has been a And yet she dresses herself (except you, madam)

One of the best in Rome; and paints, and Her decays very well.

Ful. They say, it is

Rather a visor, than a face, she wears.

Gal. They wrong her verily, madam; she doth sleek

With crums of bread and milk, and lies In as neat gloves — But she is fain of late To seek, more than she's sought to, (the fame is)

And so spends that way.

Ful. Thou know'st all! but, Galla, What say you to Catiline's lady, Orestilla? There is the gallant!

Gal. She does well. She has Very good suits, and very rich; but then She cannot put 'em on; she knows not how To wear a garment. You shall have her all Jewels and gold sometimes, so that herself Appears the least part of herself. No, in troth,

As I live, madam, you put 'em all down With your mere strength of judgment, and do draw too

The world of Rome to follow you! you Yourself so diversly, and with that spirit! Still to the noblest humours! they could make

Love to your dress, although your face were

Ful. And body too, and have the better match on't.

Say they not so too, Galla? now! what Travails your count'nance with?

Ser. If't please you, madam,

The lady Sempronius is lighted at the gate.

Gal. Castor, my dream, my dream.

Ser. And comes to see you.

Gal. For Venus' sake, good madam, see

Ful. Peace,

The fool is wild, I think.

Gal. And hear her talk,

Sweet madam, of state-matters, and the

SCENE II.

Sempronia, Fulvia, Galla.

Sem. Fulvia, good wench, how dost thou?

Ful. Well, Sempronia.

Whither are you thus early address!

Sem. To see

Aurelia Orestilla. She sent for me.

I came to call thee with me; wilt thou go?

Ful. I cannot now, in troth; I have some letters

To write, and send away.

Sem. Alas, I pity thee.

I have been writing all this night (and am

So very weary) unto all the tribes,

And centuries, for their voices, to help Catiline

In his election. We shall make him consul,

I hope, amongst us. Crassus, I, and Cæsar Will carry it for him.

Ful. Does he stand for it?

Sem. He's the chief candidate.

Ful. Who stands beside?

(Give me some wine, and powder for my

Sem. Here's a good pearl, in troth.

Ful. A pretty one.

Sem. A very orient one! there are com-

Caius Antonius, Publius Galba, Lucius,

Cassius Longinus, Quintus Cornificius,

Caius Licinius, and that talker Cicero.

But Catiline and Antonius will be chosen;

For four of the other, Licinius, Longinus,

Galba, and Cornificius, will give way:

And Cicero they will not chuse.

Ful. No? why?

Sem. It will be cross'd by the nobility.

Gal. (How she does understand the com-

mon business!) Nor were it fit. He is but a new

An inmate here in Rome, (as Catiline calls

him)

And the patricians should do very ill

To let the consulship be so defil'd

As't would be, if he obtain'd it! a mere

upstart,

That has no pedigree, no house, no coat,

No ensigns of a family!

Ful. He has virtue.

Sem. Hang virtue; where there is no

blood, 'tis vice,

And in him sauciness. Why should he

To be more learned, or more eloquent,

Than the nobility? or boast any quality

Worthy a nobleman, himself not noble?

Ful. 'Twas virtue only, at first, made all

men noble.

Sem. I yield you, it might at first, in

Rome's poor age,

When both her kings and consuls held the

Or garden'd well; but now we have no need

To dig, or lose our sweat for't. We have

wealth,

Fortune, and ease; and then their stock to

¹ ———— So that herself

Appears the least part of herself.] The thought is from Ovid;

— Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

² ———— He is but a NEW FELLOW,

An inmate here in Rome, as Catiline calls him.] Marcus Tullius inquilinus civis urbis Romæ. SALLUST. A new fellow was what the Romans called novus homo; the first of his family who ever bore any public office, one that had not the images of his ancestors to shew.

Of name, for virtue; which will bear us out
 'Gainst all new comers and can never fail us,
 While the succession stays. And we must
 glorify [speaker?
 A mushroom? one of yesterday? a fine
 'Cause he has suck'd at Athens? and ad-
 vance him,
 To our own loss? no, Fulvia; there are they
 Can speak Greek too, if need were. Caesar,
 and I,
 Have sat upon him; so hath Crassus too,
 And others. We have all decreed his rest,
 For rising farther.

Gal. Excellent rare lady!

Ful. Sempronius, you're beholden to my
 woman here;

She does admire you.

Sem. O good Galla, how dost thou?

Gal. The better for your learned ladyship.

Sem. Is this grey powder a good dentifrice?

Ful. You see I use it.

Sem. I have one is whiter.

Ful. It may be so.

Sem. Yet this smells well.

Gal. And cleanses

Very well, madam, and resists the crudities.

Sem. Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to
 thee now?

Which of our great patricians?

Ful. Faith, I keep

No catalogue of 'em. Sometimes I have one,
 Sometimes another, as the toy takes their
 bloods.

Sem. Thou hast them all. Faith, when
 was Quintus Curius,

Thy special servant, here?

Ful. My special servant?

Sem. Yes, thy idolater, I call him.

Ful. He may be yours,

If you do like him.

Sem. How!

Ful. He comes not here;

I have forbid him hence.

Sem. Venus forbid!

Ful. Why?

Sem. Your so constant lover?

Ful. So much the rather [sure.

I would have change. So would you too, I'm
 And now you may have him.

Sem. He's fresh yet, Fulvia.

Beware how you do tempt me.

Ful. Faith, for me

He's somewhat too fresh indeed; the salt is
 gone, [done,

That gave him season. His good gifts are
 He does not yield the crop that he was wont.
 And for the act, I can have secret fellows,
 With backs worth ten of him, and they shall
 please me

(Now that the land is fled) a myriad better.

Sem. And those one may command.

Ful. 'Tis true: these lordlings,

Your noble fawns, they're so imperious,
 saucy,

Rude, and as boisterous as centaurs, leaping
 A lady at first sight.

Sem. And must be borne

Both with and out, they think.

Ful. Tut, I'll observe

None of 'em all, nor humour 'em a jot

Longer than they come laden in the hand,

And say, Here's one for t'other.

Sem. Does Caesar give well?

Ful. They shall all give, and pay well,
 that come here,

If they will have it; and that, jewels, pearl,
 Plate, or round sums to buy these. I'm
 not taken

With a cob-swan, or a high-mounting bull,
 As foolish Leda and Europa were;

But the bright gold, with Danae. For such
 price

I would endure a rough, harsh Jupiter;

Often such thundering gamesters, and re-
 frain

To laugh at 'em, till they are gone, with
 my much suffering.

Sem. Thou'rt a most happy wench, that
 thus canst make

Use of thy youth and freshness, in the season,
 And hast it to make use of.

Ful. Which is the happiness.

Sem. I am now fain to give to them, and
 keep

Musick, and a continual table, to invite 'em.

Ful. Yes, and they study your kitchen,
 more than you.

Sem. Eat myself out with usury, and my
 lord too,

And all my officers, and friends besides,

To procure money for the needful charge

I must be at, to have 'em; and yet scarce

Can I achieve 'em so.

Ful. Why, that's because

You affect young faces only, and smooth
 chins,

Sempronius. If you'd love beards and bristles,
 (One with another, as others do) or wrin-
 kles—

Who's that? look, Galla.

Gal. 'Tis the party, madam.

Ful. What party? has he no name?

Gal. 'Tis Quintus Curius.

Ful. Did I not bid 'em say I kept my

chamber?

Gal. Why, so they do.

Sem. I'll leave you, Fulvia.

Ful. Nay, good Sempronius, stay.

Sem. In faith, I will not.

Ful. By Juno I would not see him.

Sem. I'll not hinder you.

Gal. You know he will not be kept out,
 madam.

Sem. No,

Nor shall not, careful Galla, by my means.

Ful. As I do live, Sempronius—

Sem. What needs this?

Ful. Go, say I am asleep, and ill at ease.

Sem. By Castor⁴, no, I'll tell him, you're awake,
And very well. Stay, Galla; farewell, Fulvia:
I know my manners. Why do you labour thus
With action against purpose? Quintus Curius,
She is, i'faith, here, and in disposition.

Ful. Spight with your courtesy! how
shall I be tortur'd!

SCENE III.

Curius, Fulvia, Galla.

Cur. Where are you, fair one, that conceal
yourself, [here,
And keep your beauty within locks and bars
Like a fool's treasure?

Ful. True, she was a fool,
When first she shew'd it to a thief.

Cur. How, pretty sullenness!
So harsh and short?

Ful. The fool's artillery, sir. [counter.

Cur. Then take my gown off, for th' en-

Ful. Stay, sir,

I am not in the mood.

Cur. I'll put you into't.

Ful. Best put yourself in your case again,
and keep

Your furious appetite warm against you
have place for't.

Cur. What! do you coy it?

Ful. No, sir. I am not proud.

Cur. I would you were. You think this
state becomes you?

By Hercules, it does not. Look in your
glass now, [shews;

And see how scurvily, that countenance
You would be loth to own it.

Ful. I shall not change it.

Cur. Faith, but you must, and slack this
bended brow; [coming

And shoot less scorn: there is a Fortune
Towards you, dainty, that will take thee
thus,

And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head
Of her own statue here in Rome.

Ful. I wonder [diligence?

Who let this promiser in! did you, good
Give him his bribe again. Or if you had none,

Pray you demand him, why he is so ventu-
rous, [bidden,

To press thus to my chamber, being for-
Both by myself and servants?

Cur. How! this is handsome!

And somewhat a new strain!

Ful. 'Tis not strain'd, sir;

'Tis very natural.

Cur. I have known it otherwise,
Between the parties, though.

Ful. For your foreknowledge,
Thank that which made it. It will not be so
Hereafter, I assure you.

Cur. No, my mistress?

Ful. No, though you bring the same ma-
terials.

Cur. Hear me.

You over-act when you should under-do.
A little call yourself again, and think,

If you do this to practise on me, or find
At what forc'd distance you can hold your
servant;

That it be an artificial trick to inflame,
And fire me more, tearing my love may
need it,

As heretofore you have done, why, proceed.
Ful. As I have done heretofore?

Cur. Yes, when you'd feign

Your husband's jealousy, your servant's
watches,

Speak softly, and run often to the door,
Or to the window, form strange fears that
were not;

As if the pleasure were less acceptable,
That were secure.

Ful. You are an impudent fellow.

Cur. And when you might better have
done it at the gate,

To take me in at the casement.

Ful. I take you in?

Cur. Yes, you, my lady. And then being
a-bed with you, [running,

To have your well-taught waiter here come
And cry, her lord, and hide me without
cause, [ney.

Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chin-
When he, tame crow, was winking at his
farm; [have kept

Or, had he been here, and present, would
Both eyes and beak seal'd up⁵, for six ses-
terces. [wash'd tongue

Ful. You have a sland'rous, beastly, un-
In your rude mouth, and savouring yourself,
Unmanner'd lord.

Cur. How now!

Ful. It is your title, sir.

Who (since you've lost your own good
name, and know not

What to lose more) care not whose honour
you wound,

⁴ *Sem.* By CASTOR, no, I'll tell him you're awake.] We must observe our poet's exactness in adapting his oaths to his speakers. Gellius tells us, that, amongst the Romans, the women never swore by Hercules, nor the men by Castor. *Nusquam invenire est apud idoneos quidem scriptores, aut mchercle jeminam dicere, aut mecastor virum. Aedepol autem, quod iusjurandum per Pollucem est, et viro et famina commune est.* L. 2, c. 6. Accordingly in the next scene, Curius swears by Pollux, and Fulvia, as the women should do, by Castor.

⁵ ————Would have kept

Both eyes and beak seal'd up.] I read, and so does Mr. Sympson, seal'd up. Seeling is a term in falconry, which we have had before in this play:

"Are your eyes yet unseel'd?" Act 1.

Or fume you poison with it. You should go
And vent yourself i' th' region where you live,
Among the suburb-brothels, bawds and
brokers, [you.

Whither your broken fortunes have design'd

Cur. Nay, then I must stop your fury, I
see; and pluck

The tragic visor off. Come, lady Cypris,
Know your own virtues, quickly. I'll not
be

Put to the wooing of you thus, afresh,

At every turn, for all the Venus in you.

Yield, and be pliant, or by Pollux—How
now?

[*He offers to force her, and she draws her
knife.*

Will *Lais* turn a *Lucrece*?

Ful. No; but, by *Castor*,

Hold off your ravisher's hand, I pierce your
heart else.

I'll not be put to kill myself, as she did,

For you, sweet *Tarquin*. What? do you
fall off?

Nay, it becomes you graciously! Put not up.
You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I
think it,

Than on the senate; who have cast you forth

Disgracefully, to be the common tale

Of the whole city; base, infamous man!

For, were you other, you would there em-
Your desperate dagger. [play

Cur. *Fulvia*, you do know [use

The strengths you have upon me; do not
Your power too like a tyrant: I can bear
Almost until you break me.

Ful. I do know, sir,

So does the senate too, know, you can bear.

Cur. By all the gods, that senate will
smart deep [sorry

For your upbraidings. I should be right

To have the means so to be veng'd on you

(At least, the will) as I shall shortly on
them. [lady:

But go you on still; fare you well, dear

You could not still be fair, unless you were
proud. [long too,

You will repent these moods, and ere't be
I shall have you come about again.

Ful. Do you think so?

Cur. Yes, and I know so.

Ful. By what augury?

Cur. By the fair entrails of the matron's
 chests, [Fulvia

Gold, pearl, and jewels here in Rome, which

Will then (but late) say that she might have
And grieving miss. [shar'd;

Ful. Tut, all your promis'd mountains,
And seas, I am so stately acquainted with—

Cur. But when you see the universal
flood [senators,

Run by your coffers; that my lords, the
Are sold for slaves, their wives for bond-

women,

Their houses, and fine gardens, given away,

And all their goods, under the spear at out-
cry*, [Fulvia,

And you have none of this, but are still

Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it;

You will advise then, coyness, with your
cushion, [were wish'd*;

And look on your fingers: say, how you
And so he left you.

Ful. Call him again, *Galla*:

This is not usual. Something hangs on this,
That I must win out of him.

Cur. How now, melt you? [easiness!

Ful. Come, you will laugh now, at my

But 'tis no miracle: doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking and their murrain'g.

Cur. Yes,

And then 'tis kindly. I would have my love
Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest

Of her behaviour.

Ful. You do see, I study [Curius,

How I may please you then. But you think,

'Tis covetise hath wrought me: if you love
Change that unkind conceit. [me,

Cur. By my lov'd soul,

I love thee, aike to it; and 'tis my study,

More than mine own revenge, to make thee
happy. [me happy.

Ful. And 'tis that just revenge doth make
To hear you prosecute; and which, indeed,

Hath won me to you, more than all the hope
Of what can else be promis'd. I love valour

Better than any lady loves her face,

Or dressing: than my self does. Let me
grow [means

Still where I do embrace. But what good
Have you t' effect it? shall I know your
project?

Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious.

Ful. As I can be.

Cur. And wilt thou kiss me then?

Ful. As close as shells

Of cockles meet.

Cur. And print 'em deep?

Ful. Quite through¹⁵

Our subtle lips.

Cur. And often?

Ful. I will sow 'em

Faster than mine can reap. What is your plot?

* And all their goods under the spear at out-cry.] The Roman way of selling things by
auction, was setting up a spear; and hence the phrase *sub hasta vendere*.

¹ Say, how you were wish'd.] The reader, who reflects on what has passed between
these lovers, will think, I believe, this a very intelligible expression; but Mr. Theobald's
margin proposes an emendation, and exhibits *wish'd* as the most proper term.

¹⁵ *Ful.* Quite through

Our subtle lips.] i. e. thin, fine. So Shakspeare;

"Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground." i. e. smooth.

Cur. Why now my Fulvia looks like her
bright name!

And is herself!

Ful. Nay, answer me, your plot?

I pray thee tell me, Quintus.

Cur. I, these sounds

Become a mistress. Here is harmony! [you
When you are harsh, I see the way to bend
Is not with violence, but service. Cruel,
A lady is a fire: gentle, a light.]

(She kisses and flatters him along still.)

Ful. Will you not tell me what I ask you?

Cur. All

That I can think, sweet love, or my breast
holds,

I'll pour into thee.

Ful. What is your design then?

Cur. I'll tell thee, Catiline shall now be
consult:

But you will hear more shortly.

Ful. Nay, dear love—

Cur. I'll speak it in thine arms, let us go in.
Rome will be sack'd, her wealth will be our
prize;

By public ruin private spirits must rise.

CHORUS.

"Great father Mars, and greater Jove,
"By whose high auspice, Rome hath stood
"So long; and first was built in blood
"Of your great nephew, that then strove
"Not with his brother, but your rites:
"Be present to her now, as then,
"And let not proud and factious men
"Against your wills oppose their might.

"Our consuls now are to be made;

"O, put it in the public voice

"To make a free and worthy choice;

"Excluding such as would invade

"The commonwealth. Let whom we name

"Have wisdom, foresight, fortitude,

"Be more with faith than face endu'd,

"And study conscience above fame.

"Such as not seek to get the start

"In state, by power, parts, or bribes,

"Ambition's bawds: but move the tribes

"By virtue, modesty, desert.

"Such as to justice will adhere,

"Whatever great one it offend:

"And from th' embraced truth not bend

"For envy, hatred, gifts, or fear.

"That by their deeds will make it known,

"Whose dignity they do sustain;

"And life, state, glory, all they gain,

"Count the republic's, not their own,

"Such the old Bruti, Decii were,

"The Cipi, Curtii, who did give

"Themselves for Rome, and would not live

"As men, good only for a year.

"Such were the great Camilli too;

"The Fabii, Scipio's; that still thought

"No work at price enough was bought,

"That for their country they could do.

"And to her honour so did knit,

"As all their acts were understood

"The sinews of the public good;

"And they themselves, one soul with it.

"These men were truly magistrates;

"These neither practis'd force, nor forms;

"Nor did they leave the helm in storms:

"And such they are make happy states."

And Spenser has a parallel expression;

"Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance *slly*:" i. e. thin. L. 2. Cant. 9. st. 46.

MR. SYMPSON.

"———Cruel,

A lady is a fire: gentle, a light.] Mr. Sympson here remarks, that this is an odd structure of words: but such inversions are common in Jonson, who affected brevity of speech, as giving nerves and vigour to his expressions, and approaching nearer to the Latin idiom.

"The Cipi, Curtii, who did give

Themselves for Rome.] The story of the Bruti, Decii, and of Curtius, is well known; that of Cippus needs a little explanation: *Genutius Cippus* was a Roman prætor, and going out of the city, he perceived horns to sprout suddenly from his head; inquiring into the prodigy, the auspices declared that, if he returned into the city, it portended he would become a king: to prevent this, out of love to his country, he voluntarily went into exile. The story is told by Valerius Maximus, lib. 5. cap. 6. And Ovid, who calls him Cippus, gives it us more at large, with some little variations, in the 15th book of the *Metamorphoses*.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Cicero, Cato, Catalus, Antonius, Crassus, Caesar, Chorus, Lictors.

Cic. GREAT honours are great burdens;
but on whom [loads].

They're cast with envy, he doth bear two
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon: and for doing well,
A most small praise, and that wrung out by
force.

I speak this, Romans, knowing what the
Of the high charge, you have trusted to
me, is.

Not that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatness of your benefit;
For I ascribe it to your singular grace,
And vow to owe it to no title else,
Except the gods, that Cicero's your consul.
I have no urns; no dusty monuments;
No broken images of ancestors,
Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tables
Of long descents, to boast false honours
from:

Or be my undertakers to your trust.
But a new man (as I am styl'd in Rome)
Whom you have dignify'd; and more, in
whom

You've cut a way, and left it ope for virtue
Hereafter, to that place: which our great
men [selves].

Held shut up, with all ramparts, for them—
Nor have but few of them in time been made
Your consuls, so; new men, before me,
none:

At my first suit; in my just year¹; prefer'd
To all competitors; and some the noblest—
Cra. Now the vein swells.

Cra. Up glory.

Cic. And to have

Your loud consents, from your own utter'd
voices; [tribes,

Not silent books: nor from the meaner
But first and last, the universal concourse!
This is my joy, my gladness. But my care,
My industry, and vigilance, now must work,
That still your counsels of me be approv'd,
Both by yourselves, and those to whom you
have [must labour,

With grudge prefer'd me: two things I
That neither they upbraid, nor you repent
you.

For every lapse of mine will now be call'd

Your error, if I make such. But my hope
is, [ship,

So to bear through, and out, the consul—
As spite shall ne'er wound you, though it
may me.

And for myself, I have prepar'd this strength,
To do so well: as, if there happen ill
Unto me, it shall make the gods to blush;
And be their crime, not mine, that I am
envy'd.

Cra. O confidence! more new than is
the man! [receive

Cic. I know well, in what terms I do
The commonwealth, how vexed, how per-
plex'd! [fate,

In which there's not that mischief, or ill
That good men fear not, wicked men ex-
pect not.

I know besides some turbulent practices
Already on foot, and rumours of more dan-
gers — [none.

Cra. Or you will make them, if there be

Cic. Last, [way

I know, 'twas this, which made the envy
and pride
Of the great Roman blood bate, and give
To my election.

Cato. Marcus Tullius, true;
Our need made thee our consul, and thy
virtue. [praise.

Cra. Cato, you will undo him with your

Cato. Caesar will hurt himself with his
own envy. [Rome.

Chor. The voice of Cato is the voice of

Cato. The voice of Rome is the consent
of heaven! [helm,

And that hath plac'd thee, Cicero, at the
Where thou must render now thyself a man,
And master of thy art. Each petty hand

Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must
know

His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair wea-
thers; [to stop 'em;

Where her springs are, her leaks; and how
What sands, what shelves, what rocks do
threaten her;

The forces and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel
ploughs hell, [her,

And deck knocks heaven: then to manage
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

Cic. Which I'll perform with all the dili-
gence

¹ ——— But on whom

They're cast with envy, he doth wear two loads.] So the edition of 1716. The reading of the text, which I substituted by conjecture, I find authorized by the old copies.

² *In my just year.*] i. e. the 43d year of his age; none being capable of the consulship before that age.—Mr. SYMPSON.

And fortitude I have; not for my year,
But for my life; except my life be less,
And that my year conclude it: if it must,
Your will, lov'd gods. This heart shall yet
employ

A day, an hour is left me³, so for Rome,
As it shall spring a life out of my death,
To shine for ever glorious in my facts:
The vicious count their years, virtuous their
acts.

Chor. Most noble consul! let us wait him
home.

Cæs. Most popular consul he is grown,
methinks!

Cra. How the rout cling to him!

Cæs. And Cato leads 'em!

Cra. You, his colleague Antonius, ~~ate~~
not look'd on.

Ant. Not I, nor do I care.

Cæs. He enjoys rest,
And ease the while. Let th' other's spirit
toil, [moil.

And wake it out, that was inspir'd for tur-
Catu. If all reports be true, yet, Caius
Cæsar, [spirit.

The time hath need of such a watch and
Cæs. Reports? do you believe 'em, Ca-
tulus? [people;

Why he does make, and breed 'em for the
T' endear his service to 'em. Do you not
taste

An art that is so common? Popular men,
They must create strange monsters, and then
quell 'em,

To make their arts seem something. Would
you have

Such an Herculean actor in the scene,
And not his Hydra? they must sweat no
less [parts⁴.

To fit their properties, than t' express their
Cra. Treasons, and guilty men are made
in states

Too oft, to dignify the magistrates.

Catu. Those states be wretched that are
forc'd to buy

Their rulers' fame with their own infamy.

Cra. We therefore should provide that
ours do not.

Cæs. That will Antonius make his care.

Ant. I shall.

Cæs. And watch the watcher.

Catu. Here comes Catiline.

How does he brook his late repulse?

Cæs. I know not,

But hardly sure.

Catu. Longinus too did stand?

Cæs. At first: but he gave way unto his
friend.

Catu. Who's that come? Lentulus?

Cæs. Yes; he is again

Taken into the senate.

Ant. And made prator.

Catu. I know't. He had my suffrage,
next the consul's.

Cæs. True, you were there, prince of the
senate, then.

SCENE II.

*Catiline, Antonius, Catulus, Cæsar, Crassus,
Longinus, Lentulus.*

Cat. Hail, noblest Romans. The most
worthy consul,

I gratulate your honour.

Ant. I could wish

It had been happier, by your fellowship,
Most noble Sergius, had it pleas'd the
people.

Cat. It did not please the gods, who in-
struct the people: [serv'd.

And their unquestion'd pleasures must be
They know what's fitter for us than our-
selves!

And 'twere impiety to think against them.

Catu. You bear it rightly, Lucius; and
it glads me,

To find your thoughts so even.

Cat. I shall still

Study to make them such to Rome, and
heaven.

(I would withdraw with you a little, Julius.

Cæs. I'll come home to you: Crassus
would not ha' you

To speak to him 'fore Quintus Catulus.

Cat. I apprehend you.) No, when they
shall judge

Honours convenient for me, I shall have
'em, [time,

With a full hand: I know it. In mean
They are no less part of the commonwealth,

That do obey, than those that do command.

Catu. O let me kiss your forehead, Lucius.

How are you wrong'd!

Cat. By whom?

Catu. Public report.

That gives you out, to stomach your repulse,
And brook it deadly.

Cat. Sir, she brooks not me.

Believe me rather, and yourself, now of me:
It is a kind of slander to trust rumour.

³ — This heart shall yet employ

A day, an hour is left me.] The expression in the last line leads Mr. Sympson to think
it a corruption, which he would cure, and make much easier by reading,

Each day and hour is left me.

⁴ — They must sweat no less

To fit their PROPERTIES, than t' express their parts.] Having called the consul an
Herculean actor in the scene, he continues the metaphor in terms taken from the stage. All
necessaries in the performance of a play, are called by the name of *properties*; and the
sense is, that it will cost him as much pains to get the proper implements and materials for
his scheme, as to act his own part in it.

Cat. I know it. And I could be angry with it. [himself,

Cat. So may not I. Where it concerns Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

Cat. Most noble Sergius! this your temper melts me. [Quintus:]

Cra. Will you do office to the consul,

Cas. Which Cato, and the rout have done the other? [yourself.

Cat. I wait, when he will go. Be still He wants no state, or honours, that hath virtue.

Cat. Did I appear so tame, as this man thinks me? [nothing,

Look'd I so poor? so dead? so like that Which he calls virtuous? O my breast, break quickly; [they think

And shew my friends my in-parts, lest I have betray'd 'em.

[*Lon.* Where's Gabinus?

Len. Gone.

Lon. And Vargunteius?

Len. Slit away; all shrunk:

Now that he miss'd the consulship.)

Cat. I am

The scorn of bondmen, who are next to beasts. [fitter?

What can I worse pronounce myself, that's The owl of Rome, whom boys and girls will hoot!

That were I set up for that wooden god, That keeps our gardens, could not fright the crows,

Or the least bird from muting on my head!

[*Lon.* 'Tis strange how he should miss it.

Len. Is't not stranger,

The upstart Cicero should carry it so, By all consents, from men so much his masters?

Lon. 'Tis true.)

Cat. To what a shadow am I melted!

[*Lon.* Antonius won it but by some few voices.)

Cat. Struck through, like air, and feel it not. My wounds

Close faster than they're made.

[*Len.* The whole design, [it, And enterprise is lost by't. All hands quit Upon his fail.)

Cat. I grow mad at my patience.

It is a visor that hath poison'd me.

Would it had burnt me up, and I died in My heart first turn'd to ashes. [ward:

[*Lon.* Here's Cethegus yet.)

SCENE III.

Catiline, Cethegus, Lentulus, Longinus, Cato.

Cat. Repulse upon repulse? an in mate consul? [are,

That I could reach the axle, where the pins Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'em out,

And pluck all into Chaos, with myself.

Cet. What, are we wishing now?

Cat. Yes, my Cethegus.

Who ' would not fall with all the world about him? [it falls;

Cet. Not I, that would stand on it, when And force new nature out to make another.

These wishings taste of woman, not of Ro- Let us seek other arms. [man.

Cat. What should we do?

Cet. Do, and not wish; something that wishes take not:

So sudden, as the gods should not prevent, Nor scarce have time to fear.

Cat. O noble Caius! [consul.

Cet. It likes me better, that you are not I would not go through open doors, but break 'em; [a bridge

Swim to my ends through blood; or build Of carcasses; make on upon the heads

Of men, struck down like piles; to reach the lives

Of those remain and stand: then is't a prey, When danger stops, and ruin makes the way? [that may not

Cat. How dost thou utter me, brave soul,

* *Who would not fall with all the world about him?*

— *Vita est avidus quisquis non vult*

Mundo secum percussu mori.—*SENÆCA* Thyest.

* ———— *Or build a BRIDGE*

Of carcasses; make on upon the heads

Of men, struck down like piles.]

I have often observed that corruptions which leave some sense, are more dangerous than when they turn the text into direct nonsense. This is the case here: *make on upon the heads* is sense, but undoubtedly the true reading is *make one, i. e. a bridge.*—*MR. SEWARD.*

I would not be thought to detract from the merit of this ingenious conjecture, by not correcting the text as Mr. Seward prescribes, because the reading retained is exhibited by all the different editions: but it must be owned, that an error in the first copy may have been handed down through all the subsequent ones.

———— *Then is't a prey,*

When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.] This is very strongly expressed: our author might have said, and with a spirit of poetry too, *when ruin marks the way.* But the image here given is much bolder. The very road they would march in should be formed out of the ruins and destruction they had scattered round them. It seems to be taken from a similar expression in Lucan, who uses it where he is giving us the character of Julius Caesar;

— *Impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti*

Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ.—*L. 1. ver. 160.*

At all times shew such as I am, but bend
Unto occasion? *Lentulus*, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down
new,

Out of the hand of Jove; and rivet him
To Caucasus, should he but frown: and let
His own gaunt eagle fly at him, to tire*.

Len. Peace, here comes Cato.

Cat. Let him come, and hear,
I will no more dissemble. Quit us all;
I, and my lov'd Cethegus here, alone
Will undertake this giants war, and carry it.

Len. What needs this, *Lucius*?

Lon. Sergius, be more wary.

Cat. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new consul's spie,

What is your sour austerity sent t' explore?

Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious *Catiline*:
Halters and racks cannot express from thee
More than thy deeds. 'Tis only judgment
waits thee.

Cat. Whose? *Cato's*? shall he judge me?

Cato. No, the gods;

Who ever follow those, they go not with:
And senate, who with fire must purge sick
Rome

Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw
The same air with thee.

Cet. Strike him.

Len. Hold, good *Caius*.

Cet. Fear'st thou not, *Cato*?

Cato. Rash *Cethegus*, no. [and thou
'Twere wrong with *Romè*, when *Catiline*
Do threaten, if *Cato* fear'd.

Cat. The fire you speak of,
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
I'll quench it not with water, but with ruin.

Cato. You hear this, *Romans*.

Cat. Bear it to the consul.

Cet. I would have sent away his soul before him.

You are too heavy, *Lentulus*, and remiss;
It is for you we labour, and the kingdom
Promis'd you by the *Sibyls*.

Cat. Which his pratorship,
And some small flattery of the senate more,
Will make him to forget.

Len. You wrong me, *Lucius*.

Lon. He will not need these spurs.

Cet. The action needs 'em.

These things, when they proceed not, they go
backward.

Len. Let us consult then.

Cet. Let us first take arms.

They that deny us just things now, will give
All that we ask, if once they see our swords.

Cat. Our objects must be sought with
wounds, not words.

SCENE IV.

Cicero, Fulcia.

Cic. Is there a heaven? and gods? and
can it be

They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!
Hath Jove no thunder? or is Jove become
Stupid as thou art, O near-wretched *Rome*!
When both thy senate, and thy gods do sleep,
And neither thine, nor their own states do
keep!

What will awake thee, heaven? what can
Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
His former drifts partake of former times,
But this last plot was only *Catiline's*;
O, that it were his last! but he before
Hath safely done so much, he'll still dare
more.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
And is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off: being both a rebel
Unto the soul and reason, and enforceeth
All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,
And offereth violence to nature's self.
But here is that transcends it! A black purpose

To confound nature; and to ruin that,
Which never age nor mankind can repair!
Sit down, good lady; *Cicero* is lost
In this your fable: for, to think it true
Tempteth my reason. It so far exceeds
All insolent fictions of the tragic scene!
The commonwealth yet panting underneath
The stripes and wounds of a late civil war,
Gasping for life, and scarce restor'd to hope;
To seek t'oppress her with new cruelty,
And utterly extinguish her long name,
With so prodigious and unheard-of fierceness!
What sink of monsters, wretches of lost
minds, [states,
Mad after change, and desp'rate in their
Wearied, and gall'd with their necessities,
(For all this I allow them) durst have thought
it? [liv'd,

Would not the barbarous deeds have been
Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our children,
Without this fact had rose forth greater for
them?

All that they did was piety to this!

They yet but murder'd kinsfolk, brothers,
parents, [trons;
Ravish'd the virgins, and perhaps some ma-
They left the city standing, and the temples:
The gods and majesty of *Rome* were safe yet!
These purpose to fire it, to despoil them,
(Beyond the other evils) and lay waste
The far-triumphed world: for unto whom
Rome is too little, what can be enough?

* ———— But bend

Upon occasion.] The present text, which is much the best, is from the copy of 1616.

* ———— And let

His own gaunt eagle fly at him, to TIRE.] i. e. To tear him in pieces: *fire* is a term in falconry.

Ful. 'Tis true, my lord, I had the same discourse.

Cic. And then, to take a horrid sacrament In human blood, for execution [call'd Of this their dire design; which might be The height of wickedness: but that, that was higher,

For which they did it!

Ful. I assure your lordship, The extreme horror of it almost turn'd me To air, when first I heard it; I was all A vapour when 'twas told me: and I long'd To vent it any where. 'Twas such a secret, I thought it would have burnt me up.

Cic. Good Fulvia,

Fear not your act; and less repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good lord. I know to whom

I've utter'd it.

Cic. You have discharg'd it safely.

Should Rome, for whom you've done the happy service, [paid

Turn most ingrate; yet were your virtue In conscience of the fact: so much good deeds

Reward themselves!

Ful. My lord, I did it not

To any other aim, but for itself;

To no ambition.

Cic. You have learn'd the difference

Of doing office to the public weal, [ladie. And private friendship: and have shewn it,

Be still yourself. I've sent for Quintus Cur- rius, [him

And (for your virtuous sake) if I can win Yet to the commonwealth, he shall be safe too. [won.

Ful. I'll undertake, my lord, he shall be

Cic. Pray you join with me then, and help to work him.

SCENE V.

Cicero, Lictor, Fulvia, Curius.

Cic. How now? Is he come?

Lict. He's here, my lord.

Cic. Go presently, [with him,

Pray my colleague Antonius I may speak About some present business of the state;

And (as you go) call on my brother Quintus, And pray him, with the tribunes, to come to me.

Bid Curius enter. Fulvia, you will aid me?

Ful. It is my duty.

Cic. O, my noble lord! [hand.

I have to chide you, if faith. Give me your Nay, be not troubled; 't shall be gently, Curius.

You look upon this lady? what! do you guess My business yet? come, if you frown, I thunder: [thoughts.

Therefore put on your better looks and There's nought but fair and good intended to you;

And I would make those your complexion. Would you, of whom the senate had that hope,

As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose

Next sitting to restore you, as they had done The stupid and ungrateful Lentulus,

(Excuse me, that I name you thus together, For yet you are not such) would you, I say,

A person both of blood and honour, stock'd In a long race of virtuous ancestors,

Embark yourself for such a hellish action, With parricides and traitors, men turn'd

furies,

Out of the waste and ruin of their fortunes? (For 'tis despair that is the mother of mad- ness.)

Such as want (that which all conspirators But they have first) mere colour for their mischief? [not labour

O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall T' extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean:

Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave 'em.

He acts the third crime, that defends the first.

Here is a lady that hath got the virtue

In piety of us all, and for whose virtue

I could almost turn lover again, but that

Terentia would be jealous. What an honour

Hath she achiev'd to herself! what voices,

Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her

Through every street! what windows will

be fill'd, [in matrons,

To shoot eyes at her! what envy and grief

They are not she! when this her act shall

seem.

Worthier a chariot, than if Pompey came

With Asia chain'd! all this is, while she lives;

But dead, her very name will be a statue!

Not wrought for time, but rooted in the

minds

Of all posterity; when brass and marble,

I, and the capitol itself is dust!

Ful. Your honour thinks too highly of me.

Cic. No;

I cannot think enough; and I would have

Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame to follow

The better precedent. She shews you,

Curius, [what duty

What claim your country lays to you, and

You owe to it: be not afraid to break

With murderers, and traitors, for the saving

A life so near and necessary to you,

As is your country's. Think but on her right.

No child can be too natural to his parent.

She is our common mother, and doth chal-

lenge

The prime part of us; do not stop, but give it.

He that is void of fear, may soon be just:

And no religion binds men to be traitors.

Ful. My lord, he understands it, and will

follow [him.

Your saving counsel; but his shame yet stays

I know that he is coming.

Cur. Do you know it?

Ful. Yes, let me speak with you.

Cur. O, you are—

Ful. What am I?

Cur. Speak not so loud.

Ful. I am what you should be.
Come, do you think I'd walk in any plot
Where madam Sempronius should take place
of me?¹⁸

And Fulvia come i' the rear, or o' the by?
That I would be her second, in a business,
Though it might vantage me all the sun sees?
It was a silly phant'sy of yours. Apply
Yourself to me, and the consul, and be wise;
Follow the fortune I have put you into:
You may be something this way, and with
safety. [lady.]

Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings,
Ful. Sir, you may hear. I tell him, in the
way [was.]

Wherein he was, how hazardous his course
Cic. How hazardous? how certain to all
ruin!

Did he, or do yet any of them imagine
The gods would sleep to such a Stygian
practice, [have founded]

Against that commonwealth which they
With so much labour, and like care have
kept, [madness,

Now near seven hundred years? It is a
Wherewith heaven blinds 'em, when it would
confound 'em,

That they should think it. Come, my Curius,
I see your nature's right; you shall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you
mine, [Stand]

And trouble this good shame no farther.
Firm for your country, and become a man
Honour'd and lov'd. It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know
you [senate]

What thanks, what titles, what rewards, the
Will heap upon you, certain, for your service?

Let not a desperate action more engage you,
Than safety should; and wicked friendship
force,

What honesty and virtue cannot work.

Ful. He tells you right, sweet friend; 'tis
saving counsel. [hers;]

Cur. Most noble consul, I am yours, and
I mean, my country's: you have form'd me
new,

Inspiring me with what I should be truly.
And I entreat, my faith may not seem cheaper

For springing out of penitence.

Cic. Good Curius,
It shall be dearer rather; and because

I'd make it such, hear how I trust you more.
Keep still your former face, and mix again
With these lost spirits; run all their mazes
with 'em;

For such are treasours: find their windings out,
And subtle turnings, watch their snaky ways,
Through brakes and hedges, into woods of
darkness,

Where they are lain to creep upon their
breasts,

In paths ne'er trod by men, but wolves and
panthers.

Learn, beside Catiline, Lentulus, and those
Whose names I have, what new ones they
draw in: [are]

Who else are likely; what those great ones
They do not name; what ways they mean
to take; [ruin]

And whether their hopes point, to war, or
By some surprise. Explore all their intents;
And what you find may profit the republick,

Acquaint me with it, either by yourself,
Or this your virtuous friend, on whom I lay
The care of urging you. I'll see that Rome
Shall prove a thankful and a bounteous
mother.

Be secret as the night.
Cur. And constant, sir. [cut off]

Cic. I do not doubt it; though the time
All vows. The dignity of truth is lost
With much protesting. Who is there! this
way,

Lest you be seen and met. And when you
come,

Be this your token to this fellow. Light 'em.
[He whispers with him.]

O Rome, in what a sickness art thou fallen!
How dangerous and deadly! when thy head
Is drown'd in sleep, and all thy body fever'd!

No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,
Thy lethargy is such: or if, by chance,
Thou heav'st thy eye-lids up, thou dost for-
get [danger.]

Sooner than thou wert told, thy proper
I did unreverently, to blame the gods,
Who wake for thee, though thou snore to
thyself. [cas'd,

Is it not strange, thou should'st be so dis-
And so secure? but more, that the first
symptoms

Of such a malady should not rise out
From any worthy member, but a base
And common strumpet, worthless to be
nam'd

¹⁸ Come, do you think I'd walk in any plot,

[Where madam Sempronius should take place of me.] The poet in making Fulvia discover the plot to Cicero, out of pique and jealousy to Sempronius, rather than affection to her country, is consistent in his character, though history does not appear to furnish us with any such suggestion. Fulvia declared herself a rival of Sempronius, and therefore the hint given above, is very artfully insinuated to her lover.

*Servatur ab imo
Quod ab incerto processerit.*

¹⁹ ———— It is a madness,

[Wherewith heav'n blinds 'em, when it would confound 'em.] From the Latin adage,
Perdere quos vult Jupiter, dementat prius.

A hair, or part of thee¹²? Think, think,
hereafter,
What thy needs were, when thou must use
such means:

And lay it to thy breast, how much the gods
Upbraid thy soul neglect of them, by making
So vile a thing the author of thy safety.

They could have wrought by nobler ways,
have struck

Thy foes with forked lightning, or ramm'd
thunder;

Thrown hills upon 'em, in the act; have
sent

Death, like a damp, to all their families;
Or caus'd their consciences to burst 'em.

But
When they will shew thee what thou art,
and make

A scornful difference 'twixt their power and
thee, [barlots.

They help thee by such aids as geese and
How now, what answer? is he come?

Lict. Your brother
Will straight be here; and your colleague

Antonius
Said, coldly, he would follow me.

Cic. I, that [fear.

Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my
He is a man 'gainst whom I must provide,

That (as he'll do no good) he do no harm.
He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,

And wish it should proceed: for, unto men
Prest with their wants, all change is ever

welcome.
I must with offices and patience win him,

Make him by art, that which he is not born,
A friend unto the publick, and bestow

'The province on him, which is by the senate
Decreed to me; that benefit will bind him.

'Tis well, if some men will do well for price:
So few are virtuous when the reward's away.

Nor must I be unmindful of my private,
For which I have call'd my brother, and the

tribunes,
My kinsfolk, and my clients, to be near me.

He that stands up 'gainst traitors, and their
ends,

Shall need a double guard, of law, and
friends:

Especially in such an envious state,
That sooner will accuse the magistrate,

Than the delinquent; and will rather grieve
'The treason is not acted, than believe.

¹² ————Worthless to be nam'd

A HAIR, or part of thee.] There appears at first sight, no great indignity in saying, she was unworthy to be called a hair, which indeed is usually thought a grace and ornament to the body; but we are to consider under what denomination the hair is placed, in the physical accounts of the body: it is there considered as of excrementitious growth, a part without any life, feeling, or sensation. Of this kind is the following expression in Shakspeare: "Your bearded hair, like life in excrements."—So that saying, she was not worthy to be called a hair, was regarding her as almost destitute of any feeling, or sympathy with the other parts of the body; or it may signify no more than to denote the insignificance of the informer.

¹³ Cat. Is a good RELIGIOUS fool.] It is probable that our poet uses the word *religious* in the same sense the Romans assigned to *religiosus*, which was generally taken to signify a fearful superstitious person: and so Cæsar understands him.

SCENE VI.

Cæsar, Catiline.

Cæ. The night grows on, and you are for
your meeting:

I'll therefore end in few. Be resolute,
And put your enterprise in act. The more

Actions of depth and danger are consider'd,
The less assuredly they are perform'd.

And thence it happ'neth, that the bravest
plots [cover'd.

(Not executed straight) have been dis-
say, you are constant, or another, a third,

Or more; there may be yet one wretched
spirit, [work

With whom the fear of punishment shall
'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge.

(You are not now to think what's best to do.
As in beginnings; but what must be done,

Being thus entered; and slip no advantage
That may secure you. Let 'em call it mis-

chief: [virtue.

When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be
They're petty crimes are punish'd, great

rewarded.
Nor must you think of peril, since attempts

Begun with danger, still do end with glory;
And, when need spurs, despair will be call'd

wisdom. [you:

Less ought the care of men or fame to fright
For they that win, do seldom receive shame

Of victory, how'er it be achiev'd;
And vengeance, least. For who, besieg'd

with wants,
Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it?

Come, there was never any great thing yet
Aspired, but by violence or fraud:

And he that sticks (for folly of a conscience)
To reach it——

Cat. Is a good religious fool.¹³

Cæ. A superstitious slave, and will die
beast. [thinks, and I,

Good night. You know what Crassus
By this. Prepare your wings as large as

sails, [hind you.

To cut through air, and leave no print be-
A serpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,

Does eat a bat; and so must you a consul,
That watches. What you do, do quickly,

Sergius.
You shall not stir for me.

Cat. Excuse me. Lights there.

Cra. By no means. [*Cæsar.*]

Cat. Stay then. All good thoughts to
And like to Crassus.

Cra. Mind but your friends counsels.

Cat. Or I will bear no mind.

SCENE VII.

Catiline, Aurelia, Lecca.

Cat. How now, Aurelia?

Are your confederates come? the ladies?

Aur. Yes.

Cat. And is Sempronia there?

Aur. She is.

Cat. That's well.

She has a sulph'rous spirit, and will take
Light at a spark. Break with them, gentle
love,

About the drawing as many of their hus-
Into the plot, as can? if not, to rid 'em.

That'll be the easier practice unto some,

Who have been tir'd with 'em long. Solicit

Their aids for money, and their servants' help,

In firing of the city at the time [*empires,*

Shall be design'd. Promise 'em states, and

And men, for lovers, made of better clay

Than ever the old potter Titan knew¹⁴.

Who's that? O, Porcius Lecca! are they
met?

Lecc. They are all here.

Cat. Love, you have your instructions:

I'll trust you with the stuff you have to
work on.

You'll form it? Porcius, fetch the silver eagle

I gave you in charge; and pray 'em they
will enter.

SCENE VIII.

*Catiline, Cethegus, Curius, Lentulus, Var-
gunteius, Longinus, Gabinius, Ceparius,
Autronius, &c.*

Cat. O friends, your faces glad me. This
will be

Our last, I hope, of consultation.

Cet. So it had need.

Cur. We lose occasion daily.

Cat. I, and our means; whereof one
wounds me most

That was the fairest: Piso is dead in Spain.

Cet. As we are here.

Lou. And, as 'tis thought, by envy
Of Pompey's followers.

Len. He too's coming back

Now out of Asia.

Cat. Therefore, what we intend

We must be swift in. Take your seats,
and hear.

I have already sent Septimius

Into the Picene territory, and Julius,

To raise forces for us in Apulia;

Manlius at Fesulæ is (by this time) up,
With the old needy troops that follow'd

Sylla:

And all do but expect when we will give
The blow at home. Behold this silver eagle,
'Twas Marius' standard in the Cimbrian war,
Fatal to Rome; and as our augurs tell me,
Shall still be so: for which one ominous
cause,

I've kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
As to a godhead, in a chapel built
Of purpose to it. Pledge then all your
hands,

To follow it, with vows of death, and ruin,
Struck silently and home. So waters speak
When they run deepest. Now's the time,
this year,

The twentieth from the firing of the capitol,
As fatal too to Rome, by all predictions;
And in which honour'd Lentulus must rise
A king, if he pursue it.

Cur. If he do not,
He is not worthy the great destiny.

Len. It is too great for me; but what the
gods

And their great loves decree me, I must not
Seem careless of.

Cat. No, nor we envious.

We have enough beside; all Gallia, Belgia,
Greece, Spain, and Africk.

Cur. I, and Asia too,

Now Pompey is returning.

Cat. Noblest Romans,
Methinks our looks are not so quick and high
As they were wont.

Cur. No? whose is not?

Cat. We have [*ning:*]
No anger in our eyes, no storm, no light-
Our hate is spent, and fum'd away in vapour,
Before our hands be at work: I can accuse
Not any one, but all, of slackness.

Cet. Yes,

And be yourself such, while you do it.

Cat. Ha?

'Tis sharply answer'd, Caius.

Cet. Truly, truly. [*to do,*

Len. Come, let us each one know his part
And then be accus'd. Leave these untimely
quarrels. [*one to ruin.*

Cur. I would there were more Romes than
Cet. More Romes? more worlds.

Cur. Nay then, more gods and natures,
If they took part.

Len. When shall the time be, first?

Cat. I think, the Saturnals.

Cet. 'Twill be too long. [*month.*

Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a

Cet. A week, a day, an hour is too far off:
Now were the fittest time.

Cat. We have not laid
All things so safe and ready.

¹⁴ *Than ever the old PORTER Titan knew.*] The corruption, which runs through most of the editions, is easily set right; and to my own conjecture I have that of Mr. Sympson, as well as the Latin verse from whence the expression is borrowed:

Quos meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

Cet. While we are laying,
We shall all lie and grow to earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now. These things
They should be done, ere thought.

Cat. Nay, now your reason [modity
Forsakes you, Caius. Think but what com-
That time will minister; the city's custom
Of being then in mirth and feast—

Len. Loos'd whole
In pleasure and security—

Ant. Each house
Resolv'd in freedom—

Cur. Ev'ry slave a master—
Lon. And they too no mean aids—
Cur. Made from their hope
Of liberty—

Len. Or hate unto their lords.
Far. 'Tis sure, there cannot be a time
found out
More apt and natural.

Len. Nay, good Cethegus,
Why do your passions now disturb our hopes?
Cet. Why do your hopes delude our cer-
tainities? [for the order

Cat. You must lend him his way. Think
And process of it.
Lon. Yes.

Len. I like not fire;
'Twill too much waste my city.
Cat. Were it embers, [them,
There will be wealth enough, rak'd out of
To spring a-new. It must be fire, or no-
thing. [em]

Lon. What else should fright or terrify
Far. True.
In that confusion must be the chief slaughter.

Cur. Then we shall kill 'em bravest.
Cep. And in heaps.
Ant. Strew sacrifices.

Cur. Make the earth an altar.
Lon. And Rome the fire.
Lec. 'Twill be a noble night.

Far. And worth all Sylla's days.
Cur. When husbands, wives, [lords,
Grandsires, and nephews, servants, and their
Virgins, and priests, the infant, and the
nurse,

Go all to hell together in a fleet.
Cat. I would have you, Longinus, and
Statilius, [must be,
To take the charge o' the firing, which
At a sign given with a trumpet, done
In twelve chief places of the city at once.
The flax and sulphur are already laid
In at Cethegus' house; so are the weapons.
Gabinus, you, with other force, shall stop
The pipes and conduits, and kill those that
come

For water.
Cur. What shall I do?
Cat. All will have
Employment, fear not; ply the execution.

Cur. For that, trust me, and Cethegus.
Cat. I will be [scape:
At hand with the army, to meet those that

And Lentulus, begirt you Pompey's house,
To seize his sons alive; for they are they
Must make our peace with him. All else
cut off,

As Tarquin did the poppy-heads, or mowers
A field of thistles; or else, up, as plows
Do barren lands, and strike together flints
And clods, th' ungrateful senate and the
people;

Till no rage gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leap'd
herself

Into the scale; but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents, and the noise of tempests,
The boiling of Charybdis, the seas' wildness,
The eating force of flames, and wings of
winds, [furies,

Be all out-wrought by your transcendent
It had been done ere this, had I been consul;
We had no stop, no let.

Len. How find you Antonius?
Cat. Th' other has won him, lost: that
Cicero

Was born to be my opposition,
And stands in all our ways,
Cur. Remove him first.

Cet. May that yet be done sooner?
Cat. Would it were done.
Cur. *Far.* I'll do't.

Cet. It is my province; none usurp it.
Len. What are your means?
Cet. Enquire not. He shall die. [That
Shall, was too slowly said. He's dying.
Is yet too slow. He's dead.

Cat. Brave, only Roman, [that dying;
Whose soul might be the world's soul, were
Refuse not yet the aids of these your friends.

Len. Here's Vargunteius holds good quar-
ter with him,
Cat. And under the pretext of clientele,
And visitation, with the morning hail,
Will be admitted.

Cet. What is that to me? [safely.
Far. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and
Cet. Safe is your way then, take it. Mine's
mine own. [suade,

Cat. Follow him, Vargunteius, and per-
The morning is the fittest time.
Lon. The night
Will turn all into tumult.

Len. And perhaps
Miss of him too.
Cat. Entreat and conjure him
In all our names—

Len. By all our vows and friendships.

SCENE IX.

Scmpronius, Aurelia, Fulvia. [To them.]

Scm. What! is our council broke up first?

Aur. You say,

Women are greatest talkers.

Scm. We have done,

And are now fit for action.

Lon. Which is passion.

3 F

There is your best activity, lady.

Sem. How

Knows your wise fatness that?

Len. Your mother's daughter

Did teach me, madam.

Cat. Come, Sempronius, leave him;

He is a giber; and our present business

Is of more serious consequence. *Aurelia*

Tells me, you've done most masculinely

And play'd the orator. *[within,*

Sem. But we must hasten

To our design as well, and execute;

Not hang still in the fever of an accident.

Cat. You say well, lady.

Sem. I do like our plot

Exceeding well; 'tis sure, and we shall leave

Little to fortune in it.

Cat. Your banquet stays.

Aurelia, take her in. Where's *Fulvia*?

Sem. O, the two lovers are coupling.

Cur. In good faith,

She's very ill with sitting up.

Sem. You'd have her

Laugh, and lie down?

Ful. No, faith, *Sempronius*,

I am not well: I'll take my leave, it draws
Toward the morning. *Curius* shall stay with
you.

Madam, I pray you pardon me: my health
I must respect.

Aur. Farewell, good *Fulvia*.

[Curius whispers this to Fulvia.]

Cur. Make haste, and bid him get his
guards about him:

For *Vargunteus* and *Cornelius*

Have underta'en it, should *Cethegus* miss:

Their reason, that they think his open rash-
Will suffer easier discovery *[ness]*

Than their attempt, so veiled under friend-
ship. *[beside,*

I'll bring you to your coach. Tell him,
Of *Cassius*'s coming forth here.

Cat. My sweet madam,

Will you be gone?

Ful. I am, my lord, in truth,

In some indisposition.

Cat. I do wish

You had all your health, sweet lady. *Len-*
You'll do her service.

Len. To her coach, and duty.

SCENE X.

Catiline, solus.

Cat. What ministers men must for practice
use!

¹¹ ——— *The readiest helps*

To BETRAY HEADY HUSBANDS.] I give the text as I find it in the edit. of 1640, and the
following copies: but the first folio reads;

————— *The readiest helps*

To strangle head-strong husbands ———

¹² Shall be the work of one, and that my NIGHT.] That is, the destruction shall all be
executed in one single night, which shall afterwards take its name from me. He said just
before,

"The cruelty I mean to act, I wish

"Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name."

And

The rash, th' ambitious, needy, desperate,
Foolish, and wretched, e'en the dregs of
mankind,

To whores and women! still it must be so.

Each have their proper place, and in their
rooms *[fires,*

They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle

Slaves carry burthens, butchers are for
slaughters,

Apothecaries, butlers, cooks, for poisons;

As these for me: dull stupid *Lentulus*,

My stale, with whom I stalk; the rash *Ce-*
thegus,

My executioner; and fat *Longinus*,

Statilius, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Cimber*,

My labourers, pioneers, and incendiaries:

With these domestic traitors, bosom-thieves,

Whom custom hath call'd wives; the read-
iest helps

To betray heady husbands, "rob the easy,

And lend the moneys on returns of lust.

Shall *Catiline* not do now, with these aids,

So sought, so sorted, something shall be
call'd

Their labour, but his profit? and make
Cassius

Repent his vent'ring counsels, to a spirit

So much his lord in mischief? when all these
Shall, like the brethren sprung of dragon's

teeth,

Ruin each other, and be fall amongst 'em,

With *Crassus*, *Pompey*, or who else appears

But like, or near a great one. May my
brain

Resolve to water, and my blood turn
phlegm,

My hands drop off, unworthy of my sword,
And that b'inspired of itself to rip

My breast for my lost entrails, when I leave
A soul that will not serve; and who will,

are *[fear,*

The same with slaves, such clay I dare not

The cruelty I mean to act, I wish

Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my
name;

Whilst after-ages do toil out themselves

In thinking for the like, but do it less:

And were the power of all the fiends let
loose,

With fate to boot, it should be still example,
When, what the Gaul or Moor could not

effect, *[spite,*

Nor emulous *Carthage*, with their length of
Shall be the work of one, and that my
night."

SCENE XI.

Cicero, Fulvia, Quintus.

Cic. I thank your vigilance. Where's my brother Quintus?

Call all my servants up. Tell noble Curius, And say it to yourself, you are my savers: But that's too little for you; you are Rome's. What could I then hope less? O brother,

The engines that I told you of are work-
The machine 'gins to move. Where are
your weapons?

Arm all my household presently, and charge
The porter, he let no man in till day.

Qui. Not clients, and your friends?

Cic. They were those names.
That come to murder me. Yet send for
Cato,

And Quintus Catulus; those I dare trust:
And Flaccus, and Pomptinus, the praetors,
By the back way.

Qui. Take care, good brother Marcus,
Your fears be not form'd greater than they
should; [enemies laugh.]

And make your friends grieve, while your
Cic. 'Tis brother's counsel, and worth
thanks. But do

As I entreat you. I provide, not fear.

Was Caesar there, say you?

Ful. Curius says, he met him

Coming from thence.

Cic. O, so. And had you a council
Of ladies too? who was your speaker, ma-
dam? [forty more;]

Ful. She that would be, had there been
Sempronius, who had both her Greek and
figures,

And ever and anon would ask us if
The witty consul could have mended that,
Or orator Cicero could have said it better?

Cic. She is my gentle enemy. Would
Cethegus [guards]

Had no more danger in him. But my
Are you, great pow'rs, and th' unabated
strengths [step]

Of a firm conscience, which shall arm each
Ta'en for the state; and teach me slack no
pace

For fear of malice. How now, brother?

Qui. Cato,

And Quintus Catulus were coming to you,

And Crassus with 'em. I have let 'em in
By th' garden.

Cic. What would Crassus have?

Qui. I hear [doubt]

Some whispering 'bout the gate, and making
Whether it be not yet too early, or no?

But I do think, they are your friends and
clients,

Are fearful to disturb you."

Cic. You will change [the porter]
T' another thought anon. Have you giv'n

The charge I wul'd you?

Qui. Yes.

Cic. Withdraw and hearken.

SCENE XII.

*Vargunteius, Cornelius, Porter, Cicero, Cato,
Catulus, Crassus.*

Var. The door's not open yet.

Cor. You were best to knock.

Var. Let them stand close then; and,
when we are in,

Rush after us.

Cor. But where's Cethegus?

Var. He

Has left it, since he might not do't his way.

Por. Who's there?

Var. A friend or more.

Por. I may not let

Any man in, till day.

Var. No? why?

Cor. Thy reason?

Por. I am commanded so.

Var. By whom?

Cor. I hope

We are not discover'd.

Var. Yes, by revelation. [three?]

Pr'ythee, good slave, who has commanded

Por. He that may best, the consul.

Var. We are his friends.

Por. All's one.

Cor. Best give your name.

Var. Dost thou hear, fellow?

I have some instant business with the consul.

My name is Vargunteius.

Cic. True, he knows it.

[Cicero speaks to them from above.]

And for what friendly office you are sent.

Cornelius too is there?

Var. We are betray'd.

Cic. And desperate Cethegus, is he not?

Var. Speak you, he knows my voice.

And Lecca, in the last scene but one, says, "It will be a noble night." There is therefore no necessity, I think, to alter the present reading, for that suggested by a learned critick, which here follows:

Shall be the work of one, and that my right.

"The engines I told you of are working."] A syllable is wanting to perfect the metre: we must either read then,

The engineers I told you of are working.

Or as I have supplied the defect above.

"They are your friends and clients,

Are fearful to disturb you."] I have given the text as I find it represented in all the editions; but Mr. Sympton imagines it would be better to read,

And fearful to disturb you.

Cic. What say you to't?

Cor. You are deceiv'd, sir.

Cic. No, 'tis you are so;

Poor misled men. Your states are yet
worth pity, [minds.]

If you would hear, and change your savage
Leave to be mad; forsake your purposes

Of treason, rapine, murder, fire, and horror:
The commonwealth hath eyes, that wake as
sharply

Over her life, as yours do for her ruin.

Be not deceiv'd, to think her lenity

Will be perpetual; or, if men be wanting,

The gods will be, to such a calling cause.

Consider your attempts, and while there's
time, [tremble,

Repent you of 'em. It doth make me
There should those spirits yet breathe, that
when they cannot

Live honestly, would rather perish basely.

Cato. You talk too much to 'em, Mar-

cus, they are lost.

Go forth, and apprehend 'em.

Cato. If you prove [wealth

This practice, what should let the common-
To take due vengeance?

Var. Let us shift, away. [say,

The darkness hath conceal'd us yet. We'll

Some have abus'd our names.

Cor. Deny it all.

Cato. Quintus, what guards have you?

call the tribunes' aid,

And raise the city. Consul, you're too mild.

The foulness of some facts takes thence all

mercy.

Report it to the senate. Hear! the gods

[*It thunders and lightens violently on a*

sudden.

Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their

care,

[not.

And must be yours, that guilty men escape

As crimes do grow, justice should rouse

itself.

CHORUS.

"What is it, heavens, you prepare

"With so much swiftness, and so sudden

rising?

"O, that in time Rome did not cast

Her errors up, this fortune to prevent.]

Perhaps, says Mr. Sympson, *misfortune* to prevent: though, as he adds, Spenser has the word *fortune* in a sense congruous to this place, and that is *stroke*:

"But Cambell's fate that *fortune* did prevent."

i. e. Stroke, which would have ended his life. And though this is an unusual sense of the word, yet it is classical, as *τοῦτο* is both *fortune* and a *stroke* in Homer. I have forborne an alteration of the words, because *fortune* and *misfortune* are used indifferently, to signify any calamity or unlucky accident.

"There are no sons of earth that dare,

"Again, rebellion; or the gods sur-
prizing.

"The world doth shake, and nature fears;

"Yet is the tumult, and the horror
greater

"Within our minds, than in our ears:

"So much Rome's faults (now grown her
fate) do threat her.

"The priests and people run about,

"Each order, age, and sex amaz'd at
other;

"And at the ports all thronging out,

"As if their safety were to quit their
mother:

"Yet find they the same dangers there,

"From which they make such haste to be
preserved:

"For guilty states do ever bear

"The plagues about them which they
have deserved.

"And till those plagues do get above

"The mountain of our faults, and there
do sit,

"We see 'em not. Thus still we love

"Th' evil we do, until we suffer it.

"But most, ambition, that near vice

"To virtue, hath the fate of Rome pro-
voked;

"And made that now Rome's self no price

"To free her from the death wherewith
she's yoked.

"That restless ill that still doth build

"Upon success, and ends not in aspiring;

"But there begins, and ne'er is fill'd

"While aught remains that seems but
worth desiring.

"Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,

"To which things far seem smaller than
they are,

"Deems all contentment plac'd on high:

"And thinks there's nothing great but
what is far.

"O, that in time Rome did not cast

"Her errors up, this fortune to prevent";

"I have seen her crimes ere they were
past,

"And felt her faults before her punish-
ment."

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*Allobroges.**Divers Senators pass by, quaking and trembling.*

Allob. CAN these men fear, who are not only ours,
But the world's masters? Then I see the gods [them,
Upbraid our suff'rings, or would humble
By sending these affrights while we are here,
That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear,
Whose names we trembled at beyond the Alps.

Of all that pass, I do not see a face
Worthy a man; that dares look up, and stand

One thunder out: but downward all, like beasts,
Running away from ev'ry flash is made.

The falling world could not deserve such baseness.

Are we employ'd here by our miseries,
Like superstitious fools (or rather slaves)
To plain our griefs, wrongs, and oppressions,
To 'a mere clothed senate, whom our folly
Hath made, and still intends to keep, our tyrants?

It is our base petitionary breath
That blows 'em to this greatness; which this trick

Would soon let out, if we were bold as wretched.¹

When they have taken all we have, our goods, [this:

Crop, lands and houses, they will leave us
A weapon and an arm will still be found,
Though naked left, and lower than the ground.

S C E N E II.

Cato, Catulus, Cicero, Allobroges.

Cato. Do; urge thine anger still, good heav'n and just! [them.

Tell guilty men what powers are above
In such a confidence of wickedness,

'Twas time they should know something fit to fear.

Catu. I never saw a morn more full of horror.

Cato. To Catiline and his: but to just men,

Tho' Heaven should speak with all his wrath at once,

That with his breath the hinges of the world
Did crack, we should stand upright, and unfeared.

Cic. Why so we do, good Cato. Who be these?

Catu. Ambassadors from the Allobroges,
I take 'em, by their habits.

Allob. I, these men
Seem of another race; let's sue to these,
There's hope of justice with their fortitude.

Cic. Friends of the senate, and of Rome, to-day

We pray you to forbear us: on the morrow,
What suit you have, let us, by Fabius Sanga
(Whose patronage your state doth use) but know it,

And on the consul's word, you shall receive
Dispatch, or else an answer worth your patience.

Allob. We could not hope for more,
most worthy consul.

This magistrate hath struck an awe into me,
And by his sweetness won a more regard

Unto his place, than all the boisterous moods
That ignorant greatness practiseth, to fill

The large unit authority it wears.
How easy is a noble spirit discern'd

From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out

In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!
May we find good and great men: that know how

To stoop to wants and meet necessities,
And will not turn from any equal suits.

Such men, they do not succour more the cause

They undertake with favour and success,
Than by it their own judgments they do raise,

In turning just men's needs into their praise.

¹ To plain our griefs, wrongs, and oppressions,

To a MERE CLOTHED SENATE.] *A mere clothed senate* is sense; it may signify a *seculæ* whose robes alone distinguish them from the lowest reptiles on earth. But yet I believe this has excluded a more poetical reading. The ambassador was amazed at the timidity of the senators, and therefore would naturally despise himself and countrymen, for continuing vassals to a *fear-clothed senate*; i. e. to a senate whose fears enwrap them more than their furs. I propose this only as a conjecture, not a necessary change.—MR. SEWARD.

— If we were bold AND wretched.] I have altered the conjunctive particle to *or*, in which I have the concurrence both of Mr. Seward and Mr. Symson; who equally conjectured the same as the justest and easiest reading.

SCENE III.

The Senate.

Præ. Room for the consuls. Fathers,
take your places.

Here in the house of Jupiter the stayer,
By edict from the consul, Marcus Tullius,
You're met, a frequent senate. Hear him
speak —

Cic. What may be happy and auspicious
still [script fathers,

To Rome and hers. Honour'd and con-
If I were silent, and that all the dangers
Threat'ning the state and you, were yet so
hid [breasts,

In night, or darkness thicker, in their
That are the black contrivers; so that no
Beam of the light could pierce 'em; yet the
voice [enough

Of heav'n, this morning, bath spoke loud
T' instruct you with a feeling of the horror,
And wake you from a sleep as stark as death.
I have of late spoke often in this senate
Touching this argument, but still have
wanted

Either your ears or faith; so incredible
Their plots have seem'd, or I so vain, to
make [greatness,

These things for mine own glory and false
As hath been given out. But he it so
When they break forth, and shall declare
themselves

By their too foul effects, then, then the envy
Of my just cares will find another name.

For me, I am but one, and this poor life,
So lately aim'd at, not an hour yet since,
They cannot with more eagerness pursue,
Than I with gladness would lay down and
lose, [chase it.

To buy Rome's peace, if that would pur-
But when I see they'd make it but the step
To more and greater; unto yours, Rome's,
all;

I would with those preserve it, or then fall.

Cæs. I, I, let you alone, cunning artificer!
See how his gorget peers above his gown,
To tell the people in what danger he was.
It was absurdly done of Vargunteius,
To name himself before he was got in.

Cra. It matters not, so they deny it all:
And can but carry the lie constantly.
Will Catiline be here?

Cæs. I have sent for him.

Cra. And have you bid him to be confi-
dent? [him.

Cæs. To that his own necessity will prompt

Cra. Seem to believe nothing at all that
Cicero

Relates us.

Cæs. It will madd him.

[*Quintus Cicero brings in the tribunes
and guards.*

Cra. O, and help

The other party. Who is that? his brother?
What new intelligence has he brought him
now?

Cæs. Some cautions from his wife, how to
behave him.

Cic. Place some of them without, and
some bring in.

Thank their kind loves. It is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their country's
cause.

Cæs. How now, what means this muster,
consul Antonius? [he'll tell you.

Ant. I do not know, ask my colleague,
There is some reason in state that I must
yield to; [bought it,

And I have promis'd him: indeed he has
With giving me the province.

Cic. I profess,
It grieves me, fathers, that I am compell'd
To draw these arms, and aids for your de-
fence;

And more, against a citizen of Rome,
Born here amongst you, a patrician;
A man, I must confess, of no mean house,
Nor no small virtue, if he had employ'd
Those excellent gifts of fortune, and of
nature,

Unto the good, not ruin, of the state,
But being bred in's father's needy fortunes,
Brought up in's sister's prostitution,
Confirm'd in civil slaughter, ent'ring first
The commonwealth, with murder of the
gentry;

Since, both by study and custom, conversant
With all licentiousness, what could be hop'd
In such a field of riot, but a course
Extreme pernicious? Though I must protest
I found his mischiefs sooner with mine eyes
Than with my thought: and with these
hands of mine,

Before they touch'd at my suspicion.

Cæs. What are his mischiefs, consul? you
decide

Against his manners, and corrupt your own:
No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,
Lose his own innocence.

Cic. The noble Cæsar
Speaks god-like truth. But when he hears
I can [chief,

Convince him, by his manners, of his mis-
He might be silent; and not cast away
His sentences in vain, where they scarce
look

Toward his subject.

Cato. Here he comes himself.

If he be worthy any good man's voice,
That good man sit down by him: Cato
will not.

[*Catiline sits down, and Cato rises from him.*

Catu. If Cato leave him, I'll not keep
aside. [on

Cat. What face is this the senate here puts
Against me, fathers? give my modesty
Leave to demand the cause of so much
strangeness.

Cæs. It is reported here, you are the head
To a strange faction, Lucius.

Cic. I, and will
Be prov'd against him.

Cat. Let it be. Why, consul,
If in the commonwealth there be two bodies,
One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a
head; [none:

The other strong and healthful, but hath
If I do give it one, do I offend?
Restore yourselves unto your tempers, fa-
thers;

And, without perturbation, hear me speak.
Remember who I am, and of what place,
What petty fellow this is that opposes;
One that hath exercis'd his eloquence
Stil'd to the bane of the nobility:
A boasting, insolent tongue-man.

Cato. Peace, lewd traitor,
Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man,
And loves his country; would thou didst
so too.

Cat. Cato, you are too zealous for him.

Cato. No;

Thou art too impudent.

Cato. Catiline, be silent. [fence

Cat. Nay then, I easily fear, my just de-
Will come too late to so much prejudice!

[Cato. Will he sit down?]

Cat. Yet let the world forsake me,
My innocence must not.

Cato. Thou innocent?

So are the furies.

Cic. Yes, and Atë too.

Dost thou not blush, pernicious Catiline?
Or hath the paleness of thy guilt drunk up
Thy blood, and drawn thy veins as dry of
that [tue?

As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of vir-
Whither at length wilt thou abuse our pa-
tience? [cence

Still shall thy fury mock us? to what li-
Dares thy unbridled boldness run itself?

Do all the nightly guards, kept on the pa-
lace,

The city's watches, with the people's fears.
'The concourse of all good men, this so
strong

And fortified seat here of the senate,
'That present looks upon thee, strike thee
nothing?

Dost thou not feel thy counsels all laid open?
And see thy wild conspiracy bound in
With each man's knowledge? Which of all
this order [utter

Canst thou think ignorant (if they will but
Their conscience to the right) of what thou
didst [wert,

Last night, what on the former, where thou
Whom thou didst call together, what your
plots were?

O age and manners! this the consul sees,
The senate understands, yet this man lives!
Lives? I, and comes here into council with
us;

Partakes the public cares: and with his eye

Marks and points out each man of us to
slaughter.

And we, good men, do satisfy the state,
If we can shun but this man's sword and
madness.

There was that virtue once in Rome, when
good men [restrain'd

Would, with more sharp coercion, have
A wicked citizen, than the deadliest foe.

We have that law still, Catiline, for thee;
An act as grave, as sharp: the state's not
wanting.

Nor the authority of this senate; we,
We that are consuls, only fail ourselves.

This twenty days the edge of that decree
We have let dull and rust; kept it shut up,

As in a sheath, which drawn, should take
thy head.

Yet still thou liv'st: and liv'st not to lay by
Thy wicked confidence, but to confirm it.

I could desire, grave fathers, to be found
Still merciful, to seem, in these main perils

Grasping the state, a man remiss and slack;
But then I should condemn myself of sloth

And treachery. Their camp's in Italy,
Pitch'd in the jaws here of Hetruria;

Their numbers daily increasing, and their
general [ting

Within our walls: nay, in our council, plot-
Hourly some fatal mischief to the publick.

If, Catiline, I should command thee now,
Here to be taken, kill'd; I make just doubt,

Whether all good men would not think it
done

Rather too late, than any man too cruel:

Cato. Except he were of the same meal
and batch.

Cic. But that which ought to have been
done long since,

I will (and for good reason) yet forbear.
Then will I take thee, when no man is found

So lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself,
But shall profess, 'tis done of need and right.

While there is one that dares defend thee,
live; [liv'st;

Thou shalt have leave, but so as now thou
Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd

From working least commotion to the state.
I have those eyes and ears shall still keep

guard,
And spial on thee, as they've ever done,

And thou not feel it. What then canst thou
hope?

If neither night can with her darkness hide
Thy wicked meetings, nor a private house

Can in her walls contain the guilty whispers
Of thy conspiracy: if all break out,

All be discover'd, change thy mind at last,
And lose thy thoughts of ruin, flame, and

slaughter.
Remember how I told here to the senate,

'That such a day thy victor, Caius Manlius,

¹ Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd.] Cicero's words are, *multis metis et firmis praesidiis obsessus*. If this be the poet's translation of these words, 'tis a very bad one. I read then, *watch'd at all hands*.—Mr. SYMPSON.

Would be in arms. Was I deceiv'd, Catiline,

Or in the fact, or in the time? the hour?

I told too in this senate, that thy purpose

Was on the fifth * o' th' kalends of November

T' have slaughter'd this whole order: which
Made many leave the city. Canst thou here
Deny, but this thy black design was hinder'd

That very day by me? thyself clos'd in
Within my strengths, so that thou could'st
not move [heard]

Against the public weal? when thou wert
To say upon the parting of the rest,

Thou would'st content thee with the murder
of us [side,

That did remain. Hadst thou not hope be-
By a surprise by night to take Praeneste?

Where when thou cam'st, didst thou not
find the place [watches?

Made good against thee with my aids, my
My garrisons fortified it. Thou dost no-

thing, Sergius; [think,

Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay, not
But I both see and hear it; and am with

thee,
By and before, about and in thee too.

Call but to mind thy last night's business.
Come,

I'll use no circumstance: at Lecca's house,
The shop and mint of your conspiracy,

Among your sword-men, where so many
associates

Both of thy mischiefs and thy madness met.
Durst thou deny this? wherefore art thou

silent? [they are,

Speak, and this shall convince thee: here
I see 'em in this senate, that were with thee.

O, ye immortal gods! in what clime are we?
What region do we live in? in what air?

What commonwealth or state is this we
have? [fathers,

Here, here, amongst us, our own number,
In this most holy council of the world

They are that seek the spoil of me, of you,
Of ours, of all; what I can name's too nar-
row:

Follow the sun, and find not their ambition.
These I behold, being consul; nay, I ask

Their counsels of the state, as from good
patriots: [pieces,

Whom it were fit the axe should hew in
I not so much as wound yet with my voice.

Thou wast last night with Lecca, Catiline,
Your shares of Italy you there divided;

Appointed who, and whether each should go;
What men should stay behind in Rome,

were chosen;
Your offices set down; the parts mark'd out,

And places of the city, for the fire; [part,

Thyself (thou affirm'st) wast ready to de-
Only a little let there was that stay'd thee,

That I yet liv'd. Upon the word, stepp'd
forth

Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care;
Two undertook this morning, before day,

To kill me in my bed. Alas this I knew,
Your convent scarce dismiss'd, arm'd all

my servants,
Call'd both my brother and friends, shut

out your clients,
You sent to visit me; whose names I told

To some there, of good place, before they
came.

Cato. Yes, I, and Quintus Catulus can
affirm it. [forsook him.

Cæs. He's lost and gone. His spirits have
Cic. If this be so, why, Catiline, dost thou

stay? [forth.

Go where thou mean'st. The ports are open;
The camp abroad wants thee, their chief,

too long. [the city.

Lead with thee all thy troops out. Purge
Draw dry that noisome and pernicious sink,

Which, left behind thee, would infect the
world.

Thou wilt free me of all my fears at once,
To see a wall between us. Dost thou stop

To do that now commanded, which, before,
Of thine own choice, thou'rt prone to? Go.

The consul
Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the city;

Whither, thou'lt ask? to exile? I not bid
Thee that. But ask my counsel, I persuade

it.

* ———— Thy purpose

Was on the fifth (THE KALENDS) of November

T' have slaughter'd this whole order.] Tully's words are, *Dixi ego idem in senatu, cadem te optimatum consilium in ante diem v. kalend. Novemb.* So that we have here a slight mistake in the text. The kalends of a month, as every one knows, are the first day of the month. So that the fifth, and the kalends of November cannot possibly be the same day. We must read therefore, agreeably to the Latin original,

——— thy purpose

Was on the fifth o' th' kalends of November.

So that thou could'st not move

Against a PUBLIC REED.] It is odd that we should have more errors, or at least seeming errors, in this speech, which might have been prevented by turning to the oration, than in any other part of the play besides. The words here are, *Commovere te contra reip. non potuisse*: so that, as Mr. Sympson ingeniously observes, to translate Tully, we should write,

Thou could'st not move

Against the public weal ———

What is there here in Rome, that can delight thee?

Where not a soul, without thine own foul knot, [note

But fears and hates thee. What domestic Of private filthiness, but is burnt-in

Into thy life? what close and secret shame But is grown one with thine own infamy?

What lust was ever absent from thine eyes? What lewd fact from thy hands? what wickedness [drawn in

From thy whole body? where's that youth Within thy nets, or catch'd up with thy baits, [sword,

Before whose rage thou hast not borne a And to whose lusts thou hast not held a torch?

Thy later nuptials I let pass in silence; Where sins incredible on sins were heap'd,

Which I not name, lest in a civil state [be, So monstrous facts should neither appear to

Or not to be reveng'd. Thy fortunes too I glance not at, which hang but till next

ides*. [public; I come to that which is more known, more

The life and safety of us all, by thee Threaten'd and sought. Stood'st thou not in the field

When Lepidus and Tullus were our consuls, Upon the day of choice, arm'd, and with forces,

To take their lives, and our chief citizens? When not thy fear, nor conscience chang'd thy mind,

But the mere fortune of the commonwealth Withstood thy active malice? Speak but right.

How often hast thou made attempt on me? How many of thy assaults have I declin'd?

With shifting but my body, (as we'd say) Wrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft? [chance?

How often had it fall'n, or slipt, by Yet can thy side not want it: which how vow'd, [know not,

Or with what rites 'tis sacred of thee, I That still thou mak'st it a necessity,

To fix it in the body of a consul. But let me lose this way, and speak to thee,

Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,

But pity, of which none is owing thee. *Cato.* No more than unto Tantalus or Tityrus. [Who

Cic. Thou cam'st erewhile into this senate. Of such a frequency, so many friends

And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee?

Were not the seats made bare upon thy entrance?

Rose not the consular men, and left their places, [side,

So soon as thou sat'st down? and fled thy Like to a plague or ruin? knowing how oft

They had by thee been mark'd out for the shambles? [slaves

How dost thou bear this? Surely, if my At home fear'd me with half th' affright and horror,

That here thy fellow-citizens do thee, I should soon quit my house, and think it need too.

Yet thou dar'st tarry here? go forth at last, Condemn thyself to flight and solitude.

Discharge the commonwealth of her deep fear.

Go into banishment, if thou wait'st the word. Why dost thou look? they all consent unto it.

Dost thou expect th' authority of their voices, Whose silent wills condemn thee? while they sit,

They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it;

And while they are silent to it, they proclaim it.

Prove thou there honest, I'll endure the envy. But there's no thought thou should'st be ever he, [ness,

Whom either shame should call from filth-Terror from danger, or discourse from fury.

Go; I entreat thee: yet why do I so? When I already know they're sent afore,

That tarry for thee in arms, and do expect thee

On the Aurelian way. I know the day Set down 'twixt thee and Manlius; unto whom

The silver eagle too is sent before: Which I do hope shall prove to thee as baneful

As thou conceiv'st it to the commonwealth. But may this wise and sacred senate say,

What mean'st thou, Marcus Tullius? if thou know'st

That Catiline be look'd for to be chief Of an intestine war; that he's the author

Of such wickedness; the caller out Of men of mark and mischief, to an action

Of so much horror; prince of such a treason; Why dost thou send him forth? why let him 'scape?

This is to give him liberty and power: Rather thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him

* ——— *Thy fortunes too*

I glance not at, which hang but till next ides.] That being the time when the money-lenders of old Rome were used to call in their respective loans. We have an instance in those well-known verses of Horace:

*Hæc ubi locutus generatorem Alphium,
Jamjam futurum rusticum,
Omne relictis idibus pecuniam,
Ruris calendis ponere.*

To deserv'd death, and a just punishment.
To these so holy voices thus I answer.
I did think it timely, conscript fathers,
To punish him with death, I would not give

The fencer use of one short hour to breathe;
But when there are in this grave order some,
Who with soft censures still do nurse his hopes;

Some that with not believing have confirm'd
His designs more, and whose authority
The weaker, as the worst men too have follow'd:

I would now send him where they all should
Clear as the light, his heart shine; where no man

Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupid,
But should cry out, he saw, touch'd, felt
and grasp'd it.

Then, when he hath run out himself; led
His desp'rate party with him; blown together
Aids of all kinds, both shipwreck'd minds
and fortunes;

Not only the grown evil that now is sprung
And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up
and weeded;

But the stock, root, and seed of all the mis-
Choking the commonwealth. Where, should
we take

Of such a swarm of traitors only him,
Our cares and fears might seem a while re-
lier'd,

But the main peril would bide still inclos'd
Deep in the veins and bowels of the state.
As human bodies labouring with fevers,
While they are tost with heat, if they do take
Cold water, seem for that short space much eas'd,

But afterward are ten times more afflicted.
Wherefore, I say, let all this wicked crew
Depart, divide themselves from good men,
gather

Their forces to one head; as I said oft,
Let 'em be sever'd from us with a wall;
Let 'em leave off attempts upon the consul
In his own house; to circle in the prætor;
To gird the court with weapons; to prepare
Fire and balls, swords, torches, sulphur,
brands;

In short, let it be writ in each man's forehead,
What thoughts he bears the publick. I here
promise,

Fathers conscript, to you, and to myself,
That diligence in us consuls, for my hon-
our'd

Colleague abroad, and for myself at home;
So great authority in you; so much
Virtue in these the gentlemen of Rome;
Whom I could scarce restrain to-day in zeal

From seeking out the parricide to slaughter;
So much consent in all good men and
minds,

As on the going out of this one Catiline,
All shall be clear, made plain, oppress'd, re-
veng'd.

And with this omen go, pernicious plague,
Out of the city, to the wish'd destruction
Of thee and those, that, to the ruin of her,
Have ta'en that bloody and black sacrament.
Thou Jupiter, whom we do call the Stayer
Both of the city and this empire, wilt
(With the same auspice thou didst raise it
first)

Drive from thy altars, and all other temples,
And buildings of this city; from our walls,
Lives, states, and fortunes of our citizens,
This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
And all th' offence of good men (these known
traitors

Unto their country, thieves of Italy, (thou
Join'd in so damn'd a league of mischief)
Wilt with perpetual plagues, alive and dead,
Punish for Rome, and save her innocent
head.

Cat. If an oration, or high language, fathers,
Could make me guilty, here is one hath
done it:

He has strove to emulate this morning's thun-
der, With his prodigious rhetoric. But I hope
The senate is more grave than to give credit
Rashly to all he vomits, 'gainst a man

Of your own order; a patrician;
And one whose ancestors have more de-
serv'd

Of Rome than this man's eloquence could
Turn'd the best way; as still it is the worst.

Cato. His eloquence hath more deserv'd
to-day,

Speaking thy ill, than all thy ancestors
Did in their good: and that the state will
Which he hath sav'd.

Cat. How, he? were I that enemy
That he would make me, I'd not wish the
state

More wretched than to need his preservation.
What do you make him, Cato, such a Her-
cules? An Atlas? a poor petty inmate!

Cato. Traitor.
Cat. He save the state? a burgen' son
of Arpinum.

The gods would rather twenty Romes should
Than have that contumely stuck upon 'em,
That he should share with them in the pre-
serving

A shed or sign-post.
Cato. Peace, thou prodigy!

Cat. They would be forc'd themselves
again, and lost.

*' They would be forc'd themselves again.] The quarto of 1635 reads,
They would be run themselves again—*

The metaphor taken from the melting down of metals into one common mass: but, in the
text, the allusion seems to refer to the attempt of the giants upon heaven.

In the first rude and indigested heap;
Ere such a wretched name as Cicero
Should sound with theirs.

Cato. Away, thou impudent head.

Cat. Do you all back him? are you silent too?

Well, I will leave you, fathers, I will go.

[*He turns suddenly on Cicero.*]

But—my fine dainty speaker—

Cic. What now, fury,

Wilt thou assault me here?

Cic. Help, aid the consul.

Cat. See, fathers, laugh you not? who threaten'd him!

In vain thou dost conceive, ambitious orator,
Hope of so brave a death as by this hand?

Cato. Out of the court with the pernicious traitor. [senate,

Cat. There is no title that this flatt'ring
Nor honour the base multitude can give thee,

Shall make thee worthy Catiline's anger.

Cato. Stop,

Stop that portentous mouth.

Cat. Or when it shall,

I'll look thee dead.

Cato. Will none restrain the monster?

Cato. Parricide.

Sen. Butcher, traitor, leave the senate.

Cat. I'm gone to banishment, to please you, fathers.

Thrust head-long forth!

Cato. Still dost thou murmur, monster?

Cato. Since I am thus put out, and made a—

Cic. What?

Cato. Not guiltier than thou art.

Cat. I will not burn

Without my funeral pile.

Cato. What says the fiend?

Cat. I will have matter, timber.

Cato. Sing out, screech-owl.

Cat. It shall be in—

Cato. Speak thy imperfect thoughts.

Cat. The common fire, rather than mine own.

For fall I will with all, ere fall alone.

Cra. He's lost, there is no hope of him.

Cra. Unless

He presently take arms; and give a blow,
Before the consul's forces can be levied.

Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be done? [no loss.

Cato. See, that the commonwealth receive

Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the consuls.

Cra. 'Tis time.

Cra. And need.

Cic. Thanks to this frequent senate.

But what decree they unto Curius,
And Fulvia?

Cato. What the consul shall think meet.

Cic. They must receive reward, tho't be not known; [none.

Lest when a state needs ministers, they've

Cato. Yet, Marcus Tullius, do not I believe,

But Crassus and this Caesar here ring hollow.

Cic. And would appear so, if that we durst prove 'em.

Cato. Why dare we not? what honest act is that,

The Roman senate should not dare and do?

Cic. Not an unprofitable dangerous act,

To stir too many serpents up at once.

Caesar and Crassus, if they be ill men,

Are mighty ones; and we must so provide,

That while we take one head from this foul Hydra,

There spring not twenty more.

Cato. I approve your counsel.

Cic. They shall be watch'd and look'd to. 'Till they do

Declare themselves, I will not put 'em out

By any question. There they stand. I'll make

Myself no enemies, nor the state no traitors.

SCENE IV.

Catiline, Lentulus, Cethegus, Curius, Gabinius, Longinus, Statilius.

Cat. False to ourselves? all our designs diacover'd

To this state-cat?

Cat. I, had I had my way,

He had mew'd in flames at home, not in the senate:

I had singe'd his furs by this time.

Cat. Well, there's now

No time of calling back, or standing still*.

Friends, be yourselves; keep the same Roman hearts [pare

And ready minds you had yester-night. Pre-

To execute what we resolv'd. And let not

Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you.

I'll to the army: you (the while) mature

Things here at home. Draw to you any aids

That you think fit, of men of all conditions,

Of any fortunes that may help a war.

I'll bleed a life, or win an empire for you.

Within these few days look to see my en-

signs

Here at the walls: be you but firm within,
Meantime, to draw an envy on the consul,

* ———— *There's now*

No time of CALLING BACK, or STANDING STILL.] This is sense; but *falling* is I doubt not the true word.—Mr. SEWARD.

The meaning seems to be, that now it is absolutely necessary to proceed: they have ventured so far, that they can neither *recall* the actions of the time past, nor must they *stand still* at the point they have already attained.

And give a less suspicion of our course,
Let it be given out here in the city,
That I am gone an innocent man to exile
Into Massilia; willing to give way
To fortune and the times; being unable
To stand so great a faction, without troubling
The commonwealth; whose peace I rather
seek,

Than all the glory of contention,
Or the support of mine own innocence.
Farewell the noble Lentulus, Longinus,
Curius, the rest; and thou my better
genius,

The brave Cethegus: when we meet again,
We'll sacrifice to liberty.

Cet. And revenge.

That we may praise our hands once *!

Len. O ye fates,

Give fortune now her eyes, to see with
whom [sake him.

She goes along, that she may ne'er tor-
Cur. He needs not her nor them. Go but
on, Sergius.

A valiant man is his own fate and fortune.

Len. The fate and fortune of us all go
with him.

Gab. Sta. And ever guard him.

Cat. I am all your creature.

Len. Now, friends, 'tis left with us. I
have already

Dealt by Umbrenus with the Allobroges,
Here resident in Rome; whose state, I hear,
Is discontent with the great usuries
They are oppress'd with: and have made
complaints

Divers unto the senate, but all vain.

These men I have thought (both for their
own oppressions,

As also that by nature they're a people
Warlike and fierce, still watching after
change,

And now in present hatred with our state)

The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn

To our society, and to aid the war;

The rather for their seat; being next bor-
d'ers

On Italy; and that they abound with horse:
Of which one want our camp doth only la-
bour. [meet

And I ha' found 'em coming. They will
Soon at Sempronius's house, where I would
pay you

All to be present, to confirm 'em more.

The sight of such spirits hurts not, nor the
store.

Gab. I will not fail.

Sta. Nor I.

Cur. Nor I.

Cet. Would I

Had somewhat by myself apart to do:
I have no genius to these many counsels.
Let me kill all the senate for my share,
I'll do it at next sitting.

Len. Worthy Caius,

Your presence will add much.

Cet. I shall mar more.

SCENE V.

Cicero, Sanga, Allobroges.

Cic. The state's beholden unto you, Fa-
bius Sanga,

For this great care. And those Allobroges
Are more than wretched, if they lend a
list'n'ng

To such persuasion.

San. They, most worthy consul,

As men employ'd here, from a griev'd state,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told, there was small hope of
ease

To be expected to their evils from hence,
Were willing at the first to give an ear

To any thing that sounded liberty:

But since, on better thoughts, and my urg'd
reasons,

They're come about, and won to the true side.
The fortune of the commonwealth hath con-
quer'd.

Cic. What is that same Umbrenus? was the
[agent?

San. One that hath had negotiation

In Gallia oft, and known unto their state.

Cic. Are the ambassadors come with you?

San. Yes. [and honest,

Cic. Well, bring 'em in; if they be firm
Never had men the means so to deserve
Of Rome as they. A happy wish'd occasion,
And thrust into my hands for the discovery,
And manifest conviction of these traitors.

[*The Allobroges enter.*

Be thank'd, O Jupiter. My worthy lords,
Confederates of the senate, you are wel-
come:

I understand by Quintus Fabius Sanga,
Your careful patron here, you have been
lately

Solicited against the commonwealth

By one Umbrenus (take a seat I pray you)

From Publius Lentulus, to be associates

In their intended war. I could advise,

That men whose fortunes are yet flourishing,
And are Rome's friends, would not without
a cause

* *That we may praise our hands once.*] This is a more nervous reading than *raise*, as it expresses not only their *acting*, but their *existing* in their deeds. Yet the latter being the more natural expression, I think it will admit a doubt which was the original.

Mr. SEWARD,
Conciseness is the chief characteristic of Jonson's style, and if he thought on an expressive word, though not always the most easy and natural, he made no scruple to employ it in his poem.

Become her enemies; and mix themselves,
And their estates, with the lost hope of Catiline,

Or Lentulus, whose mere despair doth arm
That were to hazard certainties for air,
And undergo all danger for a voice.
Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid

With half the easiness that they are rais'd.
All may begin a war, but few can end it.
The senate have decreed, that my colleague
Shall lead their army against Catiline,
And have declar'd both him and Manlius traitors.

Metellus Celer hath already given
Part of their troops defeat. Honours are promis'd

To all will quit 'em; and rewards propos'd
Even to slaves that can detect their courses.
Here in the city, I have, by the prætors
And tribunes, plac'd my guards and watches

so, [whisper,
That not a foot can tread, a breath can
But I have knowledge. And be sure, the senate [greatness,

And people of Rome, of their accustom'd
Will sharply and severely vindicate,
Not only any fact, but any practice
Or purpose 'gainst the state. Therefore, my lords, [hand

Consult of your own ways, and think which
Is best to take. You now are present suitors
For some redress of wrongs: I'll undertake
Not only that shall be assur'd you; but
What grace, or privilege else, senate or people

Can cast upon you worthy such a service,
As you have now the ways and means to do 'em,

If but your wills consent with my designs.
Allob. We covet nothing more, most worthy consul.

And howsoever we have been tempted lately
To a defection, that now makes us guilty;
We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our wills so lost, as to abandon
A friendship, prodigally, of that price,
As is the senate's, and the people of Rome's,
For hopes that do precipitate themselves.

Cic. You then are wise and honest. Do but this then: [the rest?

When shall you speak with Lentulus and
Allob. We are to meet anon at Brutus' house. [Rome.

Cic. Who? Decius Brutus? he is not in
Jan. O, but his wife Sempronia.

Cic. You instruct me,
She is a chief. Well, fail not you to meet 'em,
And to express the best affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.

Like it, applaud it, give the commonwealth
And senate lost to 'em. Promise any aids
By arms or counsel. What they can desire
I would have you prevent. Only say this,
You have had dispatch in private by the consul,

Of your affairs; and for the many fears
The state's now in, you are will'd by him
this evening [means

To depart Rome: which you by all sought
Will do of reason, to decline suspicion.
Now for the more authority of the business
They've trusted to you, and to give it credit
With your own state at home, you would desire

Their letters to your senate and your people,
Which shewn, you durst engage both life
and honour,

The rest should ever, way answer their hopes.
Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,
And as you give me notice at what port
You will go out, I'll have you intercepted,
And all the letters taken with you: so
As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,
And they convicted of their manifest treason.
Ill deeds are well turn'd back upon their authors.

And 'gainst an injurer the revenge is just.
This must be done now.

Allob. Cheerfully and firmly, [it,
We're they would rather haste to undertake
Than stay to say so.

Cic. With that confidence, go:
Make yourselves happy, while you make Rome so.

By Sanga let me have notice from you.

Allob. Yes.

SCENE VI.

*Sempronia, Lentulus, Cethegus, Gabinius,
Statilius, Longinus, Volturius, Allobroges.*

Sem. When come these creatures, the
ambassadors?

I would fain see 'em. Are they any scholars?
Len. I think not, madam.

Sem. Have they no Greek?

Len. No, surely.

Sem. Fie, what do I here, waiting on 'em
then.

If they be nothing but mere statesmen?

Len. Yes,

Your ladyship shall observe their gravity,
And their reservedness, their many cautions,
Fitting their persons.

Sem. I do wonder much,
That states and commonwealths employ not
women

To be ambassadors sometimes! we should
Do as good public service, and could make
As honourable spies (for so Thucydides
Calls all ambassadors.) Are they come,
Cethegus?

Cet. Do you ask me? am I your scout or
bawd?

Len. O, Caius, it is no such business.

Cet. No?

What does a woman at it then?

Sem. Good sir,

There are of us can be as exquisite traitors,
As e'er a male conspirator of you all.

Cet. I, at smock-treason, matron, I believe you;

And if I were your husband; but when I
Trust to your cobweb-booms any other,
Let me there die a fly, and feast you, spider.

Len. You are too sour, and harsh, Cethegus.

Cet. You

Are kind and courtly. I'll be torn in pieces,
With wild Hippolytus, nay, prove the death
Every lamb over, ere I'd trust a woman
With word, could I return it.

Sem. But, they if be trusted
With as good secrets yet as you have any;
And carry 'em too as close and as conceal'd,
As you shall for your heart.

Cet. I'll not contend with you
Either in tongue or carriage, good Calpso!

Len. Th' ambassadors are come.

Cet. Thanks to thee, Mercury,
That so hast rescu'd me.

Len. How now, Volturtius?

Vol. They do desire some speech with
you in private.

Len. O! 'tis about the prophesy belike,
And promise of the Sibyls.

Gub. It may be.

Sem. Shun they to treat with me too?

Gub. No, good lady, [are.
You may partake: I have told 'em who you

Sem. I should be loth to be left out, and
here too.

Cet. Can these or such be any aids to us?
Look they as they were built to shake the
world,

Or be a moment to our enterprise¹²?
A thousand such as they are, could not make
One atom of our souls. They should be men
Worth heaven's fear, that looking up but
thus

Would make Jove stand upon his guard, and
draw

Himself within his thunder; which, amaz'd,
He should discharge in vain, and they un-

hurt.

Or if they were like Capaneus at Thebes,
They should hang dead upon the highest
spires,

And ask the second bolt to be thrown down.
Why, Lentulus, talk you so long? this time
Had been enough, t' have scatter'd all the
stars,

T' have quench'd the sun and moon, and
made the world

Despair of day, or any light but ours.

¹² Or be OF MOMENT to our enterprise.] The two first folios read,

Or be a moment to our enterprise.

Mr. Symson, who made use of one of these editions in the remarks he has obliged me with, sagaciously observes, that a modern writer would say, *or be of moment*, but that the old lection is good. He has here the satisfaction of seeing his remark confirmed; the modern publisher of the last edition giving it in that very manner. *Moment* is here used in the precise sense which it bears in the Latin, under the acceptance of a weight, or power, added to a scale or balance. The learned reader will easily recollect this sense of it in Terence;

Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento luc illuc impellitur.

Len. How do you like this spirit? in such
men [these

Mankind doth live. They are such souls as
That move the world.

Sem. I, though he bear me hard,
I yet must do him right. He is a spirit
Of the right Martian breed.

Allob. He is a Mars! [him.

Would we had time to live here, and admire
[son,

Len. Well, I do see you would prevent
the consul.

And I commend your care: it was but rea-
To ask our letters, and we had prepar'd
them. [em.

Go in, and we will take an oath, and seal
You shall have letters too to Catiline,

To visit him i' th' way, and to confirm
Th' association. This our friend, Volturtius,
Shall go along with you. Tell our great
general

That we are ready here; that Lucius Bestia
The tribune is provided of a speech,

To lay the envy of the war on Cicero; [son;

That all but long for his approach and per-
And then you are made freemen as ourselves.

SCENE VII.

Cicero, Flaccus, Pontinius, Sanga.

Cic. I cannot fear the war but to succeed
well,

Both for the honour of the cause, and worth
Of him that doth command. For my col-
league,

Being so ill affected with the gout,
Will not be able to be there in person;

And then Petreius, his lieutenant, must
Of need take charge o' the army; who is
much

The better soldier, having been a tribune,
Prefect, lieutenant, prætor in the war

These thirty years, so conversant i' the army,
As he knows all the soldiers by their names.

Fla. They'll fight then bravely with him.

Pom. I, and he
Will lead 'em on as bravely.

Cic. They've a foe
Will ask their braveries, whose necessities
Will arm him like a fury. But, however,
I'll trust it to the manage and the fortune
Of good Petreius, who's a worthy patriot:
Metellus Celer, with three legions too,
Will stop their course for Gallia. How now,
Fabius?

San. The train hath taken. You must
instantly

Dispose your guards upon the Milvian bridge:

For by that way they mean to come.

Cic. Then thither,

Pomtinus and Flaccus, I must pray you
To lead that force you have; and seize them
all:

Let not a person 'scape. Th' ambassadors
Will yield themselves. If there be any tumult,

I'll send you aid. I, in mean time, will call
Lentulus to me, Gabinius and Cethegus,
Statilius, Ceparius, and all these, [come
By several messengers: who no doubt will
Without sense or suspicion. Prodigious men
Feel not their own stock wasting. When I
have 'em, [start not.

I'll place those guards upon 'em, that they
Sen. But what 'll you do with Sempronia?

Cic. A state's anger [or women.
Should not take knowledge either of fools
I do not know whether my joy or care

Ought to be greater, that I have discover'd
So foul a treason, or must undergo
The envy of so many great men's fate.

But happen what there can, I will be just;
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue:
That shall go with me, and before me still,
And glad me doing well, tho' I hear ill.

SCENE VIII.

Pretors, Allobroges, Volturtius.

Fla. Stand, who goes there?

Allob. We are th' Allobroges,
And friends of Rome.

Pom. If you be so, then yield
Yourselves unto the pretors, who in name
Of the whole senate and the people of Rome,
Yet, till you clear yourselves, charge you
of practice

Against the state.

Vol. Die, friends; and be not taken.

Fla. What voice is that? down with 'em
all.

Allob. We yield.

Pom. What's he stands out? kill him there.

Vol. Hold, hold, hold.

I yield upon conditions.

Fla. We give none

To traitors; strike him down.

Vol. My name's Volturtius,

I know Pomtinus.

Pom. But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon those trait'rous
terms.

Vol. I yield upon the safety of my life.

Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.

Vol. Promise to do your best. I'm not
so guilty

As many others I can name; and will,

If you will grant me favour.

Pom. All we can
Is to deliver you to the consul. Take him,
And thank the gods that thus have saved
Rome.

CHORUS.

" Now do our ears before our eyes,
" Like men in mists,
" Discover who'd the state surprize,
" And who resists?
" And as these clouds do yield to light,
" Now do we see
" Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
" Which seem'd t' agree?
" Of what strange pieces are we made,
" Who nothing know;
" But as new airs our ears invade,
" Still censure so?
" That now do hope, and now do fear,
" And now envy;
" And then do hate, and then love dear,
" But know not why:
" Or if we do, it is so late,
" As our best mood,
" Though true, is then thought out of date,
" And empty of good.
" How have we chang'd and come about
" In every doom,
" Since wicked Catiline went out,
" And quitted Rome?
" One while we thought him innocent;
" And then w' accus'd
" The consul, for his malice spent,
" And power abus'd.
" Since that, we hear he is in arms,
" We think not so:
" Yet charge the consul with our harms,
" That let him go.
" So in our censure of the state,
" We still do wander;
" And make the careful magistrate
" The mark of slander.
" What age is this, where honest men,
" Plac'd at the helm,
" A sea of some foul mouth or pen
" Shall overwhelm?
" And call their diligence, deceit;
" Their virtue, vice;
" Their watchfulness, but lying in wait;
" And blood, the price.
" O, let us pluck this evil seed
" Out of our spirits;
" And give to every noble deed
" The name it merits.
" Lest we seem fal'n (it this endures)
" Into those times,
" To love disease, and brook the cures
" Worse than the crimes."

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Petrcius. [The Army.]

Pet. **I**T is my fortune and my glory, soldiers,

This day to lead you on; the worthy consul
Kept from the honour of it by disease:

And I am proud to have so brave a cause
To exercise your arms in. We not now
Fight for how long, how broad, how great,
and large, [shall be;

Th'extent and bounds o' th' people of Rome
But to retain what our great ancestors,
With all their labours, counsels, arts, and
actions,

For us, were purchasing so many years.

The quarrel is not now of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs done unto confederates,
For which the army of the people of Rome
Was wont to move: but for your own re-
publick,

For the rais'd temples of th' immortal gods,
For all your fortunes, altars, and your fires,
For the dear souls of your lov'd wives and
children,

Your parents' tombs, your rites, laws, liberty,
And briefly, for the safety of the world:
Against such men, as only by their crimes
Are known; thrust out by riot, want, or
rashness. [sulk,

One sort, Sylla's old troops, left here in Fe-
Who, suddenly made rich in those dire
times,

Are since, by their unbounded vast expence,
Grown needy and poor; and have but left
t' expect [tions.

From Catiline new bills, and new proscrip-
These men (they say) are valiant; yet I
think 'em [virtue

Not worth your pause: for either their old
Is in their sloth and pleasures lost; or, if
It tarry with 'em, so ill match to yours.

As they are short in number or in cause.

The second sort are of those city-beasts,
Rather than citizens, who, whilst they reach
After our fortunes, have let fly their own:
These whelm'd in wine, swell'd up with
meats, and weaken'd

With hourly whoredoms, never left the side
Of Catiline in Rome; nor here are loos'd
From his embraces: such as (trust me) never
In riding or in using well their arms,
Watching, or other military labour,

Did exercise their youth; but learn'd to love,
Drink, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be
fine gamesters:

And these will wish more hurt to you than
they bring you.

The rest are a mixt kind, all sorts of furies,
Adulterers, dicers, fencers, out-laws, thieves,
The murder'rs of their parents, all the sink
And plague of Italy met in one torrent,
To take, to-day, from us the punishment,
Due to their mischiefs, for so many years.

And who in such a cause, and 'gainst such
fiends [weapon?

Would not now wish himself all arm and
To cut such poisons from the earth, and let
Their blood out to be drawn away in clouds,
And pour'd on some inhabitable place',
Where the hot sun and slime breed nought
but monsters? [side,

Chiefly when this sure joy shall crown our
That the least man that falls upon our party
This day (as some must give their happy
names

To fate, and that eternal memory
Of the best death, writ with it, for their
country)

Shall walk at pleasure in the tents of rest;
And see far off, beneath him, all their host
Tormented after life; and Catiline there
Walking a wretched and less ghost than he.
I'll urge no more: move forward with your
eagles, [heaven.

And trust the senate's and Rome's cause to
Arm. To thee, great father Mars, and
greater Jove.

S C E N E II.

Cæsar, Crassus.

Crs. I ever look'd for this of Lentulus,
When Catiline was gone.

Cra. I gave 'em lost,
Many days since.

Cæ. But wherefore did you bear
Their letter to the consul, that they sent you
To warn you from the city?

Cra. Did I know [him,
Whether he made it? it might come from
For aught I could assure me: if they meant
I should be safe among so many, they might
Have come as well as writ.

Cæ. There is no loss

¹ *And pour'd on some INHABITABLE place.]* i. e. *Uninhabitable*, and in this sense it is
used likewise by Shakspeare:

"Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,

"Or any other ground inhabitable."

Richard the Second, act 1, sc. 2.

In being secure. I have of late too ply'd him

Thick with intelligences, but they have been Of things he knew before.

Cra. A little serves To keep a man upright on these state-bridges,

Although the passage were more dangerous. Let us now take the standing part.

Cæs. We must, And be as zealous for't as Cato. Yet, I would fain help these wretched men.

Cra. You cannot. Who would save them, that have betray'd themselves?

SCENE III.

Cicero, Quintus, Cato.

Cic. I will not be wrought to it, brother Quintus.

There's no man's private enmity shall make Me violate the dignity of another.

If there were proof 'gainst Cæsar, or whoever, [him.

To speak him guilty, I would so declare But Quintus Catulus and Piso both

Shall know, the consul will not, for their grudge,

Have any man accus'd or named falsely.

Qui. Not falsely: but if any circumstance, By the Allobroges, or from Volturtius, Would carry it.

Cic. That shall not be sought by me.

If it reveal itself, I would not spare You, brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.

Cato. Good Marcus Tullius, (which is more than great)

Thou hadst thy education with the gods.

Cic. Send Lentulus forth, and bring away the rest.

'This office I am sorry, sir, to do you.

SCENE IV.

The Senate.

Cic. What may be happy still and fortunate, [thers,

To Rome and to this senate: please you fa- To break these letters, and to view them round.

If that be not found in them which I fear, I yet entreat, at such a time as this,

My diligence be not condemn'd. Have you brought

The weapons hither from Cethegus' house?

Præ. They are without.

Cic. Be ready, with Volturtius, To bring him when the senate calls; and see

None of the rest confer together. Fathers, What do you read? Is it yet worth your

care, [there? If not your fear, what you find practis'd

Cæs. It hath a face of horror!

Cra. I'm amaz'd!

Cato. Look there!

Syl. Gods! can such men draw common air? [chief, fathers,

Cic. Although the greatness of the mis- Hath often made my faith small in this senate,

Yet since my casting Catiline out, (for now I do not fear the envy of the word,

Unless the deed be rather to be fear'd, That he went hence alive, when those I

meant [days Should follow him, did not) I have spent both

And nights in watching what their fury and rage [thought:

Was bent on, that so stay'd against my And that I might but take 'em in that light,

Where when you met their treason with your eyes,

Your minds at length would think for your own safety. [and seals.

And now 'tis done. There are their hands Their persons too are safe, thanks to the

gods. Bring in Volturtius and th' Allobroges.

These be the men were trusted with their letters. [thing: I

Vol. Fathers, believe me, I knew no- Was travelling for Gallia, and am sorry—

Cic. Quake not, Volturtius; speak the truth, and hope.

Well of this senate, on the consul's word.

Vol. Then, I knew all. But truly I was drawn in

But t'other day.

Cæs. Say what thou know'st, and fear not. Thou hast the senate's faith, and consul's

word,

To fortify thee.

[He answers with fears and interruptions.

Vol. I was sent with letters—

And had a message too—from Lentulus— To Catiline—that he should use all aids—

Servants, or others—and come with his army,

As soon unto the city as he could—

For they were ready, and but stay'd for him—

To intercept those that should flee the fire. These men (th' Allobroges) did hear it too.

Allob. Yes, fathers, and they took an oath to us,

Besides their letters, that we should be free; And urg'd us for some present aid of horse.

Cic. Nay, here be other testimonies, fathers,

Cethegus' armoury.

[The weapons and arms are brought forth.

Cra. What, not all these?

Cic. Here's not the hundredth part. Call in the fencer,

That we may know the arms to all these weapons. [active use

Come, my brave sword-player, to what

Was all this steel provided?

Cet. Had you ask'd

In Sylla's days, it had been to cut throats;
But now it was to look on only: I love
To see good blades, and feel their edge and
points,

To put a helm upon a block, and cleave it,
And now and then to stab an armour
through.

Cic. Know you that paper? that will stab
you through.

Is it your hand? hold, save the pieces.
Traitor,

Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury?

Cet. I did write

I know not what; nor care not: that fool
Lentulus

Did dictate, and I t'other fool did sign it.

Cic. Bring in Statilius: does he know his
hand too?

And Lentulus. Reach him that letter.

Sta. I

Confess it all.

Cic. Know you that seal yet, Publius?

Len. Yes, it is mine.

Cic. Whose image is that on it?

Len. My grand-father's.

Cic. What, that renown'd good man,

That did so only embrace his country, and
lov'd

His fellow-citizens! Was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a
So foul? — [fact

Len. As what, impetuous Cicero?

Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's
fouler.

Look upon these. Do not these faces argue
Thy guilt and impudence?

Len. What are these to me?

I know 'em not.

Allob. No, Publius? we were with you
At Brutus' house.

Fol. Last night.

Len. What did you there?

Who sent for you?

Allob. Yourself did. We had letters
From you, Cethegus, this Statilius here,
Gabinus Cimber, all but from Longinus,
Who would not write, because he was to
come

Shortly in person after us (he said)

To take the charge o' the horse, which we
should levy.

Cic. And he is fled to Catiline, I hear.

Len. Spies! spies!

Allob. You told us too o'th' Sibyl's books,
And how you were to be a king this year,
The twentieth from the burning of the capitol,

That three Cornelli were to reign in Rome,
Of which you were the last: and prais'd
Cethegus, [action.

And the great spirits were with you in the
Cet. These are your honourable ambas-
sadors,

My sovereign lord.

Cato. Peace, th' art too bold, Cethegus!

Allob. Besides Gabinus, your agent nam'd
Autronius, Servius Sylla, Vargunteius,
And divers others.

Fol. I had letters from you
To Catiline, and a message, which I've told
Unto the senate truly word for word:
For which I hope they will be gracious
to me.

I was drawn in by that same wicked Cimber,
And thought no hurt at all.

Cic. Volturtius, peace. [tulus?
Where is thy visor or thy voice now, Len-
Art thou confounded? wherefore speak'st
thou not?

Is all so clear, so plain, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence and impudence,
And thy ill nature too, have left thee at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more,
Gabinus,

The engineer of all. Shew him that paper,
If he do know it?

Gab. I know nothing.

Cic. No?

Gab. No: neither will I know.

Cato. Impudent head!

Stick it into his throat; were I the consul,
I'd make thee eat the mischief thou hast
vented.

Gab. Is there a law for't, Cato?

Cato. Dost thou ask

After a law, that would'st have broke all
laws [gion?

Of nature, manhood, conscience, and reli-
Gab. Yes, I may ask for't.

Cato. No, pernicious Cimber.

Th' inquiring after good does not belong
Unto a wicked person.

Gab. I, but Cato

Does nothing but by law.

Cra. Take him aside. [not.
There's proof enough, though he confess

Gab. Stay, [you,
I will confess. All's true your spies have told
Make much of 'em.

Cet. Yes, and reward 'em well,

For fear you get no more such. See they
do not [with 'em;

Die in a ditch, and stink now you have done
Or beg o' th' bridges here in Rome, whose
arches

² PEACE that too bold Cethegus.] If the comma stands after peace, we should put a note of admiration at the end, and Cato must seem to wonder at the boldness of Cethegus. But it suits better with the dignity of Cato, and the poetical diction of Jonson, to make peace a verb; Peace that too bold Cethegus, the same as silence him.—MR. SEWARD.

I could not deny the reader the pleasure of this ingenious criticism, but the reading I have followed is exhibited by the quarto edition.

Their active industry hath sav'd.

Cic. See, fathers, [convicted]
What minds and spirits these are, that bring
Of such a treason, and by such a cloud
Of witnesses, dare yet retain their boldness!
What would their rage have done if they had
conquer'd?

I thought when I had thrust out Catiline,
Neither the state nor I should need t' have
fear'd

Lentulus' sleep here, or Longinus' fat,
Or this Cethegus' rashness; it was he
I only watch'd, while he was in our walls,
As one that had the brain, the hand, the heart.
But now we find the contrary! where was
there

A people griev'd, or a state discontent,
Able to make or help a war 'gainst Rome,
But these, th' Allobroges, and those they
found? [make

Whom had not the just gods been pleas'd to
More friends unto our safety than their own,
As it then seem'd, neglecting these men's
offers,

Where had we been? or where the common-
wealth?

When their great chief had been call'd
home; this man,

Their absolute king (whose noble grand-
father,

Arm'd in pursuit of the seditious Gracchus,
Took a brave wound for dear defence of that
Which he would spoil) had gather'd all his
aids

Of ruffians, slaves, and other slaughter-men?
Giving us up for murder to Cethegus?

The other rank of citizens to Gabinus?
The city to be fir'd by Cassius?

And Italy, nay the world, to be laid waste
By curs'd Catiline and his complices?

Lay but the thought of it before you, fa-
thers;

Think but with me you saw this glorious city,
The light of all the earth, tow'r of all na-
tions,

Suddenly falling in one flame. Imagine
You view'd your country buried with the
heaps

Of slaughter'd citizens that had no grave;
This Lentulus here, reigning (as he dreamt)

And those his purple senate; Catiline come
With his fierce army; and the cries of ma-
trons, [gins,

The flight of children, and the rape of vir-
Shrieks of the living, with the dying groans,
On every side t' invade your sense; until

The blood of Rome were mixed with her
ashes!

This was the spectacle these fiends intended
To please their malice.

Cet. I, and it would [part
Have been a brave one, consul. But your
Had not then been so long as now! It is:

I should have quite defeated your oration,
And slit that fine rhetorical pipe of yours
In the first scene.

Cato. Insolent monster!

Cic. Fathers,
Is it your pleasures they shall be committed
Unto some safe, but a free custody,

Until the senate can determine farther?
Sen. It pleaseth well.

Cic. Then, Marcus Crassus,
Take you charge of Gabinus: send him
home

Unto your house. You, Caesar, of Statilius.
Cethegus shall be sent to Cornificius:

And Lentulus to Publius Lentulus Spinther,
Who now is Edile.

Cat. It were best, the prætors [em.
Carried 'em to their houses, and deliver'd
Cic. Let it be so. Take 'em from hence.

Ces. But first,
Let Lentulus put off his prætorship.

Len. I do resign it here unto the senate.
Ces. So, now there's no offence done to
religion.

Cato. Caesar, 'twas piously and timely
urg'd.

Cic. What do you decree to th' Allobroges,
That were the lights to this discovery?

Cra. A free grant from the state of all
their suits. [treasure.

Ces. And a reward out of the public
Cato. I, and the title of honest men, to
crown 'em.

Cic. What to Volturtius?
Ces. Life, and favour's well.

Vol. I ask no more.
Cato. Yes, yes, some money, thou need'st
it: [a knave.

'Twill keep thee honest; want made thee
Syl. Let Flaccus, and Pomptinus, the præ-
tors, [Sanga,

Have public thanks, and Quintus Fabius
For their good service.

Cra. They deserve it all.
Cato. But what do we decree unto the
consul, [wisdom

Whose virtue, counsel, watchfulness, and
Hath freed the commonwealth, and without
tumult,

¹ *Cic.* What to Volturtius? *Ces.* Life, and FAVOUR'S WELL.

Vol. I ask no more.] Caesar's answer to Cicero is intelligible enough as to the purport of it, though some obscurity attends the expression. *Favour's well*, in Jonson's latinized English, may be understood to signify many or abundance of favours. Mr. Upton however, and perhaps justly, suspects it a corruption; and by an easy change would print the speeches thus:

Cic. What to Volturtius? *Ces.* Life, and favours.

Vol. Well, I ask no more.

Slaughter, or blood, or scarce raising a force,
Rescu'd us all out of the jaws of fate?

Cra. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.

Cas. Our wives, our children, parents, and our gods.

Syl. We all are saved by his fortitude.

Cato. The commonwealth owes him a civic garland.

He is the only father of his country.

Cas. Let there be public prayer to all the gods,

Made in that name, for him.

Cra. And in these words:

For that he hath, by his vigilance, preserv'd Rome from the flame, the senate from the sword,

And all her citizens from massacre.

Cic. How are my labours more than paid, grave fathers,

In these great titles, and decreed honours!

Such as to me, first of the civil robe*,

Of any man since Rome was Rome, have happen'd; [glads me,

And from this frequent senate; which more That I now see you've sense of your own safety, [to us,

If those good days come no less grateful Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,

Than those wherein we're born and brought to light,

Because the gladness of our safety is certain, But the condition of our birth not so;

And that we're sav'd with pleasure, but are born

Without the sense of joy: why should not then This day, to us, and all posterity

Of ours, be had in equal fame and honour,

With that when Romulus first rear'd these walls,

When so much more is saved, than he built?

Cas. It ought.

Cra. Let it be added to our Fasti.

Cic. What tumult's that?

Fla. Here's one Tarquinius taken, Going to Catiline, and says he was sent By Marcus Crassus, whom he names to be Guilty of the conspiracy.

Cic. Some lying varlet.

Take him away to prison.

Cra. Bring him in,

And let me see him.

Cic. He is not worth it, Crassus.

Keep him up close, and hungry, till he tell By whose pernicious counsel he durst slander

So great and good a citizen.

(Cra. By yours, I fear, 'twill prove.)

Syl. Some o' th' traitors, sure, To give their action the more credit, bid him

Name you, or any man.

Cic. I know myself,

By all the tracts and courses of this business, Crassus is noble, just, and loves his country.

Fla. Here is a libel too, accusing Crassus, From Lucius Vectius, and confirm'd by Curius.* [court.

Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' th'

Cas. A trick on me too?

Cic. It is some men's malice.

I said to Curius, I did not believe him.

Cas. Was not that Curius your spy, that had

Reward decreed unto him the last senate, With Fulvia, upon your private motion?

Cic. Yes.

Cas. But he has not that reward yet?

Cic. No. [believes it.

Let not this trouble you, Crassus; none be-
Cas. It shall not, if that he have no re-ward.

But if he have, sure I shall think myself

Very untimely and unsafely honest,

Where such as he is may have pay t' ac-
cuse me. [noble Crassus,

Cic. You shall have no wrong done you, But all contentment.

Cas. Consul, I am silent.

SCENE V.

Catiline. [The Army.

Cat. I never yet knew, soldiers, that in fight

Words added virtue unto valiant men;

Or that a general's oration made

An army fall or stand: but how much prowess,

Habitual or natural, each man's breast

Was owner of, so much in act it shew'd,

Whom neither glory' or danger can excite,

'Tis vain t' attempt with speech; for the mind's fear [ear'.

Keeps all brave sounds from ent'ring at that I yet would warn you some few things, my

friends,

And give you reason of my present counsel. You know, no less than I, what state, what

point

Our affairs stand in; and you all have heard

* *First of the CIVIL ROBE.*] He means, the first who obtained a victory over the enemies of the state, without changing the garments usually wore in time of peace. It is well known that Cicero valued himself much on this singular circumstance.

* *Keeps all brave sounds from ent'ring at that EAR.*] What ear? the mind's: unless it be thought easier to read the ear. The original is, *Timor animi auribus efficit*; and the poet seems to have referred the genitive case *animi*, to both the substantives, *timor* and *auribus*.

What a calamitous misery the sloth
And sleepiness of Lentulus hath pluck'd
Both on himself and us; how, whilst our
aids

There, in the city look'd for, are defeated;
Our entrance into Gallia too is stopt:
Two armies wait us; one from Rome, the
other

From the Gaul provinces: and where we are,
(Although I most desire it) the great want
Of corn and victuals forbids longer stay.

So that of need we must remove; but whi-
ther, * [sage.

The sword must both direct and cut the pas-
I only therefore wish you, when you strike,
To have your valours and your souls about
you,

And think you carry in your labouring hands
The things you seek, glory and liberty,
Your country, which you want now, with
the fates,

That are to be instructed by our swords.
If we can give the blow, all will be safe
to us.

We shall not want provision, nor supplies.
The colonies and free towns will lie open;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those whom their own
fortune, [tion.

And ill-us'd arms, have left without protec-
You might have liv'd in servitude, or exile,
Or safe at Rome, depending on the great
ones; [men:

But that you thought those things unfit for
And, in that thought, you then were va-
liant.

For no man ever yet chang'd peace for war,
But he that meant to conquer. Hold that
purpose.

There's more necessity you should be such,
In fighting for yourselves, than they for
others. [are arm'd.

He's base that trusts his feet, whose hands
Methinks * I see death and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heav'n at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your
swords;

And if our destiny envy our virtue
The honour of the day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us, and make fate,
While she tempts ours, fear for her own
estate.

SCENE VI.

The Senate.

Sen. What means this hasty calling of the
senate?

Sen. We shall know straight. Wait till
the consul speaks.

Pom. Fathers conscript, bethink you of
your safeties,

And what to do with these conspirators:
Some of their clients, their freed-men, and
slaves, [bawds
'Gin to make head. There's one of Lentulus'
Runs up and down the shops, through ev'ry
street,

With money to corrupt the poor artificers,
And needy tradesmen, to their aid. Ce-
thegus

Hath sent too to his servants, who are many,
Chosen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,
That forthwith they should arm themselves
and prove

His rescue: all will be in instant uproar,
If you prevent it not with present counsels.
We have done what we can to meet the fury,
And will do more. Be you good to your-
selves. [be done?

Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall
Syllanus, you are consul next design'd;
Your sentence of these men.

Syl. 'Tis short, and this.
Since they have sought to blot the name of
Rome [empire

Out of the world, and raze this glorious
With her own hands and arms turn'd on her-
self,

I think it fit they die: and could my breath
Now execute 'em, they should not enjoy
An article of time, or eye of light,
Longer to poison this our common air.

Sen. I think so too.

Sen. And I.

Sen. And I.

Sen. And I.

Cic. Your sentence, Caius Cæsar.

Cæs. Conscript fathers,

In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
From either hate or love, anger, or pity:
For where the least of these do hinder, there
The mind not easily discerns the truth.

I speak this to you in the name of Rome,
For whom you stand; and to the present
cause;

* *Methinks I see death and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heav'n at leisure*

For the great spectacle.] The image here given is extremely sublime, and approaches
very nearly to those terrible graces, which the critick has attributed to Homer amongst the
antients, and which Shakspeare possessed in a manner superior to any modern whatso-
ever.

⁷ *They should not enjoy*

As article of time, or EYE OF LIGHT.] This is a bold Latinism: *eye of light* is the
twinking of an eye: they should not live that space of time longer.—MR. SYMPSON.

That this foul fact of Lentulus, and the rest,
Weigh not more with you than your dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your passion,
Than to your honour. If there could be
found

A pain or punishment equal to their crimes,
I would devise, and help: but if the great-
ness

Of what they've done exceed all man's in-
vention,

I think it fit to stay where our laws do.

Poor petty states may alter, upon humour,
Where, if they offend with anger, few do
know it,

Because they are obscure; their fame and for-
tune

Is equal, and the same. But they that are
Head of the world, and live in that seen
height,

All mankind knows their actions. So we
The greater fortune hath the lesser licence.
They must not favour, hate, and least be
angry:

For what with others is call'd anger, there
Is cruelty and pride. I know Syllanus,
Who spoke before me, a just, valiant man,
A lover of the state, and one that would
not,

In such a business, use or grace or hatred;
I know too, well, his manners, and his mo-
desty;

Nor do I think his sentence cruel, (for
'Gainst such delinquents what can be too
bloody?)

But that it is abhorring from our state,
Since to a citizen of Rome offending,
Our laws give exile, and not death. Why
then

Decreases he that? 'twere vain to think, for
When by the diligence of so worthy a
consul,

All is made safe and certain. Is't for punish-
ment?

Why, death's the end of evils, and a rest
Rather than torment: it dissolves all griefs;
And beyond that, is neither care nor joy.

You hear, my sentence would not have
'em die.

How then? set free, and increase Catiline's
army?

So will they, being but banish'd. No, grave
fathers,

I judge 'em, first, to have their states confis-
-Then, that their persons remain prisoners
In the free towns, far off from Rome, and
sever'd;

Where they might neither have relation,
Hereafter, to the senate, or the people.

Or, if they had, those towns then to be
muled,

As enemies to the state, that had their guard.

Sen. 'Tis good, and honourable, Caesar hath
utter'd.

Cic. Fathers, I see your faces and your
eyes

All bent on me, to note, of these two cen-
sures,

Which I incline to. Either of them are
grave,

And answering the dignity of the speakers,
The greatness of th' affair, and both severe.

One urgeth death; and he may well re-
member

This state hath punish'd wicked citizens so:
The other, bonds; and those perpetual,

which

He thinks found out for the more singular
plague.*

Decree which you shall please: you have a
consul,

Not readier to obey, than to defend,
Whatever you shall act for the republick;

And meet with willing shoulders any
burden,

Or any fortune, with an even face,
Though it were death; which to a valiant
man

Can never happen foul, nor to a consul
Be immature, nor to a wise man wretched.

Syl. Fathers, I spake but as I thought the
needs

O' th' commonwealth requir'd.

Cato. Excuse it not.

Cic. Cato, speak you your sentence.

Cato. This it is.

You here dispute on kinds of punishment,
And stand consulting what you should decree
'Gainst those of whom you rather should
beware:

This mischief is not like those common facts,
Which when they're done, the laws may
prosecute.

But this, if you provide not ere it happen,
When it is happen'd, will not wait your judg-
ment.

Good Caius Caesar here hath very well,
And subtilly discours'd of life and death,
As if he thought those things a pretty fable,

That are deliver'd us of hell and furies,
Or of the divers ways that ill men go

From good, to filthy, dark, and ugly places.
And therefore he would have these live, and
long too;

But far from Rome, and in the small free-
towns,

Lest here they might have rescue: as if men
Fit for such acts were only in the city,

And not throughout all Italy; or, that bold-
ness

Could not do more, where it found least re-
sistance?

'Tis a vain counsel, if he think them dang-
erous:

Which if he do not, but that he alone,
In so great fear of all men, stand unfrighted,

He gives me cause, and you too, more to
fear him.

I am plain, fathers. Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do;

With faces, as you trusted to the gods,

That still have sav'd you: and they can do it: but

They are not wishings, or base womanish pray'rs,

Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counsel, action;

Which they will be ashamed to forsake.

'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardice. Here you have

The traitors in your houses; yet you stand, Fearing what to do with 'em: let 'em loose,

And send 'em hence with arms too, that your mercy

May turn your misery, as soon as't can.

O, but they are great men, and have offended

But through ambition: we would spare their honour.

I, if themselves had spar'd it, or their fame, Or modesty, or either god, or man;

Then I would spare 'em. But as things now stand,

Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit A greater wickedness than you would revenge.

If there had been but time and place for you To have repair'd this fault, you should have made it;

It should have been your punishment, to have felt

Your tardy error: but necessity

Now bids me say, let 'em not live an hour, If you mean Rome should live a day. I've done.

Sen. Cato hath spoken like an oracle.

Cra. Let it be so decreed.

Sen. We all were fearful.

Syl. And had been base, had not his virtue rais'd us.

Sen. Go forth, most worthy consul, we'll assist you. [*fathers.*]

Ces. I am not yet chang'd in my sentence, Cato. No matter. What be those?

Sen. Letters for Cæsar.

Cato. From whom? let 'em be read in open senate.

Fathers, they come from the conspirators; I crave to have 'em read, for the republick.

Ces. Cato, read you it. 'Tis a love-letter,

From your dear sister to me: though you hate me,

Do not discover it.

Cato. Hold thee, drunkard. Consul, Go forth and confidently.

Ces. You'll repent

This rashness, Cicero.

Præ. Cæsar shall repent it.

Cic. Hold, friends.

Præ. He's scarce a friend unto the publick. [*on.*]

Cic. No violence. Cæsar, be safe. Lead Where are the public executioners?

Bid 'em wait on us. On to Spinther's house. Bring Lentulus forth. Here, you, the sad revengers

Of capital crimes against the publick, take This man unto your justice; strangle him.

Len. Thou dost well, consul. 'Twas a cast at dice,

In fortune's hand, not long since, that thyself Should'st have heard these, or other words as fatal.

Cic. Lead on to Quintus Cornificius' house. [*due*]

Bring forth Cethegus. Take him to the Death that he hath deserv'd, and let it be Said, he was once.

Cet. A beast, or what is worse, A slave, Cethegus. Let that be the name

For all that's base, hereafter; that would let

This worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled

His body into—Ha! art thou not mov'd?

Cic. Justice is never angry. Take him hence.

Cet. O, the whore fortune, and her bawds the fates!

That put these tricks on men, which knew the way

To death by a sword. Strangle me, I may I shall grow angry with the gods else.

Cic. Lead

To Caius Cæsar, for Statilius. Bring him and rude Gabinus out. Here

take 'em [*from you.*]

To your cold hands, and let him feel death

Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleasure.

Sta. And me too.

Cato. So, Marcus Tullius, thou may'st now stand up,

And call it happy Rome, thou being consul. Great parent of thy country, go, and let

The old men of the city, ere they die, Kiss thee; the matrons dwell about thy

neck; [*are old,*]

The youths and maids lay up, 'gainst they What kind of man thou wert, to tell their

nephews,

* *Sen. We ARE ALL fearful.*] I have the satisfaction to find that my own conjecture, which had also the sanction of Mr. Seward, is confirmed by the 4to: it is therefore inserted in the text. In the next line, for *his*, the 4to reads *this*.

And let it be

Said, HE WAS ONCE.] The sentence here is finished, although Cethegus replies in a manner that seems to complete the meaning. The allusion is to the customary expression among the Romans, used both in funeral inscriptions, or in speaking of a person departed, *vixit et fuit*. So that it means here, "Let it be said, he is now no more."

Sive crimis, seu nox futa fuisse velint. —TIBULL.

When, such a year, they read, within our

Fasti,

Thy consulship. Who's this? Petreius?

Cic. Welcome, [news?

Welcome, renowned soldier. What's the

This face can bring no ill with't into Rome.

How does the worthy consul, my colleague?

Pet. As well as victory can make him, sir.

He greets the fathers, and to me hath trusted

The sad relation of the civil strife;

For, in such war, the conquest still is black.

Cic. Shall we withdraw into the house of

Concord? [take

Cato. No, happy consul: here let all ears

The benefit of this tale. If he had voice

To spread unto the poles, and strike it through

The centre to th' antipodes, it would ask it.

Pet. The straits and needs of Catiline

being such,

As he must fight with one of the two armies,

That then had near inclos'd him; it pleas'd fate

To make us th' object of his desprate choice,

Wherein the danger almost pois'd the honour: [him,

And as he rose, the day grew black with

And fate descended nearer to the earth,

As if she meant to hide the name of things¹⁰

Under her wings, and make the world her quarry. [stay

At this we rous'd, lest one small minute's

Had left it to be inquir'd, what Rome was;

And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence

Of our great cause, in form of battle stood:

Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face

Of any man, but of a public ruin:

His countenance was a civil war itself;

And all his host had standing in their looks

The paleness of the death that was to come.

Yet cried they out like vulturs, and urg'd

on,

As if they would precipitate our fates.

Nor stay'd we longer for 'em: but himself

Struck the first stroke; and with it fled a life, [land

Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of

Had broke between two mighty seas, and

either

Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter:

And whirl'd about, as when two violent

tides

Meet, and not yield. The furies stood on hills,

Circling the place, and trembling to see men

Do more than they; whilst piety left the

field

Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause

They knew not what a crime their valour

was.

The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud [up

The battle made, seen sweating, to drive

His frighted horse, whom still the noise

drove backward.

And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,

Consum'd all it could reach, and then itself;

Had not the fortune of the commonwealth

Come, Pallas like, to every Roman thought.

Which Catiline seeing, and that now his

troops

Cover'd that earth they 'ad fought on, with

their trunks,

Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,

Collected all his fury, and ran in

(Arm'd with a glory high as his despair)

Into our battle, like a Libyan lion

Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,

Careless of wounds, plucking down lives

about him,

Till he had circled-in himself with death:

Then felt he too, t' embrace it where it lay.

And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,

Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,

One of the giant-brethren felt himself

Grow marble at the killing sight, and now

Almost made stone, began t' inquire, what

flint, [limbs,

What rock it was, that crept through all his

And ere he could think more, was that he

fear'd;

So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,

Became his tomb: yet did his look retain

Some of his fierceness, and his hands still

mov'd,

As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state

With those rebellious parts.

Cato. A brave bad death!

Had this been honest now, and for his

country, [greater?

As 'twas against it, who had ere fall'n

Cic. Honour'd Petreius, Rome, not I,

must thank you.

How modestly has he spoken of himself!

Cato. He did the more.

Cic. Thanks to the immortal gods.

Romans, I now am paid for all my labours,

¹⁰ *As if she meant to hide the NAME OF THINGS.*] Mr. Sympson conjectures that the *frame of things* was the original reading: but as our poet was so adventurous a dealer in the learned languages, I acquiesce in the expression of the text. My friend will readily recollect, that in those languages the *names of things* is equivalent to, and often means the *things themselves*. The spirit of this speech is truly noble, the images of sublimity and horror it abounds with, are drawn with a happy mixture of poetry and judgment, and disposed with equal exactness and art. For the honour of our poet, it must be added that this speech is not a translation: the whole is derived from the sources of his own imagination, - with no assistance from his classic masters. I look on it as the most capital description in all the works of Jonson.

My watchings, and my dangers. Here con-
clude
Your praises, triumphs, honours, and re-
wards,
Decreed to me: only the memory
Of this glad day, if I may know it live

Within your thoughts, shall much affect
my conscience,
Which I must always study before fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is
worst,
And ever is ill got, without the first.

This Tragedy was first acted in the year 1611,

By the King's Majesty's Servants.

The principal Tragedians were,

RICH. BURBADGE.
ALEX. COOKE.
JOH. LOWIN.
WILL. OSTLER.
RICH. ROBINSON.

JOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL.
JOH. UNDERWOOD.
NIC. TOOLY.
WILL. EGGLESTONE.

BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JOHN LITTLE-WIT, *a proctor.*
WIN LITTLE-WIT, *his wife.*
DAME PURECRAFT, *her mother and a widow.*
ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY, *her suitor, a Banbury man.*
WIN-WIFE, *his rival, a gentleman.*
QUARLOUS, *his companion, a gamester.*
BARTHOLOMEW COCKES, *an esquire of Harrow.*
HUMPHREY WASPE, *his man.*
ADAM OVERDO, *a justice of peace.*
DAME OVERDO, *his wife.*
GRACE WELLBORN, *his ward.*

LANT. LEATHERHEAD, *a hobby-horse seller.*
JOAN TRASH, *a gingerbread-woman.*
EZECHIEL EDGWORTH, *a cut-purse.*
NIGHTINGALE, *a ballad-singer.*
URSULA, *a pig-woman.*
MOON-CALF, *her tapster.*
JORDAN KNOCK-HUM, *a horse-courser and a ranger o' Turnbull.*
VAL. CUTTING, *a roarer.*
CAPTAIN WHIT, *a bawd.*
PUNQUE ALICE, *mistress o' the game.*
TROUBLE-ALL, *a mad-man.*

Three Watchmen, Costard-monger, Mousetrap-man, Clothier, Wrestler, Porters, Door-keepers, Puppets.

THE PROLOGUE

TO THE KING'S MAJESTY.

YOUR Majesty is welcome to a Fair,
Such place, such men, such language, and
such ware
You must expect: with these, the zealous
noise
Of your land's faction, scandaliz'd at toys,
As babies, hobby-horses, puppet-plays,
And such-like rage, whereof the petulant
ways

Yourself have known, and have been vext
with long.
These for your sport, without particular
wrong,
Or just complaint of any private man,
(Who of himself, or shall think well, or can)
The maker doth present: and hopes, to-night
To give you for a fairing, true delight.

The INDUCTION on the Stage.

Stage-keeper.

GENTLEMEN, have a little patience,
they are e'en upon coming, instantly.
He that should begin the play, master Little-
wit, the proctor, has a stitch new fall'n in

his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn up
ere you can tell twenty. He plays one o' the
Arches that dwells about the hospital, and
he has a very pretty part. But for the whole
play, will you ha' the truth on't? (I am
looking, lest the poet hear me, or his man,
master Broom¹, behind the arras) it is like
to be a very conceited scurvy one; in plain

¹ Or his man, master BROOM.] He was our author's amanuensis; and profiting by the instructions and conversation of his master, turned author himself, and wrote several comedies, which were received with applause. Jonson has the following copy of verses prefixed to Broom's *Northern Lass*:

most o' this matter, y' faith: for the author has writ it just to his meridian, and the scale of the grounded judgments here, his play-fellows in wit. Gentlemen, not for want of a prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a scrivener, and certain articles drawn out in haste between our author and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of; the play will follow presently. Read, scribe, gr' me the counterpane.

Scrit. Articles of agreement, indented, between the spectators or hearers, at the Hope on the Bankside in the county of Surry, on the one party; and the author of *Bartholomew Fair*, in the said place and county, on the other party: the one-and-thirtieth day of October 1614, and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord, JAMES, by the grace of God, king of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith; and of Scotland the seven-and-fortieth.

Inprimis, It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties aforesaid, and the said spectators and hearers, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded judgments and understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the places their money or friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which time the author promiseth to present them by us, with a new sufficient play, called *Bartholomew Fair*, merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none; provided they have either the wit or the honesty to think well of themselves.

It is further agreed, that every person here have his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their own charge, the author having now departed with his right: it shall be lawful for any man to judge his six-pen'worth, his twelve-pen'worth, so to his eighteen pence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place; provided always his place get not above his wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all

them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for censures here, as they do for lots at the lottery: may, if he drop but six-pence at the door, and will censure a crown's-worth, it is thought there is no conscience or justice in that.

It is also agreed, that every man here exercise his own judgment, and not censure by contagion, or upon trust, from another's voice, or face, that sits by him, be he never so first in the commission of wit; as also, that he be fixt and settled in his censure, that what he approves or not approves to-day, he will do the same to-morrow; and if to-morrow, the next day, and so the next week (if need be;) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the bench with him, though they indite and arraign plays daily. He that will swear, *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus*, are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and next to truth, a confirm'd error does well; such a one the author knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded, and agreed, That how great soever the expectation be, no person here is to expect more than he knows, or better ware than a Fair will afford; neither to look back to the sword and buckler age of Smithfield, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little Davy, to take toll o' the bawds, the author doth promise a strutting horse-courser, with a leer drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish. And then for Kind-heart the tooth-drawer, a fine oily pig-woman, with her tapster, to bid you welcome, and a consort of roarers for musick. A wise justice of peace meditant, instead of a juggler with an ape. A civil cutpurse searchant. A sweet singer of new ballads allurant; and as fresh an hypocrite, as ever was brouc'd, rampant. If there be never a servant-monster i' the Fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid

* *If there be never a SERVANT-MONSTER i' the Fair, who can help it, he says, nor a NEST o' ANTIQUES?*] Our author, and who can help it, is still venting his sneers at Shakspeare. The *servant-monster* is the character of Caliban in the *Tempest*: the *nest of antiques* is the clowns who dance in the *Winter's Tale*; and, lest he should be thought not to speak plainly enough, he expressly mentions those plays in the next sentence. I am afraid the reader will think but ill either of Jonson's judgment, or his candour, when he thus ridicules what has been generally admired by men of real taste: but I believe the sneer was designed not so much to ridicule Shakspeare for his invention, as the passion of the mob for spectacles of this kind. We are to imagine, and I suppose with truth, that the gallery-spectators in our poet's time, as well as in our own, were more delighted with the dress and grotesque appearance of Caliban, than with the poetry of his sentiments and propriety of his language. So the clowns in the *Winter's Tale* are introduced in the habit of Satyrs, with long tails, cloven feet, and sluggy coats of hair: an apparatus, not ill-designed, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh. Thus the poet:

"They have made themselves *all men of hair*."—*Winter's Tale*, act 4. sc. 7.

An expression undoubtedly designing their dress; and not, as Warburton explains it, that they are nimble, and leap as if they rebounded.

in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels; let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will among-t you: yet if the puppets will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the aforesaid hearers and spectators, That they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any state-decipherer, or politic picklock of the scene, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the ginger-bread woman, who by the hobby-horse man, who by the costard-monger, nay, who by their wares. Or that will pretend to affirm (on his own inspired ignorance) what mirror of magistrates is meant by the justice, what great lady by the pig-woman, what concealed statesman by the seller of mouse-traps, and so of the rest. But that such person or persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the author, as a forfeiture to the

stage, and your laughter aforesaid. As also such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the fool by his place aforesaid, to challenge the author of scurrility, because the language somewhere savours of Smithfield, the booth, and the pig broth, or of prophane-ness, because a mad-man cries, *God quit you, or bless you*. In witness whereof, as you have preposterously put to your seals already (which is your money) you will now add the other part of suffrage, your hands. The play shall presently begin. And though the Fair be not kept in the same region, that some here, perhaps, would have it; yet think, that therein the author hath observ'd a special decorum, the place being as dirty as Smithfield, and as stinking every whit.

Howsoever, he prays you to believe, his ware is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a baby, or an hobby-horse here, would be glad to take up a commodity of them, at any laughter or loss in another place.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Little-wit. [To him] Win.

Litt. A PRETTY conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such luck to spin out these fine things still, and like a silk-worm, out of myself. Here's master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o' th' Hill, i' th' county of Middlesex, esquire, takes forth his licence to marry mistress Grace Well-born, of the said place and county: and when does he take it forth? to-day! the four-and-twentieth of August! Bartholomew-day! Bartholomew upon Bartholomew! there's the device! who would have mark'd such a leap-frog chance now? A very less than Ames-ace, on two dice! Well, go thy ways, John Little-wit, proctor John Little-wit, one o' the pretty wits o' Pauls, the Little-wit of London, (so thou art call'd) and something beside. When a quirk or a quiblin does 'scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the constable of conceit: (there now, I speak quib too) let 'em carry thee out o' the arch-deacon's court into his kitchen, and make a Jack of thee, instead of a John. (There I am again k!) Win, good morrow, Win. I marry, Win. Now you look finely indeed, Win! this cap does convince! you'd not ha' worn it, Win, nor ha' had it velvet, but a rough country bever, with a coppier band, like the coney-skin woman of Budge-Row? sweet Win, let me kiss it! and her fine high shoes,

like the Spanish lady! good Win! go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty Win! by this fine cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Win. Come indeed la, you are such a fool still!

Litt. No, but half a one, Win, you are the t'other half: man and wife make one fool, Win. (Good!) Is there the proctor, or doctor indeed, i' the diocese, that ever had the fortune to win him such a Win! (There I am again!) I do feel conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn tongue to. A pox o' these pretenders to wit! your Three-cranes, Mitre and Mermaid-men! not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places, or so, again the next wit fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their canary than any other men. But gi' me the man can start up a justice of wit out of six shillings beer, and give the law to all the poets and poet-suckers i' town, because they are the players' gossips. 'Slid, other men have wives as fine as the players, and as well drest. Come hither, Win.

SCENE II.

Win-wife, Little-wit, Win.

Win-w. Why, how now, master Little-wit! measuring of lips? or moulding of kisses? which is it?

Litt. Troth, I am a little taken with my

Win's dressing here! does't not fine, master Win-wife? how do you apprehend, sir? she would not ha' worn this habit. I challenge all Cheap-side to shew such another: Moorfields, Pimlico-path, or the Exchange, in a summer-evening, with a lace to boot, as this has. Dear Win, let master Win-wife kiss you. He comes a wooing to our mother, Win, and may be our father, perhaps, Win. There's no harm in him, Win.

Win-w. None i' the earth, master Little-wit.

Lit. I envy no man man my delicates, sir.

Win-w. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still! A wife here with a strawberry-breath, cherry-lips, apricot-cheeks, and a soft velvet head, like a Melicotton.

Lit. Good, i' faith! now dullness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he! velvet-head!

Win-w. But my taste, master Little-wit, tends to fruit of a latter kind: the sober matron, your wife's mother.

Lit. I! we know you are a suitor, sir; Win, and I, both wish you well: by this licence here would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it as here are a couple. Win would fain have a fine young father i' law, with a feather: that her mother might hood it, and chain it, with mistress Overdo. But you do not take the right course, master Win-wife.

Win-w. No? master Little-wit, why?

Lit. You are not mad enough.

Win-w. How? is madness a right course?

Lit. I say nothing, but I wink upon Win. You have a friend (one master Quarulous) comes here sometimes.

Win-w. Why? he makes no love to her, does he?

Lit. Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you: but—

Win-w. What?

Lit. He is the more mad-cap o' the two. You do not apprehend me.

Win. You have a hot coal i' your mouth now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear Win.

Win. I'll tell him myself.

Lit. Do, and take all the thanks, and much good do thy pretty heart, Win.

Win. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the cunning-men in Cow-lane, and they ha' told her her fortune, and do ensure her, she shall never have happy hour, unless she marry within this se'night; and when it is, it must be a mad-man, they say.

Lit. I, but it must be a gentleman mad-man.

Win. Yes, so the t'other man of Moorfields says.

Win-w. But does she believe 'em?

Lit. Yes, and has been at Bedlam twice since every day, to inquire if any gentleman be there, or to come there mad!

Win-w. Why, this is a confederacy, a mere piece of practice upon her by these impostors.

Lit. I tell her so; or else, say I, that they mean some young madcap-gentleman, (for the devil can equivocate as well as a shop-keeper) and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than master Quarulous hereafter.

Win-w. Where is she? stirring yet?

Lit. Stirring! yes, and studying an old elder come from Banbury, a suitor that puts in here at meal-tide, to praise the painful brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be rest'rd; says a grace as long as his breath lasts him! some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or Win, are fain to fetch it again with Malmsey, or Aqua Coelestis.

Win. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious life with him for his diet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out.

Lit. He cannot abide my vocation, he says.

Win. No, he told my mother, a proctor was a claw of the beast, and that she had little less than committed abomination in marrying me so as she has done.

Lit. Every line (he says) that a proctor writes, when it comes to be read in the bishop's court, is a long black hair, kemb'd out of the tail of Antichrist.

Win-w. When came this proselyte?

Jok. Some three days since.

SCENE III.

Quarulous, Little-wit, Win, Win-wife.

Quar. O, sir, ha' you ta'en soil here? It's well a man may reach you after three hours running yet! what an unmerciful companion art thou, to quit thy lodging at such ungentlemanly hours? none but a scatter'd covey of fiddlers, or one of these rag-rakers in dung-hills, or some marrow-bone man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what ailst thou, thou canst not sleep? hast thou thorns i' thy eye-lids, or thistles i' thy bed?

Win-w. I cannot tell: it seems you had neither i' your feet, that took this pain to find me.

Quar. No, an' I had, all the lime-hounds

* All the LIME-HOUNDS o' the city should have drawn after you by the scent.] Lime-hounds are so called from their being led in a leash, or *leam*, before they are set upon the game, and sometimes they are called *lymmers*: this is mentioned in order to set right a passage in *King Lear*, which appears to be corrupted;

o' the city should have drawn after you by the scent rather. Mr. John Little-wit! God save you, sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of us, last night, John: shall we pluck a hair o' the same wolf to-day, proctor John?

Lit. Do you remember, master Quarulous, what we discours'd on last night?

Quar. Not I, John: nothing that I either discourse or do, at those times I forget all to forgetfulness.

Lit. No, not concerning Win? look you, there she is, and drest, as I told you she should be: hark you, sir, had you forgot?

Quar. By this head, I'll beware how I keep you company, John, when I am drunk, an' you have this dangerous memory! that's certain.

Lit. Why, sir?

Quar. Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with proctor John here, to come and do somewhat with Win (I know not what 'twas) to-day; and he puts me in mind on't now; he says he was coming to fetch me: before truth, if you have that fearful quality, John, to remember when you are sober, John, what you promise drunk, John; I shall take heed of you, John. For this once I am content to wink at you; where's your wife? come hither, Win.

[He kisseth her.]

Win. Why, John! do you see this, John? look you! help me, John.

Lit. O Win, fie, what do you mean, Win? be womanly, Win; make an out-cry to your mother, Win? master Quarulous is an honest gentleman, and our worshipful good friend, Win: and he is master Win-wife's friend too: and master Win-wife comes a suitor to your mother, Win; as I told you before, Win, and may perhaps be our father, Win: they'll do you no harm, Win: they are both our worshipful good friends. Master Quarulous! you must know master Quarulous, Win; you must not quarrel with master Quarulous, Win.

Quar. No, we'll kiss again, and fall in.

Lit. Yes, do, good Win.

Win. I' faith you are a fool, John.

Lit. A fool-John, she calls me; do you mark that, gentlemen? pretty Little-wit of velvet! a fool-John.

Quar. She may call you an apple-John, if you use this.

Win-w. Pray thee forbear, for my respect, somewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day! how respective you are

become o' the sudden! I fear this family will turn you reformed too; pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter-in-law, and may ask you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to Totnam-to eat cream. Well, I will forbear, sir; but I' faith, would thou would'st leave thy exercise of widow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reverend smock by the spray-boot: there cannot be an ancient tripe or trillibub i' the town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thyself to, when thou hast got one; scrubbing a piece of buff, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of Fannyer-alley to stink in; or perhaps worse, currying a carcass that thou hast bound thyself to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them (that thou art, or hast been a sutor to) are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can ever become 'em; the honest instrument of procreation has (forty years since) left to belong to 'em; thou must visit 'em as thou would'st do a tomb, with a torch, or three handfuls of link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make 'em feel thee, and after come to inherit according to thy inches'. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life, for to be still raking himself a fortune in an old woman's embers; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast been but a month married to one of 'em, look like the quartan ague and the black jaundice met in a face, and walk as if thou hadst borrow'd legs of a spinner, and voice of a cricket. I would endure to hear fifteen sermons a week for her, and such coarse and loud ones, as some of 'em must be; I would e'en desire of fate, I might dwell in a drum, and take in my sustenance with an old broken tobacco-pipe and a straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine ears or stomach to the patience of a dry grace, as long as thy table-cloth? and drou'd out by thy son here (that might be thy father) till all the meat o' thy board has forgot it was that day i' the kitchen? or to brook the noise made in a question of predestination, by the good labourers and painful eaters assembled together, put to 'em by the matron your spouse; who moderates with a cup of wine, ever and anon, and a sentence out of Knexe between? or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober drawn exhortation of six hours, whose better part was the hum-ha-hum? or to hear pray'rs groan'd out over thy iron chests, as if they were charms to break 'em? And all this for the

" Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,

" Hound or spaniel, brache, or *lynx*."

I can find no species of dogs with that denomination, so that I apprehend the last word should be *lynx*, an abbreviation of *lymmer*.

¹ And after come to inherit according to thy INCHES.]

Nunc via processus, vetula vesica beata,

Partes quique aune, ad mensuram inguinis hures.—Juv. Sat. 1.

hope of two apostle-spoons¹, to suffer ! and a cup to eat a cawdle in ! for that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' convey'd her state safe enough from thee, an' she be a right widow.

Win-w. Alas, I am quite off that scent now.

Quar. How so ?

Win-w. Put off by a brother of Banbury, one that, they say, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him ? I knew divers of those Banburians when I was in Oxford.

Win-w. Master Little-wit can tell us.

Lit. Sir ! good Win, go in, and if master Bartholomew Cokes his man come for the licence, (the little old fellow) let him speak with me ; what say you, gentlemen ?

Win-w. What call you the reverend elder you told mo of ? your Banbury man ?

Lit. Rabbi Busy, sir ; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.

Quar. O, I know him ! a baker, is he not ?

Lit. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream, now, and see visions ; he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too ; out of a scruple he took, that (in spic'd conscience) those cakes he made, were serv'd to Brides, May-poles, Morrisises, and such profane feasts and meetings ; his christen-name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, sir, Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Win-w. How ! what a name's there !

Lit. O they have all such names, sir ; he was witness for Win here, (they will not be call'd Godfathers) and nam'd her Win-the-fight : you thought her name had been Winnifred, did you not ?

Win-w. I did indeed.

Lit. He would ha' thought himself a stark reprobate, if it had.

Quar. I, for there was a blue-starch woman o' the name at the same time. A notable hypocritical vermin it is ; I know him. One that stands upon his face, more than his faith, at all times : ever in seditious motion, and reproving for vain-glory ; of a most lunatic conscience and spleen, and affects the violence of singularity in all he does : (he has undone a grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with currants, as errant a zeal as he, that's by the way :) by his profession he will ever be i' the state of innocence thought, and childhood ; derides all antiquity, defies any other learning than inspiration ; and what discretion soever years should afford him, it is all prevented in his original ignorance : ha' not to do with him, for he is a fellow of

a most arrogant and invincible dulness, I assure you. Who is this !

SCENE IV.

Waspe, Little-wit, Win-wife, Quarious.

Was. By your leave, gentlemen, with all my heart to you ; and give you good morrow. Master Little-wit, my business is to you. Is this licence ready ?

Lit. Here I ha' it for you in my hand, master Humphrey.

Was. That's well ; nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no clerk, I scorn to be sav'd by my book, I' faith I'll hang first ; fold it up o' your word, and gi' it me ; what must you ha' for't ?

Lit. We'll talk of that anon, master Humphrey.

Was. Now, or not all, good Mr. Proctor, I am for no anons, I assure you.

Lit. Sweet Win, bid Solomon send me the little black box within in my study.

Was. I, quickly, good mistress, I pray you : for I have both eggs o' the spit, and iron i' the fire, say what you must have, good Mr. Little-wit.

Lit. Why, you know the price, Mr. Numps.

Was. I know ? I know nothing, I. what tell you me of knowing ! (now I am in haste) sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet (now I think on't) I will, and do know as well as another ; you must have a mark for your thing here, and eight-pence for the box. I could ha' sav'd two-pence i' that, an I had bought it myself ; but here's fourteen shillings for you. Good lord ! how long your little wife stays ! pray god Solomon, your clerk, be not looking i' the wrong box, Mr. Proctor.

Lit. Good I' faith ! no, I warrant you, Solomon is wiser than so, sir.

Was. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, master Little-wit, this is scurvy, idle, foolish, and abominable, with all my heart ; I do not like it.

Win-w. Do you hear ? Jack Little-wit, what business does thy pretty head think this fellow may have, that he keeps such a coyl with ?

Quar. More than buying of ginger-bread i' the cloister here, (for that we allow him) or a gilt pouch i' the Fair.

Lit. Master Quarious, do not mistake him ; he is his master's both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What ? to pull on his boots a mornings, or his stockings, does he ?

¹ And all this for the hope of two APOSTLE-SPOONS.] They were of a round bowl, with a little head at the end, and twelve in a set ; from whence they had the name of *apostle-spoons*. There was anciently a certain unguent or electuary, which from the number of its ingredients was called *apostolorum*.

Lit. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently. A terrible testy old fellow, and his name is Waspe too.

Quar. Pretty insect! make much on him.

Was. A plague o' this box, and the pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it or brought it! do you see, sir!

Lit. Nay, good Mr. Waspe.

Was. Good master Hornet, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue: do not I know you? your father was a pothecary, and sold glisters, more than he gave, I wusse: and turd i' your little wife's teeth too, 'here she comes' 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her velvet custard on her head, sir.

Lit. O! be civil, master Numps.

Was. Why, say I have a humour not to be civil; how then? who shall compel me? you?

Lit. Here is the box now.

Was. Why, a pox o' your box, once again: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these gentlemen too, if they please—

Win-w. With all our hearts, sir.

Was. That I have a charge, gentlemen.

Lit. They do apprehend, sir.

Was. Pardon me, sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. (You are an ass.) I have a young master, he is now upon his making and marrying; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish school-masters have done nothing, but run up and down the country with him to beg puddings and cake-bread of his tenants, and almost spoiled him; he has learn'd nothing but to sing catches, and repeat Rattle Bladder, rattle, and O Madge! I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! if he meet but a carman i' the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep! he has a head full of bees! I am fain now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a gentlewoman: 'tis true, she is a justice of peace his wife, and a gentlewoman o' the hood, and his natural sister: but what may happen under a woman's government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is another manner of piece than you think for! but nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the head. God bless him.

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine fellow!

Win-w. He has made his master a finer by this description, I should think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it's cress and pile, whether for a new farthing.

Was. I'll tell you, gentlemen—

Lit. Will't please you drink, master Waspe?

Was. Why, I ha' not talk'd so long to be dry, sir; you see no dust or cobwebs come out o' my mouth, do you? you'd ha' me gone, would you?

Lit. No, but you were in haste e'en now, Mr. Numps.

Was. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay too: meddle you with your match, your Win there, she has as little wit as her husband, it seems: I have others to talk to.

Lit. She's my match indeed, and as little wit as I, good!

Was. We ha' been but a day and a half in town, gentlemen, 'tis true; and yesterday i' the afternoon we walk'd London, to show the city to the gentlewoman he shall marry, mistress Grace, but afore I will endure such another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was! Why, we could not meet that heathen thing all the day, but staid him: he would name you all the signs over, as he went, aloud; and where he spy'd a parrot or a monkey, there he was pitch'd, with all the little long-coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' run mad o' the black-buy in Bucklers-bury, that takes the scurvy, roguy tobacco there.

Lit. You say true, master Numps: there's such a one indeed.

Was. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you?

Quar. He will not allow of John's reading at any hand.

SCENE V.

Cokes, Mistress Overdo, Waspe, Grace, Quarious, Win-wife, Little-wit, Win.

Cok. O Numps! are you here, Numps? look where I am, Numps! and mistress Grace too! nay, do not look angrily, Numps: my sister is here and all, I do not come without her.

Was. What the mischief do you come with her? or she with you?

Cok. We came all to seek you, Numps.

Was. To seek me? why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your fourteen-shillings worth of small ware here? or that I had chang'd it i' the Fair for hobby-horses? S'precious——to seek me!

Over. Nay, good Mr. Numps, do you shew discretion, though he be exorbitant (as Mr. Over-do says) and't be but for conservation of the peace.

Was. Marry gib, goody She-justice, mistress French-hood! turd i' your teeth, and turd i' your French-hood's teeth too, to do you service, do you see? must you quote your Adam to me! you think you are madam Regent still, mistress Over-do; when

I am in place? no such matter I assure you, your reign is out, when I am in, dame.

Over. I am content to be in abeyance, sir, and be govern'd by you; so should he too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your passions.

Was. Will't so, forsooth? good lord! how sharp you are, with being at Beth'lem yesterday! Whetstone has set an edge upon you, has he?

Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity, I do yet to mine.

Was. Very well then.

Cok. Is this the licence, Numps? for love's sake let me see't; I never saw a licence.

Was. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't then.

Cok. An' you love me, good Numps.

Was. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you i' these 'ooleries; set your heart at rest, there's nothing in't but hard words; and what would you see't for?

Cok. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.

Was. You sha' not see it here.

Cok. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look upon the case here.

Was. Why, do so; a man must give way to him a little in trifles, gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth; which he will mend when he comes to judgment and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this dry nurse, I say still, is a delicate man.

Win. And I am, for the cosset his charge! did you ever see a fellow's face more accuse him for an ass?

Quar. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder wench should marry such a Coker!

Win-w. 'Tis true.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Win-w. I, and if you mark her, what a restrain'd scorn she casts upon all his behaviour and speeches?

Cok. Well, Numps, I am now for another piece of business more, the Fair, Numps, and then—

Was. Bless me! deliver me, help, hold me! the Fair.

Cok. Nay, never fidge up and down, Numps, and vex itself. I am resolute Bartholomew in this; I'll make no suit on't to you; 'twas all the end of my journey indeed, to shew Mrs. Grace my Fair. I call't my Fair, because of Bartholomew: you know my name is Bartholomew, and Bartholomew Fair.

Lit. That was mine afore, gentlemen: this morning. I had that i' faith upon his licence, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, John, this ambitious wit of

yours (I am afraid) will do you no good i' the end.

Lit. No? why, sir?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and over-doing, John; that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

Win-w. Do not trust it too much, John; be more sparing, and use it but now and then; a wit is a dangerous thing in this age; do not over-buy it.

Lit. Thank you so, gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

Win. Yes, do, John.

Cok. A pretty little soul, this same Mrs. Little-wit, would I might marry her.

Gra. So would I, or any body else, so I might 'scape you.

Cok. Numps, I will see it, Numps, 'tis decreed: never be melancholy for the matter.

Was. Why, see it, sir, see it, do, see it! who hinders you? why do you not go to see it? 'slid see it.

Cok. The Fair, Numps, the Fair.

Was. Would the Fair, and all the drums and rattles in't, were i' your belly for me: they are already i' your brain: he that had the means to travel your head now, should meet finer sights than any are i' the Fair, and make a finer voyage on't; to see it all hung with cockle-shells, pebbles, fine wheat-straws, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an' you mark him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his sir Cranion-legs.

Win-w. And his Numps, to flap 'em away.

Was. God be w' you, sir, there's your bee in a box, and much good do't you.

Cok. Why, your friend, and Bartholomew; an' you be so contentious.

Quar. What mean you, Numps?

Was. I'll not be guilty, I, gentlemen.

Over. You will not let him go, brother, and lose him?

Cok. Who can hold that will away? I had rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse.

Was. You do not know the inconvenience, gentlemen, you persuade to, nor what trouble I have with him in these humours. If he go to the Fair, he will buy of every thing to a baby there; and household-stuff for that too. If a leg or an arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it i' the press. Pray heav'n I bring him off with one stone! and then he is such a ravenor after fruit! you will not believe what a coil I had t'other day to compound a business between a katern-pear woman, and him, about snatching! 'tis intolerable, gentlemen.

Win-w. O! but you must not leave him now to these hazards, Numps.

Was. Nay, he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume:

well, sir, will you go now? if you have such an itch i' your feet, to foot it to the Fair, why do you stop, am I your tarriers? go, will you go? sir, why do you not go?

Cok. O Numps! have I brought you about? come, mistress Grace, and sister, I am resolute Bat, i' faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such fancy to the Fair, nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

Cok. O lord, sir! you shall pardon me, mistress Grace, we are enow of ourselves to make it a fashion; and for qualities, let Numps alone, he'll find qualities.

Quar. What a rogue in apprehension is this! to understand her language no better.

Win-u. I, and offer to marry her. Well, I will leave the chace of my widow for to-day, and directly to the Fair. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender us excellent creeping sport.

Quar. A man that has but a spoonful of brain would think so. Farewell, John.

Lit. Win, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the Fair, Win; we must to the Fair too, you and I, Win. I have an affair i' the Fair, Win, a puppet-play of mine own making: say nothing that I writ for the motion-man, which you must see, Win.

Win. I would I might, John; but my mother will never consent to such a prophane motion, she will call it.

Lit. Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one: (now Wit, help at a pinch, good Wit come, come good Wit, and 't be thy will.) I have it, Win, I have it i' faith, and 'tis a fine one. Win, long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, i' the Fair; do you see, i' the heart o' the Fair, not at Pye-corner. Your mother will do any thing, Win, to satisfy your longing, you know; pray thee long presently; and be sick o' the sudden, good Win. I'll go in and tell her; cut thy face i' the mean time, and play the hypocrite, sweet Win.

Win. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I can be hypocrite enough, though I were never so strait-lac'd.

Lit. You say true, you have been bred i' the family, and brought up to't. Our mother is a most elect hypocrite, and has maintain'd us all this seven year with it, like gentlefolks.

Win. I, let her alone, John, she is not a wise wilful widow for nothing; nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o' the mother in me, you shall see; fetch her; fetch her; ah, ah.

SCENE VI.

Pure-craft, Win, Little-wit, Busy, Solomon.

Pure. Now, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this evil from our house! how now, Win-the-fight, child; how do you? sweet child, speak to me.

Win. Yes, forsooth.

Pure. Look up, sweet Win-the-fight, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this door, remember that your education has been with the purest; what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the unclean beast, pig, to you, child?

Win. Uh, uh.

Lit. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother; she long'd above three hours ere she would let me know it; who was it, Win?

Win. A prophane black thing with a beard, John.

Pure. O! resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the tempter, the wicked tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of pig; be strong against it, and its foul temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were on the weaker side, and pray against its carnal provocations; good child, sweet child, pray.

Lit. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eat some pig, and her belly full too; and do not you cast away your own child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the tempter: how do you do, Win? are you not sick?

Win. Yes, a great deal, John, (uh, uh.)

Pure. What shall we do? call our zealous brother Busy hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the adversary; child, my dear child, you shall eat pig; be comforted, my sweet child.

Win. I, but i' the Fair, mother.

Pure. I mean i' the Fair, if it can be any way made or found lawful. Where is our brother Busy? will he not come? Look up, child.

Lit. Presently, mother, as soon as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him fast by the teeth, i' the cold turkey-pie i' the cupboard, with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of Malmsey on his right.

Pure. Slander not the brethren, wicked one.

Lit. Here he is now, purified mother.

Pure. O brother Busy! your help here, to edify and raise us up in a scruple; my daughter Win-the-fight is visited with a natural disease of women, call'd A longing to eat pig.

Lit. I, sir, a Bartholomew-pig; and in the Fair.

Pure. And I would be satisfied from you, religiously-wise, whether a widow of the sanctified assembly, or a widow's daughter, may commit the act without offence to the weaker sisters?

Bus. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite, incident to women: and as it is carnal, and incident, it is natural, very natural: now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceedingly well eaten: but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew-pig, it cannot be eaten; for the

very calling it a Bartholomew-pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high-places. This, I take it, is the state of the question: a high-place.

Lit. I, but in state of necessity, place should give place, Mr. Busy. (I have a conceit left yet.)

Pure. Good brother Zeal-of-the-land, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Lit. Yes, sir, and as soon as you can; for it must be, sir: you see the danger my little wife is in, sir.

Pure. Truly, I do love my child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Bus. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety, and humbleness; not gorg'd in with gluttony or greediness, there's the fear: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the

palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Lit. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't; but courage, Win, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth i' the Fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it o' the ground.

Pure. I, and I'll go with you myself, Win-the-fight, and my brother Zeal-of-the-land shall go with us too, for our better consolation.

Win. Uh, uh.

Joh. I, and Salomon too, Win, (the more the merrier.) Win, we'll leave Rabby Busy in a booth. Salomon, my cloke.

Sal. Here, sir.

Bus. In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't: by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea I will eat exceedingly.

Lit. Good i' faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no Jew; I could never away with that stiff-necked generation: and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for pig so i' the mother's belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Justice Overdo.

WELL, in justice's name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth! defy all the world, Adam Overdo, for a disguise, and all story; for thou hast fitted thyself, I swear. Fain would I meet the Linceus now, that eagle's eye, that piercing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quint. Horace calls him) that could discover a justice of peace (and lately of the Quorum) under this covering. They may have seen many a fool in the habit of a justice; but never till now, a justice in the habit of a fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the public good; and thus hath the wise magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful man, sometime a capital member of this city, for his high wisdom in this point, who would take you now the habit of a porter, now of a carman, now of the dog-killer, in this month of August; and in the winter,

of a seller of tinder-boxes: and what would he do in all these shapes? marry, go you into every alehouse, and down into every cellar; measure the length of puddings, take the gage of black pots and cans, I, and custards, with a stick; and their circumference with a thread; weigh the loaves of bread on his middle finger; then would he send for 'em home; give the puddings to the poor, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children; break the pots, and burn the cans himself; he would not trust his corrupt officers, he would do't himself. Would all men in authority would follow this worthy precedent. For (alas!) as we are public persons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we hear with other men's ears, we see with other men's eyes. A foolish constable, or a sleepy watchman, is all our information; he slanders a gentleman by the virtue of his place (as he calls it), and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him. As a while ago, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous pursuivant for a seminary; and a proper young batchelor of music, for a bawd.

This we are subject to that live in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers knaves; and by your leave, ours-lives thought little better, if not errant fools, for believing 'em. I, Adam Overdo, am resolved therefore to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine own discoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this Fair, in whose courts of Pie-poudres I have had the honour, during the three days, sometimes to sit as judge. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my black book for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me; under this covert I shall see and not be seen. On, Junius Brutus. And as I began, so I'll end; in justice' name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth.

SCENE II.

Leatherhead, Trash, Justice, Urs'la, Moon-calf, Nightingale, Costermonger, Passengers.

Leath. The Fair's pestilence dead me-thinks; people come not abroad to-day, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, sister Trash, lady of the basket? sit farther with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the Fair, what stuff they are made on.

Tru. Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Leath. Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

Just. I! have I met with enormity so soon?

Leath. I shall mar your market, old Jone.

Tra. Mar my market, thou too-proud pedler? do thy worst, I defy thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-poet, and an ingineer¹. I'll find a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattle all over. Are you puffed up with the pride of your wares? your Arse-dine?

Leath. Go to, old Jone, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore justice Overdo, he is the man must charm you, I'll ha' you i' the Pie-poudres.

Tra. Charm me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou dar'st; and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I'll be found as upright in my dealing as any woman in Smithfield, I; charm me?

Just. I am glad to hear my name is their terror, yet this is doing of justice.

Leath. What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies o' the best? fiddles of the finest?

Enter Costermonger.

Cost. Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears.

Tra. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread!

Night. Hey, "Now the Fair's a filling!

"O, for a tune to startle

"The birds o' the booths here billing;

"Yearly with old saint Barthle!

"The drunkards they are wading,

"The punks and chapmen trading;

"Who'd see the Fair without his lading?"

Buy any ballads; new ballads?

¹ *In whose courts of PIE-POUDRES.*] From the French *Piedpoudreux*: It is a court held in fairs, to do justice to buyers and sellers, and for redress of all disorders committed in them. So called, because as fairs are most usually in summer, the suitors are commonly country-people with dusty feet.

² *For all thou art PARCEL-POET, and an INGINEER.*] This is a sneer upon Inigo Jones, who was represented in this character. It is said too, that Jonson wrote a severe satire against him, in which he styled him *Sir Lantern Leatherhead*; and that this satire was suppressed by the king's order, but is yet extant in manuscript. This account requires some elucidation. It is certain that our author intended to ridicule the architect in the part of *Leatherhead*; and he wrote also a satire against him, which he called *An Expostulation with Inigo Jones*. As these verses were suppressed, it is probable the two facts were confounded; and it was imagined that the poet made him the hero of his satire, under the title of *Sir Lantern*, as he had really brought him with that name upon the stage: but the satire was not written till many years after this incident, on account of a quarrel between them in 1635. Howel has a letter to Jonson on this subject, which mentions the offence the king had taken at the severity which Jonson had expressed. It concludes with the following passage: "If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more copies of the satire; for, to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at court by it: and as I hear from a good hand, the king, who hath so great judgment in poetry as in other things else, is not well pleased therewith."—Howel's *Letters*, p. 288.

The ingenious Mr. Vertue, the friend of every muse, hath obliged me with a transcript of it from a copy in his possession, and hath also given me leave to make it public. In calling *Lantern a parcel-poet*, he may allude to the share which Inigo Jones had in the invention of the scenery and other decorations in the Masques presented at court; or to a copy of verses written by him, and prefixed to Coriat's *Crudities*, printed at London in 1611, in 4to.

Urs. Fie upon't: who would wear out their youth and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that had any cooler vocation? hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault o' my conscience! what, Moon-calf.

Moo. Here, mistress.

Night. How now, Urs'la? in a heat, in a heat?

Urs. My chair, you false faucet you; and my morning's draught, quickly, a bottle of ale, to quench me, rascal. I am all fire and fat, Nightingale, I should e'en melt away to the first woman, a rib again, I am afraid. I do water the ground in knots, as I go, like a great garden-pot; you may follow me by the S. S. I make.

Night. Alas, good Urs, was Zekiel here this morning?

Urs. Zekiel? what Zekiel?

Night. Zekiel Edgworth, the civil cut-purse, you know him well enough; he that talks bawdy to you still: I call him my secretary.

Urs. He promis'd to be here this morning, I remember.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be back again presently.

[*Moon-calf brings in the chair.*]

Urs. Best take your morning dew in your belly, Nightingale: come, sir, set it here; did not I bid you should get a chair let out o' the sides for me, that my hips might play? you'll never think of any thing, till your dame be rump-gall'd; 'tis well, changeling: because it can take in your grass-hoppers thighs, you care for no more. Now you look as you had been i' the corner of the booth, fleas your breech with a candle's end, and set fire o' the Fair. Fill, Stote, fill.

Just. This pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity; she hath been before me, punk, pinnance, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years upon record i' the Pie-poudres.

Urs. Fill again, you unlucky vermin.

Moo. 'Pray you be not angry, mistress, I'll ha' it widen'd anon.

Urs. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the Fair be done, you think, now you ha' heated me: a poor vex'd thing I am, I feel myself dropping already as fast as I can; two stone o' suet a day is my proportion: I can but hold life and soul together, with this (here's to you, Nightingale,) and a whiff of tobacco at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant incubee.

Night. Nay, Urs'la, thou'lt gall between the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

Urs. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of trust, tapster, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers no-

thing I say to him? but look to't, sirrah, you were best. Three-pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole half pound of tobacco, and a quarter of pound of colts-foot mixt with it too, to eech it out. I that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoke, now. Then six and twenty shillings a barrel I will advance o' my beer, and fifty shillings a hundred o' my bottle-ale; I ha' told you the ways how to raise it. Froth your cans well i' the filling, at length, rogue, and jog your bottles o' the buttock, sirrah, then skink out the first glass ever, and drink with all companies, though you be sure to be drunk; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be less asham'd on't. But your true trick, rascal, must be, to be ever busy, and mistake away the bottles and cans, in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call, (if they should chance to mark you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'em. Give me a drink of ale.

Just. This is the very womb and bed of enormity! gross as herself! this must all down for enormity, all, every whit on't.

[*One knocks.*]

Urs. Look who's there, sirrah: five shillings a pig is my price, at least; if it be a sow-pig, sixpence more; if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, six-pence more for that.

Just. O tempora! O mores! I would not ha' lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o' the bench. How is the poor subject abus'd here! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her Moon-calf, and win out wonders of enormity. By thy leave, goodly woman, and the fatness of the Fair, oily-as the king's constable's lamp, and shining as his shooting-horn! hath thy ale virtue, or thy beer strength, that the tongue of man may be tickled, and his palate pleas'd in the morning? let thy pretty nephew here go search and see.

Urs. What new roarer is this?

Moo. O lord! do you not know him, mistress? 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations. Brave master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you? welcome to the Fair: when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your back against a booth, ha? I ha' been one o' your little disciples, i' my days!

Just. Let me drink, boy, with my love, thy aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the Fair.

Urs. Why dost thou not fetch him drink? and offer him to sit?

Moo. Is't ale or beer, master Arthur?

² *How is the poor abused here.*] Edit. 1716. Preceding ones more justly, as the text is here exhibited.

Just. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best ; the same thy dove drinketh, and thou drawest on holy-days.

Urs. Bring him a six-penny bottle of ale : they say, a fool's handsel is lucky.

Just. Bring both, child. Ale for Arthur, and beer for Bradley. Ale for thine aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the very wish an' reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this discovery enough, and more : and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be : A certain middling thing, between a fool and a mailman.

SCENE III.

[*To them*] *Knockhum.*

Knoc. What ! my little lean Urs ! a ! my she-bear ! art thou alive yet, with thy litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair ! ha ?

Urs. Yes, and to amble a foot, when the Fair is done, to hear you groan out of a cart, up the heavy hill.

Knoc. Of Holborn, Urs ! a, mean'st thou so ? for what, for what, pretty Urs ?

Urs. For cutting half-penny purses, or stealing little penny-dogs out o' the Fair.

Knoc. O ! good words, good words, Urs.

Just. Another special enormity. A cut-purse of the sword, the boot, and the leather ! those are his marks.

Urs. You are one of those horse-leaches that gave out I was dead, in Turn-bull street, of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes ?

Knoc. No, 'twas better meat, Urs : cows udders, cows udders !

Urs. Well, I shall be met with your mumbling mouth one day.

Knoc. What ? thou'lt poison me with a newt in a bottle of ale, wilt thou ? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Urs ? Come, there's no malice in these fat folks, I never fear thee, an' I can scape thy lean Moon-calf here. Let's drink it out, good Urs, and no vapours !

Just. Dost thou hear, boy ? (there's for thy ale, and the remnant for thee) speak in thy faith of a faucet, now ; is this goodly person before us here, this vapours, a knight of the knife ?

Moo. What mean you by that, master Arthur ?

Just. I mean a child of the horn-thumb, a babe of booty, boy, a cut-purse.

Moo. O lord, sir ! far from it. This is master Dan. Knockhum Jordan ; the ranger of Turn-bull. He is a horse-courser, sir.

Just. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cut-purse.

Moo. Like enough, sir ; she'll do forty such things in an hour (an' you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i' the greasy kerchief : it makes her fat, you see ; she battens with it.

Just. Here might I ha' been deceiv'd

now, and ha' put a fool's blot upon myself, if I had not play'd an after-game o' discretion.

[*Urs ! a comes in again dropping.*]

Knoc. Alas, poor Urs, this is an ill season for thee.

Urs. Hang yourself, hackney-man.

Knoc. How, now, Urs ? vapours ? motion breed vapours ?

Urs. Vapours ? never tusk, nor twirl your dibble, good Jordan, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be captain o' the roarers, and fight well at the case of piss-pots, you shall not fright me with your lyon-chap, sir, nor your tusks ; you angry ? you are hungry : come, a pig's head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomach at all times.

Knoc. Thou art such another mad merry Urs, still ! truth I do make conscience of vexing thee, now i' the dog-days, this hot weather, for fear of foundering thee i' the body, and melting down a pillar of the Fair. Pray thee, take thy chair again, and keep state ; and let's have a fresh bottle of ale, and a pipe of tobacco ; and no vapours. I'll ha' this belly o' thine taken up, and thy grass scour'd, wench : look, here's Ezekiel Edgworth ; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i' the Fair ! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart, and good vapours.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Edgworth, Nightingale, Corn-cutter, Tinder-box-man, Passengers.*

Edg. That I will indeed, willingly, master Knockhum ; fetch some ale and tobacco.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen ? maid, see a fine hobby-horse for your young master ; cost you but a token a week his provender.

Cor. Ha' you any corns i' your feet and toes ?

Tin. Buy a mouse-trap, a mouse-trap, or a tormentor for a flea.

Tra. Buy some gingerbread.

Night. Ballads, ballads ! fine new ballads :

Hear for your love, and buy for your money,

A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the [coney.

A preservative again' the punques evil.

Another of goose-green starch, and the devil.

A dozen of divine points, and the gaily garters :

The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three quarters.

What is't you buy ?

The wind-mill blown down by the witch's fart !

Or saint George, that O ! did break the dragon's heart.

Edg. Master Nightingale, come hither, leave your mart a little.

Night. O my secretary! what says my secretary?

Just. Child o' the bottles, what's he? what's he?

Moo. A civil young gentleman, master Arthur, that keeps company with the roasters, and disturbs all still. He has ever money in his purse; he pays for them, and they roar for him; one does good offices for another. They call him the secretary, but he serves nobody. A great friend of the ballad-man's, they are never asunder.

Just. What pity 'tis, so civil a young man should haunt this debauch'd company! here's the bane of the youth of our time apparent. A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he has a good clerk's look with him, and I warrant him a quick hand.

Moo. A very quick hand, sir.

Edg. All the purses, and purchase, I give you to-day by conveyance, bring hither to Urs'la's presently. Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Look you chuse good places for your standing i' the Fair, when you sing, Nightingale.

[*Thus they whisper, that Overdo hears it not.*]

Urs. I, near the fullest passages; and shift 'em often.

Edg. And if your singing, you must use your hawk's eye nimbly, and fly the purse to a mark still, where 'tis worn, and o' which side; that you may gi' me the sign with your beak, or hang your head that way i' the tune.

Urs. Enough, talk no more on't: your friendship (master) is not now to begin. Drink your draught of indenture, your sup of covenant, and away; the Fair fills apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a pig ready yet.

Knoc. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tobacco: let's give fire i' the works, and noble vapours.

Edg. And shall we ha' smocks, Urs'la, and good whimsies, ha?

Urs. Come, you are i' your bawdy vein! the best the Fair will afford, Zekiel, if bawd Whit keep his word. How do the pigs, Moon-calf?

Moo. Very passionate, mistress; one on 'em has wept out an eye. Master Arthur o' Bradley is melancholy here, no body talks to him. Will you any tobacco, master Arthur?

Just. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

Moo. He's studying for an oration, now.

Just. If I can with this day's travel, and all my policy, but rescue this youth here out of the hands of the lewd man and the strange woman, I will sit down at night, and say with my friend Ovid, *Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

Knoc. Here, Zekiel, here's a health to Urs'la, and a kind vapour; thou hast money i' thy purse still, and store! how dost thou

come by it? pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

Edg. Half I have, master Dan. Knock-hum, is always at your service.

Just. Ha, sweet nature! what goshawk would prey upon such a lamb?

Knoc. Let's see what 'tis, Zekiel; count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

SCENE V.

[*To them*] *Win-Wife, Quarious.*

Win-w. We are here before 'em, methinks.

Quar. All the better, we shall see 'em come in now.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine horse? a lyon? a bull? a bear? a dog, or a cat? an excellent fine Bartholomew-bird? or an instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's Orpheus amongst the beasts, with his fiddle and all!

Tra. Will you buy any comfortable bread, gentlemen?

Quar. And Ceres selling her daughter's picture, in ginger-work.

Win-w. That these people should be so ignorant to think us chappmen for 'em! do we look as if we would buy gingerbread, or hobby-horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better ware than they have, nor better customers than come. And our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would Cokes would come! there were a true customer for 'em.

Knoc. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder! Ned Win-wife, and Tom Quarious, I think! yes; gi' me it all, gi' me it all. Master Win-wife! Master Quarious! will you take a pipe of tobacco with us? do not discredit me now, Zekiel.

Win-w. Do not see him; he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's avoid him: turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, an' he roared as loud as Neptune; pray thee go with me.

Win-w. You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along, we ha' nothing to do, man, but to see sights now.

Knoc. Welcome, master Quarious, and master Win-wife; will you take any froth and smoke with us?

Quar. Yes, sir; but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much familiarity between us afore.

Knoc. As what, sir?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to smoke and froth.

Knoc. A good vapour! will you sit down, sir? this is old Urs'la's mansion; how like

you her bower? here you may ha' your punk and your pig in state, sir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather ha' my punk cold, sir.

Just. There's for me: punk! and pig!

Urs. What, Moon-calf, you rogue?

[She calls within.]

Moo. By-and-by, the bottle is almost off, mistress; here, master Arthur.

Urs. I'll part you and your play-fellow there, i' the garded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.

Knoc. Master Win-wife, you are proud, methinks, you do not talk, nor drink; are you proud?

Win-w. Not of the company I am in, sir, nor the place, I assure you.

Knoc. You do not except at the company, do you! are you in vapours, sir?

Moo. Nay, good master Dan. Knockhum, respect my mistress's bower, as you call it; for the honour of our booth, none o' your vapours here.

Urs. Why, you thin lean polecat you, an' they have a mind to be i' their vapours, must you hinder 'em? what did you know, vermin, if they would ha' lost a cloke, or such a trifle? must you be drawing the air of pacification here, while I am tormented within i' the fire, you weasel?

[She comes out with a fire-brand.]

Moo. Good mistress, 'twas in the behalf of your booth's credit that I spoke.

Urs. Why! would my booth ha' broke, if they had fal'n out in't, sir? or would their heat ha' fir'd it? In, you rogue, and wipe the pigs, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you till your eyes drop out like 'em. (Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a while.)

Quar. Body o' the Fair! what's this? mother o'the bawds?

Knoc. No, she's mother o' the pigs, sir, mother o' the pigs.

Win-w. Mother o' the furies, I think, by what fire-brand.

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a fury, sure some walking sow of tallow!

Win-w. An inspir'd vessel of kitchen-stuff!

Quar. She'll make excellent gear for the coach-makers here in Smithfield, to anoint wheels and axletrees with.

[She drinks this while.]

Urs. I, I, gamesters, mock a plain plump sot wench o' the suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome; you must ha' your thin pinch'd ware, 'pent up i' the compass of a dog-collar (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd conger, set upright, and a green feather, like tennel i' the joll on't.

Knoc. Well said, Urs, good Urs; to 'em, Urs.

Quar. Is she your quagmire, Dan. Knockhum? is this your bog?

Night. We shall have a quarrel presently.

Knoc. How, bog? quagmire? foul vapours! hunch!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her and be drown'd a week, ere any friend he had could find where he were.

Win-w. And then he would be a fortnight weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole shire of butter; they had need be a team of Dutchmen should draw him out.

Knoc. Answer 'em, Urs, where's thy Bartholomew-wit now, Urs, thy Bartholomew-wit?

Urs. Hang, 'em, rotten, roguish cheaters, I hope to see 'em plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with lean play-house poultry, that has the bony rump, sticking out like the ace of spades, or the point of a partizan, that every rib of 'em is like the tooth of a saw; and will so grate 'em with their hips and shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with an hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips! she's able to give a man the sweating-sickness with looking on her.

Urs. Marry look off, with a patch o' your face, and a dozen in your breech, though they be o' scarlet, sir. I ha' seen as fine outsides as either o' yours, bring lousy linen to the brokers, ere now, twice a week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new cucking-stool i' the Fair, to be purchas'd; one large enough, I mean? I know there is a pond of capacity for her.

Urs. For your mother, you rascal; out, you rogue, you hedge-bird, you pimp, you pannier-man's bastard, you.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha.

Urs. Do you sneer, you dog's-head, you trenkle-tail! you look as you were begotten a'top of a cart in harvest-time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, sniff after your brother's bitch, Mrs. Commodity; that's the livery you wear, 'twill be out at the elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the t'other remnant.

Knoc. Peace, Urs, peace, Urs; they'll kill the poor whale, and make oil of her. Pray thee, go in.

Urs. I'll see 'em pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

Win-w. Let's away, her language grows greater than her pigs.

Urs. Doesn't so, snotty-nose? good lord! are you sniveling? You were engendered on a she-beggar in a barn, when the bald thrasher, your sire, was scarce warm.

Win-w. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith; I'll stay the end of her now: I know she cannot last long: I find by her smiles she wanes apace.

Urs. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Gi' me my pig-pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, an' you will not go.

Knoc. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and very idle vapours! I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious ass, we assure you.

Knoc. Humph! ass? and serious? nay, then pardon me my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, gentlemen: Any man that does vapour me the ass, master Quarious—

Quar. What then, master Jordan?

Knoc. I do vapour him the lie.

Quar. Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that.

Knoc. Nay then, vapours upon vapours.

Edg. Night. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan; she comes with the pan, gentlemen. God bless the woman.

[*Ursula comes in with the scalding pan.*]

Urs. Oh. [They fight.]

Tra. What's the matter?

Just. Goodly woman!

Mon. Mistress! [She falls with it.]

Urs. Curse of hell, that ever I saw these fiends; oh! I ha' scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a limb in the service! run for some cream and sallad-oil, quickly. Are you under-peering, you haboon? rip off my hose, an' you be men, men, men.

Mon. Run you for some cream, good mother Jone. I'll look to your basket.

Leath. Best sit up i' your chair, Urs'la. Help, gentlemen.

Knoc. Be of good cheer, Urs; thou hast hindered me the currying of a couple of stallions here, that abus'd the good race-bawd o' Smithfield; 'twas time for 'em to go.

Night. P'faith, when the pan came, they had made you run else. (This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

Edg. Not a whit; these fellows were too fine to carry money.

Knoc. Nightingale, get some help to carry her leg out o' the air; take off her shoes; body o' me, she has the mallanders, the scratches, the crown scab, and the quitter bone i' the t'other leg.

Urs. Oh, the pox! why do you put me in mind o' my leg thus, to make it prick and shoot? would you ha' me i' the hospital afore my time?

Knoc. Patience, Urs, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister as big as a windgall; I'll take it away with the white of an egg, a little honey and hog's grease; ha' thy pasterns well roll'd, and thou shalt pace again by to-morrow. I'll tend thy booth, and look to thy affairs the while: thou shalt sit i' thy chair, and give directions, and shine Urs a major.

SCENE VI.

Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale, Cokes, Waspe, Mistress Overdo, Grace.

Just. These are the fruits of bottle-ale and tobacco! the foam of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay, young man, and de spise not the wisdom of these few hairs that are grown grey in care of thee.

Edg. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed, I'll hear some o' this!

Cok. Come, Numps, come, where are you? Welcome into the Fair, mistress Grace.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Just. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, ale: for who knows, when he openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? Hath not a snail, a spider, yea, a newt been found there? Thirst not after it, youth, thirst not after it.

Cok. This is a brave fellow, Numps, let's hear him.

Was. 'Sblood, how brave is he? in a gard-ed coat? You were best truck with him, e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you, why will you hear him, because he is an ass, and may be a-kin to the Cokeses.

Cok. O, good Numps.

Just. Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco.

Cok. Brave words!

Just. Whose complexion is like the Indian's that vents it!

Cok. Are they not brave words, sister?

Just. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the Alligarta hath not piss'd thereon?

Was. 'Heart, let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will! an' they were all the brave words in a country, how then? will you away yet? ha' you enough on him? Mistress Grace, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessory. If you do lose your licence, or somewhat else, sir, with listening to his fables, say Numps is a witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

Cok. Avoid i' your satin doublet, Numps.

Just. The creeping venom of which subtle serpent, as some late writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway or assuage.

Cok. Good i' faith! isn't not, sister?

Just. Hence it is that the lungs of the tobaccoconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the backside of the pig-woman's booth here, and the whole body within, black as her pan you saw e'en now without.

Cok. A fine similitude that, sir! did you see the pan?

Edg. Yes, sir.

Just. Nay, the hole in the nose here of some tobacco-takers, or the third nostril (if I may so call it), which makes that they can vent the tobacco out, like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lis, is caused from the tobacco, the mere tobacco! when the poor innocent pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slander'd.

Cok. Who would ha' miss'd this, sister?

Over. Not any body but Numps.

Cok. He does not understand.

Edg. Nor you feel.

[*He picketh his purse.*]

Cok. What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old fox in't? the best musick in the Fair will not move a log.

Edg. In, to Urs'la, Nightingale, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first fairing.

Just. But what speak I of the diseases of the body, children of the Fair?

Cok. That's to us, sister. Brave i' faith!

Just. Hark, O you sons and daughters of Smithfield! and hear what malady it doth the mind: it causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

Over. He hath something of master Overdo, methinks, brother.

Cok. So methought, sister, very much of my brother Overdo: and 'tis when he speaks.

Just. Look into any angle o' the town, (the Streights, or the Bermudas*) where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with bottle-ale and tobacco? the lecturer is o' one side, and his pupils o' the other; but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads, and the novices pay. Thirty pound a week in bottle-ale! forty in tobacco! and ten more in ale again! Then for a suit to drink in, so much, and (that being slaver'd) so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit! and still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tobacco stinketh.

Was. Heart of a mal-man! are you rooted here? Will you never away? what can any man find out in this bawling fellow, to grow here for? he is a full handful higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a booth, sir?

Just. I will conclude briefly—

Was. Hold your peace, you roaring rascal, I'll run my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a booth, and entertain him;

make your will, and you say the word, and him your heir! heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a peck afore. By this light, I'll carry you away o' my back, and you will not come.

[*He gets him up on pack-pack.*]

Cok. Stay, Numps, stay, set me down: I ha' lost my purse, Numps; O my purse! one o' my fine purses is gone.

Over. Is't indeed, brother?

Cok. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant rogue else! a plague of all roguery damn'd cut-purses for me.

Was. Bless 'em with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! now, as I am no infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my witness) do you see, sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I! no, no, I am a dull malt-horse I, I know nothing. Are you not justly serv'd, i' your conscience, now? speak i' your conscience. Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart, again.

Edg. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but I must not be too bold all at a time.

Cok. Nay, Numps, it is not my best purse.

Was. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, gi' me a reason from you, why it should be any?

Cok. Nor my gold, Numps; I ha' that yet, look here else, sister.

Cok. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

Over. I pray you, have a better care of that, brother.

Cok. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Was. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! very good.

Cok. I would ha' him come again now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good jest? I will put it just where th' other was, and if we ha' good luck, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cut-purse nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the Fair.

Cok. Come, mistress Grace, pr'ythee be not melancholy for my mischance; sorrow wi' not keep it, sweet heart.

Gra. I do not think on't, sir.

Cok. 'Twas but a little scurvy white money, hang it; it may hang the cut-purse one day. I ha' gold left to gi' thee a fair-

* *The STREIGHTS, or the BERMUDAS.*] Cant-names then given to the places frequented by bullies, knights of the post, and fencing-masters: so our poet, in his epistle to the earl of Dorset:

"——— Turn pirates here at land,

" Ha' their Bermudas, and their Streights i' th' Strand."

ing yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me but that nobody here look'd like a cut-purse, unless 'twere Numps.

Was. How? I? I look like a cut-purse? death! your sister's a cut-purse! and your mother and father, and all your kin were cut-purses! and here is a rogue is the bawd o' the cut-purses, whom I will beat to begin with.

[They speak all together; and Waspe beats the Justice.]

Cok. Numps, Numps.

Over. Good Mr. Humphrey.

Was. You are the Patrico! are you? the patriarch of the cut-purses? You share, sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you? your hot fit of preaching again? I'll cool you.

Just. Hold thy hand, child of wrath, and heir of anger, make it not Childermas-day in thy fury, or the feast of the French Bartholomew, parent of the massacre. Murther, murther, murther!

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Whit, Haggise, Bristle, Leather-head, Trash.

NAY, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen thou vilt not be phitin call, master offisher, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and thou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o' their brabblesh would have fed ush all dish fortnight, but thou art so bushy about beggersh still, thou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, Davy Bristle.

Bri. Come, come, you told me a pudding, 'Toby Haggise; a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's go to Ursula's, indeed; but then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old fool, not leave seeing yet?

Hag. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so early; or that the ale o' the Fair would ha' been up so soon?

Whit. Phy, phat a clock toest thou tink it ish, man?

Hag. I cannot tell. *[teem.]*

Whit. Tuoart a vish vatchman, i'te mean

Hag. Why, should the watch go by the clock, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

Bri. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit. Tuoart right now! phen didst thou ever know or hear of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clock, phat bushiness soever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knows what a clock it is.

Whit. Shleeping or vaking! ash well as te clock himself, or te Jack dat slrikes him!

Bri. Let's enquire of master Leather-head, or Jone Trash here. Master Leather-head, do you hear, master Leather-head?

Whit. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him.

Lea. I have a little-business now, good friends, do not trouble me.

Whit. Phat? because o' ty wrought neet-cap, and ty phelvet sherkin, man? phy? I have sheene tee in ty ledder sherkin, ere now, mashter o' de hobby-horses, as bushy and stately as thou sheemest to be.

Tra. Why, what an' you have, captain Whit? he has his choice of jerkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or employ'd.

Lea. God-a-mercy Jone, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not sheen i' my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

SCENE II.

Quarulous, Whit, Win-wife, Busy, Little-wit, Pure-craft, Win, Knockhum, Moon-calf, Ursula.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this prologue o' the purse; but the best is, we shall have five acts of him ere night: he'll be spectacle enough! I'll answer for't.

Whit. O creesh! duke Quarulous, how dosht thou? thou dosht not know me, I fear? I am te vishest man, but justish Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Gi' me twelve pence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, rogue; pūp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut o'rke fort in her shmock too as thou canst vish i' faith; vilt thou have her, vorshipful Vin-vife? I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelve pence from tee.

Win-w. Why, there's twelve pence, pray thee wilt thou be gone?

Whit. Thou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipful man still.

Quar. Get you gone, rascal.

Whit. I do mean it, man. Prinsh Quarulous, if thou hasht need on me, thou shalt find me here at Ursula's. I vill see phat ale and

puncke ish i' te pighty for tee, bless ty good vorship.

Quar. Look! who comes here? John Little-wit!

Win-w. And his wife, and my widow, her mother: the whole family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must gi' 'em all fairings now.

Win-w. Not I, I'll not see 'em.

Quar. They are going a feasting. What schoolmaster's that is with 'em?

Win-w. That's my rival, I believe, the baker!

Bus. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left; let not your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear with noises.

Quar. O, I know him by that start!

Lea. What do you lack, what do you buy, pretty mistress? a fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? a drum, to make him a soldier? a fiddle, to make him a reveller? what is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters? or babies, male or female?

Bus. Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove of hobby-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of devils, and the whole Fair is the shop of Satan: they are hooks and baits, very baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrils, as the fisher doth; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them—the heathen man could stop his ears with wax against the harlot o' the sea; do you the like with your fingers against the bells o' the beast.

Win-w. What flashes come from him!

Quar. O, he has those of his oven; a notable hot baker 'twas when he ply'd the peel: he is leading his flock into the Fair now.

Win-w. Rather driving 'em to the pens; for he will let 'em look upon nothing.

Knoc. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you? have a care o' your fine velvet caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here i' the way, and cool yourselves i' the shade; you and

your friends. The best pig and bottle ale i' the Fair, sir. Old Urs'la is cook, there, you may read; the pig's head speaks it. Poor soul, she has had a stringhalt, the marylhincho; but she's prettily amended.

[*Little-wit is gazing at the sign; which is the pig's head, with a large writing under it.*]

Whit. A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la! tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de table-clot, and di glass vash'd with phatersh of dame Annessh Cleare!

Jab. This is fine verily, here be the best pigs, and she does roast 'em as well as ever she did, the pig's head says.

Knoc. Excellent, excellent, mistress, with fire o' juniper and rosemary branches! the oracle of the pig's head, that, sir.

Pure. Son, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? have you forgot the wholesome admonition so soon?

Lit. Good mother, how shall we find a pig, if we do not look about for't? will it run off o' the spit, into our mouths, think you, as in Lubberland, and cry, we, we!

Bus. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiveth it may offer itself by other means to the sense, as by way of steam, which I think it doth here in this place (huh, huh) yes, it doth! [*Busy scents after it like a hound.*] And it were a sin of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the scent. Enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and satisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied; your zealous mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied.

Lit. Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing!

Bus. We 'scape so much of the other vanities, by our early ent'ring.

Pure. It is an edifying consideration.

Win. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't.

Lit. Win, have patience, Win, I'll tell you more anon.

¹ *Fash'd with phatersh of dame ANNESSH CLEARE.*] There was antiently, near Hoxton, a spring of water called *Agnes le Clare*, and corruptly, *Annis the Clear*: this was the water meant here by the poet.

² *I think it doth here in this place (HUH, HUH) yes, it doth.* [*Busy scents after it like a hound.*] This passage alludes to a similar place in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, where the sycophant scents the good dinner preparing within.

Ἐρδὸς ἱερῆς ὡς μισθὸς τῆς
Πελοῦ χρημάτων μάχης καὶ κριῶν ὑπὸ μιστῶν
55, 55, 55, 55, 55.

"Therefore be bold, huh, huh, huh, follow the scent." *Lepidè Aristophanes* in *Pluto inducit sycophantam olfactientem sacrificiorum nidorem, qui totum senarium naribus absorbit*: says Vossius on this passage.—*MR. Upton.*

³ *Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther.*] My learned friend Mr. Lye, the editor of *Junius's* etymological dictionary, observed to me that Littlewit is here playing upon his wife's name: *Winny* is the same as the old word *wonne*, *manere*, to stay, &c.

Knoc. Moon-calf, entertain within there, the best pig i' the booth, a pork-like pig. These are Banbury bloods, o' the sincere stud, come a pig-hunting. Whit, wait, Whit, look to your charge.

Bur. A pig prepare presently, let a pig be prepared to us.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urs. Is this the good service, Jordan, you'd do me!

Knoc. Why, Urs? why, Urs? thou'lt ha' vapours i' thy leg again presently, pray thee go in, 't may turn to the scratches else.

Urs. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stink like you; are these the guests o' the game you promis'd to fill my pit withal to-day?

Knoc. I, what ail they, Urs?

Urs. Ail they? they are all sippers, sippers o' the city, they look as they would not drink off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'em.

Moon. A body may read that i' their small printed ruffs.

Knoc. Away, thou art a fool, Urs, and thy Mooncalf too, i' your ignorant vapours now: hence; good guests, I say, right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs o' the board, and half a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'em, and call Whit. I do not love to hear innocents abus'd: fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritan with a sorrel head and beard, good mouth'd gluttons: two to a pig, away.

Urs. Are you sure they are such?

Knoc. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'em by the teeth, Urs; where's this Whit?

Whit. "Behold, man, and see, what a
"worthy man am ee!

"With the fury of my sword, and the
"shaking of my beard,

"I will make ten thousand men afear'd."

Knoc. Well said, brave Whit, in, and fear the ale out o' the bottle into the bellies o' the brethren, and the sisters drink to the cause, and pure vapours.

Quar. My roarer is turn'd tapster, methinks. Now were a fine time for thee, Win-wife, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt never be master of a better season or place; she that will venture herself into the Fair, and a pig-box, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

Win-w. I love not enterprises of that suddenness though.

Quar. I'll warrant thee, then, no wife out o' the widow's hundred: if I had but as much title to her, as to have breath'd once on that straight stomacher of hers, I would now assure myself to carry her, yet, ere she went out of Smithfield. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances and degrees; come, 'tis disease in thee, not judgment, I should offer at all

together. Look, here's the poor fool again, that was stung by the wasp crewhile.

SCENE III.

Justice, Win-wife, Quarulous.

Just. I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a spice of collateral justice, Adam Overdo deserv'd this beating; for I the said Adam was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost: and my wife's brother's purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, Mr. Humphrey Wasp's, cholera quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the upper end o' my table, as I use, and drinking to my brother Cokes, and Mrs. Alice Overdo, as I will, my wife, for their good affection to old Bradlev, I deliver to 'em, it was I that was cudgell'd, and shew 'em the marks. To see what had events may peep out o' the tail of good purposes! the care I had of that civil young man, I took fancy to this morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company indeed; which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother Cokes his loss; which drew on Wasp's anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! and they shall ha' it i' their dish i' faith at night for fruit; I love to be merry at my table. I had thought once, at one special blow he ga' me, to have revealed myself; but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembered that a wise man (and who is ever so great a part o' the commonwealth in himself) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a public good design. The husband-man ought not, for one unthankful year, to forsake the plough; the shepherd ought not, for one scab'd sheep, to throw by his tar-box; the pilot ought not, for one leak i' the poop, to quit the helm; nor the alderman ought not, for one custard more at a meal, to give up his cloke; the constable ought not to break his staff, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; nor the piper o' the parish (*ut parvis componere magna solebam*) to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolv'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment; nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discover who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in justice' name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth.

Win. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously? poor fool!

Quar. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

SCENE IV.

Cokes, Leather-head, Waspe, Mistress Overdo, Win-wife, Quarulous, Trash, Grace.

Cok. Come, mistress Grace, come sister, here's more fine sights yet i' faith. Gods'-lid, where's Numps?

Lea. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine rattles, drums, babies, little dogs, and birds for ladies? what do you lack?

Cok. Good honest Numps, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

Was. You were best buy a whip i' your hand to drive me.

Cok. Nay, do not mistake, Numps, thou art so apt to mistake: I would but watch the goods. Look you now, the treble fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Was. Pray you take heed you lose not yourself; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety. Buy a token's worth of great pins, to fasten yourself to my shoulder.

Lea. What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes? what is't you lack? a pair o' smiths to wake you i' the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

Cok. Numps, here be finer things than any we ha' bought by odds! and more delicate horses, a great deal; good Numps, stay, and come hither.

Was. Will' you scourse with him? you are in Smithfield, you may fit yourself with a fine easy going street-nag, for your saddle, again Michaelmass-term, do; has he ne'er a little odd cart for you to make a caroch on, i' the country, with four pyed hobby-horses? why the measles, should you stand here, with your train, cheap'ning of dogs, birds, and babies? you ha' no children to bestow 'em on, ha' you?

Cok. No, but again I ha' children, Numps, that's all one.

Was. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my tenants too, they are a kind o' civil savages, that will part with their children for rattles, pipes, and knives. You were best buy a hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.

Cok. Good Numps, hold that little tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute Rat, thou know'st.

Was. A resolute fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient coxcomb; with all my heart; may you have it, sir, an' you be angry, turd i' your teeth, twice; (if I said it not once afore) and much good do you.

Win. Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

Quar. Alas! his care will go near to crack him, let's go in and comfort him.

Was. Would I had been set i' the ground, all but the head on me, and had my brains bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge.

Quar. How now, Numps? almost tir'd i' your protectorship? overparted, overparted?

Was. Why, I cannot tell, sir, it may be I am; does't grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, Numps; to satisfy you.

Was. Numps! 'sblood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembered, Numps, that; 'twas since morning sure.

Was. Why, I hope I know't well enough, sir; I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No? why then?

Was. It's no matter why; you see with your eyes now, what I said to you to-day: you'll believe me another time?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, Numps?

Was. A pretty question! and a civil one! yes faith, I ha' my lading you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose beast I am by my burden. If the pannierman's jack were ever better known by his loins of mutton, I'll be flea'd, and feed dogs for him when his time comes.

Win. How melancholic mistress Grace is yonder! pray thee let's go enter ourselves in grace with her.

Cok. Those six horses, friend, I'll have—

Was. How!

Cok. And the three Jews-trumps; and half a dozen o' birds, and that drum (I have one drum already) and your smiths; I like that device o' your smiths, very pretty well,

* *Buy a token's worth of great pins.*] i. e. A farthing's worth. The following remark by the late ingenious Mr. Davys of Shaftsbury, was communicated to me by Mr. Lye: "Before Charles the 2d published farthings in 1672, tradesmen were allowed to make them for necessary change, which words were sometime circumscribed on the reverse. The person's name, or the initial letters of it, appeared on the other side, and he was obliged upon tender, to receive them back again. They were commonly called 'tokens.' I shall only add, that the word occurred before in act 2. sc. 4: "Cost you" "but a token a week his provender."

* *Will you scourse with him?*] i. e. Will you deal with him for his horses? We usually say horse-courser and horse-coursing; but my learned friend, the editor of Junius, supposes the words should be *horse-coser*, and *horse-cosing*: the verb *cose* was used by the Scots in the sense of bartering, or exchanging. See the words *cose*, and *scourse* in the etymological dictionary.

and four halberts—and (le' me see) that fine painted great lady, and her three women for state, I'll have.

Was. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

Lea. If his worship please.

Was. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobchin.

Cok. Peace, Numps. Friend, do not meddle with him, an' you be wise, and would shew your head above board; he will sting thorough your wrought night-cap, believe me. A set of these violins I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have i' the country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles. I would fain have a fine young masque at my marriage, now I think on't: but I do want such a number of things. And Numps will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Tra. Will your worship buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

Cok. Gingerbread; yes, let's see.

Was. There's the t'other spridge.

[He runs to her shop.]

Lea. Is this well, goody Jane, to interrupt my market in the midst, and call away my customers? can you answer this at the Picpoudres?

Tra. Why? if his mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my ware as well as you yours.

Cok. Hold your peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his shop, and thy basket.

Was. Will you i' faith?

Lea. Why should you put him from it, friend?

Was. Cry you mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? what's the price on you, jerkin and all, as you stand? ha' you any qualities?

Tra. Yes, good-man angry-man, you shall find he has qualities if you cheapen him.

Was. Godso, you ha' the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for love or money?

Tra. No indeed, sir.

Was. For what then, victuals?

Tra. He scorns victuals, sir; he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meal, if the toy take him i' the belly: marry then they must not set him at lower ends, if they do, he'll go away though he fast. But put him a-top o' the table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great city-suppers, to put down *Coriat and Cokely,

and been laught at for his labour; he'll play you all the puppets i' the town over, and the players, every company, and his own company too; he spares no body!

Cok. I' faith?

Tra. He was the first, sir, that ever baited the fellow i' the bear's skin, an't like your worship: no dog ever came near him since. And for fine motions!

Cok. Is he good at those too? can he set out a mask trow?

Tra. O lord, master! sought to far and near for his inventions; and he engrosses all, he makes all the puppets i' the Fair.

Cok. Dost thou (in troth) old velvet jerkin? give me thy hand.

Tra. Nay, sir, you shall see him in his velvet jerkin, and a scarf too at night, when you hear him interpret master Little-wit's motion.

Cok. Speak no more, but shut up shop presently, friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me, and her hamper beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the mask, and her's the banquet: I cannot go less, to set out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, o' thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands?

Lea. Sir, it stands me in six and twenty shillings seven pence halfpenny, besides three shillings for my ground.

Cok. Well, thirty shillings will do all, then! and what comes yours to?

Tra. Four shillings and eleven pence, sir, ground and all, an't like your worship.

Cok. Yes, it does like my worship very well, poor woman; that's five shillings more; what a mask shall I furnish out, for forty shillings? (twenty pound Scotch) and a banquet of gingerbread? there's a stately thing! Numps? sister? and my wedding-gloves too? (that I never thought on afore.) All my wedding-gloves, gingerbread? O me! what a device will there be? to make 'em eat their finger-ends? and delicate brooches for the bridemen, and all? and then I'll ha' this poesie put to 'em, for the best grace, meaning mistress Grace, my wedding poesie.

Gra. I am beholden to you, sir, and to your Bartholomew-wit.

Was. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first purchase?

Cok. Yes faith; and I do not think, Numps, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest act that ever I did in my wardship.

Was. Like enough! I shall say any thing, I!

SCENE V.

[To them.] Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale.

Just. I cannot beget a project, with all

* To put down CORIAT and COKELY.] Coriat was famous for his travels, an account of which he published under the title of *Coriat's Crudities*. Cokely was the master of a motion or puppet-show, often mentioned in our author's poems.

my political brain yet: my project is how to fetch off this proper young man from his debauch company: I have followed him all the Fair over, and still I find him with this songster: and I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity; and the young man of a terrible taint, poetry! with which idle disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course. *Actum est*, of him for a commonwealth's man, if he go to't in rime once.

Edg. Yonder he is buying o' ginger-bread; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his money.

Night. "My masters and friends and "good people, draw near," &c.

[*Cokes runs to the ballad-man.*]

Cok. Ballads! hark, hark! pray thee, fellow, stay a little; good Numps, look to the goods. What ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see myself.

Was. Why so! he's flown to another line-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till he ha' ne'er a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter? shall I have credit with you?

Quar. Yes faith shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young pimp-errant and his squire better match'd.

Win-w. Faith, the sister comes after 'em well too.

Gra. Nay, if you saw the justice her husband, my guardian, you were fitted for the mess, he is such a wise one his way—
Win-w. I wonder we see him not here.

Gra. O! he is too serious for this place, and yet better sport than the other three, I assure you, gentlemen, where-e'er he is, though't be o' the bench.

Cok. How dost thou call it? A caveat against cut-purses! a good jest i' faith, I would fain see that demon, your cut-purse you talk of, that delicate-handed devil; they say he walks hereabout; I would see him walk now. Look you, sister, here, here, [*He shows his purse boastingly,*] let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, do any cut-purses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; begin and shew me one.

Night. Sir, this is a spell against 'em, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

Cok. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd Bartholomew.

Over. Has't a fine picture, brother?

Cok. O sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery-chimney at home o' my own pasting up; there be brave pictures, other manner of pictures than these, friend.

Was. Yet these will serve to pick the pictures out o' your pockets, you shall see.

Cok. So I heard 'em say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow; he'll have an oar in every thing.

Night. It was intended, sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blameless though; as by the sequel will more plainly appear.

Cok. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

Night. To the tune of Paggington's pound, sir.

Cok. Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la. Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! mine own country dance! Pray thee begin.

Night. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, sir, both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer.

Cok. Not a word more, out of the tune, an' thou lov'st me: Fa, la la la, la la la, fa, la la la. Come, when?

Night. "My masters, and friends, and good people, draw near,

"And look to your purses for that I do say;"

Cok. Ha, ha, this chimes! Good counsel at first dash.

Night. "And tho' little money in them you do bear,

"It cost more to get, than to lose in a day."

Cok. Good!

"You oft have been told,

"Both the young and the old,

"And bidden beware of the cut-purse so bold!"

Cok. Well said! he were to blame that would not, i' faith.

Night. "Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse, [*cut-purse.*]

"Who both give you warning, for, and the

"Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,

"Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."

Cok. Good i' faith, how say you, Numps? is there any harm i' this?

Night. "It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,

"That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime!"

Cok. The more coxcombs they that did it, I wusse.

Night. "Alack and for pity, why should it be said?

"As if they regarded or places or time.

"Examples have been

"Of some that were seen

"In Westminster-hall, yea the pleaders between;

"Then why should the judges be free from this curse,

"More than my poor self for cutting the purse?"

Cok. God a mercy for that! why should they be more free indeed?

Night. "Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
"Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."

Cok. That again, good ballad-man, that again. O rare! I would fain rub mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On, I pray thee; he that made this ballad, shall be poet to my mask.

[He sings the burden with him.

Night. "At Worc'ster 'tis known well,
and ev'n i' the jail, [his face

"A knight of good worship did there shew
"Against the foul sinners, in zeal for to rail,
"And lost (i'po' fact) his purse in the place."

Cok. Is it possible?

Night. "Nay, once from the seat

"Of judgment so great,

"A judge there did lose a fair pouch of velvet."

Cok. I' faith?

Night. "O lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse, [purse!

"Are those that so venture their necks for a
"Youth, youth," &c.

Cok. "Youth, youth," &c. Pray thee stay a little, friends; yet o' thy conscience, Numps, speak, is there any harm i' this?

Was. 'To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, 'less you had grace to follow it.

Just. It doth discover enormity, I'll mark it more: I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry so well a good while.

Cok. "Youth, youth," &c. where's this youth now? a man must call upon him for his own good, and yet he will not appear. Look here, here's for him; handy-dandy, which hand will he have? On, I pray thee, with the rest; I do bear of him, but I cannot see him, this master youth, the cut-purse. [He shows his purse.

Night. "At plays, and at sermons, and at the sessions, [make;

"'Tis daily their practice such booty to
"Yea under the gallows at executions,

"They stick not the stare-abouts' purses to take.

"Nay one without grace,

"At a better place,

"At court, and in Christmas, before the king's face."

Cok. That was a fine fellow! I would have him now.

Night. "Alack then for pity must I bear the curse, [purse?"

"That only belongs to the cunning cut-

Cok. But where's their cunning now, when they should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you? "Youth, youth, thou hadst better," &c. The rat-catchers' charms are all fools and asses to this! a pox on 'em, that they will not come! that a man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it.

Quar. 'Fore god I'd give half the Fair,

an' 'twere mine, for a cut-purse for him to save his longing. [He shows his purse again.

Cok. Look you, sister, here, here, where is't now? which pocket is't in, for a wager?

Was. I beseech you leave your wagers, and let him end his matter an't may be.

Cok. O, are you edified, Numps?

Just. Indeed he does interrupt him too much: there Numps spoke to purpose.

Cok. Sister, I am an ass, I cannot keep my purse: On, on, I pray thee, friend.

[Again.

[Edgworth gets up to him, and tickles him in the ear with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.

Win-w. Will you see sport? look there's a fellow gathers up to him, mark.

Quar. Good i' faith! O he has lighted on the wrong pocket.

Win-w. He has it, 'fore god he is a brave fellow; pity he should be detected.

Night. "But O, you vile nation of cut-purses all, [sound,

"Relent and repent, and amend and be
"And know that you ought not, by honest men's fall, [ground;

"Advance your own fortunes, to die above
"And though you go gay

"In silks as you may,

"It is not the high way to heaven, (as they say.) [worse,

"Repent then, repent you, for better, for
"And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse. [starv'd by thy nurse,

"Youth, youth, thou hadst better been
"Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse."

All. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me ha' the first, let me ha' the first, I pray you.

Cok. Pardon me, sir; first come first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

Win. That conveyance was better than all, did you see't? he has given the purse to the ballad-singer.

Quar. Has he?

Edg. Sir, I cry you mercy, I'll not hinder the poor man's profit; pray you mistake me not.

Cok. Sir, I take you for an honest gentleman; if that be mistaking, I met you to-day afore: ha! humh! O god! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, &c.

Was. Come do not make a stir, and cry yourself an ass through the Fair afore your time.

Cok. Why, hast thou it, Numps? good Numps, how came you by it, I marie?

Was. I pray you seek some other gamester to play the fool with; you may lose it time enough, for all your fair wit.

Cok. By this good hand, glove and all, I ha' lost it already if thou hast it not; feel else, and mistress Grace's handkerchiefs too, out o' the t'other pocket.

Was. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well.

Edg. Are you sure you ha' lost it, sir?

Cok. O god! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at Youth, youth.

Night. I hope you suspect not me, sir?

Edg. Thee! that were a jest indeed! dost thou think the gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? away, ass, away.

Jus. I shall be beaten again, if I be spy'd.

Edg. Sir, I suspect an odd fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Ore. Brother, it is the preaching fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your t'other purse, you know! Nay stay, sir, and view the work you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the gallows, and preach there, thank your own handy-work.

Cok. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment, you shall be silenc'd quickly.

Jus. What do you mean, sweet buds of gentility?

Cok. To ha' my pennyworths out on you, bud; no less than two purses a day serve you? I thought you a simple fellow when my man Numps beat you i' the morning, and pitied you.

Ore. So did I, I'll be sworn, brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious enormity (as master Overdo calls him.)

Jus. Mine own words turn'd upon me like swords.

Cok. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you i' the master's pocket, but you must entice it forth and debauch it?

Was. Sir, sir, keep your debauch, and your fine Bartholomew-terms to yourself, and make as much on 'em as you please. But gi' me this from you i' the mean time; I beseech you, see if I can look to this. [*Waspe takes the licence from him.*]

Cok. Why, Numps?

Was. Why? because you are an ass, sir; there's a reason the shortest way, an' you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the trick of losing, you'd lose your breech an' 'twere loose. I know you, sir, come, deliver, you'll go and crack the vermin you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the truth on't? they are such retchless flies as you are, that blow cut-purses abroad in every corner; your foolish having of money makes 'em. An' there were no wiser than I, sir, the trade should lye open for you, sir, it should i' faith, sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, sir.

Win. Alack, good Numps.

Was. Nay, gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it: lord send me at home once to Harrow o' the Hill again, if I travel

any more, call me Coriat with all my heart.

Quar. Stay, sir, I must have a word with you in private. Do you hear?

Edg. With me, sir? what's your pleasure, good sir?

Quar. Do not deny it, you are a cut-purse, sir, this gentleman here and I saw you: nor do we mean to detect you (though we can sufficiently inform ourselves toward the danger of concealing you) but you must do us a piece of service.

Edg. Good gentlemen, do not undo me; I am a civil young man, and but a beginner indeed.

Quar. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending for us. We are no catchpoles nor constables. That you are to undertake is this; you saw the old fellow with the black box here?

Edg. The little old governor, sir?

Quar. That same: I see you have flown him to a mark already. I would ha' you get away that box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Wou'd you ha' the box and all, sir, or only that that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the box to play with still (which will be the harder o' the two) because I would gain your worship's good opinion of me.

Win-w. He says well, 'tis the greater mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

Edg. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

Quar. But look you do it now, sirrah, and keep your word, or—

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need! Where shall I find you?

Quar. Somewhere i' th' Fair, hereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would fain see the careful fool deluded! of all beasts, I love the serious ass; he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.

Gra. Then you would not choose, sir, but love my guardian, justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, mistress Welborn, to be his ward, or have relation to him at first?

Gra. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, sir; and now he will marry me to his wife's brother, this wise gentleman that you see, or else I must pay value o' my land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no device of dispaagement, or so? talk with some crafty fellow, some picklock o' the law! would I had studied a year longer i' th' inns of court, an't had been but i' your case.

' May I never read word at my need.] i. e. may I never have the benefit of clergy, if I am taken and brought to my trial.

Win-w. I, master Quarulous, are you proffering?

Gra. You'd bring but little aid, sir.

Win-w. (I'll look to you i' faith, gamester.) An unfortunate foolish tribe you are fall'n into, lady, I wonder you can endure 'em.

Gra. Sir, they that cannot work their fetters off, must wear 'em.

Win-w. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Gra. Faith the same they have of themselves, sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the plea I had against 'em.

Win-w. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our manners ha' been such hitherto, and our language, as will give you no cause to doubt yourself in our company.

Gra. Sir, I will give myself no cause; I am so secure of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where John Little-wit comes.

Win-w. Away, I'll not be seen by him.

Quar. No, you were not best, he'd tell his mother, the widow.

Win-w. Heart! what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you mercy, is the wind there? must not the widow be nam'd?

SCENE VI.

Little-wit, Win, Trash, Leather-head, Knock-hum, Busy, Pure-craft.

Lit. Do you hear, Win, John?

Win. What say you, John?

Lit. While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win; we shall never see any sights i' the Fair, Win, except you long still, Win; good Win, sweet Win, long to see some hobby-horses, and some drums, and rattles, and dogs, and fine devices, Win. The bull with the five legs, Win; and the great hog. Now you ha' begun with pig, you may long for any thing, Win, and so for my motion, Win.

Win. But we sha' not eat o' the bull and the hog, John; how shall I long then?

Lit. O yes, Win: you may long to see, as well as to taste, Win: how did the pothericary's wife, Win, that long'd to see the anatomy, Win? or the lady, Win, that desir'd to spit i' the great lawyer's mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you, they long'd, Win; good Win, go in, and long.

Tra. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leather-head, we shall hear no more of him. *[They plot to be gone.]*

Lea. All the better; let's pack up all, and be gone, before he find us.

Tra. Stay a little, yonder comes a company; it may be we may take some more money.

Kno. Sir, I will take your counsel, and

cut my hair, and leave vapours: I see that tobacco, and bottle-ale, and pig, and Whitt, and very Urs'la herself, is all vanity.

Bus. Only pig was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were: for long hair, it is an ensign of pride, a banner; and the world is full of those banners, very full of banners. And bottle-ale is a drink of satan's, a diet-drink of satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity; as the smoke of tobacco, to keep us in mist and error: but the fleshly woman (which you call Urs'la) is above all to be avoided, having the marks upon her of the three enemies of man; the world, as being in the Fair; the devil, as being in the fire; and the flesh, as being herself.

Pur. Brother Zeal-of-the-land! what shall we do? my daughter Win-the-fight is fall'n into her fit of longing again.

Bus. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

Pur. To see some sights i' the Fair.

Bus. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seat of the beast, O Smithfield, and I will leave thee. Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee.

Kno. An excellent right hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking the jade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and joy Urs'la, with telling how her pig works; two and a half he eat to his share; and he has drunk a pail-full. He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

Lea. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? rattles, drums, babies—

Bus. Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou profane publican; thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobies dogs. Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol; and thou, the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that sett'st it up, for children to fall down to, and worship.

Lea. Cry you mercy, sir; will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise?

Lit. Look, Win, do, look a god's name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights.

Pur. I, child, so you hate 'em, as our brother Zeal does, you may look on 'em.

Lea. Or what do you say to a drum, sir?

Bus. It is the broken belly of the beast, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and these pipes are his throat, those feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnashing of his teeth.

Tra. And what's my gingerbread, I pray you?

Bus. The provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

Lea. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier,

I'll ha' you clapp'd fairly by the heels, for disturbing the Fair.

Bus. The sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pur. Good brother Zeal!

Lea. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Lit. I'd give a shilling you could, i' faith, friend.

Lea. Sir, give me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not; and I'll leave it in pawn with you i' the mean time.

Lit. A match, i' faith; but do it quickly then.

Bus. Hinder me not, woman. [*He speaks to the widow.*] I was mov'd in spirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be call'd a Foul than a Fair; to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the stalls, here, in the high places. See you not Goldyllocks, the purple strumpet there, in her yellow gown and green sleeves? the prophane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a shop of relics!

Lit. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'em.

Bus. And this idolatrous grove of images, this flasket of idols, which I will pull down—— [*Overthrows the gingerbread.*]

[*Tra.* O my ware, my ware, god bless it.)

Bus. In my zeal, and glory to be thus exercis'd. [*Leatherhead enters with officers.*]

Lea. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeal; we cannot sell a whistle for him in tune. Stop his noise first.

Bus. Thou canst not; 'tis a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause——

Lea. Sir, here's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall swear it i' the stocks, sir.

Bus. I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land*.

Lea. Carry him away.

Pur. What do you mean, wicked men?

Bus. Let them alone, I fear them not.

Lit. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, Win, for our liberty? now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves; my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Win. Yes, John; but I know not what to do.

Lit. For what, Win?

Win. For a thing I am asham'd to tell you i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Lit. I pray thee be not asham'd, Win. Come, i' faith, thou shalt not be asham'd: is it any thing about the hobby-horse man? an't be, speak freely.

Win. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great, what sha' call 'um, John.

Lit. O! is that all, Win? we'll go back to captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's, Win, he'll help us, or she, with a dripping-pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poor greasy soul loves you, Win; and after we'll visit the Fair all over, Win, and see my puppet-play, Win; you know it's a fine matter, Win.

Lea. Let's away; I counsell'd you to pack up afore, Jone.

Tra. A pox of his Bedlam purity. He has spoil'd half my ware: but the best is, we lose nothing, if we miss our first merchant.

Lea. It shall be hard for him to find, or know us, when we are translated, Jone.

* *I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land.*] Busy, in the fury of his zeal, conceits himself a primitive christian, just going to be martyred for his religion: who, amongst the various ways of torture, were often staked upon spears, and forks, or pikes. So bishop Jewel, in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad fueram condemnare*—to condemn Christians to the pikes. See Mr. Warburton's ingenious note on Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, act 1, sc. 1. *Pikes of the land*, however, may mean only the highest or most eminent places; but the other acceptance gives us the most humorous idea.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Trouble-all, Bristle, Haggise, Cokes, Justice, Pocher, Busy, Pure-craft.

Tro. **M**Y masters, I do make no doubt, but you are officers.

Bri. What then, sir?

Tro. And the king's loving and obedient subjects.

Bri. Obedient, friend? take heed what you speak, I advise you; Oliver Bristle advises you. His loving subjects, we grant

you; but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave; we know ourselves a little better than so; we are to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subjects going to the stocks; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough i' your places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, sir, why do you bring it in question?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you.

[He goes away again.]

Hag. What's he? bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

Tro. If you have justice Overdo's warrant, 'tis well, *[comes again]* you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button for any man's warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, sir; but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons thus, you will want 'em ere night, for any store I see about you; you might keep 'em, and save pins, I wuss.

[Goes away.]

Jus. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my warrant? he seems a sober and discreet person! It is a comfort to a good conscience to be followed with a good fame in his sufferings. The world will have a pretty taste by this, how I can bear adversity; and it will beget a kind of reverence towards me hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see, I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me.

Hag. Come, sir, here's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your leg?

[They put him in the stocks.]

Jus. That I will cheerfully.

Bri. O' my conscience, a seminary!¹ he kisses the stocks.

Cok. Well, my masters, I'll leave him with you; now I see him bestow'd, I'll go look for my goods, and Numps.

Hag. You may, sir, I warrant you: where's the t'other bawler? fetch him too, you shall find 'em both fast enough.

Jus. In the midst of this tumult, I will yet be the author of mine own rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be able to trouble a triumph.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your words? *[comes again.]* May I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the question, that you have this warrant?

Hag. What's this fellow, for god's sake?

Tro. Do but shew me Adam Overdo, and I am satisfied.

[Goes out.]

Bri. He is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one Trouble-all: he was an officer in

the court of Pie-poudres here last year, and put out of his place by Justice Overdo.

Jus. Ha!

Bri. Upon which he took an idle conceit, and's run mad upon't: so that ever since he will do nothing but by Justice Overdo's warrant; he will not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his apparel ready. His wife, sir-reverence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

Jus. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster! How am I bound to satisfy this poor man, that is of so good a nature to me, out of his wits! where there is no room left for dissembling.

Tro. If you cannot shew me Adam Overdo, *[comes in]* I am in doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it.

[Goes again.]

Hag. Before me, neighbour Bristle, (and now I think on't better) justice Overdo is a very parantory person.

Bri. O, are you advis'd of that? and a severe justicer, by your leave.

Jus. Do I hear ill o' that side too?

Bri. He will sit as upright o' the bench, an' you mark him, as a candle i' the socket, and give light to the whole court in every business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, (god bless us) an' he be angry.

Bri. I, and he will be angry too, when² he's list, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the law on's side ever. I mark that too.

Jus. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a justice, though it be a weakness, I confess, and nearer a vice than a virtue.

Hag. Well, take him out o' the stocks again; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll ha' the ace of hearts of our side, if we can.

[They take the Justice out.]

Poc. Come, bring him away to his fellow there. Master Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your tongue.

Bus. No, minister of darkness, no; thou canst not rule my tongue; my tongue it is my own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew-abominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbouring parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devis'd better upon't.

Pur. And shall he not into the stocks then?

Bri. No, mistress, we'll have 'em both to justice Overdo, and let him do over 'em as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip Hag-gise, and my beadle Pocher are discharged.

¹ O' my conscience, a SEMINARY! i. e. a Romish priest educated in the seminaries abroad.

² When his list. It should be when he's list; when he has a mind.

Pur. O, I thank you, blessed honest men!

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this madman that comes here; he put it in our heads.

Pur. Is he mad? now heaven increase his madness, and bless it, and thank it: sir, your poor hand-maid thanks you.

[*Comes again.*]

Tro. Have you a warrant? an' you have a warrant, shew it.

Pur. Yes, I have a warrant, out of the word, to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to the brethren.

Tro. It is justice Overdo's warrant that I look for; if you have not that, keep your word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

SCENE II.

Edgworth, Trouble-all, Nightingale, Cokes, Costard-monger.

Edg. Come away, Nightingale, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your warrant?

Edg. Warrant! for what, sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an' you have no warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do.

[*Goes out.*]

Edg. What means he?

Night. A mad-man that haunts the Fair; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more followers after his ragged heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had known of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing: ha! you prepar'd the Costard-monger?

Night. Yes, and agreed for his basket of pears; he is at the corner here, ready. And your prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. I, I know; I should ha' followed his protectorship, for a feat I am to do upon him: but this offer'd itself so i' the way, I could not let 'scape: here he comes, whistle; be this sport call'd Dorring the Dottrel.

Night. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

[*Nightingale whistles.*]

Cok. By this light, I cannot find my gingerbread-wife, nor my hobby-horse man, in all the Fair now, to ha' my money again:

and I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, friend, you that whistle! what tune is that you whistle?

Night. A new tune, I am practising, sir.

Cok. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune; I ha' no such haste for an answer: I'll practise with thee.

Cos. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine.

[*Nightingale sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket.*]

Cok. Godso! a muss, a muss, a muss, a muss.

Cos. Good gentleman, my ware, my ware; I am a poor man. Good sir, my ware.

Night. Let me hold your sword, sir, it troubles you.

Cos. Do, and my cloke an' thou wilt, and my hat too.

[*Cokes falls a scrambling, whilst they run away with his things.*]

Edg. A delicate great boy! methinks he out-scrambles 'em all. I cannot persuade myself, but he goes to grammar-school yet, and plays the truant to-day.

Night. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekeil.

Edg. Purse! a man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the sport.

Night. His soul is half-way out on's body at the game.

Edg. Away, Nightingale; that way.

Cok. I think I am furnish'd for catter-pears, for one under-meal*: gi' me my cloke.

Cos. Good gentleman, give me my ware.

Cok. Where's the fellow I ga' my cloke to? my cloke and my hat? ha! gods'lid is he gone? thieves, thieves; help me to cry, gentlemen.

[*He runs out.*]

Edg. Away, costard-monger, come to us to Ursula's. Talk of him to have a soul! 'heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking*, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently: where should it be trow? in his blood? he has not so much to'ard it in his whole body as will maintain a good flea! and if he take this course, he will not ha' so much land left as to rear a calf, within

* A MUSS, A MUSS.] i. e. a scramble. So Shakspeare,

"Like boys unto a muss,

"Kings would start forth and cry — *Antony and Cleopatra*, act 3.

* I think I am furnish'd for catter-pears for one UNDER-MEAL.] i. e. a dinner, or afternoon's meal, for so the glossaries interpret the word. The undern time of day is said by some to be the third hour, or nine o'clock; and the repast then taken was called *undern-meale*. See the Glossary to Chaucer, in the word *Undern*, and Junius in *Undren*.

* Heart, if he have any thing more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking.] The same is said of swine by the Stoic Chrysippus, as we learn from Tully: *Sus vero quid habet prater escam? cui quidem, ne putresceret, animam ipsam pro sale datam dicit esse Chrysippus.* De Naturâ Deor. lib. 2. The application by the poet does not seem out of character.

this twelve-month. Was there ever green plover so pull'd ! that his little overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal pears, in exchange for his beaver-hat and his cloke thus ! I must go find him out next, for his black box, and his patent (it seems) he has of his place ; which I think the gentleman would have a reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

[Cokes comes in again.]

Cok. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose too, as I am an honest man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing but thieving and cozening i' this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he ; an' ever any Bartholomew had that luck in't that I have had, I'll be martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield too. I ha' paid for my pears, a rot on 'em, I'll keep 'em no longer ;

[Throws away his pears.]

you were choke-pears to me : I had been better ha' gone to mumchance for you, I wuss. Methinks the Fair should not have us'd me thus, and 'twere but for my name's sake ; I would not ha' us'd a dog o' the name so. O, Numps will triumph now ! friend, do you know who I am ? or where I lie ? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee, I ha' money enough there. I ha' lost myself, and my cloke, and my hat, and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and mistress Grace (a gentlewoman that I should ha' married), and a cut-work handkerchief she ga' me, and two purses, to-day ; and my bargain o' hobby-horses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all.

[Trouble-all comes again.]

Tro. By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this ?

Cok. Warrant ? thou art a wise fellow indeed ; as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing with !

Tro. Yes, justice Oyerdo's warrant, a man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cok. Justice Oyerdo, dost thou know him ? I lie there, he is my brother-in-law, he married my sister : pray thee shew me the way ; dost thou know the house ?

Tro. Sir, shew me your warrant ; I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

Cok. Why, I warrant thee ; come along : thou shalt see I have wrought pillows there, and cambrick sheets, and sweet bags too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you ; go you thither yourself first alone, tell your worshipful brother your mind, and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his clerk's, with Adam Oyerdo underneath ; here I'll stay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cok. 'Slid, this is an ass, I ha' found him ; pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull fool ? farewell, you are a very coxcomb, do you hear ?

Tro. I think I am ; if justice Oyerdo sign to it, I am, and so we are all : he'll quit us all, multiply us all.

SCENE III.

Grace, Quarrious, Win-wife, Trouble-all, Edgeworth.

[They enter with their swords drawn.]

Gra. Gentlemen, this is no way that you take ; you do but breed one another trouble and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no she that affects to be quarrel'd for, or have my name or fortune made the question of men's swords.

Quar. 'Slood, we love you.

Gra. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me : and to that point there leads a directer line, than by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yoked with this bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any husband almost upon any trust. Though subtlety would say to me (I know) he is a fool, and has an estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a friend beside. But these are not my aims ; I must have a husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politic wives.

Win-w. Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say, which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Gra. Sure you think me a woman of an extreme levity, gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, this is he, and name him.

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not ? what should hinder you ?

Gra. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit ; give me so much of woman and cunning, as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a choice, without knowing you more ? you are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you have understanding and discourse ; and if fate send me an understanding husband, I have no fear at all but mine own manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Gra. It may be you are, you know not
A N

what's toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, gentlemen?

Win-w. Whatever it be, we'll presume reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And fitness too.

Gra. I saw one of you buy a pair of tables e'en now.

Win-w. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Gra. The fitter for what they may be employ'd in. You shall write either of you here a word or a name, what you like best, but of two or three syllables at most; and the next person that comes this way, (because destiny has a high hand in business of this nature) I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve, and, according to that sentence, fix my resolution and affection without change.

Quar. Agreed; my word is conceived already.

Win-w. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Gra. But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender myself.

Win-w. Why, that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleas'd.

Gra. Because I will bind both your endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's fortune, and have myself fitted with some means, to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These conditions are very courteous. Well, my word is out of the Arcadia then, Argalus.

Win-w. And mine out of the Play, Palamon. *[Trouble-all comes again.]*

Tro. Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen?

Quar. Win-w. Ha!

Tro. There must be a warrant had, believe it.

Win-w. For what?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight! here's a fine ragged prophet dropt down i' the nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, gentlemen.

Quar. Nay, stay a little: good lady, put him to the question.

Gra. You are content then?

Win-w. Quar. Yes, yes.

Gra. Sir, here are two names written—

Tro. Is justice Overdo one?

Gra. How, sir? I pray you read 'em to yourself; it is for a wager between these gentlemen; and with a stroke, or any difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful names for aught I know, mistress; but Adam Overdo had been worth three of 'em, I assure you in this place, that's in plain English.

Gra. This man amazes me! I pray you like one of 'em, sir.

Tro. I do like him there, that has the best warrant, mistress, to save your longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for justice Overdo, that's my conscience, and quit you.

Win-w. Is't done, lady?

Gra. I, and strangely, as ever I saw! what fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what, a fortune-teller we ha' made him; which is't, which is't?

Gra. Nay, did you not promise not to inquire?

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our Mercury come; the licence arrives i' the finest time too! 'tis but scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done.

Win-w. How now, lime-twig, hast thou touch'd?

Edg. Not yet, sir; except you would go with me and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the box, fallen into the finest company, and so transported with vapours; they ha' got in a northern clothier, and one Puppy, a western man, that's come to wrestle before my lord-mayor anon, and captain Whit, and one Val Cutting, that helps captain Jordan to roar, a circling boy: with whom your Numps is so taken, that you may strip him of his clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a surgeon ready to sear him. And mistress justice there is the goodest woman! she does so love 'em all over in terms of justice and the style of authority, with her hood upright—that I beseech you come away, gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair; what 'll you do, Ned?

Win-w. Why, stay hereabout for you: mistress Welborn must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a priest i' the mean time; I'll bring the licence. Lead, which way is't?

Edg. Here, sir, you are o' the back o' the booth already; you may hear the noise.

SCENE IV.

Knockum, Northern, Puppy, Cutting, Whit, Edgworth, Quarious, Overdo, Wasp, Bristle.

Knock. Whit, bid Val Cutting continue the vapours for a lift, Whit, for a lift.

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the eale's too meeghty.

Knock. How now! my galloway nag the staggers! ha! Whit, gi' him a alit i' the forehead. Chear up, man; a needle and thread to stitch his ears. I'd cure him now,

an' I had it, with a little butter and garlick, long pepper and grains. Where's my horn? I'll give him a mash presently, shall take away this dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, zurs? do you vlinch, and leave us i' the zuds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I's e'en as vull as a paiper's bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my northern cloth zhrink i' the wetting? ha?

Knock. Why, well said, old flea-bitten; thou'lt never tire I see.

[They fall to their vapours again.]

Cut. No, sir, but he may tire if it please him.

Whit. Who told dee sho? that he vuld never teer, man?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Knock. Nay, I know nothing, sir, pardon me there.

Edg. They are at it still, sir; this they call vapours.

Whit. He shall not pardon dee, captain; dou shalt not be pardoned. Pre'dee, shweet-heart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an' I list. whosoever says nay to't.

Quar. Where's Numps? I miss him.

[Here they continue their game of vapours, which is nonsense. Every man to oppose the last man that spoke, whether it concern'd him or no.]

Was. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Knock. To what do you say nay, sir?

Was. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

Whit. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, sir; there you are i' the wrong.

Whit. I tink I bee: he musht not like it indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must and will like it, sir, for all you.

Knock. If he have reason, he may like it, sir.

Whit. By no meenish, captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

Was. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an ass that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, sir.

Was. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

Whit. Pardon me, thou ought to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dy self, angry man.

Was. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no sense.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

Was. 'Slid, but I have sense, now I tink

on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see.

Knoc. He is i' the right, and does utter a sufficient vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour neither, I deny that.

Knoc. Then it is a sweet vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet vapour.

Was. Nay, it is no sweet vapour neither, sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't.

Whit. Yes, I tink it doth shtink, captain. All vapour doth shtink.

Was. Nay, then it does not stink, sir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your leave, it may, sir.

Was. I, by my leave it may stink, I know that.

Whit. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry man.

Was. How can it not?

Knoc. Nay never question him, for he's i' the right.

Whit. Yesh, I am i' de right, I confess it, so ish de little man too.

Was. I'll have nothing confest that concerns me. I am not i' the right, nor never was i' the right, nor never will be i' the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind? why, here's no man minds you, sir, nor any thing else.

[They drink again.]

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do?

Quar. Call you this vapours? this is such belching of quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind your business, sir?

Edg. You shall see, sir.

Nor. I'll ne mare, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, master Waspe, that no body should mind you?

Was. Why? what ha' you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Was. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't; do you hear, new acquaintance? does no man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, sir, every man here minds you, but how?

Was. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my question.

Whit. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i' faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I will fight for tee.

Knoc. Fight for him, Whit? a gross vapour, he can fight for himself.

Was. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why then you may chuse.

Was. Why, and I'll chuse whether I'll chuse or no.

Kno. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

Was. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

Knoc. In no sort, sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

Was. He mistakes nothing, sir, in no sort.

Whit. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Was. A turd i' your teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

Knoc. Turd, ha turd? a noisome vapour, strike, Whit.

[*They fall by the ears.*]

Ove. Why gentlemen, why gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority, conserve the peace. In the king's name, and my husband's, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you myself, else.

Was. Ha, ha, ha.

Was. Why do you laugh, sir?

Was. Sir, you'll allow me my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, sir.

Knoc. Nay, in some sort, sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this company.

Was. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, an't please him.

Was. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Was. No exceeding neither, sir.

Knoc. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Was. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but—

Cut. Do you hear, sir? I would speak with you in circle.

[*He draws a circle on the ground.*]

Was. In circle, sir? what would you with me in circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in circle?

Was. 'Slid, your circle will prove more costly than your vapours then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your beard's not well turn'd up, sir.

Was. How, rascal! are you playing with my beard! I'll break circle with you.

[*They draw all and fight.*]

Pop. Nor. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Knoc. Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit, good vapours.

Ove. What mean you? are you rebels, gentlemen? shall I send out a sergeant at arms, or a writ o' rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my woman-hood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist.

Was. Upon my justice-hood? marry shite o' your hood: you'll commit? spoke like a true justice of peace's wife indeed, and a fine female lawyer! turd i' your teeth for a fee now.

Ove. Why Numps, in master Overdo's name, I charge you.

Was. Good mistress Underdo, hold your tongue.

Ove. Alas! poor Numps.

Was. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poor Numps, goody Rich? am I come to be pitied by your tust-tustata now? why, mistress, I knew Adam the clerk, your husband, when he was Adam Scrivener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame. What are you, sir?

[*The watch comes in.*]

Bri. We be men, and no infidels; what is the matter here, and the noises? can you tell?

Was. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his majesty's watch, sir.

Was. Watch? 'sblood, you are a sweet watch indeed! A body would think, an' you watch'd well a-nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a-day. Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, your kennels, and lye down close.

Bri. Down? yes, we will down, I warrant you; down with him in his majesty's name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-holes.

Ove. I thank you, honest friends, in the behalf o' the crown, and the peace, and in master Overdo's name, for suppressing enormities.

Whit. Stay, Bristle, here ish anoder brash of drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, will pay de five shillings very well. Take 'em to de, in de graish o' god: one of hem does change cloth for ale in the Fair, here; te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my lord-mayor's man, and a wrestler. He hash wrastled so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beard hash almosht streek up hish heelsh.

Bri. 'Slid, the clerk o' the market has been to cry him all the Fair over here, for my lord's service.

Whit. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now, woman o' shilk, vat aish ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

Ove. A little distemper'd with these enormities; shall I entreat a courtesie of you, captain?

Whit. Entreat a hundred, velvet woman, I will do it, speak out.

Ove. I cannot with modesty speak it out, but—

Whit. I will do it, and more and more, for

* *The man with the BEARD hash almosht streek up hish heelsh.*] In our author's days, the stone jugs in which ale was brought at public-houses, had the figure of a man, with a large beard, drawn on their outside; and to this he compares a host, in the *New Inn*:

"Who's, at the best, some round grown thing, a jug,

"Fac'd with a beard, that fills out to the guests." Act 1. sc. 4.

de. What, Urs'la, an't be bitch, an't be bawd, an't be!

Urs. How now, rascal? what roar you for, old pimp?

Whit. Here put up de clokes. Ursh; de purchase; pre de now, shweet Ursh, help dis good brave woman to a jordan, an't be.

Urs. Slid call your captain Jordan to her, can you not?

Whit. Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet-woman to de—

Urs. I bring her! hang her: heart, must I find a common pot for every punk i' your purlews?

Whit. O good voordsh, Ursh, it ish a guest o' velvet i' fait la.

Urs. Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a pox to her, my vessel is employed, sir. I have but one, and it is the bottom of an old bottle. An honest proctor and his wife are at it within; if she'll stay her time, so.

Whit. As soon as thou cansht, shweet Ursh. Of a valiant man I tink I am te patientsh man i' the world, or in all Smithfield.

Knoc. How now, Whit? close vapours, stealing your leaps? covering in corners, ha!

Whit. No fait, captain, dough thou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a woman of fashion here.

Oze. Yes, captain, though I am justice of peace's wife, I do love men of war, and the sons of the sword, when they come before my husband.

Knoc. Say'st thou so, filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee myself, else.

Urs. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her take her turn?

Whit. Gramercy, good Ursh, I tank de.

Oze. Master Overdo shall thank her.

SCENE V.

Little-wit, Win, Ursula, Knockum, Whit, Overdo, Alice.

Little-w. Good ga'mere Urs, Win and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to captain Jordan, and captain Whit. Win, I'll be bold to leave you, i' this good company, Win; for half an hour or so, Win; while I go and see how my matter goes forward, and if the puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, Win.

Win. Will you leave me alone with two men, John?

Little-w. I, they are honest gentlemen, Win, captain Jordan and captain Whit; they'll use you very civilly, Win. God b' w' you, Win.

Urs. What, 's her husband gone?

Knoc. On his false gallop, Urs, away.

Urs. An' you be right Bartholomew-birds, now shew yourselves so: we are undone for

want of fowl! the Fair, here. Here will be Zeckiel Edgeworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I ha' neither plover nor quail for 'em: persuade this between you two, to become a bird o' the game, while I work the velvet-woman within, (as you call her.)

Knoc. I conceive thee, Urs: go thy ways. Dost thou hear, Whit? is't not pity, my delicate dark chesnut here, with the fine lean head, large forehead, round eyes, even mouth, sharp ears, long neck, thin crest, close withers, plain back, deep sides, short fillets, and full flanks; with a round belly, a plump buttock, large thighs, knit knees, strait legs, short pasterns, smooth hoofs, and short heels, should lead a dull honest woman's life, that might live the life of a lady?

Whit. Yes by my fait and trot it is, captain; de honest woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la.

Win. How, sir, is an honest woman's life a scurvy life?

Whit. Yes, fait, shweet heart, believe him, de leef of a bond-woman! but if dou wilt hearken to me, I vill make tee a free woman and a lady; dou shalt live like a lady, as te captain saish.

Knoc. I, and be honest too sometimes; have her wiers and her tiers, her green gowns and velvet petticoats.

Whit. I, and ride to Ware and Rumford i' dy coash, shée de players, be in love vit 'em: sup vit gallants, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Knoc. Brave vapours!

Whit. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash, shweet heart.

Win. What, and be honest still? that were fine sport.

Whit. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'st do it by my hand: it shall be justified to thy husband's faith, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the skin between his hornsh, la.

Knoc. Yes, and wear a dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with e'er a husband on 'em all, for a fore-top: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife to cuckold now-a-days, as it is the vapour of fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapour.

Win. Lord! what a fool have I been!

Whit. Mend then, and do every ting like a lady hereafter; never know ty husband from another man.

Knoc. Nor any one man from another, but i' the dark.

Whit. I, and then it ish no disgrash to know any man.

Urs. Help, help, here.

Knoc. How now? what vapours there?

Urs. O, you are a sweet ringer! and look well to your walks. Yonder is your punk of Turnbull, ramping Alice, has fallen upon the poor gentlewoman within, and

pull'd her hood over her ears, and her hair through it.

Alice enters beating the Justice's wife.

Ove. Help, help, i' the king's name.

Ali. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us, and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata haunches.

Knoc. How now, Alice!

Ali. The poor common whores can ha' no traffick for the privy rich ones; your caps and hoods of velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

Urs. Peace, you foul ramping jade you—

Ali. Od's foot, you bawd in grease, are you talking?

Knoc. Why, Alice, I say.

Ali. Thou sow o' Smithfield, thou.

Urs. Thou tripe of Turnbull.

Knoc. Cat-a-mountain vapours, ha!

Urs. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd and slash'd you were in Bridewell.

Ali. I, by the same token you rid that week, and broke out the bottom o' the cart, night-tub.

Knoc. Why, lion-face! ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear ruff, slit waistcoat, make rags of petticoat! ha! go to, vanish for fear of vapours. Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour. Come, brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a lady too.

Whit. Yes, fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write madam. I will do't myself for dem. Do is the vord, and D is the middle letter of maddam, D D, put 'em together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la.

Knoc. 'Tis true, Urs'la, take 'em in, open thy wardrobe, and fit 'em to their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women! my lord-mayor's green women! guests o' the game, true bred. I'll provide you a coach to take the air in.

Win. But do you think you can get one?

Knoc. O, they are common as wheelbarrows where there are great dunghills. Every pettifogger's wife has 'em; for first he buys a coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made cuckold in't: for if their wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do 'em no credit. Hide and be hidien, ride and be ridden, says the vapour of experience.

SCENE VI.

Trouble-all, Knockum, Whit, Quarious, Edgworth, Bristle, Wasp, Haggise, Justice, Busy, Pure-craft.

Tro. By what warrant does it say so?

Knoc. Ha! mad child o' the Pie-poudres. art thou there? fill us a fresh kan, Urs, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a warrant, captain.

Knoc. 'Slood, thou'lt not stale without a

warrant shortly. Whit, give me pen, ink, and paper, I'll draw him a warrant presently.

Tro. It must be justice Overdo's.

Knoc. I know, mian; fetch the drink, Whit.

Whit. I pree dee now, be very brief, captain; for de new ladies stay for dee.

Knoc. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. Adam Overdo.

Tro. Why now I'll pledge you, captain.

Knoc. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again.

Quar. Well, sir, you are now discharg'd; beware of being spy'd hereafter.

[Quarious to the Cut-purse.]

Edg. Sir, will it please you, enter in here at Urs'la's, and take part of a silken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock; I am promis'd such, and I can spare any gentleman a moiety.

Quar. Keep it for your companions in beastliness, I am none of 'em, sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the hangman is only fit to discourse with you; the hand of beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this fellow, for he thinks me such; *facinus quos inquinat, aequat*. But it was for sport; and would I make it serious, the getting of this licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged fellow mark'd; and what advantage I have given Ned Win-wife in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauch'd rascal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper yet; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare (to my clothes and my sword) to meet my tatter'd sooth-sayer again, who was my judge i' the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sav'd; for till then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these?

[Enter Wasp with the officers.]

Was. Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating rump, and no constable.

Bri. You say very well. Come put in his leg in the middle roundel, and let him hole there.

Was. You stink of leeks, metheglin, and cheese, you rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the mean time? if you have a mind to stink too, your breeches sit close enough to your bum. Sit you merry, sir.

Qua. How now, Numps?

Was. It is no matter how; pray you look off.

Qua. Nay, I'll not offend you, Numps; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Was. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an' you have any.

Qua. Cry you mercy, Numps; does your leg lie high enough?

Bri. How now, neighbour Haggise, what says justice Overdo's worship to the other offenders?

Hag. Why, he says just nothing; what should he say, or where should he say? he is not to be found, man; he ha' not been seen i' the Fair here all this live-long day, ever since seven a clock i' the morning. His clerks know not what to think on't. There is no court of Pie-poudres yet. Here they be return'd.

Bri. What shall be done with 'em then, in your discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put 'em in the stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbour Haggise; come, sir, here is company for you; heave up the stocks.

[*As they open the stocks, Waspe puts his shoe on his hand, and slips it in for his leg.*]

Was. I shall put a trick upon your Welsh diligence perhaps.

Bri. Put in your leg, sir.

Qua. What, Rabbi Busy! is he come?

[*They bring Busy, and put him in.*]

Bus. I do obey thee, the lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put a-part in the stocks for the holy cause.

Was. What are you, sir?

Bus. One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesy the destruction of Fairs and May-games, Wakes, and Whitsun-ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses.

Was. And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoice in your affliction?

Jus. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me: Adam, thou art above these batteries, these contumelies. *In te malca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend Horace says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another friend of thine says, (I think it be thy friend Persius) *Non te quæsieris extra*.

Qua. What's here! a stoick i' the stocks? the fool is turn'd philosopher.

Bus. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious relics, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery.

Was. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I'll leave you. I ha' paid for

quarrelling too lately: look you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God b' w' you. [*He gets out.*]

Bus. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in tribulation?

Was. For this once, sir.

Bus. Thou art a halting neutral; stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the heat of persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Bus. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour Haggise.

Pur. O me! in the stocks? have the wicked prevail'd?

Bus. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort yourself; an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Tro. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this? [*The mad-man enters.*]

Quar. O, here's my man dropt in I look'd for.

Jus. Ha!

Pur. O good sir, they have set the faithful here to be wonder'd at; and provided holes for the holy of the land.

Tro. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they justice Overdo's hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby!

Hag. No! see if you can lock 'em better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truly, yet something is in the matter.

Tro. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question; by what warrant?

Bri. Mad-man, hold your peace, I will put you in his room else, in the very same hole, do you see?

Quar. How! is he a mad-man!

Tro. Shew me justice Overdo's warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad fool, hold your tongue.

Tro. In justice Overdo's name, I drink to you, and here's my warrant.

[*Shews his can.*]

Jus. Alas, poor wretch! how it yearns my heart for him!

Quar. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try though. Friend, there was a gentlewoman shew'd you two names some hours since, Argalus and Palemon, to mark in a book; which of 'em was it you mark'd?

Tro. I mark no name but Adam Overdo, that is the name of names, he only is the sufficient magistrate; and that name I reverence, shew it me.

Quar. This fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Jus. I shall not breathe in peace till I have made him some amends.

Quar. Well, I will make another use of

him, is come in my head: I have a nest of beards in my trunk, one something like his.

Bri. This mad fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the stocks or no; I think I lock'd 'em.

[*The watchmen come back again. The mad-man fights with them, and they leave open the stocks.*]

Tro. Take Adam Overdo in your mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, madness itself, hold thy peace, and take that.

Tro. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

Bus. We are delivered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let us not refuse the means;

this madness was of the spirit: the malice of the enemy hath mock'd itself.

Pur. Mad do they call him! the world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth: I love him o' the sudden (the cunning man said all true), and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to madness in truth with us!

Bri. How now! all 'scap'd? where's the woman? it is witchcraft! her velvet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! 't'one. The mad-man was a devil, and I am an ass; so bless me, my place, and mine office.

[*The watch missing them, are affrighted.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Lanthorn, Filcher, Sharkwell.

Lan. WELL, luck and Saint Bartholomew; out with the sign of our invention, in the name of wit, and do you beat the drum the while; all the foul i' the Fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield, (that's one of master Little-wit's Carwhitchets now) will be thrown at our banner to-day, if the matter does not please the people. O the motions that I Lanthorn Leather-head have given light to, i' my time, since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineve, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah; with the rising o' the 'prentices, and pulling down the bawdy-houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday; but the Gun-powder-plot, there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty-pence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar; they put too much learning i' their things now o' days; and that I fear will be the spoil o' this. Little-wit? I say, Mickle-wit! if not too mickle! look to your gathering there, Goodman Filcher.

Fil. I warrant you, sir.

Lan. An' there come any gentlefolks, take two-pence a-piece, Sharkwell.

Sha. I warrant you, sir, three-pence an' we can.

SCENE II.

Justice, Win-wife, Grace, Quarlous, Purecraft.

[*The Justice comes in like a porter.*]

Jus. This latter disguise, I have borrow'd of a porter, shall carry me out to all my

great and good ends; which, however interrupted, were never destroyed in me: neither is the hour of my severity yet come to reveal myself, wherein, cloud-like, I will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two main works I have to prosecute: first, one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it.

Win. I wonder where Tom Quarlous is, that he returns not, it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Gra. See, here's our mad-man again.

Quar. I have made myself as like him, as his gown and cap will give me leave.

[*Quarlous in the habit of the mad-man is mistaken by Mrs. Purecraft.*]

Pur. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Win-w. How! my widow in love with a mad-man?

Pur. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you.

Quar. By whose warrant? leave your canting, gentlewoman, have I found you? (save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye) where's your book? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

[*He desires to see the book of mistress Grace.*]

Gra. What would you with it, sir?

Quar. Mark it again and again at your service.

Gra. Here it is, sir, this was it you mark'd.

Quar. Palemone? fare you well, fare you well.

Win-w. How, Palemone!

Gra. Yes faith, he has discover'd it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to dis-

! Pod was a master of motions before him.

guise it longer, I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

Win-w. And you have him, mistress, believe it, that shall never give you cause to repent her benefit, but make you rather to think, that in this choice she had both her eyes.

Gra. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

Quar. Palemon the word, and Win-wife the man?

Pur. Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke-fellow in your madness, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Quar. Away, you are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad; fitter for woods, and the society of beasts, than houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of canters, out-laws to order and discipline, and the only privileg'd church-robbers of Christendom. Let me alone, Palemon the word, and Win-wife the man?

Pur. I must uncover myself unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the cunning men's promises. Good sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand pound; my love to you is become my rack, I'll tell you all and the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the party-colour'd brotherhood. These seven years I have been a wilful holy widow, only to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors: I am also by office an assisting sister of the deacons, and a devourer, instead of a distributor of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed brethren, with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect: as also our poor handsome young virgins, with our wealthy batchelors, or widowers; to make them steal from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding drab into a silent minister, than make me leave pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto them. Our elder, Zeal-of-the-land, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himself rich, by being made a fooler in trust to deceased brethren, and cozening their heirs, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus having eas'd my conscience, and utter'd my heart with the tongue of my love: enjoy all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, sir!

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He considers with himself of it.*] Why should I not marry this six thousand pound, now I think on't? and a good trade too that she has beside, ha? the t'other

wench, Win-wife is sure of; there's no expectation for me there! Here I may make myself some saver, yet, if she continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should not I marry the money when 'tis offered me? I have a licence and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolv'd; I were truly mad an' I would not! Well, come your ways, follow me, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

[*He takes her along with him.*]

Pur. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Jus. Sir, let me speak with you.

[*The Justice calls him.*]

Quar. By whose warrant?

Jus. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; Justice Overdo's! I am the man, Friend Trouble-all, though thus disguis'd (as the careful magistrate ought) for the good of the republic in the Fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or meat, or drink, or clothes? speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you, what want you?

Quar. Nothing but your warrant.

Jus. My warrant? for what?

Quar. To be gone, sir.

Jus. Nay, I pray thee stay; I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Quar. Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole Fair that I know.

Jus. If it were to any end, thou should'st have it willingly.

Quar. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough to look on; an' you will not gi' it me, let me go.

Jus. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently; I'll but step into the scrivener's here by, and bring it. Do not go away.

[*The Justice goes out.*]

Quar. Why, this mad-man's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think! Can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't. He is come already!

[*And returns.*]

Jus. Look thee! here is my hand and seal, Adam Overdo; if there be any thing to be written above in that paper that thou want'st now, or any time hereafter, think on't, it is my deed, I deliver it so; can your friend write?

Quar. Her hand for a witness, and all is well.

Jus. With all my heart.

[*He urgeth Mrs. Pure-craft.*]

Quar. Why should not I ha' the conscience to make this a bond of a thousand pound now, or what I would else?

Jus. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my deed again.

Suar. Let us now proceed in madness.

[He takes her in with him.]

Jus. Well, my conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet Adam hath offer'd satisfaction! The sting is remov'd from hence! Poor man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now for my other work, reducing the young man (I have follow'd so long in love) from the brink of his bane to the centre of safety. Here, or in some such like vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good time.

SCENE III.

Cokes, Sharkwell, Justice, Filcher, Little-wit, Lantern.

Cok. How now? what's here to do, friend? art thou the master of the monuments?

Sha. 'Tis a motion, an't please your worship.

Jus. My fantastical brother-in-law, master Bartholomew Cokes!

Cok. A motion, what's that? *[He reads the bill.]* The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of True Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bank-side? pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an enterlude? or what is't?

Fil. Yes, sir, please you come near, we'll take your money within.

Cok. Back with these children; they do so follow me up and down.

[The boys o' the Fair follow him.]

Little-w. By your leave, friend.

Fil. You must pay, sir, an' you go in.

Little-w. Who, I? I perceive thou know'st not me; call the master o' the motion.

Sha. What, do you not know the author, fellow Filcher? You must take no money of him; he must come in gratis: master Little-wit is a voluntary; he is the author.

Little-w. Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the author, till we see how it passes.

Cok. Master Little-wit, how dost thou?

Little-w. Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet and hose, without a cloke or a hat?

Cok. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I have lost all i' the Fair, and all my acquaintance too; didst thou meet any body that I know, master Little-wit? my man Numps, or my sister Overdo, or mistress Grace? Pray thee, master Little-wit, lend me some money to see the enterlude here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have money enough there.

Little-w. O, sir, you shall command it; what, will a crown serve you?

Cok. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, fellows?

Fil. Two-pence, sir.

Cok. Two-pence? there's twelve-pence, friend: nay, I am a gallant, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my man about me, and my artillery again.

Little-w. Your man was i' the stocks e'c'a now, sir.

Cok. Who, Numps?

Little-w. Yes faith.

Cok. For what i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now! What manner of matter is this, Mr. Little-wit? what kind of actors ha' you? are they good actors?

Little-w. Pretty youths, sir, all children both old and young; here's the master of 'em—

[Lan. Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.] [Leatherhead whispers to Little-wit.]

Little-w. Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

Cok. In good time, sir, I would fain see 'em, I would be glad to drink with the young company; which is the tiring-house?

Lan. Troth, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cok. No, not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me feather and all, as I was once today? ha' you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to bring stools, fill tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? let me see some o' your actors.

Little-w. Shew him 'em, shew him 'em. Master Lantern, this is a gentlemen that is a favourer of the quality.

Jus. I, the favouring of this licentious quality is the consumption of many a young gentleman; a pernicious enormity.

Cok. What, do they live in baskets?

[He brings them out in a basket.]

Lan. They do lie in a basket, sir, they are o' the small players.

Cok. These be players minors indeed. Do you call these players?

Lan. They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb-shows: indeed, I am the mouth of 'em all.

Cok. Thy mouth will hold 'em all. I think one taylor would go near to beat all this company with a hand bound behind him.

Little-w. I, and eat 'em all too, an' they were in cake-bread.

Cok. I thank you for that, master Little-wit, a good jest! which is your Burbage now?

Lan. What mean you by that, sir?

Cok. Your best actor; your Field?

Little-w. Good! i' faith! you are even with me, sir.

Lan. This is he, that acts young Leander, sir. He is extremely beloved of the women-kind, they do so affect his action, the green gamsters, that come here; and this is lovely Hero; this with the beard, Damon; and this, pretty Pythias: this is the ghost of king Dionysius in the habit of a scrivener; as you shall see anon at large.

Cok. Well, they are a civil company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to flatter, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'em, or making 'em drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness. Do they use to play perfect? Are they never fluster'd?

Lan. No, sir, I thank my industry and policy for it; they are as well govern'd a company, though I say it—And here is young Leander, is as proper an actor, of his inches, and shakes his head like an hostler.¹

Cok. But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that.

Lan. By no means, sir.

Cok. No? how then?

Lan. A better way, sir, that is too learned and poetical for our audience: what do they know what Hellespont is? guilty of true love's blood? or what Abydos is? or the other, Sestos hight?

Cok. Th' art i' the right, I do not know myself.

Lan. No, I have entreated master Little-w to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

Cok. How, I pray thee, good master Little-wit?

Little-w. It pleases him to make a matter of it, sir. But there is no such matter, I assure you: I have only made it a little easy, and modern for the times, sir, that's all. As for the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander I make a dyer's son about Puddle-wharf: and Hero a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish-street, Leander spies her land at Trig-stairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphos'd himself into a drawer, and he strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry; and other pretty passages there are o' the friendship, that will delight you, sir, and please you of judgment.

Cok. I'll be sworn they shall: I am in love

with the actors already, and I'll be allied to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellows :) Hero shall be my fairing; but which of my fairings? (Le' me see) i' faith, my fiddle! and Leander my fiddlestick: then Damon my drum; and Pythias my pipe, and the ghost of Dionysius my hobby-horse. All fitted.

SCENE IV.

[To them] *Win-wife, Grace, Knockhum, Whit, Edgworth, Win, Mistress Ocerdo, and [to them] Waspe.*

Win-w. Look yonder's your Cokes gotten in among his play-fellows; I thought we could not miss him at such a spectacle.

Gra. Let him alone, he is so busy, he will never spy us.

Lan. Nay, good sir.

Cok. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow; what dost think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a wife.

[Cokes is handling the puppets.]

Little-w. Well, good master Lantern, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my wife, and look you be perfect, you undo me else i' my reputation.

Lan. I warrant you, sir, do not you breed too great an expectation of it among your friends; that's the only hurter of these things.

Little-w. No, no, no

Cok. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Win-w. How diligent and troublesome he is.

Gra. The place becomes him, methinks.

Jus. My ward, mistress Grace, in the company of a stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover myself before my time.

Fil. Two-pence apiece, gentlemen, an excellent motion. [The door-keepers speak.]

Kno. Shall we have fine fire-works, and good vapours?

Sha. Yes, captain, and water-works too.

Whit. I pree dew take a care o' dy shmall lady there, Edgworth: I will look to disk tall lady myself.

Lan. Welcome gentlemen, welcome gentlemen.

Whit. Predee mashter o' de Monstherish, help a very sick lady here to a chair to shit in.

Lan. Presently, sir.

¹ *And shakes his head like an hostler.*] These reflections on the players were easily entered into by the audience of our author's time. In the expression above, unless, like other learned commentators, we see more in the poet than he really intended, it is not impossible but he glanced at a particular actor, whose name furnished him with an equivocal allusion. There was one *Will. Ostler*, a comedian, in those days, and who was generally a performer in Jonson's pieces. The pun, if one was designed, though unworthy of the poet, would pass in that age of conundrums; and unless we suppose something of that kind intended, we must imagine the *hostlers* then had a faculty, which the present generation are not possessed of.

Whit. Good fait now, Ursula's ale and aquavix ish to blame for't; shit down, shweet heart, shit down and sleep a little.

[They bring Mrs. Overdo a chair.]

Edg. Madam, you are very welcome hither.

[vapours.]

Kno. Yes, and you shall see very good

Jus. Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good company: and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should resort hither!

[By Edgworth.]

Edg. There is a very private house, madam.

[The Cut-purse courts mistress Little-wit.]

Lan. Will it please your ladyship sit, madam?

Win. Yes, goodman. They do so all-to-be-mad: an me, I think they think me a very lady!

Edg. What else, madam?

Win. Must I put off my mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Win. How should my husband know me then?

Kno. Husband? an idle vapour, he must not know you, nor you him! there's the true vapour.

Jus. Yea, I will observe more of this: is this a lady, friend?

Whit. I, and dat is anoder lady, shweet-heart: if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder-order on 'em.

Jus. I? this will prove my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

Edg. Is not this a finer life, lady, than to be clogg'd with a husband?

Win. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow, in the name o' the motion?

Edg. By-and-by, madam; they stay but for company.

Kno. Do you hear, puppet-master, these are tedious vapours, when begin you?

Lan. We stay but for master Little-wit, the author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

Win. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, lady; but now you are no such poor thing.

Kno. Hang the author's wife, a running vapour! here be ladies will stay for ne'er a Delia o' 'em all.

Whit. But hear me now, here ish one o' de ladish ashleep, stay till shuee but vake, man.

[do]

Was. How now, friends? what's here to

Fil. Two-pence a-piece, sir, the best motion in the Fair. *[The door-keepers again.]*

Was. I believe you lie? if you do, I'll have my money again, and beat you.

Win. Numps is come!

Was. Did you see a master of mine come in here, a tall young squire of Harrow o' the Hill, master Bartholomew Cokes?

Fil. I think there be such a one within.

Was. Look he be, you were best: but it

is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' been at the Eagle, and the Black Wolf, and the Bull with the five legs and two pizzlies: (he was a calf at Ug-bridge-fair two years ago!) and at the dogs that dance the morrice, and the hare of the Tabor; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cok. Come, come, are you ready now?

Lan. Presently, sir.

Was. Hoyday, he's at work in his doublet and hose: do you hear, sir? are you employ'd, that you are bare-headed and so busy?

Cok. Hold your peace, Numps; you have been i' the stocks, I hear.

Was. Does he know that? nay, then the date of my authority is out; I must think no longer to reign, my government is at an end. He that will correct another, must want fault in himself.

Win-w. Sententious Numps! I never heard so much from him before.

Lan. Sure, master Little-wit will not come; please you take your place, sir; we'll begin.

Cok. I pray thee do, mine ears long to be at it, and my eyes too. O Numps, i' the stocks, Numps? where's your sword, Numps?

Was. I pray you intend your game, sir, let me alone.

Cok. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, Numps; I'll interpret to thee: did you see mistress Grace? It's no matter, neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Win-w. A great deal of love and care he expresses.

Gra. Alas! would you have him to express more than he has? that were tyranny.

Cok. Peace, ho; now, now.

Lan. Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,

"Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander.

"With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a scarf, [Puddle-wharf;

"For he yet serves his father, a dyer at

"Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus,

"As the Bank-side is our Sestos; and let it not be deny'd us.

"Now as he is beating, to make the dye take the fuller, [in a sculler;

"Who chances to come by, but fair Hero

"And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf, [and an half.

"Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye

"Now she is landed, and the sculler come back, [doth lack.

"By-and-by you shall see what Leander

"Pap. L. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

"Lan. That is the sculler's name, without controul.

"Pap. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

"Lan. We do hear you.

"*Pup. L.* Old Cole.
 "*Lan.* Old Cole? is the dyer turn'd collier? how do you sell?
 "*Pup. L.* A pox o' your manners, kiss my hole here, and smell.
 "*Lan.* Kiss your hole and smell? there's manners indeed.
 "*Pup. L.* Why, Cole, I say, Cole.
 "*Lan.* It's the sculler you need.
 "*Pup. L.* I, and be hang'd.
 "*Lan.* Be hang'd; look you yonder.
 "Old Cole, you must go hang with master Leander,
 "*Pup. C.* Where is he? [fairs,
 "*Pup. L.* Here, Cole: what fairest of
 "Was that fare that thou landedst but now at Trig-stairs?"
 Cok. What was that, fellow? pray thee tell me, I scarce understand 'em.
 "*Lan.* Leander does ask, sir, what fairest of fairs, [stairs?
 "Was the fare he landed but now at Trig-
 "*Pup. C.* It is lovely Hero.
 "*Pup. L.* Nero?
 "*Pup. C.* No, Hero.
 "*Lan.* It is Hero
 "Of the Bank-side, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,
 "Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.
 "Leander says no more, but as fast as he can, [to the Swan."
 "Gets on all his best clothes, and will after Cok. Most admirable good, is't not?
 "*Lan.* Stay, sculler.
 "*Pup. C.* What say you?
 "*Lan.* You must stay for Leander,
 "And carry him to the wench.
 "*Pup. C.* You rogue, I am no pandar."
 Cok. He says he is no pandar. 'Tis a fine language; I understand it now.
 "*Lan.* Are you no pandar, Goodman Cole? here's no man says you are:
 "You'll grow a hot cole, it seems, pray you stay for your fare.
 "*Pup. C.* Will he come away?
 "*Lan.* What do you say?
 "*Pup. C.* I'd ha' him come away.
 "*Lan.* Would you ha' Leander come away? why, pray, sir, stay.
 "You're angry, Goodman Cole; I believe the fair maid
 "Came over with you a' trust: tell us, sculler, are you paid?
 "*Pup. C.* Yes, Goodman Hogrubber o' Picket-hatch.
 "*Lan.* How? Hogrubber o' Picket-hatch.
 "*Pup. C.* I, Hogrubber o' Picket-hatch. Take you that.
 [The Puppet strikes him over the pate.
 "*Lan.* O, my head!
 "*Pup. C.* Harm watch, harm catch."
 Cok. Harm watch, harm catch, he says; very good i' faith: the sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, sirrah.
 "*Lan.* Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.

"*Pup. L.* Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row.
 "*Lan.* You are knavishly loaden, sculler, take heed where you go.
 "*Pup. C.* Knave i' your face, Goodman rogue.
 "*Pup. L.* Row, row, row, row, row."
 Cok. He said, knave i' your face, friend.
 "*Lan.* I, sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these watermen, they will ha' the last word.
 Cok. God's my life! I am not allied to the sculler yet; he shall be Dauphin my boy. But my fiddle-stick does fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee speak to him on't; tell him I would have him tarry in my sight more.
 "*Lan.* I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, sir.
 "Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
 "But that you have heard of a little god of love call'd Cupid;
 "Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
 "This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer.
 "And because he would have their first meeting to be merry,
 "He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry;
 "Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,
 "Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.
 [Puppet Leander goes into mistress Hero's room.
 "*Pup. Jo.* A pint of sack, score a pint of sack i' the Conney."
 Cok. Sack? you said but e'en now it should be sherry.
 "*Pup. Jo.* Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry."
 Cok. Sherry, sherry, sherry. By my troth he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid too. Let me see, thou might'st help me now, an' thou wouldst, Numps, at a dead lift; but thou art dreaming o' the stocks still. Do not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a nine-days wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.
 "*Was.* I would the stocks were about your neck, sir; condition I hung by the heels in them till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.
 Cok. Well said, resolute Numps: but hark you, friend, where's the friendship all this while between my drum Damon, and my pipe Pythias?
 "*Lan.* You shall see by-and-by, sir.
 Cok. You think my hobby-horse is forgotten too; no, I'll see 'em all enact before I go; I shall not know which to love best else.
 "*Kno.* This gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours; Whit, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pre dee, captain, let him alone; he is a child i' faith, la.

"*Lan.* Now gentles, to the friends, who in number are two,

" And lodg'd in that ale-house in which fair Hero does do.

" *Damon* (for some kindness done him the last week)

" Is come, fair Hero, in Fish-street, this morning to seek:

" *Pythias* does smell the knavery of the meeting,

" And now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

" *Pup. P.* You whore-masterly slave, you."

Cok. Whore-masterly slave you? very friendly and familiar, that.

" *Pup. D.* Whore-master i' thy face,

" Thou hast lain with her thyself, I'll prove't i' this place."

Cok. *Damon* says *Pythias* has lain with her himself, he'll prove't in this place.

" *Lan.* They are whore-masters both, sir, that's a plain case.

" *Pup. P.* You lie like a rogue.

" *Lan.* Do I lie like a rogue?

" *Pup. P.* A pimp and a scab.

" *Lan.* A pimp and a scab? [one drab.

" I say, between you, you have both but

" *Pup. D.* You lie again.

" *Lan.* Do I lie again?

" *Pup. D.* Like a rogue again.

" *Lan.* Like a rogue again?

" *Pup. P.* And you are a pimp again."

Cok. And you are a pimp again, he says.

" *Pup. D.* And a scab again."

Cok. And a scab again, he says.

" *Lan.* And I say again, you are both whore-masters again.

" And you have both but one drab again.

[*They fight.*

" *Pup. D. P.* Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?

" *Lan.* What, both at once?

" *Pup. P.* Down with him, *Damon.*

" *Pup. D.* Pink his guts, *Pythias.*

" *Lan.* What, so malicious?

" Will ye murder me, masters both, i' my own house?"

Cok. Ho! well acted, my drum, well acted, my pipe, well acted still.

Wax. Well acted, with all my heart.

" *Lan.* Hold, hold your hands."

Cok. I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha' both done well.

" *Pup. D.* Gramercy, pure *Pythias.*

" *Pup. P.* Gramercy, dear *Damon.*"

Cok. Gramercy to you both, my Pipe and my Drum.

" *Pup. P. D.* Come now we'll together to breakfast to Hero.

" *Lan.* 'Tis well you can now go to breakfast to Hero.

" You have given me my breakfast, with a bone and honero."

Cok. How is't, friend, ha' they hurt thee?

Lan. O no! [show.

Between you and I, sir, we do but make

" Thus, gentles, you perceive, without any denial,

" 'Twixt *Damon* and *Pythias* here, friendship's true trial.

" Tho' hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,

" They fight you no more than does brother with brother.

" But friendly together, at the next man they meet, [see't."

" They let fly their anger, as here you might

Cok. Well, we have seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest. What's next, what's next?

" *Lan.* This while young *Leander* with fair Hero is drinking,

" And Hero grown drunk to any man's thinking! [flaw her,

" Yet was it not three pints of sherry could

" Till Cupid distinguish'd like *Jonas* the drawer, [lurks,

" From under his apron, where his lechery

" Put love in her sack. Now mark how it works.

" *Pup. H.* O *Leander*, *Leander*, my dear, my dear *Leander*, [gander."

" I'll for ever be thy goose, so thou'lt be my

Cok. Excellently well said, *Fiddle*, she'll ever be his goose, so he'll be her gander; was't not so?

Lan. Yes, sir, but mark his answer now.

" *Pup. L.* And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed, [to tread."

" I'll swim o'er the *Thames*, my goose, thee

Cok. Brave! he will swim o'er the *Thames*, and tread his goose to-night, he says.

Lan. I, peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you caves-dropping, now they are setting their match.

" *Pup. L.* But lest the *Thames* should be dark, my goose, my dear friend,

" Let thy window be provided of a candle's end.

" *Pup. H.* Fear not, my gander, I protest I should handle

" My matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

" *Pup. L.* Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.

" *Lan.* Now here come the friends again, *Pythias* and *Damon*,

[*Damon* and *Pythias* enter,

" And under their clokes they have of bacon a gammon.

" *Pup. P.* Drawer, fill some wine here."

" *Lan.* How some wine there? [bear!

" There's company already, sir, pray for-

" *Pup. D.* 'Tis Hero.

" *Lan.* Yes, but she will not be taken,

" After sack and fresh-berring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

" *Pup. P.* You lie, it's Westfabian.

"*Lan.* Westphalian you should say.
 "*Pup. D.* If you hold not your peace,
 you are a coxcomb I would say.

[*Leander and Hero are kissing.*]

"*Pup.* What's here, what's here? kiss,
 kiss, upon kiss?

"*Lan.* I, wherefore should they not?
 what harm is in this?

"*'Tis* mistress Hero.

"*Pup. D.* Mistress Hero's a whore.

"*Lan.* Is she a whore? keep you quiet,
 or, sir knave, out of door.

"*Pup. D.* Knave out of door?

"*Pup. H.* Yes, knave out of door.

"*Pup. D.* Whore out of door.

[*Here the puppets quarrel and fall together by the ears.*]

"*Pup. H.* I say, knave out of door.

"*Pup. D.* I say, whore out of door.

"*Pup. P.* Yea, so say I too.

"*Pup. H.* Kiss the whore o' the arse.

"*Lan.* Now you have something to do:

"You must kiss her o' the arse, she says.

"*Pup. D. P.* So we will, so we will.

"*Pup. H.* O my haunches, O my
 haunches, hold, hold.

"*Lan.* Stand'st thou still?

"Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou
 still like a sot,

"And not offer'st to break both their heads
 with a pot?

"See who's at thine elbow there! puppet
 Jonas and Cupid.

"*Pup. J.* Upon 'em, Leander, be not so
 stupid. [*They fight.*]

"*Pup. L.* You goat-bearded slave!

"*Pup. D.* You whore-master knave!

"*Pup. L.* Thou art a whore-master!

"*Pup. J.* Whore-masters all!

"*Lan.* See, Cupid with a word has ta'en
 up the brawl."

Kno. These be fine vapours!

Cok. By this good day they fight bravely!
 do they not, Numps?

Was. Yes, they lack'd but you to be their
 second all this while.

"*Lan.* This tragical encounter falling out
 thus to busy us, [*Dionysius;*]

"It raises up the ghost of their friend Dio-
 not like a monarch, but the master of a

school, [*he is no fool.*]

"In a scrivener's furr'd gown, which shews
 For therein he hath wit enough to keep

himself warm. [*harm.*]

"O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what
 Hath poor Dionysius done you in his

grave,
 That after his death you should fall out

thus and rave, [*knave?*]

"And call amorous Leander whore-master
 "*Pup. D.* I cannot, I will not, I promise
 you, endure it."

SCENE V.

[*To them*] *Busy.*

Bus. Down with Dagon, down with Da-

gon; 'tis I, will no longer endure your pro-
 fanations.

Lan. What mean you, sir?

Bus. I will remove Dagon there, I say,
 that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains
 (as I may say) a beam, a very beam, not a
 beam of the sun, nor a beam of the moon,
 nor a beam of a ballance, neither a house-
 beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a beam in
 the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very
 great beam, an exceeding great beam; such
 as are your stage-players, rhimers, and mor-
 rice-dancers, who have walked hand in hand,
 in contempt of the brethren, and the cause;
 and been borne out by instruments of no
 mean countenance.

Lan. Sir, I present nothing but what is li-
 cenc'd by authority.

Bus. 'Thou art all licence, even licentious-
 ness itself, Shimei!

Lan. I have the master of the revels hand,
 for't, sir.

Bus. The master of rebels hand thou
 hast; Satan's! hold thy peace, thy scurri-
 lity, shut up thy mouth, thy profession is
 damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost
 plead for Baal. I have long opened my
 mouth wide, and gaped, I have gaped as the
 oyster for the tide, after thy destruction: but
 cannot compass it by suit or dispute; so that
 I look for a bickering, ere long, and then a
 battle.

Kno. Good Banbury vapours.

Cok. Friend, you'd have an ill match
 on't, if you bicker with him here, though he
 be no man o' the fist, he has friends that will
 to cuffs for him. Numps, will not you take
 our side?

Edge. Sir, it shall not need, in my mind he
 offers him a fairer course, to end it by dis-
 putation! hast thou nothing to say for thy-
 self, in defence of thy quality?

Lan. Faith, sir, I am not well studied in
 these controversies, between the hypocrites
 and us. But here's one of my motion, pup-
 pet Dionysius, shall undertake him, and I'll
 venture the cause on't.

Cok. Who? my hobby-horse? will he
 dispute with him?

Lan. Yes, sir, and make a hobby-ass of
 him, I hope.

Cok. That's excellent! indeed he looks
 like the best scholar of 'em all. Come, sir,
 you must be as good as your word now.

Bus. I will not fear to make my spirit and
 gifts known! assist me zeal, fill me, fill me,
 that is, make me full.

Win-w. What a desperate, prophane
 wretch is this! is there any ignorance or im-
 pudence like his? to call his zeal to fill him
 against a puppet!

Zua. I know no fitter match than a pup-
 pet to commit with an hypocrite!

Bus. First, I say unto thee, idol, thou
 hast no calling. [*sus.*]

"*Pup. Di.* You lie, I am call'd Diony-

Lan. The motion says, you lie, he is call'd Dionysius i' the matter, and to that calling he answers.

Bus. I mean no vocation, idol, no present lawful calling.

"Pup. Di. Is yours a lawful calling?"

Lan. The motion asketh, if yours be a lawful calling?

Bus. Yes, mine is of the spirit.

"Pup. Di. Then idol is a lawful calling."

Lan. He says, then idol is a lawful calling; for you call'd him idol, and your calling is of the spirit.

Cok. Well disputed, hobby-horse.

Bus. Take not part with the wicked, young gallant: he weigheth and hinnieth, all is but humming sophistry. I call him idol again; yet, I say, his calling, his profession is prophane, it is prophane, idol.

"Pup. Di. It is not prophane."

Lan. It is not prophane, he says.

Bus. It is prophane².

"Pup. It is not prophane."

Bus. It is prophane.

"Pup. It is not prophane."

Lan. Well said, confute him with Not, still. You cannot bear him down with your base noise, sir.

Bus. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creak like the chariot-wheels of Satan; I am zealous for the cause——

Lan. As a dog for a bone.

Bus. And I say, it is prophane, as being the page of Pride, and the waiting-woman of Vanity.

"Pup. D. Yea? what say you to your tire-women, then?"

Lan. Good.

"Pup. Or feather-makers i' the Friers, that are o' your faction of faith? Are not they with their perukes, and their puffs, their fans, and their huffs, as much pages of Pride, and waiters upon Vanity? What say you? what say you? what say you?"

Bus. I will not answer for them.

"Pup. Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a bugle-maker a lawful calling? or the confection-makers? such you have there; or your French fashioner? you'd have all the sin within yourselves, would you not? would you not?"

Bus. No, Dagon.

"Pup. What then, Dagonet? is a puppet worse than these?"

Bus. Yes, and my main argument against you is, that you are an abomination; for the male, among you, putteth on the apparel of the female, and the female of the male.

* *Pup. Di.* It is not prophane.

Bus. It is prophane.] Mr. Selden (see his *Table Talk*) observes on this passage, that the author intended satirically to express the vain disputes of divines, by Inigo Lanthorn's disputing with a puppet in *Bartholomew-Fair*: *It is so, it is not so: It is so, it is not so: crying thus to one another a quarter of an hour together.* Mr. Selden quoted by memory, but this is the passage he meant; and he calls him Inigo Lanthorn, because Inigo Jones, as was remarked above, was sneered at in the character of *Leatherhead*.

"Pup. You lie, you lie, you lie abominably."

Cok. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lie thrice.

"Pup. It is your old stale argument against the players, but it will not hold against the puppets; for we have neither male nor female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art!"

[*The puppet takes up his garment.*]

Edg. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend, by plain demonstration.

"Pup. Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a rabbin of 'em all, that my standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and do scorn her helps as much as he."

Bus. I am confuted, the cause hath failed me.

"Pup. Then be converted, be converted."

Lan. Be converted, I pray you, and let the play go on!

Bus. Let it go on; for I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

Cok. That's brave i' faith, thou hast carried it away, hobby-horse; on with the play!

Jus. Stay, now do I forbid; I am Adam Overdo! sit still, I charge you.

[*The Justice discovers himself.*]

Cok. What, my brother i' law!

Gra. My wise guardian!

Edg. Justice Overdo!

Jus. It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it; for I have discover'd enough.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Quarulous*, (*like the mad-man* :) *Pure-craft*; (*a while after*) *Little-wit* : [*to them*] *Trouble-all*, *Ursula*, *Nightingale*.

Quar. Nay, come, mistress bride; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in truth. I have here justice Overdo for it.

Just. Peace, good Trouble-all; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too; you also, young man, shall be my care; stand there.

[*To the Cut-purse and mistress Little-wit.*]

Edg. Now, mercy upon me.

Kno. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds for fear o' the cage.

[*The rest are stealing away.*]

Jus. Stay, is not my name your terror?

Whit. Yesh faith man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, man.

Lit. O gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I ha' lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty Win. I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with captain Jordan, and captain Whit, very good men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see Win?

Jus. If this grave matron be your mother, sir, stand by her, *et digito compece labelum*. I may perhaps spring a wife for you anon. Brother Bartholomew, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a disciple of enormity, with your grave governor Humphrey: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistress Grace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

Win-w. Pardon me, sir, I am a kinsman hers.

Jus. Are you so? of what name, sir?

Win-w. Win-wife, sir.

Jus. Master Win-wife? I hope you have wou no wife of her, sir: if you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leisure. Now, to my enormities: look upon me, O London! and see me, O Smithfield! the example of justice, and mirror of magistrates; the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Harken unto my labours, and but observe my discoveries; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus, Magellan, or our country-man Drake of later times: stand forth you weeds of enormity, and spread. [*To Busy.*] First, Rabbi Busy, thou superlunatic hypocrite: [*To Lantern.*] Next, thou other extremity, thou prophane professor of puppetry, little better than poetry: [*to the horse-courser and cut-purse.*] Then thou strong debaucher and seducer of youth; witness this easy and honest young man: [*to captain Whit, and mistress Little-wit.*] Now thou esquire of dames, madams, and twelve-penny ladies: now my green madam herself, of the price; let me unmask your ladyship.

Lit. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

Jus. Is she your wife? *Redde te Harpocratem!*

Enter Trouble-all.

Trou. By your leave, stand by, my masters, be uncover'd.

Urs. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, Nightingale; my pan, my pan!

Jus. What's the matter?

Nig. He has stol'n gammar Ursula's pan.

Trou. Yes, and I fear no man but justice Overdo.

Jus. Ursula? where is she? O the sow of

enormity, this! welcome, stand you there; you, songster, there.

[*To Ursula and Nightingale.*]

Urs. An' please your worship, I am in no fault: a gentleman stripp'd him in my booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and he ran away with my goods here for it.

Jus. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity! [*To Quarious.*]

Quar. You are i' the right; I am mad, but from the gown outward.

Jus. Stand you there.

Quar. Where you please, sir.

Over. O lend me a bason, I am sick, I am sick; where's Mr. Overdo? Bridget, call hither my Adam. [*Mrs. Overdo is sick, and her husband is silenc'd.*]

Jus. How?

Whi. Dy very own wife, i' fait, worship-ful Adam.

Over. Will not my Adam come at me? shall I see him no more then?

Quar. Sir, why do you not go on with the enormity? are you oppress'd with it? I'll help you: hark you, sir, i' your ear; your innocent young man, you have ta'en such care of all this day, is a cut-purse, that hath got all your brother Cokes's things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks: if you have a mind to hang him now, and shew him your magistrate's wit, you may; but I should think it were better recovering the goods, and to save your estimation in him. I thank you, sir, for the gift of your ward, Mrs. Grace: look you, here is your hand and seal, by the way. Mr. Win-wife, give you joy, you are Palenon, you are possesst of the gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And, honest mad-man, there's thy gown and cap again; I thank thee for my wife. [*To the widow.*] Nay, I can be mad, sweet-heart, when I please still; never fear me: and careful Numps, where's he? I thank him for my licence.

Was. How! [*Waspe miseth the licence.*]

Quar. 'Tis true, Numps.

Was. I'll be hang'd then.

Quar. Look i' your box, Numps; nay, sir, stand not you fix'd here, like a stake in Finsbury, to be shot at, or the whipping-post i' the Fair, but get your wife out o' the air, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but Adam, flesh and blood! you have your frailty, forget your other name of Overdo, and invite us all to supper. There you and I will compare our discoveries; and drown the memory of all enormity in your biggest bowl at home.

Cok. How now, Numps, ha' you lost it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert i' the stocks. Why dost not speak!

Was. I will never speak while I live again, for aught I know.

3 P

Jus. Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited gentleman hath wrought upon my judgment, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your sick friend, mistress Alice, and my good friends all—

Quar. And no enormities.

Jus. I invite you home with me to my house to supper: I will have none fear to go along, for my intents are *ad correctionem*, *non ad destructionem*; *ad edificandum*, *non ad diruendum*: so lead on.

Cok. Yes, and bring the actors along, we'll ha' the rest o' the play at home.

THE EPILOGUE.

YOUR Majesty hath seen the play, and you
Can best allow it from your ear and view.
You know the scope of writers, and what store
Of leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into licence: you can tell
If we have us'd that leave you gave us, well:

Or whether we to rage or licence break;
Or be prophane, or make prophane men speak:
This is your power to judge (great sir) and not
The envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value less what their dislike can bring,
If it so happy be, t' have pleas'd the King.

This Comedy was first acted in the year 1614,

By the Lady ELIZABETH's Servants.

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATAN, *the great devil.*
PUG, *the less devil.*
INIQUITY, *the vice.*
FITZ-DOTTREL, *a squire of Norfolk.*
MISTRESS FRANCES, *his wife.*
MEER-CRAFT, *the projector.*
EVER-ILL, *his champion.*
WITTIPOL, *a young gallant.*
MANLY, *his friend.*
ENGINE, *a broker.*
TRAINES, *the projector's man.*

GILT-HEAD, *a gold-smith.*
PLUTARCHUS, *his son.*
SIR POULE EITHER-SIDE, *a lawyer, and justice.*
LADY EITHER-SIDE, *his wife.*
LADY TAILE-BUSH, *the lady projectress.*
PIT-FALL, *her woman.*
AMBLER, *her gentleman-usher.*
SLEDGE, *a smith, the constable.*
SHACKLES, *keeper of Newgate.*
SERJEANTS.

SCENE, London.

THE PROLOGUE.

" THE Devil is an Ass : that is, to-day,
" The name of what you are met for, a new
 play.
" Yet, grandees, would you were not come
 to grace
" Our matter, with allowing us no place.
" Though you presume Satan, a subtle
 thing,
" And may have heard he's worn in a
 thumb-ring ;
" Do not, on these presumptions, force us act
" In compass of a cheese-trencher. This
 tract
" Will ne'er admit our Vice, because of
 yours.
" Anon, who worse than you, the fault en-
 dures
" That yourselves make ? when you will
 thrust and spurn,
" And knock us o' the elbows ; and bid,
 turn ;
" As if, when we had spoke, we must be
 gone,

" Or, till we speak, must all run in, to
 one,
" Like the young adders, at the old one's
 mouth ?
" Would we could stand due north, or had
 no south,
" If that offend ; or were Muscovy glass,
" That you might look our scenes thro' as
 they pass.
" We know not how to affect you. If
 you'll come
" To see new plays, pray you afford us
 room,
" And shew this but the same face you have
 done¹
" Your dear delight, *The devil of Edmonton.*
" Or, if for want of room it must miscarry,
" 'Twill be but justice that your censure
 tarry,
" Till you give some. And when six times
 you ha' seen't,
" If this play do not like, the devil is in't."

¹ And shew this but the SAME FACE you have done

Your dear delight, THE DEVIL OF EDMONTON.] The same face, that is, the same countenance and encouragement : a critic, not considering the licentious conciseness of our author's style, would alter it to fate, i. e. fortune or success ; but the present reading is the true one. *The devil of Edmonton* was a play, in high esteem at that time with the populace

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Satan, Pug, Iniquity.

Sat. **H**OH, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh,
hoh, hoh, &c. [spirit?]
To earth? and why to earth, thou foolish
What would'st thou do on earth?

Pug. For that, great chief!
As time shall work. I do but ask my month,
Which every petty puny devil has;
Within that term the court of hell will hear
Something may gain a longer grant, perhaps.

Sat. For what? the laming a poor cow or
two?

Entering a sow, to make her cast her farrow?
Or crossing of a market-woman's mare

'Twixt this and Totnam? These were wont
to be [some plot now,

Your main achievements, *Pug*: you have
Upon a tunning of ale, to stale the yest,
Or keep the churn so, that the butter come
not, [spit?

'Spite o' the housewife's cord, or her hot
' Or some good ribibe, about Kentish-town,

Or Hogsden, you would hang now for a
witch, [Robin;

Because she will not let you play round
And you'll go sour the citizens' cream 'gainst
Sunday, [demn'd,

That she may be accus'd for't, and con-
by a Middlesex jury, to the satisfaction
Of their offended friends, the Londoners'
wives, [fiend,

Whose teeth were set on edge with't? Foolish
Stay i' your place, know your own strength,
and put not

Beyond the sphere of your activity.
You are too dull a devil to be trusted

Forth in those parts, *Pug*, upon any affair
That may concern our name on earth. It
is not [care

Every one's work. The state of hell must
Whom it employs, in point of reputation,
Here about London. You would make, I
think,

An agent to be sent for Lancashire,
Proper enough; or some parts of Northum-
berland,

So you had good instructions, *Pug*.

Pug. O chief! [is in me.

You do not know, dear chief, what there
Prove me but for a fortnight, for a week,
And lend me but a vice, to carry with me,
To practise there with any play-fellow,
And you will see, there will come more
upon't,

Than you'll imagine, precious chief.

Sat. What vice?
What kind would'st th' have it of?

Pug. Why any: Fraud,
Or Covetousness, or lady Vanity,
Or old Iniquity.

Sat. I'll call him hither¹.

Iniq. What is he calls upon me, and
would seem to lack a vice?

Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him
in a trice;

Here, there, and every where, as the cat is
with the mice: [friend, or dice?

True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'st thou cards,
I will teach thee to cheat, child, to cog,

lie and swagger, [dagger:

And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy
To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty ju-
ventus, [house.

In a cloke to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-
Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy
doublet all belly,

With a wench that shall feed thee with
cock-stones and jelly.

Pug. Is it not excellent, chief? how
nimble he is!

Iniq. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will
fetch thee a leap

From the top of Paul's steeple to the stan-
dard in Cheap:

And lead thee a dance thro' the streets,
without fail,

Like a needle of Spain, with a thread at my
tail. [our sallies,

We will survey the suburbs, and make forth
Down Petticoat-lane and up the Smock-
allies, [St. Kathern's,

To Shoreditch, White-chappel, and so to
To drink with the Dutch there, and take
forth their patterns:

¹ Or some good RIBIBE.] Bawd, or mistress of a brothel.

"This Sompnour, wayting evir on his pray,

"Rode to summon an old wife, a ribibe."—CHAUCER, *Frere's tale*, p. 113.

² *Pug.* Why any Fraud,

Or Covetousness, or lady Vanity,

Or old Iniquity: I'll call him hither.] The passage is wrong pointed, and the speeches
seem improperly divided: it should be read thus:

"Why any: Fraud,

"Or Covetousness, &c.

These vices were all personized, and usually made their appearance in the old plays.

"I'll call him hither."

This should probably be given to the master-devil, Satan.

From thence, we will put in at Custom-house key there, [there
And see how the factors and prentices play
False with their masters, and geld many a
full pack, [Wool-sack.

To spend it in pies, at the Dagger and the
Pug. Brave, brave, Iniquity! will not
this do, chief?

Iniq. Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the
bawds, and the roysters,

At Billingsgate, feasting with claret-wine
and oysters;

From thence shoot the Bridge, child, to the
cranes i' the Vintry,

And see there the gimblets, how they make
their entry! [to fall,

Or if thou hadst rather to the Strand down
'Gainst the lawyers come dabbled from

Westminster-hall, [together,
And mark how they cling, with their clients
Like ivy to oak, so velvet to leather:

Ha, boy, I would shew thee.

Pug. Rare, rare!
Sat. Peace, dotard, [mir'st;

And thou more ignorant thing, that so ad-
Art thou the spirit thou seem'st? so poor?

To chuse
This for a vice, t' advance the cause of hell,
Now, as vice stands this present year? Remember

What number it is, six hundred and sixteen.
Had it but been five hundred, though some

sixty
Above; that's fifty years ago, and six,
(When every great man had his vice stand
by him,

In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger)
I could consent, that then this your grave
choice

Might have done that, with his lord chief,
the which

Most of his chamber can do now. But, Pug,
As the times are, who is it will receive you?

What company will you go to? or whom
mix with? [taverns?

Where canst thou carry him, except to
To mount upon a joint-stool, with a Jew-
trump, [citizens?

To put down Cokely, and that must be to
He ne'er will be admitted there, where
Vennor comes. [dinner,

He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's
Skip with a rime o' the table, from New-
nothing,

And take his Almain-leap into a custard',

Shall make my lady-mayoreess, and her
sisters, [But

Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.
This is not that will do, they are other things

That are receiv'd now upon earth, for vices;
Stranger and newer: and chang'd every
hour.

They ride 'em like their horses off their legs,
And here they come to hell, whole legions
of 'em.

Every week tir'd. We still strive to breed,
And rear 'em up new ones; but they do
not stand, [our hands.

When they come there they turn 'em on
And it is fear'd they have a stud o' their own
Will put down ours. Both our breed and
trade

Will suddenly decay, if we prevent not.
Unless it be a vice of quality,

Or fashion now, they take none from us.

Car-men* [sweepers
Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney;

To their tobacco and strong waters, Hum,
Meath and Obarni. We must therefore aim
At extraordinary subtle ones now,

When we do send to keep us up in credit:
Not old iniquities. Get you e'en back, sir,
To making of your pore of sand again.

You are not for the manners, nor the times;
They have their vices there, most like to
virtues: [ference;

You cannot know 'em apart by any dif-
They wear the same clothes, eat the same
meat, [coaches,

Sleep i' the self-same beds, ride i' those
Or very like, four horses in a coach,

As the best men and women. Tissue gowns,
Garters and roses, fourscore pound a pair,
Embroider'd stockings, cut-work smocks
and shirts, [pride,

More certain marks of letchery now and
Than e'er they were of true nobility!

But, Pug, since you do burn with such desire
To do the commonwealth of hell some
service;

I am content, assuming of a body,
You go to earth, and visit men a day.

But you must take a body ready made, Pug;
I can create you none: nor shall you form
Yourself an airy one, but become subject
To all impression of the flesh you take,

So far as human frailty. So, this morning,
There is a handsome cut-purse hang'd at
Tyburn, [body;

Whose spirit departed, you may enter his

* And take his ALMAIN-leap into a custard.] In the earlier days, when the city kept a fool, it was customary for him at public entertainments, to leap into a large bowl of custard set on purpose: there is an allusion to this piece of mirth in Shakspeare.

Car-men
Are got into the YELLOW STARCH.] The ridiculous fashion, affected both by the great and small vulgar, of having their ruffs and linen stiffened with a kind of yellow starch, was an object of satire to the wits of Jonson's age. It was first brought into vogue by Mrs. Turner, one of the persons employed by the countess of Essex in the poisoning of sir Thomas Overbury: and as she was soon after executed for her dealings in that affair, with a yellow starch'd ruff about her neck, the mode became universally disused.

For clothes, employ your credit with the hang-man,

Or let our tribe of brokers furnish you.

And look how far your subtlety can work
Thorough those organs, with that body, spy

Amongst mankind (you cannot there want
vices,

And therefore the less need to carry 'em
wi' you.)

But as you make your soon at night's reia-
And we shall find it merits from the state,

You shall have both trust from us, and em-
ployment.

Pug. Most gracious chief!

Sat. Only this more I bind you, [him
To serve the first man that you meet, and

I'll shew you now: observe him. Yon' is he,
[He shews Fitz-dottrel to him, coming forth.

You shall see first after your clothing. Fol-
low him:

But once engag'd, there you must stay and
Not shift, until the midnight's cock do crow.

Pug. Any conditions to be gone.

Sat. Away then.

SCENE II.

Fitz-dottrel.

Ay, they do now name Bretnor, as before
They talk'd of Gresham, and of doctor Fore-

man, [too];
Franklin, and Fiske, and Savory (he was in

But there's not one of these that ever could
Yet shew a man the devil in true sort.

They have their crystals, I do know, and
rings, [skulls,

And virgin-parchment, and their dead men's
Their raven's wings, their lights, and penta-

cles, [But—
With characters; I ha' seen all these.

Would I might see the devil. I would give
A hundred o' these pictures to see him

Once out of picture. May I prove a cuckold
(And that's the one main mortal thing I fear)

If I begin not now to think, the painters
Have only made him. 'Slight, he would

be seen
One time or other else. He would not let

An ancient gentleman, of as good house
As most are now in England, the Fitz-dot-

trell—
Run wild, and call upon him thus in vain,

As I ha' done this twelvemonth. If he be
not [not,

At all, why are there conjurers? if they be
Why are there laws against 'em? The best

artists [London,
Of Cambridge, Oxford, Middlesex, and

Essex and Kent, I have had in pay to raise
him, ['Sdeath,

These fifty weeks, and yet h' appears not.
I shall suspect they can make circles only

Shortly, and know but his hard names

They do say, [mind to him:
H' will meet a man (of himself) that has a

If he would so, I have a mind and a half
for him: [come,

He should not be long absent. Pray thee
I long for thee. An' I were with child by

him, [yet,
And my wife too, I could no more. Come

[He expresseth a longing to see the devil.
Good Beezebub. Were he a kind devil,

And had humanity in him, he would come,
but [well,

To save one's longing. I should use him
I swear, and with respect, (would he would

try me) [him,
Not as the conjurers do, when they ha' rais'd

Get him in bonds, and send him post on
errands

A thousand miles: it is preposterous, that:
And, I believe, is the true cause he comes

not. * [gag'd,
And he has reason. Who would be en-

That might live freely, as he may do? I
swear, [dreads the fire.

They are wrong all. The burnt child
They do not know to entertain the devil.

I would so welcome him, observe his diet,
Get him his chamber hung with arras, two

of 'em, [wrought pillows:
I' my own house, lend him my wife's

And as I am an honest man, I think, [him,
If he had a mind to her too, I should grant

To make our friendship perfect. So I
would not

To every man. If he but hear me now?
And should come to me in a brave young

shape, [this?
And take me at my word? Ha! who is

SCENE III.

Pug, Fitz-dottrel.

Pug. Sir, your good pardon, that I thus
presume [man,

Upon your privacy. I am born a gentle-
A younger brother, but in some disgrace

Now with my friends; and want some little
means [cil'd.

To keep me upright, while things be recon-
Please you to let my service be of use to

you, sir. [at my mouth,
Fitz. Service? 'fore hell, my heart was

Till I had view'd his shoes well: for those
roses

Were big enough to hide a cloven foot.
[He looks and surveys his feet over and over.

No, friend, my number's full. I have one
servant,

Who is my all indeed; and from the broom
Unto the brush: for just so far I trust him.

'He is my wardrobe-man, m' acater, cook,

* *He is my wardrobe-man, my cater, cook.*] In the language of the present age, we should say, my caterer; but in the poet's time, the usual word was *acater* a purveyor or clerk of the kitchen. So in the *Sad Shepherd*:

Butler and steward; looks unto my horse;
And helps to watch my wife. He has all
the places

That I can think on, from the garret down-
ward,

E'en to the manger, and the curry-comb.

Pug. Sir, I shall put your worship to no
charge,

More than my meat, and that but very little;
I'll serve you for your love.

Fit. Ha! without wages?

I'd harken o' that ear, were I at leisure.

But now I'm busy. 'Prithce, friend, for-
bear me,

An' thou hadst been a devil, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. 'Thou dost hinder
now

My meditations.

Pug. Sir, I am a devil.

Fit. How!

Pug. A true devil, sir.

Fit. Nay, now you lie.

Under your favour, friend, for I'll not quarrel.

I look'd o' your feet afore, you cannot
cozen me, [hoof'd.

Your shoe's not cloven, sir, you are whole-
[*He views his feet again.*

Pug. Sir, that's a popular error, deceives
many:

But I am that I tell you.

Fit. What's your name?

Pug. My name is Devil, sir.

Fit. Say'st thou true?

Pug. Indeed, sir.

Fit. 'Slid, there's some omen i' this!
what countryman?

Pug. Of Derbyshire, sir, about the Peak.

Fit. That hole

Belong'd to your ancestors?

Pug. Yes, Devil's-arse, sir. [Hn?

Fit. I'll entertain him for the name sake.

And turn away my t'other man? and save

Four pound a year by that? there's luck
and thrift too!

The very Devil may come hereafter as well.

Friend, I receive you: but (withal) I ac-
quaint you [you:

Aforehand, if you offend me, I must beat
It is a kind of exercise I use;

And cannot be without.

Pug. Yes, if I do not

Offend, you can, sure.

Fit. Faith, Devil, very hardly: [it.

I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I love

SCENE IV.

Engine, Wittipol, Manly, Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Eng. Yonder he walks, sir, I'll go lift him
for you. [by degrees,

Wit. To him, good Engine, raise him up

—Go bear 'em in to Much
Th' acater.—

And on this authority I have given the present text. So what we now call *cates*, was
likewise then called *acates*.

Gently, and hold him there too, you can
do it.

Shew yourself now a mathematical broker.

Eng. I'll warrant you for half a piece.

Wit. 'Tis done, sir.

Man. Is't possible there should be such
a man! [not labour

Wit. You shall be your own witness, I'll
To tempt you past your faith.

Man. And is his wife

So very handsome, say you?

Wit. I ha' not seen her [say,

Since I came home from travel: and they
She is not alter'd. Then, before I went,

I saw her once; but so, as she hath stuck
Still i' my view, no object hath remov'd her.

Man. 'Tis a fair guest, friend, beauty:
and once lodg'd

Deep in the eyes, she hardly leaves the inn.
How does he keep her?

Wit. Very brave. However

Himself be sordid, he is sensual that way.

In every dressing, he does study her.

Man. And furnish forth himself so from
the broker?

Wit. Yes, that's a bir'd suit he now has on,
To see the Devil is an Ass, to-day, in.

[This Engine gets three or four pound a
week by him]

He dares not miss a new play or a feast,

What rate soever clothes be at; and thinks

Himself still new, in other men's old.

Man. But stay,

Does he love meat so?

Wit. Faith, he does not hate it.

But that's not it. His belly and his palate

Would be compounded with for reason.

Marry,

A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,

'Gainst all mankind; as it doth make him
do

Just what it list: it ravishes him forth

Whither it please, to any assembly or place,

And would conclude him ruin'd, should he
'scape

One public meeting, out of the belief:

He has of his own great and catholic
strengths,

In arguing and discourse. It takes, I see:

H' has got the cloke upon him.

[*Engine hath won Fitz-dottrel to 'say on
the cloke.*

Fit. A fair garment,

By my faith, Engine!

Eng. It was never made, sir,

For threescore pound, I assure you: 'twill
yield thirty. [a yard!

The plush, sir, cost three pound ten shillings
And then the lace and velvet.

Fit. I shall, Engine,

Be look'd at, prettily, in it! art thou sure

The play is play'd to-day?

Eng. O here's the bill, sir.

I had forgot to gi't you.

[*He gives him the play-bill.*]

Fit. Ha? the devil! [*think you*]
I will not lose you, sirrah! but, Engine,
The gallant is so furious in his folly,
So mad upon the matter, that he'll part
With's cloke upon these terms?

Eng. Trust not your Engine,
Break me to pieces else, as you would do
A rotten crane, or an old rusty jack,
That has not one true wheel in him. Do
but talk with him. [*gine,*]

Fit. I shall do that, to satisfy you, En-
And myself too. With your leave, gentle-
men. [*He turns to Wittipol.*]

Which of you is it, is so mere idolater
To my wife's beauty, and so very prodigal
Unto my patience, that for the short parley
Of one swift hour's quarter with my wife,
He will depart with (let me see) this cloke
here,

The price of folly? sir, are you the man?

Wit. I am that vent'rer, sir.

Fit. Good time! your name

Is Wittipol?

Wit. The same, sir.

Fit. And 'tis told me,

Yo' have travel'd lately?

Wit. That I have, sir.

Fit. Truly, [*plexion;*]
Your travels may have alter'd your com-
But sure your wit stood still.

Wit. It may well be, sir.

All heads ha' not like growth.

Fit. The good man's gravity, [*you*]
That left you land, your father, never taught
These pleasant matches?

Wit. No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make 'em put me off.

Fit. You are

Resolv'd then?

Wit. Yes, sir.

Fit. Beauty is the saint,

You'll sacrifice yourself into the shirt to?

Wit. So I may still clothe and keep warm
your wisdom?

Fit. You laide me, sir!

Wit. I know what you will bear, sir.

Fit. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, sir,
you say,

To speak unto my wife?

Wit. Only to speak to her.

Fit. And in my presence?

Wit. In your very presence.

Fit. And in my hearing?

Wit. In your hearing: so

You interrupt us not.

Fit. For the short space

You do demand, the fourth part of an hour,

I think I shall, with some convenient study,
And this good help to boot, bring myself
to't.

[*He shrugs himself up in the cloke.*]

Wit. I ask no more.

Fit. I please you, walk to'ard my house,
Speak what you list; that time is yours:
my right

I have departed with. But not beyond
A minute, or a second, look for. Length,
And drawing out may advance much to
these matches,

And I except all kissing. Kisses are
Silent petition still with willing lovers.

Wit. Lovers? how falls that o' your
phan'sie?

Fit. Sir,

I do know somewhat, I forbid all lip-work.

Wit. I am not eager at forbidden dainties.
Who covets unfit things, denies himself.

Fit. You say well, sir. 'Twas prettily
said, that same. [*fore,*]

He does indeed. I'll have no touches there-
Nor takings by the arms, nor tender circles
Cast 'bout the waste, but all be done at
distance.

Love is brought up with those soft miguird
handlings:

His pulse lies in his palm; and I defend
All melting joints and fingers, (that's my
bargain)

I do defend 'em any thing like action.

But talk, sir, what you will. Use all the
tropes [*ford you:*]

And schemes, that prince Quintilian can af-
And much good do your rhetorick's heart.

You are welcome, sir.

Engine, God b' w' you.

Wit. Sir, I must condition

To have this gentleman by, a witness.

Fit. Well,

I am content, so he be silent.

Man. Yes, sir.

Fit. Come, Devil, I'll make you room
straight. But I'll shew you

First, to your mistress, who's no common
one, [*see her.*]

You must conceive, that brings this gain to
I hope thou'st brought me good luck.

Pug. I shall do't, sir.

SCENE V.

Wittipol, Manly.

Wit. Engine, you hope o' your half piece?
'tis there, sir. [*fixed?*]

Be gone. Friend Manly, who's within here?

[*Wittipol knocks his friend o' the breast.*]
Man. I am directly in a fit of wonder

What'll be the issue of this conference!
Wit. For that ne'er vex yourself, till the
event.

* Break me to pieces else, as you would do

A ROTTEN CANE, or an old rusty jack.] Engine in this similitude alludes to his own name; but a rotten cane has no kind of reference to any engine or machine whatever. I have given the proper word in the text, which is authorized by the folio of 1640.

How like yo' him?

Man. I would fain see more of him.

Wit. What think you of this?

Man. I am past degrees of thinking.

Old Africk, and the new America,
With all their fruit of monsters, cannot shew
So just a prodigy.

Wit. Could you have believ'd,
Without your sight, a mind so sordid inward,
Should be so specious, and laid forth abroad,
To all the shew that ever shop or ware was?

Man. I believe any thing now, though I
confess

His vices are the most extremities
I ever knew in nature. But why loves he
The devil so?

Wit. O, sir! for hidden treasure,
He hopes to find; and has propos'd himself
So infinite a mass, as to recover,
He cares not what he parts with, of the pre-
sent, [coin him.

To his men of art, who are the race may
Promise gold mountains, and the covetous
Are still most prodigal.

Man. But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his bargain?

Wit. O dear sir! [him.
He will not off on't. Fear him not. I know
One baseness still accompanies another.
See! he is here already, and his wife too.

Man. A wondrous handsome creature, as
I live!

SCENE VI.

*Fitz-dottrel, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Wittipol,
Manly.*

Fit. Come, wife, this is the gentleman.
Nay, blush not.

Mrs. Fit. Why, what do you mean, sir?
ha' you your reason?

Fit. Wife,
I do not know that I have lent it forth
To any one; at least, without a pawn, wife:
Or that I have eat or drunk the thing, of late,
That should corrupt it. Wherefore, gentle
wife,

Obeys, it is thy virtue; hold no acts
Of disputation.

Mrs. Fit. Are you not enough [still
The talk of feasts and meetings, but you'll
Make argument for fresh?

Fit. Why, careful wedlock,
If I've a longing to have one tale more
Go of me, what is that to thee, dear heart?
Why should'st thou envy my delight, or
cross it, [thee?

By being solicitous, when it not concerns

Mrs. Fit. Yes, I have share in this. The
scorn will fall

As bitterly on me, where both are laugh'd at.

Fit. Laugh'd at, sweet bird? is that the
scruple? come, come,

Thou art a Naise'. Which of your great
houses,

(I will not mean at home here, but abroad)
Your families in France, wife, send not forth
Something within the seven year, may be
laught at?

I do not say, seven months, nor seven weeks,
Nor seven days, nor hours; but seven year,
wife,

I give 'em time. Once within seven year,
I think they may do something may be
laught at. [wife,

In France, I keep me there still. Wherefore,
Let them that list laugh still, rather than
weep [wife,

For me. Here is a cloke cost fifty pound,
Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' seen
All London in't, and London has seen me.

To-day I go to the Black-friers play-house,
Sit i' the view, salute all my acquaintance,
Rise up between the acts, let fall my cloke,
Publish a handsome man, and a rich suit,
(As that's a special end, why we go thither,
All that pretend to stand for't o' the stage)
The ladies ask, who's that? (for they do
come

To see us, love, as we do to see them)
Now I shall lose all this, for the false fear
Of being laugh'd at? Yes, wusse. Let 'em
laugh, wife.

Let me have such another cloke to-morrow,
And let 'em laugh again, wife, and again,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then
fatter: [friends too:

All my young gallants, let 'em bring their
Shall I forbid 'em? No, let heaven forbid
'em:

Or wit, if't have any charge on 'em. Come,
thy ear, wife,

Is all I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, sir;
Thou only art to hear, not speak a word,
dove, [cept,

To aught he says. That I do gi' you in pre-
No less than counsel, on your wive-hood,
wife, [love,

Not tho' he flatter you, or make court, or
(As you must look for these) or say he rail;
Whate'er his arts be, wife, I will have thee
Delude 'em with a trick, thy obstinate si-
lence.

I know advantages; and I love to hit
These pragmatic young men at their own
weapons. [for you:

Is your watch ready? Here my sail bears
Tack toward him, sweet pinnace; where's
your watch?

[He disposes his wife to his place, and sets
his watch.

Wit. I'll set it, sir, with yours.

Mrs. Fit. I must obey.

Man. Her modesty seems to suffer with
her beauty,

And so, as if his folly were away,

* A Naise is a young hawk ta'en crying out of the nest.

It were worth pity.

Fit. Now they are right; begin, sir.
But first, let me repeat the contract briefly.

[He repeats his contract again.]

I am, sir, to enjoy this cloke I stand in,
Freely, and as your gilt; upon condition
You may as freely speak here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an hour, always keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or
more, *[and hearing.]*
From my said spouse; and in my sight
This is your covenant?

Wit. Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent now?

Fit. Set 'em so much back.

Wit. I think I shall not need it.

Fit. Well, begin, sir.

There is your bound, sir, not beyond that
rush. *[cloke you.]*

Wit. If you interrupt me, sir, I shall dis-
[Wittipol begins.]

The time I have purchas'd, lady, is but short;
And therefore, if I employ it thriftily,
I hope I stand the nearer to my pardon.
I am not here to tell you, you are fair,
Or lovely, or how well you dress you, lady;
I'll save myself that eloquence of your glass,
Which can speak these things better to you
than I.

And 'tis a knowledge wherein fools may be
As wise as a court-parliament. Nor came I
With any prejudice or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your own worth,
need

Least revelation. She's a simple woman,
Knows not her good: (whoever knows her
ill)

And at all caracts. That you are the wife
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soul,
Instead of salt to keep it sweet; I think,
Will ask no witnesses to prove. The cold
Sheets that you lie in, with the watching
candle,

That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
Pieces and quarters, half and whole nights
sometimes,

The devil-given Elin squire, your husband,
Doth leave you, quitting here his proper
circle, *[inn]*

For a much worse, i' the walks of Lincoln's-
Under the elms, t'expect the fiend in vain
there,

Will confess for you.

Fit. I did look for this jeer.

Wit. And what a daughter of darkness he
does make you,

Lock'd up from all society, or object;
Your eye not let to look upon a face,
Under a conjurer's (or some mould for one,

Hollow and lean like his) but by great means
As I now make; your own too sensible
sufferings,

Without the extraordinary aids
Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, lady.
For my part, I protest 'gainst all such prac-
tice,

I work by no false arts, medicines, or charms,
To be said forward and backward.

Fit. No, I except.

Wit. Sir, I shall ease you.

[He offers to disloke him.]

Fit. Mum.

Wit. Nor have I ends, lady,
Upon you, more than this; to tell you how
Love,

Beauty's good angel, he that waits upon her
At all occasions, and no less than Fortune,
Helps the advent'rous, in me makes that
proffer,

Which never fair-one was so fond to lose,
Who could but reach a hand forth to her
freedom. *[time]*

On the first sight I lov'd you, since which
Tho' I have travell'd, I have been in travail
More for this second blessing of your eyes,
Which now I've purchas'd, than for all aims
else.

Think of it, lady, be your mind as active
As is your beauty: view your object well,
Examine both my fashion and my years:
Things that are like, are soon familiar:
And nature joys still in equality.

Let not the sign o' the husband fright you,
lady; *[Flowers]*

But ere your spring be gone, enjoy it.
Tho' fair, are oft but of one morning. I think,
All beauty doth not last until the autumn.

¹⁰ You grow old while I tell you this. And
such

As cannot use the present, are not wise.
If Love and Fortune will take care of us,
Why should our will be wanting? This is all.
What do you answer, lady?

[She stands mute.]

Fit. Now the sport comes.

Let him still wait, wait, wait; while the
watch goes,

And the time runs, wife!

Wit. How! not any word?

Nay, then I taste a trick in't. Worthy lady,
I cannot be so false to mine own thoughts
Of your presumed goodness, to conceive
This, as your rudeness, which I see's im-
pos'd. *[by you]*

Yet, since your cautelous jaylor here stands
And you're denied the liberty o' the house,
Let me take warrant, lady, from your si-
lence,

* Now TH' ART right, begin, sir.] It should be,

"Now they are right—" i. e. the watches.

* ———— At scarce hath soul,

Instead of salt, to keep it sweet.] See *Bartholomew-fair*, act 4. note 5.

¹⁰ You grow old while I tell you this.] Time flies on so swiftly.

Fugit hora: hoc quod loquor, inde est. *PLER.* sat. 5.

(Which ever is interpreted consent) [be
To make your answer for you ; which shall
To as good purpose as I can imagine,
And what I think you'd speak.

Fit. No, no, no, no.

Fit. I shall resume, sir.

Man. Sir, what do you mean ?

[*He sets Mr. Manly his friend in her place.*

Fit. One interruption, more, sir, and you
go [you.

Into your hose and doublet, nothing saves
And therefore hearken. This is for your
wife.

Man. You must play fair, sir.

Fit. Stand for me, good friend.

[*And speaks for her.*

Troth, sir, 'tis more than true that you have
utter'd

Of my unequal and so sordid match here,
With all the circumstances of my bondage.
I have a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a moonling, as no wit of man,
Or roses can redeem from being an ass¹¹.

He's grown too much the story of men's
mouths, [study,

T'escape his lading : should I make't my
And lay all ways, yea, call mankind to help
To take his burden off ; why, this one act
Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
And at a price, proclaims his asinine nature
So loud, as I am weary of my title to him.

But, sir, you seem a gentleman of virtue,
No less than blood ; and one that every way
Looks as he were of too good quality,
To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her :
Since you have paid thus dear, sir, for a
visit, [charge

And made such venture on your wit and
Merely to see me, or at most, to speak to me,
I were too stupid, or (what's worse) ingrate
Not to return your venture. Think but how
I may with safety do it, I shall trust
My love and honour to you, and presume
You'll ever husband both, against this hus-
band :

Who, if we chance to change his liberal ears
To other ensigns, and with labour make
A new beast of him, as he shall deserve,
Cannot complain he is unkindly dealt with.
This day he is to go to a new play, sir,
From whence no fear, no, nor authority,
Scarcely the king's command, sir, will re-
strain him,

Now you have fitted him with a stage-gar-
ment, [nothing else ;

¹² For the mere name's sake, were there

And many more such journeys he will make.
Which, if they now, or any time hereafter,
Offer us opportunity, you hear, sir,
Who'll be as glad and forward to embrace,
Meet, and enjoy it cheerfully, as you.
I humbly thank you, lady.

[*He shifts to his own place again.*

Fit. Keep your ground, sir.

Fit. Will you be lighten'd ?

Fit. Mum.

Fit. And but I am, [of you

By the said contract, thus to take my leave
At this so envious distance, I had taught
Our lips ere this, to seal the happy mixture
Made of our souls. But we must both now
yield

To the necessity. Do not think yet, lady,
But I can kiss, and touch, and laugh, and

whisper, [which
And do those crowning courtships too, for
Day, and the publick, have allow'd no name ;
But now my bargain binds me. 'Twere
rude injury

T' importune more, or urge a noble nature,
To what of its own bounty it is prone to :

Else I should speak—but, lady, I love so
well, [sir.

As I will hope you'll do so too. I have done,

Fit. Well, then I ha' won ?

Fit. Sir, and I may win too.

Fit. O yes ! no doubt on't. I'll take care-
ful order, [dow,

That she shall hang forth ensigns at the win-
To tell you when I'm absent. Or I'll keep
Three or four footmen, ready still of purpose
To run and fetch you at her longings, sir.

I'll go bespeak me straight a gilt caroché,
For her and you to take the air in : yes,

Into Hyde-park, and thence into Black-
friars, [tures,

Visit the painters, where you may see pic-
And note the properest limbs, and how to
make 'em.

Or what do you say unto a middling gossip ?¹³

To bring you ay together, at her lodging ?

Under pretext of teaching o' my wife

Some rare receipt of drawing almond-milk ?
ha ? [God b' w' you.

It shall be a part of my care. Good sir,
I ha' kept the contract, and the cloke's mine
own.

Fit. Why, much good do't you, sir ; it
may fall out, [sold it.

That you ha' bought it dear, tho' I ha' not

Fit. A pretty riddle ! fare you well, good
sir.

¹¹ ———— *As no wit of man,*

Or roses can redeem from being an ass.] Here is an allusion to the metamorphosis of Lucian into an ass ; who being brought into the theatre to shew tricks, recovered his human shape, by eating some roses which he found there. See the conclusion of the treatise, *Lucius, sive Asinus*. I am afraid that many of the audience, in our author's days, were not apprised of these allusions.

¹² *For the mere name's sake.*] i. e. the name of the play.

¹³ *Or what do you say unto a MIDDLING GOSSIP ?*] A go-between, an *internuntia*, as the Latin writers would have called her.

Wife, your face this way, look on me, and think

You had a wicked dream, wife, and forget it.

[*He turns his wife about.*]

Man. This is the strangest motion I e'er saw.

Fit. Now, wife, sits this fair cloke the worse upon me

For my great sufferings, or your little patience? ha?

They laugh, you think?

Mrs. Fit. Why, sir, and you might see't. What thought they have of you, may be soon collected

By the young gentleman's speech.

Fit. Young gentleman? [could he not Death! you are in love with him, are you? Be nam'd the gentleman, without the young? Up to your cabin again.]

Mrs. Fit. My cage, yo' were best To call it.

Fit. Yes, sing there. You'd fain be making¹⁴ [know you.]

Blanc-manger with him at your mother's! I Go, get you up. How now? what say you, Devil?

SCENE VII.

Pug, Fitz-dottrel, Engine.

Pug. Here is one Engine, sir, desires to speak with you.

Fit. I thought he brought some news of a broker! well,

Let him come in, good devil; fetch him else. O, my fine Engine! what's th' affair, more cheats? [projector,

Eng. No, sir, the wit, the brain, the great I told you of, is newly come to town.

Fit. Where, Engine?

Eng. I ha' brought him (he's without) Ere he pull'd off his boots, sir; but so follow'd

For businesses.

Fit. But what is a projector? I would conceive.

Eng. Why, one, sir, that projects Ways to enrich men, or to make 'em great, By suits, by marriages, by undertakings: According as he sees they humour it.

Fit. Can he not conjure at all?

Eng. I think he can, sir, [late, (To tell you true.) But you do know, of The state hath ta'en such note of 'em, and compell'd 'em [practise.]

To enter such great bonds, they dare not *Fit.* 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't the while! [the rest.]

Eng. O, sir! you'll grow the richer for

Fit. I hope I shall: but, Engine, you do talk [cloke-customer

Somewhat too much o' my courses. My Could tell me strange particulars.

Eng. By my means?

Fit. How should he have 'em else?

Eng. You do not know, sir, What he has; and by what arts! a money'd man, sir, [you are!]

And is as great with your almanack-men as *Fit.* That gallant? [here:]

Eng. You make the other wait too long And he is extreme punctual.

Fit. Is he gallant?

Eng. Sir, you shall see: he's in his riding-suit, [speak:]

As he comes now from court. But hear him Minister matter to him, and then tell me,

¹⁴ ————— You'd fain be making

BLANK MANGER with him at your mother's.] The words *blank manger* are French, and should be wrote *blanc-manger*: a confection of almonds and jelly, well known, I believe, to the curious in eating, by the name of *blamange*. Scarron, commending the delicacy of taste and genius in a friend, says of him, *Que les muses ne le nourrissoient que de blanc-manger, et d'eau de poulet.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Engine, Trains, Pug.

Meer. SIR, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge;

Fit to run out on errands: let her go.

Via pecunia! when she's run and gone,

And fled, and dead; then will I fetch her again

With *aqua vita*, out of an old hogshead!

While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beer,

I'll never want her! Coin her out of cobwebs,

Dust, but I'll have her! raise wool upon egg-shells, [bones,

Sir, and make grass grow out o' marrow-To make her come. (Commend me to your mistress. [To a waiter.]

Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,

And it is done,) I would but see the creature (Of flesh and blood) the man, the prince

indeed,

That could employ so many millions

As I would help him to.

Fit. How talks he? millions?

Meer. (I'll give you an account of this to-morrow.)

Yes, I will take no less, and do it too;

[To another.

If they were Myriads: and without the devil,

By direct means, it shall be good in law.

Eng. Sir.

Meer. Tell Mr. Woodcock, I'll not fail to meet him [have

Upon the Exchange at night. Pray him to The writings there, and we'll dispatch it:

sir,

You are a gentleman of a good presence, A hand-some man; I have consider'd you As a fit stock to graft honours upon: I have a project to make you a duke now. That you must be one, within so many months

As I set down, out of true reason of state, You sha' not avoid it. But you must hearken then. [his ears? Alas!

Eng. Hearken? why, sir, do you doubt You do not know master Fitz-dottrel.

Fit. He does not know me indeed; I thank you, Engine, For rectifying him.

Meer. Good! Why, Engine, then I'll tell it you. (I see you ha' credit here, And, that you can keep counsel, I'll not question.)

He shall be an undertaker with me, In a most feasible business. 'T shall cost him Nothing.

Eng. Good, sir. [nance;

Meer. Except he please, but's counte- (That I will have) to appear in't, to great men, [not draw

For which I'll make him one. He shall A string of 's purse. I'll drive his patent for him. [aldermen,

We'll take in citizens, commoners, and To bear the charge, and blow 'em off again, Like so many dead flies, when 'tis carried.

¹ The thing is for recovery of drown'd land, Whereof the crown's to have a moiety, If it be owner; else the crown and owners To share that moiety, and the recoverers T^o enjoy the t'other moiety for their charge.

Eng. Throughout England?

Meer. Yes; which will arise

To eighteen millions, seven the first year: I have computed all, and made my survey Unto my acre: I'll begin, at the pan, Not at the skirts; as some ha' done, and lost All that they wrought, their timber-work, their trench,

Their banks, all borne away, or else fill'd up, By the next winter. Tut, they never went The way: I'll have it all.

Eng. A gallant tract Of land it is!

Meer. 'Twill yield a pound an acre. We must let cheap ever at first. But, sir, This looks too large for you, I see. Come hither, [you see him,

We'll have a less. Here's a plain fellow, Has his black bag of papers there, in buckram, [cridge: draw,

Will not be sold for the earldom of Pan-Gi' me out one by chance. Project² four: dogs' skins? [first.

Twelve thousand pound! the very worst at *Fit.* Pray you let's see't, sir.

Meer. 'Tis a toy, a trifle!

Fit. Trifle! twelve thousand pound for dogs' skins?

Meer. Yes, but, by my way of dressing, you must know, sir,

And med'cining the leather to a height Of improv'd ware, like your Borachio Of Spain, sir, I can fetch nine thousand for't—

Eng. Of the king's glover?

Meer. Yes, how heard you that?

Eng. Sir, I do know you can.

Meer. Within this hour:

And reserve half my secret. Pluck another; See if thou hast a happier hand: I thought so.

[He plucks out the 2d, bottle-ale.

The very next worse to it! bottle-ale.

Yet this is two and twenty thousand. Pry'three,

Pull out another, two or three.

Fit. Good, stay friend, [pound? By bottle-ale two and twenty thousand

Meer. Yes, sir, it's cast to penny half-penny farthing.

O' the back-side, there you may see it, read, I will not bate a Harrington o' the sum³.

I'll win it i' my water, and my malt,

¹ The thing is for recovery of drown'd land.] This was the age of projects and monopolies; and the prevailing humour is not unseasonably ridiculed by the poet. 'Tis probable, that a design of draining the fens was then talked of: and experience has since shewn, that the project was not wholly impracticable.

² Gi' me out one by chance. Project; FOUR DOGS' SKINS?] He does not mean so many dogs' skins in number; but his method of dressing these skins was the fourth in the number of his projects: we should read then,

Gi' me out one by chance; project four: (i. e. No. 4.) dog-skins?

³ I will not bate a HARRINGTON o' the sum.] The sense of this phrase is obvious enough; but I am unable to give the reader the original of it. Our author's contemporaries use it as he does, which shews it was familiar at that time: "I have lost four or "five friends, and not gotten the value of one Harrington."—Sir Henry Wotton's Letters, p. 558.

My furnaces, and hanging o' my coppers,
The tunning, and the subtilty o' my yest;
And, then the earth of my bottles, which I
dig, [myself,

Turn up, and steep, and work, and Neal,
To a degree of porcelaine. You will wonder
At my proportions, what I will put up
In seven years! for so long time I ask
For my invention. I will save in cork,
In my mere stop'ling, 'bove three thousand
pound

Within that term: by googing of 'em out
Just to the size of my bottles, and not slicing.
[thou there?
There's infinite loss i' that. What hast
O' making wine of raisins: this is in hand
now.

[He draws out another, raisins.

Eng. Is not that strange, sir, to make wine
of raisins? [of France,

Meer. Yes, and as true a wine as th' wines
Of Spain, or Italy: look of what grape
My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,
As of the Muscatel grape, I'll render Muscatel;

Of the Canary, his; the Claret, his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices
Of wine throughout the kingdom half in half.

Eng. But how, sir, if you raise the other
commodity, Raisins?

Meer. Why, then I'll make it out of black-
berries,

And it shall do the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge less. Take out another.

Fit. No, good sir,
Save you the trouble, I'll not look, nor hear
Of any but your first, there; the drown'd-
land:

If't will do, as you say.

Meer. Sir, there's not place
To gi' you demonstration of these things,
They are a little too subtil. But I could
shew you

Such a necessity in't, as you must be
But what you please: against the receiv'd
heresie, [land, sir,

That England bears no dukēs. Keep you the
The greatness of th' estate shall throw't up-
on you:

If you like better turning it to money,
What may not you, sir, purchase with that
wealth? [hions,

Say you should part with two o' your mil-
To be the thing you would, who would not
do't?

As I protest I will, out of my dividend,
* Lay for some petty principality [haps,
In Italy, from the church: now you, per-

Fancy the smoke of England rather?
But—

Ha' you no private room, sir, to draw to,
T' enlarge ourselves more upon?

Fit. O yes, devil!

Meer. These, sir, are businesses, ask to
be carried

With caution, and in cloud.

Fit. I apprehend [mistress?

They do so, sir. Devil, which way is your
Pug. Above, sir, in her chamber.

Fit. O that's well.

Then this way, good sir.

Meer. I shall follow you; Trains,
Gi' me the bag, and go you presently,
Commend my service to my lady Tailbush.

Tell her I am come from court this morn-
ing; say, [entreat her,

I have got our business mov'd, and well:
That she give you the fourscore angels, and
see 'em [side.

Dispos'd of to my counsel, sir Poule Either-
Some time, to-day, I'll wait upon her lady-
ship,

With the relation.

Eng. Sir, of what dispatch

He is! do you mark?

Meer. Engiue, when did you see [ter'
My cousin Ever-ill? keeps he still your quar-
I the Bermudas?

Eng. Yes, sir, he was writing
This morning, very hard.

Meer. Be not you known to him,
That I am come to town; I have effected
A business for him, but I would have it take
him,

Before he thinks for't.

Eng. Is it past?

Meer. Not yet.

'Tis well o' the way.

Eng. O sir! your worship takes
infinite pains.

Meer. I love, friends, to be active:
A sluggish nature puts off man, and kind.

Eng. And such a blessing follows it.

Meer. I thank

My fate. Pray you, let's be private, sir.

Fit. In, here.

Meer. Where none may interrupt us.

Fit. You hear, Devil,

Lock the street-doors fast, and let no one in
(Except they be this gentleman's followers)
To trouble me. Do you mark? You've
heard and seen

Something to-day, and by it you may gather,
Your mistress is a fruit that's worth the
stealing, [sure, now,

And therefore worth the watching. Be you

* Lay for some PETTY principality.] The edit. of 1640, as I think more justly,
Some pretty principality.

* ————— Keeps he still your quarter

I' the BERMUDAS?] This was a cant term for some places in the town, with the same
kind of privilege as the Mint of old, or the purlieus of the Fleet. So our author in one of
his epistles:

Have their Bermudas, and their Streights i' th' Strand.

You've all your eyes about you; and let in
No lace-woman, nor bawd, that brings

French masks, [with wafers,
And cut-works. See you? nor old croans,
To convey letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd
Like country-wives, with cream and mar-
row-puddings.

Much knavery may be vented in a pudding,
Much bawdy intelligence: they are shrewd
cyphers.

Nor turn the key to any neighbour's need;
Be't but to kindle fire, or beg a little,
Put it out rather, all out, to an ash,
That they may see no smoke. Or water,
spill it;

Knock o' the empty tubs, that by the sound
They may be forbid entry. Say, we are
robb'd,

If any come to borrow a spoon or so.
I wi' not have good fortune, or god's blessing
Let in, while I am busy.

Pug. I'll take care, sir,
They sha' not trouble you if they would.

Fit. Well, do so.

SCENE II.

Pug, Mistress Fitz-dottrel.

Pug. I have no singular service of this
now,

Nor no superlative master? I shall wish
To be in hell again at leisure? bring
A vice from thence? that had been such a
subtlety,

As to bring broad-cloths hither, or transport
Fresh oranges into Spain. I find it now;
My chief was i' the right. Can any fiend
Boast of a better vice, than here by nature
And art they're owners of? Hell ne'er own
me,

But I am taken! the fine tract of it
Pulls me along! to hear men such professors
Grown in our subtlest sciences! My first
act, now, [kold:
Shall be to make this master of mine cuc-
The primitive work of darkness I will prac-
tise!

I will deserve so well of my fair mistress
By my discoveries first, my counsels after,
And keeping counsel after that, as who
So ever is one, I'll be another sure,
I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd
flesh [now,
She will be! O! that I could stay time,
Midnight will come too fast upon me, I fear,
To cut my pleasure—

Mrs. Fit. Look at the back-door,
[She sends Devil out.

One knocks, see who it is.

Pug. Dainty she-devil!

Mrs. Fit. I cannot get this venture of the
cloke

Out of my fancy, nor the gentleman's way
He took, which though 'twere strange, yet
'twas handsome,

And had a grace withal, beyond the newness.

Sure he will think me that dull stupid crea-
ture

He said, and may conclude it, if I find not
Some thought to thank th' attempt. He did
presume,

By all the carriage of it, on my brain,
For answer; and will swear 'tis very barren,
If it can yield him no return. Who is it?

[Devil returns.

Pug. Mistress, it is—but first, let me
assure

The excellence of mistresses, I am,
Although my master's man, my mistress'
slave,

The servant of her secrets, and sweet turns,
And know what fitly will conduce to either.

Mrs. Fit. What's this? I pray you come
to yourself, and think

What your part is; to make an answer. Tell,
Who is at the door?

Pug. The gentleman, mistress, [you
Who was at the cloke-charge to speak with
This morning; who expects only to take
Some small commandments from you, what
you please, [manners.

Worthy your form, he says, and gentlest
Mrs. Fit. O! you'll anon prove his hir'd
man, I fear;

What has he giv'n you for this message? sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and leave
To spread his nets in view thus. Though
they take

Master Fitz-dottrel, I am no such foul
Nor fair one, tell him, will be had with
stalking;

And wish him to forbear his acting to me,
At the gentleman's chamber-window in Lin-
coln's-inn there,

That opens to my gallery; else I swear
T' acquaint my husband with his folly, and
leave him

To the just rage of his offended jealousy.
Or if your master's sense be not so quick
To right me, tell him I shall find a friend
That will repair me. Say, I will be quiet
In mine own house. Pray you, in those
words give it him. [He goes out.

Pug. This is some fool turn'd!

Mrs. Fit. If he be the master, [him,
Now, of that state and wit which I allow
Sure, he will understand me: I durst not
Be more direct; for this officious fellow,
My husband's new groom, is a spy upon me,
I find already. Yet, if he but tell him
This in my words, he cannot but conceive
Himself both apprehended and required.
I would not have him think he met a statue,
Or spoke to one, not there, though I were
silent.

How now? ha' you told him?

Pug. Yes.

Mrs. Fit. And what says he?

Pug. Says he? that which myself would
say to you, if I durst:

That you are proud, sweet mistress; and
withal,

A little ignorant, to entertain
The good that's proffer'd; and (by your
beauty's leave)

Not all so wise as some true politic wife
Would be; who having match'd with such
a Nupson [face

(I speak it with my master's peace) whose
Hath left t' accuse him, now, for't doth con-
fess him, [scruple,

What you can make him; will yet (out of
And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poor
gentleman,

At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it his whole study, how to com-
pass

Only a title. Could but he write cuckold,
He had his ends. For, look you—

Mrs. Fit. This can be
None but my husband's wit.

Pug. My precious mistress.

Mrs. Fit. It creaks his Engine: the groom
never durst

Be else so sawcy—

Pug. If it were not clearly
His worshipful ambition, and the top of it,
The very forked top too, why should he
Keep you thus mur'd up in a back-room,
mistress,

Allow you ne'er a casement to the street,
Fear of engendering by the eyes, with gal-
lants;

Forbid you paper, pen and ink, like rats-
bane; [letter
Search your half-pint of Muscatel, lest a
Be sunk i' the pot; and hold your new-laid
egg

Against the fire, lest any charm be writ there?
Will you make benefit of truth, dear mis-
tress,

If I do tell it you? I do't not often:
I am set over you, employ'd indeed
To watch your steps, your looks, your very
breathings,

And to report them to him. Now, if you
Will be a true, right, delicate, sweet mistress,
Why, we will make a cokes of this wise
master,

We will, my mistress, an absolute fine cokes,
And mock, to air, all the deep diligences
Of such a solemn and effectual ass,
An ass to so good purpose as we'll use him.
I will contrive it so, that you shall go
To plays, to masks, to meetings, and to feasts:
For, why is all this rigging and fine tackle,
mistress,

If you neat handsome vessels, of good sail,
Put not forth ever and anon with your nets
Abroad into the world? It is your fishing.
There, you shall chase your friends, your
servants, lady, [letters,
Your squires of honour; I'll convey your

Fetch answers, do you all the offices
That can belong to your blood and beauty.

And,
For the variety, at my times, although
I am not in due symmetry, the man
Of that proportion; or in rule
Of physick, of the just complexion;
Or of that truth of Picardil, in clothes*,
To boast a sovereignty o'er ladies; yet
I know to do my turns, sweet mistress.

Come, kiss—

Mrs. Fit. How now!

Pug. Dear delicate mistress, I am your
slave, [monkey,
Your little worm, that loves you; your fine
Your dog, your jack, your pug, that longs
to be

Stil'd o' your pleasures.

Mrs. Fit. Hear you all this? Sir, pray you
Come from your standing, do a little, spare

[*She thinks her husband watches.*
Yourself, sir, from your watch, t' applaud
your squire,

That so well follows your instructions!

SCENE III.

Fitz-dottrel, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Fit. How now, sweet heart, what's the
matter?

Mrs. Fit. Good!

You are a stranger to the plot! you see not
Your sawcy Devil here, to tempt your wife,
With all the insolent uncivil language,
Or action, he could vent?

Fit. Did you so, devil?

Mrs. Fit. Not you? you were not plant-
ed i' your hole to hear him,
Upo' the stairs, or here behind the hangings?
I do not know your qualities? he durst do it,
And you not give directions?

Fit. You shall see, wife,
Whether he durst or no, and what it was,
I did direct.

[*Her husband goes out, and enters pre-
sently with a cudgel upon him.*

Pug. Sweet mistress, are you mad?

Fit. You most mere rogue! you open
manifest villain!

You fiend apparent you! you declar'd hell-
hound!

Pug. Good sir.

Fit. Good knave, good rascal, and good
traitor.

Now, I do find you parcel-devil indeed.
Upo' the point of trust? I' your first charge?
The very day o' your probation?
To tempt your mistress? You do see, good
wellock,

How I directed him?

Mrs. Fit. Why where, sir, were you?

* Or of that truth of PICARDIL, in clothes.] This alludes to the fashion then in vogue: Picardils were the stiff upright collars that were fastened on to the coat; and Pug here means by the expression, that his clothes, perhaps, were not made enough in the reigning mode, to captivate a lady's fancy.

Fit. Nay, there is one blow more for exercise:

[*After a pause he strikes him again.*]

I told you I should do it.

Pug. Would you had done, sir!

Fit. O wife, the rarest man! (yet there's another

To put you in mind o' the last) such a brave Within, he has his projects, and does vent 'em

The gallantest! were you tentiginous! ha?

Would you be acting of the *incubus*?

Did her silk's rustling move you?

Pug. Gentle sir.

Fit. Out of my sight. If thy name were not Devil,

Thou should'st not stay a minute with me.

Go, yet stay, yet go too. I am resolv'd

What I will do, and you shall know't beforehand.

Soon as the gentleman is gone, do you hear?

I'll help your lisping. Wife, such a man, wife!

He has such plots! he will make me a duke!

No less by heaven! six mares to your coach, wife!

That's your proportion! and your coach-Because he shall be bare enough. Do not

you laugh,

We are looking for a place, and all, i' the

What to be of. Have faith, be not an infidel.

You know I am not easy to be gull'd.

I swear, when I have my millions, else I'll make

Another dutchess, if you ha' not faith.

Mrs. Fit. You'll ha' too much, I fear, in these false spirits.

Fit. Spirits? O, no such thing, wife; wit, This man defies the devil and all his works!

He does't by Engine, and devices, he!

He has his winged ploughs, that go with sails,

Will plough you forty acres at once! and Will spout you water ten miles off! All

Crowland

Is ours, wife; and the fens, from us, in Nor-

To the utmost bounds of Lincolnshire! we have view'd it,

And measur'd it within all, by the scale!

The richest tract of land, love, i' the kingdom!

There will be made seventeen or eighteen Or more, as't may be handled! wherefore

think,

Sweet-heart, if th' hast a fancy to one place More than another, to be dutchess of,

Now name it; I will ha't whate'er it cost, (If't will be had for money) either here,

Or in France, or Italy.

Mrs. Fit. You ha' strange phantasies!

SCENE IV.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Engine.

Meer. Where are you, sir?

Fit. I see thou hast no talent [chuck, This way, wife. Up to thy gallery, do, Leave us to talk of it who understand it.

Meer. I think we ha' found a place to fit you now, sir:

Gloucester.

Fit. O no, I'll none!

Meer. Why, sir?

Fit. 'Tis fatal.

Meer. That you say right in. Spencer, I think the younger,

Had his last honour thence. But he was but earl.

Fit. I know not that, sir. But Thomas of Woodstock,

I'm sure was duke, and he was made away At Calice, as duke Humphrey was at Bury:

And Richard the Third, you know what end he came to.

Meer. By my faith you are cunning i' the chronicle, sir.

Fit. No, I confess I ha't from the play-books,

And think they are more authentic.

Eng. That is sure, sir.

Meer. What say you (to this then)?

[*He whispers him of a place.*]

Fit. No, a noble house

Pretends to that. I will do no man wrong.

Meer. Then take one proposition more, and hear it

As past exception.

Fit. What is that?

Meer. To be

Duke of those lands you shall recover: take Your title thence, sir, Duke of the Drown'd-

lands,

Or, Drown'd-land.

Fit. Ha! that last has a good sound!

I like it well. The Duke of Drown'd-land?

Eng. Yes;

It goes like Groen-land, sir, if you mark it.

Meer. I,

And drawing thus your honour from the

work,

You make the reputation of that greater,

And stay't the longer i' your name.

Fit. 'Tis true.

Drown'd-lands will live in drown'd-land!

Meer. Yes, when you

Ha! no foot left; as that must be, sir, one day.

And though it tarry in your heirs some forty, Fifty descents, the longer liver at last, yet,

Must thrust 'em out on't, if no quirk in law, Or odd vice o' their own not do it first.

We see those changes daily; the fair lands That were the clients', are the lawyers' now;

And those rich manors there of Goodman Taylor's,

Had once more wood upon 'em than the By which th' were measur'd out for the last

purchase.

Nature hath these vicissitudes. She makes No man a state of perpetuity, sir.

Fit. You're i' the right. Let's in then, and conclude.

I' my sight again? I'll talk with you anon. *[He spies Devil.]*

SCENE V.

Pug.

Sure he will geld me if I stay, or worse,
Pluck out my tongue, one o' the two. This fool,

There is no trusting of him; and to quit him,
Were a contempt against my chief past pardon.

It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first!
Who would ha' thought a woman so well harness'd,

Or rather well caparison'd, indeed,
That wears such petticoats, and lace to her smocks,

Broad seaming laces (as I see 'em hang there)
And garters which are lost, if she can shew 'em, *[brave?]*

Could ha' done this? Hell! why is she so
It cannot be to please duke Dottrel, sure,
Nor the dull pictures in her gallery,
Nor her own dear reflexion in her glass;
Yet that may be: I have known many of 'em

Begin their pleasure, but none end it there:
(I hat I consider, as I go along with it)

They may, for want of better company,
Or that they think the better, spend an hour,
Two, three, or four, discoursing with their shadow:

But sure they have a farther speculation.
No woman drest with so much care and study, *[problem]*

Doth dress herself in vain. I'll vex this
A little more, before I leave it sure.

SCENE VI.

Wittipol, Mandy, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Wit. This was a fortune happy above
thought, *[I fear'd]*

That this should prove thy chamber; which
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window, and that the room.

Maa. It is.

I now remember, I have often seen there
A woman, but I never mark'd her much.

Wit. Where was your soul, friend?

Maa. Faith, but now and then

Awake unto those objects.

Wit. You pretend so.

I let me not live, if I am not in love
More with her wit, for this direction now,
Than with her form, though I ha' prais'd
that prettily, *[those:]*

Since I saw her and you to-day. Read
[He gives him a paper, wherein is the copy of a song.]

They'll go unto the air you love so well.
Try 'em unto the note, may be the musick
Will call her sooner; light, she's here! sing quickly.

Mrs. Fit. Either he understood him not;
or else,

The fellow was not faithful in delivery
Of what I bade. And, I am justly paid,
That might have made my profit of his service,

But by mistaking, have drawn on his envy,
And done the worst defeat upon myself.

[Mandy sings; Pug enters and perceives it.]
How! musick? then he may be there: and is sure.

Pug. O! is it so? is there the interview?
Have I drawn to you, at least, my cunning lady?

The Devil is an Ass! fool'd off! and beaten!
Nay, made an instrument! and could not scent it! *[woman]*

Well, since you have shewn the malice of a
No less than her true wit and learning, mistress,

I'll try, if little Pug have the malignity
To recompense it, and so save his danger.

'Tis not the pain, but the discredit of it,

The devil should not keep a body entire.

Wit. Away, fall back, she comes.

Maa. I leave you, sir,

The master of my chamber. I have business.

Wit. Mistress!

Mrs. Fit. You make me paint, sir.

Wit. They're fair colours, lady, and natural! I did receive *[lady]*

Some commands from you, lately, gentle
[This scene is acted at two windows, as out of two contiguous buildings.]

But so perplex'd, and wrapt in the delivery,
As I may tear to have mis-interpreted:

But must make suit still, to be near your grace.

Mrs. Fit. Who is there with you, sir?

Wit. None but myself. *[sing.]*

It falls out, lady, to be a dear friend's lodge-
Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune

With your poor servant's blest affections.

Mrs. Fit. Who was it sung?

Wit. He, lady, but he's gone,

Upon my entreaty of him, seeing you
Approach the window. Neither need you

doubt him,
If he were here; he is too much a gentleman.

Mrs. Fit. Sir, if you judge me by this
simple action,

And by the outward habit, and complexion
Of easiness it hath, to your design;

You may with justice say, I am a woman:
And a strange woman. But when you shall

please
To bring but that concurrence of my fortune
To memory, which to-day yourself did

urge;
It may beget some favour like excuse,
Though none like reason.

Wit. No, my tuneful mistress?

Then surely love hath none, nor beauty any;
Nor nature violenc'd in both these:

With all whose gentle tongues you speak, at once.

I thought I had enough remov'd already
That scruple from your breast, and left y'all
reason; [shew'd you
When through my morning's perspective I
A man so above excuse, as he's the cause,
Why any thing is to be done upon him;
And nothing call'd an injury misplac'd.
I rather now had hope, to shew you how
love

By his accesses grows more natural:
And what was done this morning with such
force,
Was but devis'd to serve the present, then.
That since love hath the honour to approach
[He grows more familiar in his courtship.
These sister-swelling breasts; and touch
this soft

And rosy hand; he hath the skill to draw
Their nectar forth, with kissing; and could
make [tory,
More wanton salts from this brave promon-
Down to this valley, than the nimble roe;
[Plays with her paps, kisseth her
hands, &c.

Could play the hopping sparrow 'bout these
nets; [groves;

And sporting squirrel in these crisped
Bury himself in every silk-worm's kell,
Is here unravel'd; run into the snare,
Which every hair is cast into a curl,
To catch a Cupid flying: bathe himself
In milk and roses here, and dry him there;
Warm his cold hands, to play with this
smooth, round, [ball;
And well-turn'd chin, as with the billiard-
Roll on these lips, the banks of love, and
there

At once both plant and gather kisses. Lady,
Shall I, with what I've made to-day here,
call

All some to wonder, and all faith to sign
The mysteries revealed in your form?
And will love pardon me the blasphemy
I utter'd, when I said, a glass could speak
This beauty, or that fools had power to
judge it?

"Do but look on her eyes! they do light—
"All that love's world compriseth!
"Do but look on her hair! it is bright
"As love's star when it riseth!
"Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
"Than words that soothe her!
"And from her arched brows, such a grace
"Sheds itself through the face;
"As alone, there triumphs to the life,
"All the gain, all the good, of the ele-
ments strife!
"Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
"Before rude hands have touch'd it?

— And could make

More wanton 'saunts from this brave promontory.] The word 'saunts, as it now stands, seems to be an abbreviation of *assaults*, which indeed is not destitute of meaning, but is not the term intended by the poet. The true reading is *saults*, leaping, or boundings, from the Latin *saltus*.

"Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
"Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
"Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
"Or swan's down ever?
"Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
"Or the nard i' the fire?
"Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
"O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet
is she!

SCENE VII.

Fitz-dottrel, Wittipol, Pug.

[*Her husband appears at her back.*

Fitz. Is she so, sir? and I will keep her so,
If I know how, or can: that wit of man
Will do't, I'll go no farther. At this window
She shall no more be buz'd at. Take your
leave on't.

If you be sweet-meats, wedlock, or sweet
flesh, [you.

All's one: I do not love this hum about
A fly-blown wife is not so proper: In:

For you, you, sir, look'to hear from me.
[*He speaks out of his wife's window.*

Wit. So I do, sir.

Fitz. No, but in other terms. There's no
man offers

This to my wife, but pays for't.

Wit. That have I, sir.

Fitz. Nay then, I tell you, you are—

Wit. What am I, sir?

Fitz. Why, that I'll think on, when I ha'
cut your throat.

Wit. Go, you are an ass.

Fitz. I am resolv'd on't, sir.

Wit. I think you are.

Fitz. To call you to a reckoning.

Wit. Away, you broker's block, you pro-
perty.

Fitz. 'Slight, if you strike me, I will strike
your mistress.

[*He strikes his wife.*

Wit. O! I could shoot mine eyes at him
for that now,

Or leave my teeth in him, were they cuc-
kold's bane,

Enough to kill him. What prodigious,
Blind, and most wicked change of fortune's
this?

I ha' no air of patience: all my veins
Swell, and my sinews start at iniquity of it.
I shall break, break.

[*The devil speaks below.*

Pug. This for the malice of it,
And my revenge may pass! but now my
conscience

Tells me, I have profited the cause of hell
But little, in the breaking off their loves.

Which, if some other act of mine repair not,
I shall hear ill of in my account.

[*Fitz-dottrel enters with his wife as come down.*]

Fitz. O, bird!

Could you do this? 'gainst me? and at
this time now?

When I was so employ'd, wholly for you,
Drown'd i' my care (more than the land, I

swear, [studying]
I have hope to win) to make you peerless?

For footmen for you, fine-pac'd huishers,
pages, [wife]

To serve you o' the knee; with what knight's
To bear your train, and sit with your four

women
In council, and receive intelligences
From foreign parts, to dress you at all pieces!

You've almost turn'd my good affection to
you; [poses:

Sour'd my sweet thoughts, all my pure pur-
I could now find (i' my very heart) to make

Another lady dutchess, and depose you.
Well, go your ways in. Devil, you have

redeem'd all.
I do forgive you. And I'll do you good.

SCENE VIII.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Engine, Trains.

Meer. Why ha' you these excursions?
where ha' you been, sir?

Fitz. Where I ha' been vex'd a little with
a toy!

Meer. O sir! no toys must trouble your
grave head,

Now it is growing to be great. You must
Be above all those things.

Fitz. Nay, nay, so I will.

Meer. "Now you are to'ard the lord,
you must put off

"The man, sir."

Eng. He says true.

Meer. You must do nothing

As you ha' done it heretofore; not know,
Or salute any man.

Eng. That was your bedfellow

The other month.

Meer. The other month? the week.

Thou dost not know the privileges, Engine,
Follow that title; nor how swift: to-day,

When he has put on his lord's face once,
then — [enough,

Fitz. Sir, for these things I shall do well
There is no fear of me. But then my wife is

Such an untoward thing, she'll never learn
How to comport with it! I am out of all

Conceit, on her behalf.

Meer. Best have her taught, sir.

Fitz. Where? are there any schools for
ladies? is there

An academy for women? I do know,
For men there was: I learn'd in it myself,

To make my legs, and do my postures.

Eng. Sir,

Do you remember the conceit you had —

O' the Spanish gown at home?

[*Engine whispers Meer-craft: Meer-craft turns to Fitz-dottrel.*]

Meer. Ha! I do thank thee [is

With all my heart, dear Engine. Sir, there
A certain lady, here about the town,

An English widow, who bath lately travel'd,
But she is call'd the Spaniard, 'cause she

came
Latest from thence, and keeps the Spanish
habit.

Such a rare woman! all our women here,
That are of spirit and fashion, flock unto her,

As to their president, their law, their canon;
More than they ever did to oracle Foreman.

Such rare receipts she has, sir, for the face,
Such oils, such tinctures, such pomatums,

Such perfumes, med'cines, quintessences,
et cætera;

And such a mistress of behaviour,
She knows from the duke's daughter to the

doxey,
What is their due just, and no more!

Fitz. O sir!

You please me i' this, more than mine own
greatness.

Where is she? Let us have her.

Meer. By your patience,
We must use means, cast how to be ac-

quainted —

Fitz. Good sir, about it.

Meer. We must think how, first.

Fitz. O!

I do not love to tarry for a thing,
When I have a mind to't. You do not

know me,
If you do offer it.

Meer. Your wife must send [ment,
Some pretty token to her, with a compli-

And pray to be receiv'd in her good graces.
All the great ladies do't.

Fitz. She shall, she shall.

What were it best to be?

Meer. Some little toy,

I would not have it any great matter, sir:
A diamond-ring of forty or fifty pound

Would do it handsomely, and be a gift
Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

Fitz. I'll go and tell my wife on't straight.
[*Fitz-dottrel goes out.*]

Meer. Why, this
Is well! the clothes we have now, but

where's this lady?
If we could get a witty boy now, Engine,

That were an excellent crack, I could in-
struct him

To the true height. For any thing takes
this Dottrel.

Eng. Why, sir, your best will be one o'
the players!

Meer. No, there's no trusting them.
They'll talk on't,

And tell their poets.
Eng. What if they do? the jest

Will brook the stage. But there be some
of 'em

Are very honest lads. There's Dick Robinson^{*}

A very pretty fellow, and comes often
To a gentleman's chamber, a friend of mine.

We had

The merriest supper of it there, one night,
The gentleman's landlady invited him
T' a gossip's feast: now he, sir, brought

Dick Robinson,

Drest like a lawyer's wife, amongst 'em all;
(I lent him clothes) but to see him behave
it, [em,

And lay the law, and carve and drink unto
And then talk bawdy, and send frolics! O!
It would have burst your buttons, or not left
A seam. [you

Meer. They say he's an ingenious youth!

Eng. O sir! and dresses himself the best!
beyond [him?

Forty o' your very ladies! did you ne'er see

Meer. No, I do seldom, see those toys.

But think you

That we may have him?

Eng. Sir, the young gentleman
I tell you of can command him. Shall I at-
tempt it?

Meer. Yes, do it.

[Fitz-dottrel enters again.

Fitz. 'Slight, I cannot get my wife
To part with a ring on any terms, and yet
The sullen monkey has two.

Meer. It were 'gainst reason
That you should urge it; sir, send to a
goldsmith,

Let not her lose by't.

Fitz. How does she lose by't?

Is't not for her?

Meer. Make it your own bounty,
It will ha' the better success; what is a
matter

Of fifty pound to you, sir?

Fitz. I have but a hundred

Pieces, to shew here; that I would not
break — [a ticket

Meer. You shall ha' credit, sir. I'll send
Unto my goldsmith. Here my man comes
too, [birds?

To carry it fitly. How now, Trains? what
[Trains enters.

Tra. Your cousin Ever-ill met me, and
has beat me, [were:

Because I would not tell him where you
I think he has dogg'd me to the house too.

Meer. Well —

You shall go out at the back-door then,
Trains. [means.

You must get Gilt-head hither by some
Tra. 'Tis impossible!

Fitz. Tell him we have venison,
I'll gi' him a piece, and send his wife a
pheasant. [pound

Tra. A forest moves not, 'till that forty
Yo' had of him last he paid. He keeps
more stir [bond

For that same petty sum, than for your
Of six, and statute of eight hundred!

Meer. Tell him

We'll hedge in that. Cry up Fitz-dottrel to
him, [metal.

Double his price: make him a man of
Tra. That will not need, his bond is cur-
rent enough.

* *There's DICK ROBINSON.*] He was a player, and famous at that time for acting women's parts. The vogue he was then in, appears from these verses of Cowley, addressed to sir Kenelm Digby, and prefixed to *Love's Riddle*:

"Nor has't a part for Robinson, whom they

"At school account essential to a play."

He was also a performer in several of Jonson's plays.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Gilt-head, Plutarchus.

Gilt. ALL this is to make you a gentle-
man!

I'll have you learn, son. Wherefore have
I plac'd you

With sir Poule Either-side, but to have so
much law

To keep your own? Besides, he is a justice,
Here i' the town; and dwelling, son, with
him,

You shall learn that in a year, shall be worth
twenty

Of having staid you at Oxford or at Cam-
bridge, [France.

Or sending you to the inns of court, or
I'm call'd for now in haste by master Meer-
craft,

To trust master Fitz-dottrel, a good man:
I have enquir'd him, eighteen hundred a
year,

(His name is current) for a diamond ring
Of forty, shall not be worth thirty, (that's
gain'd)

And this is to make you a gentleman!

Plu. O, but good father, you trust too much!

Gilt. Boy, boy,
We live by finding fools out to be trusted.
Our shop-books are our pastures, our corn-grounds,

Welay 'em open, for them to come into;
And when we have 'em there, we drive 'em up

[straight,
'Int' one of our two pounds, the complers,
And this is to make you a gentleman!

We citizens never trust, but we do cozen:
For if our debtors pay, we cozen them;
And if they do not, then we cozen ourselves.
But that's a hazard every one must run,
That hopes to make his son a gentleman!

Plu. I do not wish to be one, truly, father.

In a descent or two, we come to be
Just i' their state, fit to be cozen'd, like 'em.
And I had rather ha' tarried i' your trade:
For, since the gentry scorn the city so much,
Methinks we should in time, holding together,

[say,
And matching in our own tribes, as they
Have got an act of common-council for it,
That we might cozen them out of *rerum natura*.

Gilt. I, if we had an act first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heirs unto 'em,
And daughters with such lavish portions.
That confounds all.

Plu. And makes a mungril breed, father.
And when they have your money, then they
laugh at you,

Or kick you down the stairs. I cannot abide 'em.

[ed.
I would fain have 'em cozen'd, but not trust-

SCENE II.

Meer-craft, Gilt-head, Fitz-dottrel, Plutarchus.

Meer. O, is he come! I knew he would not fail me.

[do
Welcome, good Gilt-head, I must ha' you
A noble gentleman a courtesy here,
In a mere toy (some petty ring or jewel)
Of fifty or threescore pound. (Make it a hundred,

And hedge in the last forty that I owe you,
And your own price for the ring.) He's a good man, sir,

And you may hap' see him a great one! he
Is likely to bestow hundreds and thousands
Wt' you, if you can humour him. A great prince

He will be shortly. What do you say?

Gilt. In truth, sir,
I cannot. 'T has been a long vacation with us.

[honesty?
Fitz. Of what, I pray thee, of wit or
Those are your citizens' long vacations.

Plu. Good father, do not trust 'em.

Meer. Nay, Thom. Gilt-head,
He will not buy a courtesy and beg it:
He'll rather pay than pray. If you do for him,

You must do cheerfully. His credit, sir,
Is not yet prostitute! who's this, thy son?
A pretty youth, what's his name?

Plu. Plutarchus, sir.

Meer. Plutarchus! how came that about?

Gilt. That year, sir,
That I begot him, I bought Plutarch's Lives,
And fell so in love with the book, as I call'd
my son

By his name, in hope he should be like him,
And write the lives of our great men!

Meer. I' the city?

And you do breed him there?

Gilt. His mind, sir, lies

Much to that way.

Meer. Why, then he's i' the right way.

Gilt. But now, I had rather get him a good wife,

And plant him i' the country, there to use
The blessing I shall leave him.

Meer. Out upon't!

And lose the laudable means thou hast at home here,

[man?
'T advance and make him a young alder-
Buy him a captain's place for shame, and let him

Into the world early, and with his plume
And scarfs march through Cheapside, or
along Cornhill,

[wife
And by the virtue of those, draw down a
There from a window, worth ten thousand pound!

Get him the posture-book and's leaden men
To set upon a table, 'gainst his mistress

Chance to come by, that he may draw her
And shew her Finsbury battles.

[in,
Gilt. I have plac'd him

With justice Either-side, to get so much law—

Meer. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost wrong,

Pretty Plutarchus, who had not his name
For nothing, but was born to train the youth
Of London in the military truth—

That way his genius lyes. My cousin Ever-ill!

SCENE III.

Ever-ill, Plutarchus, Gilt-head, Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel.

Ever. O, are you here, sir? pray you let us whisper.

Plu. Father, dear father, trust him if you love me.

[do
Gilt. Why, I do mean it, boy, but what I
Must not come easily from me: we must deal

[us.
With courtiers, boy, as courtiers deal with

¹ Int' one of our pounds, the complers, straight.] The monosyllable added in the text, necessary for both sense and measure, is retrieved from the folio.

If I have a business there with any of them,
Why I must wait, I'm sure on't, son; and
though [man—

My lord dispatch me, yet his worshipful
Will keep me for his sport a month or two,
To shew me with my fellow-citizens.

I must make his train long, and full, one
quarter. [There

And help the spectacle of his greatness.
Nothing is done at once but injuries, boy,
And they come headlong! all their good
turns move not,

Or very slowly.

Plu. Yet, sweet father, trust him.

Gilt. Well, I will think.

Ever. Come, you must do't, sir.

I am undone else, and your lady Tail-bush
Has sent for me to dinner, and my clothes
Are all at pawn. I had sent out this morn-
ing [twenty

Before I heard you were come to town, some
Of my epistles, and no one return—

[*Meer-craft tells him of his faults.*

Meer. Why, I ha' told you o' this. This
comes of wearing

Scarlet, gold-lace, and cut-works! your fine
gartering! [eating

With your blown roses, cousin! and your
Pheasant, and god-wit, here in London!
haunting [with lords

The Globes and Mermaids! wedging in
Still at the table! and affecting lechery
In velvet! where could you ha' contented
yourself [ring,

With cheese, salt butter, and a pickled her-
b! the Low Countries; there worn cloth and
fustian! [daughter,

Been satisfied with a leap o' your host's
In garrison, a wench of a storer! or,
Your sutler's wife, i' the leaguer, of two
blanks!

You never then had run upon this flat,
To write your letters missive, and send out
Your privy seals, that thus have frightened off
All your acquaintance, that they shun you
at distance,

Worse than you do the bailiffs.

Ever. Pox upon you,

I come not to you for counsel, I lack
money. [*He repines.*

Meer. You do not think what you owe
me already.

Ever. I?

[sworn
They owe you that mean to pay you. I'll be
I never meant it. Come, you will project,
I shall undo your practice, for this month
else:

You know me. [*And threatens him.*

Meer. I, you're a right sweet nature!

Ever. Well, that's all one!

Meer. You'll leave this empire one day?

You will not ever have this tribute paid

Your sceptre o' the sword?

Ever. Tie up your wit,

Do, and provoke me not—

Meer. Will you, sir, help

To what I shall provoke another for you?

Ever. I cannot tell; try me: I think I
am not

So utterly, of an ore un-to-be-melted;

But I can do myself good, on occasions.

[*They join.*

Meer. Strike in then, for your part. Mr.
Fitz-dottrel,

If I transgress in point of manners, afford me
Your best construction; I must beg my
freedom

From your affairs, this day.

Fit. How, sir?

Meer. It is

In succour of this gentleman's occasions,
My kinsman—

[*Meer-craft pretends business.*

Fit. You'll not do me that affront, sir,

Meer. I am sorry you should so interpret
it.

But, sir, it stands upon his being invested

In a new office, he has stood for, long:

[*Meer-craft describes the office of De-
pendency.*

Master of the Dependencies! a place
Of my projection too, sir, and hath met
Much opposition; but the state, now, sees
That great necessity of it, as after all
Their writing, and their speaking against
duels,

They have erected it. His book is drawn—
For, since there will be differences daily

'Twixt gentlemen, and that the roaring
manner [call

Is grown offensive; that those few, we
The civil men o' the sword, abhor the va-
pours; [cess;

They shall refer now, hither, for their pro-
And such as trespass 'gainst the rule of
court

Are to be fin'd—

Fit. In troth, a pretty place!

Meer. A kind of arbitrary court 'twill
be, sir.

Fit. I shall have matter for it, I believe,

Ere it be long: I had a distaste.

Meer. But now, sir, [ing,

My learned counsel, they must have a feel-
They'll part, sir, with no books, without the
hand-gout

Be oil'd; and I must furnish. If't be money,
To me straight; I am mine, mint, and ex-
chequer,

To supply all. What is't? a hundred pound?

Ever. No, th' harpy now stands on a hun-
dred pieces.

Meer. Why, he must have 'em, if he
will. To-morrow, sir,

Will equally serve your occasions—

And therefore, let me obtain, that you will
yield

To timing a poor gentleman's distresses,

In terms of hazard.—

Fit. By no means!

Meer. I must

Get him this money, and will.—

Fit. Sir, I protest,
I'd rather stand engag'd for it myself;
Than you should leave me.

Meer. O good sir, do you think
So coarsely of our manners, that we would,
For any need of ours, be prest to take it;
Though you be pleas'd to offer it?

Fit. Why, by heaven
I mean it!

Meer. I can never believe less.
But we, sir, must preserve our dignity,
As you do publish yours. By your fair
leave, sir. [*He offers to be gone.*]

Fit. As I am a gentleman, if you do offer
To leave me now, or if you do refuse me,
I will not think you love me.

Meer. Sir, I honour you,
And with just reason, for these noble notes
Of the nobility you pretend to: but, sir—
I would know, why? a motive (he a stranger)
You should do this? [*ness.*]

(*Ever.* You'll mar all with your fineness.)
Fit. Why that's all one, if 'twere, sir, but
my fancy.

But I have a business, that perhaps I'd have
Brought to his office.

Meer. O sir! I have done then;
If he can be made profitable to you.

Fit. Yes, and it shall be one of my am-
bitions

To have it the first business: may I not?

Ever. So you do mean to make't a perfect
business.

Fit. Nay, I'll do that, assure you: shew
me once.

Meer. Sir, it concerns, the first be a per-
fect business,

For his own honour!

Ever. I, and the reputation
Too of my place.

Fit. Why, why do I take this course, else?
I am not altogether an ass, good gentlemen,
Wherefore should I consult you? do you
think, [*tell us.*]

To make a song on't? How's your manner?

Meer. Do, satisfy him: give him the whole
course. [*offer*]

Ever. First, by request, or otherwise, you
Your business to the court; wherein you
crave [*ants.*]

The judgment of the master and the assist-

Fit. Well, that's done now; what do you
upon it?

Ever. We straight, sir, have recourse to the
spring-head:

Visit the ground, and so disclose the nature;
If it will carry, or no. If we do find,
By our proportions, it is like to prove
A sullen and black bus'ness, that it be
Incorrigible, and out of treaty; then
We file it, a dependence!

Fit. So 'tis fil'd:

What follows? I do love the order of these
things. [*be*]

Ever. We then advise the party, if he
A man of means and havings, that forthwith
He settle his estate; if not, at least
That he pretend it: for, by that, the world
Takes notice, that it now is a dependence.
And this we call, sir, publication.

Fit. Very sufficient! after publication,
now? [*is divers;*]

Ever. Then we grant out our process, which
Either by chartel, sir, or *ore-tenus*,
Wherein the challenger, and challengee,
Or (with your Spaniard) your provocador,
And provocado, have their sever al courses—

Fit. I have enough on't! for an hundred
pieces?

Yes, for two hundred, under-write me, do.
Your man will take my bond?

Meer. That he will, sure:
But these same citizens, they are such
sharks! [*word*]

There's an old debt of forty, I ga' my
For one is run away to the Bermudas,
And he will hook in that, or he wi' not do.

[*He whispers Fitz-dottrel aside.*]

Fit. Why, let him. That and the ring,
and a hundred pieces,

Will all but make two hundred?

Meer. No, no more, sir.

What ready arithmetick you have! do you
hear? [*And then Gilt-head.*]

A pretty morning's work for you, this! do it,
You shall ha' twenty pound on't.

Gilt. Twenty pieces?

(*Plu.* Good father, do't.)

Meer. You will hook still? well,
Show us your ring. You could not ha' done
this now,

With gentleness, at first, we might ha'
thank'd you;

But, groan, and ha' your courtesies come
from you [*draw*]

Like a hard stool, and stink. A man may
Your teeth out easier than your money.

Come, [*ture,*]

Were little Gilt-head here, no better a na-
I should ne'er love him, that could pull his
lips off, now;

[*He pulls Plutarchus by the lip.*]

Was not thy mother a gentlewoman?

Plu. Yes, sir.

Meer. And went to the court at Christ-
mass, and St. George-tide?

And lent the lord's men chains?

Plu. Of gold and pearl, sir.

Meer. I knew thou must take after some-
body! [*shop-look!*]

Thou could'st not be else. This was no
I'll ha' thee, captain Gilt-head, and march
up,

And take in Pimlico, and kill the bush

² You'll mar all with your *FINENESS*.] Mr. Sympson imagines it should be *finesse*; but that word, I believe, came into use since our author's days. *Fineness* is the same with *shyness*, or *coyness*; and that sense is not incongruous to the rest of the passage.

At every tavern! Thou shalt have a wife,
If smocks will mount, boy. How now?
you ha' there now
Some Bristol stone, or Cornish counterfeit
You'd put upon us?

[He turns to old Gilt-head.

Gilt. No, sir, I assure you.
Look on his lustre! he will speak himself!
I'll gi' you leave to put him i' the mill,
He is no great, large stone, but a true para-
ragon¹,

He has all his corners, view him well.

Meer. He's yellow.

Gilt. Upo' my faith, sir, o' the right black
water,
And very deep! he's set without a foil, too.
Here's one o' the yellow-water, I'll sell
cheap.

Meer. And what do you value this at?
thirty pound?

[set.

Gilt. No, sir, he cost me forty ere he was

Meer. Turnings, you mean? I know your
equivokes:

You're grown the better fathers of 'em o'
late.²

Well, where't must go 'twill be judg'd, and
therefore

Look you't be right. You shall have fifty
pound for't.

[Now to Fitz-dottrel.

Not a denier more! and because you would
Have things dispatch'd, sir, I'll go presently,
Inquire out this lady. If you think good,
sir,

Having an hundred pieces ready, you may
Part with those now, to serve my kinsman's
turns,

That he may wait upon you anon the freer;
And take 'em, when you ha' seal'd, again,
of Gilt-head.

Fitz. I care not if I do!

Meer. And dispatch all
Together.

Fitz. There, they're just a hundred pieces;
I ha' told 'em over twice a day these two
months.

[He turns 'em out together; and Ever-
ill and he fall to share.

Meer. Well, go and seal then, sir; make
your return
As speedy as you can.

Ever. Come, gi' me.

Meer. Soft, sir.

Ever. Marry, and fair too then; I'll no
delaying, sir.

Meer. But you will hear?

Ever. Yes, when I have my dividend.

Meer. There's forty pieces for you.

Ever. What is this for?

Meer. Your half. You know, that Gilt-
head must ha' twenty.

Ever. And what's your ring there? Shall
I ha' none o' that?

Meer. O, that's to be given to a lady!

Ever. Is it so?

Meer. By that good light, it is.

Ever. Come, gi' me
Ten pieces more, then.

Meer. Why?

Ever. For Gilt-head? sir,
D' you think I'll allow him any such share?

Meer. You must.

Ever. Must I? do your musts, sir, I'll do
mine;

You wi' not part with the whole, sir, will
you? Go to,

Gi' me ten pieces!

Meer. By what law do you this?

Ever. E'en Lyon-law, sir, I must roar else.

Meer. Good!

Ever. You've heard how th' ass made his
divisions wisely?

Meer. And I am he: I thank you.

Ever. Much good do you, sir.

Meer. I shall be rid o' this tyranny one
day.

Ever. Not

While you do eat, and lie about the town
here,

And cozen i' your bullions; and I stand
Your name of credit, and compound your
business;

Adjourn your beatings every term, and make
New parties for your projects. I have now
A pretty task of it, to hold you in
Wi' your lady Tail-bush: but the toy will be
How we shall both come off?

Meer. Leave you your doubting,
And do your portion, what's assign'd you: I
Never fail'd yet.

Ever. With reference to your aids?

You'll still be unthankful. Where shall I
meet you, anon?

You ha' some feat to do alone, now, I see;
You wish me gone; well, I will find you
out,

And bring you after to the audit.

Meer. Slight!

There's Engine's share, too, I had forgot!
this reign

Is too-too-unsupportable! I must
Quit myself of this vassalage! Engine! wel-
come.

¹ *He is no great, large stone, but a true PARAGON.*] The Italians call the black marble, used by way of touch-stone, *paragone*; and from hence, probably, we derive the metaphorical use of the word, when we apply it to a thing every way perfect, and what will stand the test; as when we say, the *paragon* of beauty, of science, or the like; and here, I suppose, it means, the stone was exquisite in every particular.

² *I know your EQUIVOKES:*

You're grown the better fathers of 'em o' late.] Satirically reflecting on the Jesuits, the great patrons of equivocation.

SCENE IV.

*Meer-craft, Engine, Wittipol.**Meer.* How goes the cry?*Eng.* Excellent well!*Meer.* Will't do?*Where's Robinson?**Eng.* Here is the gentleman, sir,
Will undertake't himself. I have acquaint-
ed him.*Meer.* Why did you so?*Eng.* Why, Robinson would ha' told him,
You know. And he's a pleasant wit! will
hurt[nion,
Nothing you purpose. Then he's of opi-
That Robinson might want audacity.
She being such a gallant. Now, he has been
In Spain, and knows the fashions there; and
can [leave much
Discourse; and being but mirth, (he says)
To his care.*Meer.* But he is too tall!*[He excepts at his stature.**Eng.* For that.He has the bravest device (you'll love him
for't)To say, he wears Cioppinos? and they do so
In Spain. And Robinson's as tall as he.*Meer.* Is he so?*Eng.* Every jot.*Meer.* Nay, I had rather

To trust a gentleman with it o' the two.

Eng. Pray you to go to him then, sir, and
salute him. [quainted you*Meer.* Sir, my friend Engine has ac-
With a strange business here.*Wit.* A merry one, sir.

The duke of Drown'd-land and his dutchess?

Meer. Yes, sir.Now that the conjurers ha' laid him by,
I ha' made bold to borrow him a while.*Wit.* With purpose, yet, to put him out, I
hope,

To his best use?

Meer. Yes, sir.*Wit.* For that small partThat I am trusted with, put off your care:
I would not lose to do it, for the mirth

Will follow of it; and well, I have a fancy.

Meer. Sir, that will make it well.*Wit.* You will report it so.

Where must I leave my dressing?

Eng. At my house, sir.*Meer.* You shall have caution, sir, for
what he yields,

To six-pence. [sir,

Wit. You shall pardon me. I will share,
I' your sports only, nothing i' your purchase.
But you must furnish me with compliments,
To th' manner of Spain; my coach, my
guarda-duenna's. [I must,*Meer.* Engine's your provedore. But, sir,
(Now I have ent'red trust w' you thus far)
Secure still i' your quality, acquaint you
With somewhat beyoud this. The place de-
sign'dTo be the scene for this our merry matter,
Because it must have countenance of women
To draw discourse, and offer it, is here by,
At the lady Tail-bush's.*Wit.* I know her, sir,
And her gentleman-usher.*Meer.* Mr. Ambler!*Wit.* Yes, sir.*Meer.* Sir, it shall be no shame to me, to
confess [acres,
To you, that we poor gentlemen that want
Must for our needs turn fools up, and plough
ladies [thisSometime, to try what glebe they are: and
Is no unfruitful piece. She and I now
Are on a project, for the fact, and venting
Of a new kind of fucus (paint for ladies)
To serve the kingdom: wherein she herself
Hath travel'd, specially, by way of service
Unto her sex, and hopes to get the monopoly,
As the reward of her invention.*Wit.* What is her end in this?*Meer.* Merely ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the se-
cret, [dealingThough she pretend some other. For, she's
Already upon caution for the shares,

And Mr. Ambler he is nam'd examiner

For the ingredients, and the register

Of what is vented, and shall keep the office.

Now, if she break with you, of this (as I
Must make the leading thread to your ac-
quaintance,That, how experience gotten i' your being
Abroad, will help our business) think of some
Pretty additions, but to keep her floating:
It may be she will offer you a part:

Any strange names of—

Wit. Sir, I have my instructions.

Is it not high time to be making ready?

Meer. Yes, sir.*Eng.* The fool's in sight, Dottrel.*Meer.* Away then.

SCENE V.

*Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Pug.**Meer.* Return'd so soon?*Fitz.* Yes, here's the ring: I ha' seal'd.But there's not so much gold in all the row,
he says—Till't come fro' the mint. 'Tis ta'en up for
the gamblers.*Meer.* There's a shop-shift! plague on 'em!*Fitz.* He does swear it.*Meer.* He'll swear and forswear too, it is
his trade,
You should not have left him.*Fitz.* 'Slid, I can go back,
And bent him yet.*Meer.* No, now let him alone.*Fitz.* I was so earnest after the main business,
To have this ring gone.*Meer.* True, and it is time. [ship eats
I have learn'd, sir, sin' you went, her lady-
With the lady Tail-bush, here hard by.

Fit. I' the lane here ?

[presence,

Meer. Yes, if you had a servant now of Well cloth'd, and of an airy voluble tongue, Neither too big nor little for his mouth, That could deliver your wife's compliment, To send along withal.

Fit. I have one, sir,
A very handsome gentleman-like fellow,
That I do mean to make my dutchess' usher—

I entertain'd him but this morning too:
I'll call him to you. The worst of him is his name!

Meer. She'll take no note of that, but of his message.

[*He shows him his Pug.*

Fit. Devil! how like you him, sir? Pace, go a little,
Let's see you move.

Meer. He'll serve, sir; give it him,
And let him go along with me, I'll help
To present him and it.

Fit. Look you do, sirrah,
Discharge this well, as you expect your place.
D' you hear, go on, come off with all your honours. [*Gives him instructions.*

I would fain see him do it.

Meer. Trust him with it.

Fit. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering [*body.*
With the French time, and flexure of your
I could now so instruct him—and for his words—

Meer. I'll put them in his mouth.

Fit. O, but I have 'em
O' the very academies.

Meer. Sir, you'll have use for 'em
Anon yourself, I warrant you, after dinner,
When you are call'd.

Fit. 'Slight' that'll be just play-time.

[*He longs to see the play.*

It cannot be, I must not lose the play!

Meer. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit.

And she is president.

Fit. 'Slid, it is the Devil!

[*Because it is the Devil.*

Meer. And 'twere his dam too, you must now apply

Yourself, sir, to this wholly, or lose all.

Fit. If I could but see a piece—

Meer. Sir, never think on't.

Fit. Come but to one act, and I did not care—

But to be seen to rise and go away,
To vex the players, and to punish their poet—

Keep him in awe!

Meer. But say that he be one

Wi' not be aw'd! but laugh at you. How then?

Fit. Then he shall pay for's dinner himself.

Meer. Perhaps, [*you.*
He would do that twice, rather than thank
Come get the Devil out of your head, my lord,

[*I'll call you so in private still*) and take
Your lordship i' your mind. You were,
sweet lord,

[*He puts him in mind of his quarrel.*
In talk to bring a business to the office.

Fit. Yes. [*yourself,*

Meer. Why should not you, sir, carry it o'
Before the office be up? and shew the world
You had no need of any man's direction,
In point, sir, of sufficiency? I speak
Against a kinsman, but as one that tenders
Your grace's good.

Fit. I thank you; to proceed—

Meer. To publications: ha' your deed
drawn presently,

And leave me a blank to put in your fees,
One, two, or more, as you see cause—

Fit. I thank you

Heartily, I do thank you. Not a word more,
I pray you, as you love me. Let me alone.
That I could not think o' this as well as he?
O, I could beat my infinite blockhead!—

[*He is angry with himself.*

Meer. Come, we must this way.

Pug. How far is't?

Meer. Hard by here,
Over the way. Now, to atchieve this ring
From this same fellow, that is, to assure it,

[*He thinks how to cozen the bearer of the ring.*

Before he give it. Though my Spanish lady
Be a young gentleman of means, and scorn
To share, as he doth say, I do not know
How such a toy may tempt his ladyship,
And therefore I think best it be assur'd.

Pug. Sir, be the ladies brave we go unto?

Meer. O, yes.

Pug. And shall I see 'em, and speak to 'em?

Meer. What else? ha' you your false
beard about you, Trains?

[*Questions his man.*

Tra. Yes. [*clokes?*

Meer. And is this one of your double
Tra. The best of 'em.

Meer. Be ready then. Sweet Pitfall!

SCENE VI.

Meer-craft, Pitfall, Pug, Trains.

Meer. Come, I must buss—

[*Offers to kiss.*

Pit. Away.

Meer. I'll set thee up again,
Never fear that: canst thou get ne'er a bird?
No thrushes hungry? stay till cold weather
come,

I'll help thee to an ousel or a field-fare.

Who's within with madam?

Pit. I'll tell you straight.

[*She runs in in haste; he follows.*

Meer. Please you stay here a while, sir,
I'll go in.

Pug. I do so long to have a little venery
While I am in this body! I would taste
Of every sin a little, if it might be,
After the manner of man! sweet-heart!

Pit. What would you, sir?

[*Pug leaps at Pitfall's coming in.*

Pug. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your black-bird, [throttle:

My pretty Pit, (as the gentlemen said) your Lie tame and taken with you; here is gold! To buy you so much new stuffs from the shop, As I may take the old up——

Tra. You must send, sir,

The gentleman the ring.

[*Trains in his false cloke brings a false message, and gets the ring.*

Pug. There 'tis. Nay look,

Will you be foolish, Pit?

Pit. This is strange rudeness.

Pug. Dear Pit.

Pit. I'll call, I swear.

[*Meer-craft follows presently and asks for it.*

Meer. Where are you, sir?

Is your ring ready? Go with me.

Pug. I sent it you.

Meer. Me? when? by whom?

Pug. A fellow here, e'en now, Came for't i' your name.

Meer. I sent none, sure.

My meaning ever was, you should deliver it Yourself: so was your master's charge, you know.

Enter Trains as himself again.

What fellow was it, do you know him?

Pug. Here,

But now, he had it.

Meer. Saw you any, Trains?

Tra. Not I.

Pug. The gentlewoman saw him.

Meer. Enquire.

Pug. I was so earnest upon her, I mark'd not!

[*The Devil confesseth himself cozen'd.*

My devilish chief has put me here in flesh To shame me! this dull body I am in, I perceive nothing with! I offer at nothing That will succeed!

Tra. Sir, she saw none, she says.

Pug. Satan himself has ta'en a shape t' abuse me.

It could not be else!

Meer. This is above strange!

[*Meer-craft accuseth him of negligence.*

That you should be so reckless. What will you do, sir? [question'd?

How will you answer this, when you are *Pug.* Run from my flesh, if I could: put off mankind.

This's such a scorn! and will be a new exercise [cudgels

For my arch-duke! woe to the several Must suffer on this back! can you no succours, sir?

Meer. Alas! the use of it is so present. [He asketh aid.

Pug. I ask,

Sir, credit for another but till to-morrow.

Meer. There is not so much time, sir; but however,

The lady is a noble lady, and will (To save a gentleman from check) be entertained

[*Meer-craft promiseth faintly, yet comforts him.*

To say, she has receiv'd it.

Pug. Do you think so?

Will she be won?

Meer. No doubt, to such an office, It will be a lady's bravery and her pride.

Pug. And not be known on't after, unto him? [word,

Meer. That were a treachery! upon my Be confident. Return unto your master.

My lady president sits this afternoon,

Has ta'en the ring, commends her services

Unto your lady dutchess. You may say

She is a civil lady, and does give her

All her respects already: bade you tell her

She lives but to receive her wish'd commandments,

And have the honour here to kiss her hands, For which she'll stay this hour yet. Hasten you

Your prince, away.

Pug. And, sir, you will take care

Th' excuse be perfect?

Meer. You confess your fears.

Too much. [The Devil is doubtful,

Pug. The shame is more.

Meer. I'll quit you of either.*

* *Pug.* The shame is more, I'll quit you of either.] The latter part of this line, though all the editions concur in the present reading, evidently belongs to Meer-craft, and is an answer to Pug's apprehensions of being discover'd; I make no scruple then to alter the text as under:

Pug. The shame is more. *Meer.* I'll quit you of either.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Tail-bush, Meer-craft, Manly.

Tai. A POX upo' referring to commissioners,
I had rather hear that it were past the seals :
You courtiers move so snail-like i' your business.

Would I had not begun wi' you.

Meer. We must move,
Madam, in order, by degrees ; not jump.

Tai. Why, there was sir John Money-
man could jump
A business quickly.

Meer. True, he had great friends ;
But, because some, sweet madam, can leap
ditches,

We must not all shun to go over bridges.
The harder parts, I make account, are done
[He flatters her.]

Now 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound
Unto the ladies, they ha' so cry'd it up !

Tai. Do they like it then ?

Meer. They ha' sent the Spanish lady
To gratulate with you—

Tai. I must send 'em thanks,
And some remembrances.

Meer. That you must, and visit 'em.
Where's Ambler ?

Tai. Lost, to-day, we cannot hear of him.

Meer. Not, madam ?

Tai. No, in good faith. They say he lay
not *[business]*

At home to-night. And here has fall'n a
Between your cousin and master Manly, has
Unquieted us all.

Meer. So I hear, madam.

Pray you, how was it ?

Tai. Troth, it but appears *[heard]*
Ill o' your kinsman's part. You may have
That Manly is a suitor to me, I doubt not.

Meer. I guess'd it, madam.

Tai. And it seems, he trusted
Your cousin to let fall some fair reports
Of him unto me.

Meer. Which he did !

Tai. So far
From it, as he came in, and took him railing
Against him.

Meer. How ! and what said Manly to him ?

Tai. Enough, I do assure you ; and with
that scorn

Of him, and the injury, as I do wonder
How Ever-ill bore it ! but that guilt undoes
Many men's valours.

Meer. Here comes Manly.

Man. Madam, I'll take my leave—
[Manly offers to be gone.]

Tai. You sha' not go, i' faith.
I'll ha' you stay, and see this Spanish miracle,
Of our English lady.

Man. Let me pray your ladyship.

Lay your commands on me some other time.

Tai. Now, I protest ; and I will have all
piec'd

And friends again.

Man. It will be but ill solder'd !

Tai. You are too much affected with it.

Man. I cannot,

Madam, but think on't for the injustice.

Tai. Sir,
His kinsman here is sorry.

Meer. Not I, madam.

I am no kin to him, we but call cousins ;
[Meer-craft denies him.]

And if we were, sir, I have no relation
Unto his crimes.

Man. You are not urged with 'em.

I can accuse, sir, none but mine own judgment ;

For though it were his crime, so to betray me,
I'm sure, 'twas more mine own, at all to
trust him :

But he therein did use but his old manners,
And savour strongly what he was before.

Tai. Come, he will change.

Man. Faith, I must never think it.

Nor were it reason in me to expect,
That, for my sake, he should put off a nature
[madam,]

He suck'd in with his milk. It may be,
Deceiving trust is all he has to trust to :

If so, I shall be loth, that any hope
Of mine should bate him of his means.

Tai. Y'are sharp, sir.

This act may make him honest !

Man. If he were

To be made honest by an act of parliament,
I should not alter i' my faith of him.

Tai. Either-side !

Welcome, dear Either-side ! how hast thou
done, good wench ?

[She spies the lady Either-side.]

Thou hast been a stranger ! I ha' not seen
thee this week.

S C E N E II.

[To them] Either-side.

Eith. Ever your servant, madam.

Tai. Where hast thou been ?

I did so long to see thee.

Eith. Visiting, and so tir'd !

I protest, madam, 'tis a monstrous trouble !

Tai. And so it is. I swear I must to-
morrow *[court.]*

Begin my visits (would they were over !) at
it tortures me to think on 'em.

Eith. I do hear

You ha' cause, madam, your suit goes on.

Tai. Who told thee ?

Eith. One that can tell : Mr. Either-side-

Tai. O, thy husband !

Yes faith, there's life in't now : it is reffer'd.
If we once see it under the seals, wench, then
Have with 'em for the great caroché, six
horses, [bare,
And the two coachmen, with my Ambler
And my three women ; we will live i'faith,
The examples o' the town, and govern it.
I'll lead the fashion still.

Eith. You do that now,
Sweet madam.

Tai. O but then I'll every day
Bring up some new device. Thou and I,
Either-side,
Will first be in it, I will give it thee ;
And they shall follow us. Thou shalt, I
swear,

Wear every month a new gown out of it.

Eith. Thank you, good madam.

Tai. Pray thee call me Tail-bush,
As I thee Either-side ; I love not this madam.

Eith. Then I protest to you, Tail-bush, I
am glad

Your business so succeeds.

Tai. Thank thee, good Either-side.

Eith. But master Either-side tells me, that
he likes

Your other business better.

Tai. Which ?

Eith. O' the tooth-picks.

Tai. I never heard on't.

Eith. Ask Mr. Meer-craft.

Meer. Madam ? H'is one, in a word, I'll
trust his malice,

With any man's credit, I would have abus'd !
[Meer-craft hath whisper'd with him the
while. [in this,

Man. Sir, if you think you do please me
You are deceiv'd.

Meer. No, but because my lady
Nam'd him my kinsman ; I would satisfy you
What I think of him : and pray you upon it
To judge me.

Man. So I do : that ill men's friendship
Is as unfaithful as themselves.

Tai. Do you hear ?

Ha' you a business about tooth-picks ?

Meer. Yes, madam, [fer'd it
Did I ne'er tell't you ? I meant to have of-
Your ladyship, on the perfecting the patent.

Tai. How is't ? [tooth-picks ;

Meer. For serving the whole state with
[The project for tooth-picks.
(Somewhat an intricate business to discourse)
but—

I show how much the subject is abus'd,
First, in that one commodity ; then what
disease

And putrefactions in the gums are bred,
By those are made of adul'trate and false
wood ;

My plot for reformation of these, follows :
To have all tooth-picks brought unto an
office, [mulcted.

There seal'd ; and such as counterfeit 'em
And last, for venting 'em, to have a book

Printed, to teach their use, which every child
Shall have throughout the kingdom, that can
read, [ginning
And learn to pick his teeth by. Which be-
Early to practise, with some other rules,
Of never sleeping with the mouth open,
chewing [breath
Some grains of mastich, will preserve the
Pure and so free from taint—Ha' what is't,
say'st thou ?

[Trains his man whispers him.

Tai. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty
business !

Eith. So Mr. Either-side says, madam.

Meer. The lady is come. [Ambler

Tai. Is she ? good, wait upon her in. My
Was never so ill absent. Either-side,
How do I look to-day ? am I not drest
Spruntly ? [She looks in her glass.

Fit. Yes verily, madam.

Tai. Pox o' madam,

Will you not leave that ?

Eith. Yes, good Tail-bush.

Tai. So :

Sounds not that better ? What vile fucus is this
Thou hast got on ?

Eith. 'Tis pearl.

Tai. Pearl ! oyster-shells : [comes

As I breathe, Either-side, I know't. Here
(They say) a wonder, sirrah, has been in
Spain ! [court,

Will teach us all ! she's sent to me from
To gratulate with me ! prithee let's observe
her, [em,

What faults she has, that we may laugh at
When she is gone.

Eith. That we will heartily, Tail-bush.

Wittipol enters.

Tai. O me ! the very Infanta of the
giants.

SCENE III.

[To them] Meer-craft, Wittipol.

[Wittipol drest like a Spanish lady.

Meer. Here is a noble lady, madam,
come [ladyship,

From your great friends at court, to see your
And have the honour of your acquaintance.

Tai. Sir,

She does us honour.

Wit. Pray you, say to her ladyship,

It is the manner of Spain to embrace only,
Never to kiss. She will excuse the custom.

[Excuses himself for not kissing.

Tai. Your use of it is law. Please you,
sweet madam,

To take a seat.

Wit. Yes, madam. I have had

The favour, through a world of fair report,
To know your virtues, madam ; and in that
Name, have desir'd the happiness of pre-
senting

My service to your ladyship.

Tai. Your love, madam,

I must not own it else.

Wit. Both are due, madam,

To your great undertakings.

Tai. Great? In troth, madam, [thing:]
They are my friends, that think 'em any
If I can do my sex (by 'em) any service,
I have my ends, madam.

Wit. And they are noble ones,
That make a multitude beholden, madam:
The commonwealth of ladies must acknow-
ledge from you.

Eith. Except some envious, madam.

Wit. Y' are right in that, madam,
Of which race, I encounter'd some but
lately. [credit]

Who, 't seems, have studied treasons to dis-
Your business.

Tai. How, sweet madam?

Wit. Nay, the parties
Wi' not be worth your pause—Most ruin-
ous things, madam,
That have put off all hope of being recover'd
To a degree of handsomeness.

Tai. But their reasons, madam,
I would fain hear.

Wit. Some, madam, I remember.

They say that painting quite destroys the
face—

Eith. O, that's an old one, madam.

Wit. There are new ones too.
Corrupts the breath; hath left so little
sweetness

In kissing, as 'tis now us'd but for fashion;
And shortly will be taken for a punishment.
Decays the fore-teeth that should guard the
tongue;

And suffers that run riot everlasting!
And (which is worse) some ladies, when they
meet,

Cannot be merry and laugh, but they do spit
In one another's faces!

Man. I should know

This voice and face too.

[*Manly begins to know him.*]

Wit. Then, they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the fal'n, yet well dispos'd mad-dams,
That are industrious, and desire to earn
Their living with their sweat! for any dis-
temper

Of heat and motion may displace their co-
lours;

And if the paint once run about their faces,
Twenty to one they will appear so ill-favour'd,
Their servants run away too, and leave the
pleasure

Imperfect, and the reckoning als' unpaid.

Eith. Pox, these are poets' reasons.

Tai. Some old lady,
That keeps a poet, has devis'd these scandals.

Eith. Faith, we must have the poets ban-
ish'd, madam,

As master Eitherside says.

Meer. Master Fitz-dottrel,
And his wife! where? madam, the Duke
of Drown'd-land,

That will be shortly.

Wit. Is this my lord?

Meer. The same.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Fitz-dottrel*, *Mrs. Fitz-dottrel*,
Pug.

Fit. Your servant, madam!

Wit. How now, friend? offended,
That I have found your haunt here?

[*Wittipol whispers with Manly.*]

Man. No, but wondering
At your strange-fashion'd venture hither.

Wit. It is
To shew you what they are you so pursue.

Man. I think 'twill prove a medicine
against marriage;

To know their manners.

Wit. Stay, and profit then.

Meer. The lady, madam, whose prince
has brought her here
To be instructed.

[*He presents Mrs. Fitz-dottrel.*]

Wit. Please you, sit with us, lady.

Meer. That's lady president.

Fit. A goodly woman!

I cannot see the ring, though.

Meer. Sir, she has it.

Tai. But, madam, these are very feeble
reasons.

Wit. So I urg'd, madam, that the new
complexion [ship's fucus,
Now to come forth, in name of your lady-
Has no ingredient—

Tai. But I durst eat, I assure you.

Wit. So do they in Spain.

Tai. Sweet madam, be so liberal,
To give us some o' your Spanish fucuses.

Wit. They are infinite, madam.

Tai. So I hear, they have
Water of gourds, of radish, the white beans,
Flowers of glass, of thistles, rose-marine,
Raw honey, mustard-seed, and bread dough-
bak'd, [of eggs,
The crums o' bread, goats-milk, and whites
Camphire, and lily-roots, the fat of swans,
Marrow of veal, white pigeons, and pine-ker-
nels, [gail;

The seeds of nettles, purseline, and hares-
Limons, thin-skinn'd—

Eith. How her ladyship has studied
All excellent things!

Wit. But ordinary, madam.
No, the true rarities are, th' alvagrada
And argentata of queen Isabella!

Tai. I, what are their ingredients, gentle
madam?

Wit. Your allum scagliola, or pol-dipetra;
And zuccarino; turpentine of Abezzo,
Wash'd in nine waters; soda di levante,
Or your fern ashes; benjamin di gotta;
Grasso di serpe; porceletto marino;
Oils of lentisco; zucche mugia; make
The admirable varnish for the face, [on
Gives the right lustre; but two drops rubb'd
With a piece of scarlet, makes a lady of sixty
Look as sixteen. But above all, the water
Of the white hen, of the lady Estifania's.

Tai. O, I, that same, good madam, I have heard of:

How is it done?

Wit. Madam, you take your hen, Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards;

Then chop it, bones at all; add to four Of carravins, pipitas, sope of Cyprus, Make the decoction, strain it. Then distil it, And keep it in your gally-pot well glidder'd: Three drops preserves from wrinkles, warts, spots, moles,

Blemish, or sun-burnings, and keeps the skin In *decimo-sexto*, ever bright and smooth, As any looking-glass; and indeed is call'd The virgin's milk for the face, *oglio reale*; A ceruse, neither cold nor heat will hurt; And mix'd with oil of myrrh, and the red gilliflower, Call'd *cataputia*, and flowers of *rovistico*, Makes the best muta, or dye, of the whole world.

Tai. Dear madam, will you let us be familiar?

Wit. Your ladyship's servant.

Meer. How do you like her?

Fit. Admirable!

But yet I cannot see the ring.

[*He is jealous about his ring, and Meer-craft delivers it.*]

Pug. Sir!

Meer. I must

Deliver it, or mar all. This fool's so jealous. Madam—sir, wear this ring, and pray you take knowledge,

'Twas sent you by his wife, and give her Do not you dwindle, sir, bear up.

Pug. I thank you, sir.

Tai. But for the manner of Spain! sweet madam, let us

Be bold, now we are in: are all the ladies There i' the fashion?

Wit. None but *grandees*, madam, O' the clasp'd train, which may be worn at length too,

Or thus upon my arm.

Tai. And do they wear

Cioppinos all?

Wit. If they be drest in *punto*, madam?

Eith. Gilt as those are, madam?

Wit. Of goldsmith's work, madam;

And set with diamonds; and their Spanish pumps, Of perfum'd leather.

Tai. I should think it hard

To go in 'em, madam.

Wit. At the first it is, madam.

Tai. Do you never fall in 'em?

Wit. Never.

Eith. I swear, I should

Six times an hour.

Tai. But you have men at hand still, To help you, if you fall?

Wit. Only one, madam,

The *guarda-duennas*, such a little old man As this.

Eith. Alas! he can do nothing, this!

Wit. I'll tell you, madam, I saw in the court of Spain once

A lady fall i' the king's sight, along; And there she lay, flat spread, as an umbrella,

Her hoop here crack'd; no man durst reach To help her, till the *guarda-duennas* came, Who is the person only allow'd to touch A lady there, and he but by his finger.

Eith. Ha! they no servants, madam, there, nor friends?

Wit. An *escudero*, or so, madam, that waits

Upon 'em in another coach, at distance; And when they walk or dance, holds by a handkerchief,

Never presumes to touch 'em.

Eith. This is scurvy,

And a forc'd gravity! I do not like it. I like our own much better.

Tai. 'Tis more French,

And courtly, ours.

Eith. And tastes more liberty.

We may have our dozen of visitors at once Make love t' us.

Tai. And before our husbands.

Eith. Husband?

As I am honest, Tail-bush, I do think, If nobody should love me but my poor husband,

I should e'en hang myself.

Tai. Fortune forbid, wench,

So fair a neck should have so foul a necklace.

Eith. 'Tis true, as I am handsome.

Wit. I receiv'd, lady,

A token from you, which I would not be Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.

[*Fit.* O, I am satisfied now!

Meer. Do you see it, sir?]

Wit. But since you come to know me nearer, lady,

I'll beg the honour you will wear it for me, It must be so.

[*Wittipol gives it to Mrs. Fitz-dottrel.*

Mrs. Fit. Sure I have heard this tongue.

Meer. What do you mean, sir?

[*Meer-craft murmurs.*

Wit. Would you ha' me mercenary?

We'll recompense it anon, in somewhat else.

[*He is satisfied, now he sees it.*

Fit. I do not love to be gull'd, though in a toy.

[*school, wife,* Wife, do you hear? you're come into the Where you may learn, I do perceive it, any thing!

How to be fine, or fair, or great, or proud, Or what you will, indeed, wife; here 'tis taught:

And I am glad on't, that you may not say, Another day, when honours come upon you, You wanted means. I ha' done my parts;

been, [ring] To-day, at fifty pound charge; first, for a

[*He upbraids her with his bill of costs.*

To get you enter'd; then left my new play,
To wait upon you here, to see't confirm'd,
That I may say, both to mine own eyes and
ears,

Senses, you are my witness, she hath enjoy'd
All helps that could be had for love or mo-
ney——

Mrs. Fit. To make a fool of her.

Fit. Wife, that's you malice,
The wickedness o' your nature, to interpret
Your husband's kindness thus: but I'll not
leave

Still to do good, for your deprav'd affections;
Intend it; bend this stubborn will; be great.

Tai. Good madam, whom do they use in
messages?

Fit. They commonly use their slaves,
madam.

Tai. And does your ladyship
Think that so good, madam?

Fit. No indeed, madam; I
Therein prefer the fashion of England far,
Of your young delicate page, or discreet
usher.

Fit. And I go with your ladyship in
opinion,

Directly for your gentleman-usher;
There's not a finer officer goes on ground.

Fit. If he be made and broken to his
place once.

Fit. Nay, so I presuppose him.

Fit. And they are fitter [call'd
Managers too, sir; but I would have 'em
Our Escudero's.

Fit. Good.

Fit. Say I should send [ther'd
To your ladyship, who (I presume) has ga-
All the dear secrets, to know how to make
Pastillo's of the dutchess of Braganza,
Coquetta's, almojavana's, mantecada's,
Alcorea's, mustaccioli; or say it were
The peladore of Isabella, or balls
Against the itch, or aqua nana, or oil
Of jessamine for gloves, of the marquess
Muja; [offices.

Or for the head and hair; why, these are
Eith. Fit for a gentleman, not a slave.

They only

Might ask for your piveti, Spanish cole,
To burn, and sweeten a room: but the ar-
cana

Of ladies' cabinets——

Fit. Should be elsewhere trusted.

You're much about the truth. Sweet ho-
nour'd ladies,

[*He enters himself with the ladies.*
Let me fall in wi' you. I ha' my female
wit, [suits

As well as my male. And I do know what
A lady of spirit, or a woman of fashion!

Fit. And you would have your wife such?

Fit. Yes, madam, airy,
Light; not to plain dishonesty, I mean:
But somewhat o' this side.

Fit. I take you, sir.
He's a reason, ladies. I'll not give this rush

For any lady that cannot be honest
Within a thread.

Tai. Yes, madam, and yet venture
As far for th' other, in her fame——

Fit. As can be;

Coach it to Pimlico, dance the Saraband,
Hear and talk bawdy, laugh as loud as a
larum,

Squeak, spring, do any thing.

Eith. In young company, madam.

Tai. Or afore gallants. If they be brave,
or lords,

A woman is engag'd.

Fit. I say so, ladies.

It is civility to deny us nothing.

Pug. You talk of a university! why, hell is
A grammar-school to this!

[*The Devil admires him.*

Eith. But then [usadam.
She must not lose a look on stuffs or cloth,

Tai. Nor no coarse fellow.

Fit. She must be guided, madam, [in,
By the clothes he wears, and company he is
Whom to salute, how far——

Fit. I ha' told her this;

And how that bawdry too, upo' the point,
is (in itself) as civil a discourse——

Fit. As any other affair of flesh whatever.

Fit. But she will ne'er be capable, she is
not [how,

So much as coming, madam; I know not
She loses all her opportunities,

With hoping to be forc'd. I have entertain'd

[*He shows his Pug.*

A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I would fain breed up her escudero,
Against some expectations that I have,
And she'll not countenance him.

Fit. What's his name?

Fit. Devil o' Darbyshire.

Eith. Bless us from him!

Tai. Devil!

Call him De-vile, sweet madam.

Mrs. Fit. What you please, ladies.

Tai. De vile's a prettier name?

Eith. And sounds, methinks,

As it came in with the Conqueror——

Man. Over smocks!

What things they are! that Nature should
be at leisure

Ever to make 'em! My wooing is at an end.
[*Manly goes out with indignation.*

Fit. What can he do?

Eith. Let's hear him.

Tai. Can he manage?

Fit. Please you to try him, ladies. Stand
forth, Devil.

Pug. Was all this but the preface to my
torment? [honours.

Fit. Come, let their ladyships see your
Eith. O, he makes a wicked leg.

Tai. As ever I saw!

Fit. Fit for a devil.

Tai. Good madam, call him De-vile.

Fit. De-vile, what property is there most
required,

I' your conceit now, in the escudero?

[They begin their catechism.]

Fit. Why do you not speak?

Pug. A settled discreet pace, madam.

Wit. I think, a barren head, sir, mountain-like,

To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers—

Fit. I, for his valley is beneath the waste, madam,

And to be fruitful there, it is sufficient

Dulness upon you! could not you hit this?

[*Fit.* strikes *Pug.*]

Pug. Good sir—

Wit. He then had no barren head.

You daw him too much, in troth, sir.

Fit. I must walk [for you.

With the French stick, like an old virger,

Pug. O chief, call me to hell again, and free me. [*The Devil prays.*]

Fit. Do you murmur now?

Pug. Not I, sir,

Wit. What do you take, [ment,

Mr. De-vile, the height of your employ-

In the true perfect escudero?

Fit. When?

What do you answer?

Pug. To be able, madam,

First to enquire, then report the working

Of any lady's physick, in sweet phrase.

Wit. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.

But what above?

Fit. O, that I had a goad for him.

Pug. To find out a good corn-cutter.

Tai. Out on him!

Eith. Most barbarous!

Fit. Why did you do this now?

Of purpose to discredit me, you damn'd devil?

Pug. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All My days in hell were holidays to this!

Tai. 'Tis labour lost, madam.

Eith. He's a dull fellow,

Of no capacity!

Tai. Of no discourse!

O, if my Ambler had been here!

Eith. I, madam, [other?

You talk of a man, where is there such an-

Wit. Mr. De-vile, put case one of my ladies here

Had a fine brach, and would employ you forth

To treat 'bout a convenient match for her,

What would you observe?

Pug. The colour, and the size, madam.

Wit. And nothing else?

Fit. The moon, you calf, the moon!

Wit. I, and the sign.

Tai. Yes, and receipts for proneness.

Wit. Then when the puppies came, what would you do?

Pug. Get their nativities cast.

Wit. This is well. What more?

Pug. Consult the almanack-man which would be least,

Which cleanliest.

Wit. And which silent'st? This is well, And while she were with puppy? [madam;

Pug. Walk her out,

And air her every morning.

Wit. Very good!

And be industrious to kill her fleas?

Pug. Yes.

Wit. He will make a pretty proficient.

Pug. Who, [teaching?

Coming from hell, could look for such a ca- The Devil is an Ass, I do acknowledge it.

Fit. The top of woman! all her sex in abstract!

[*Fitz-dottrel admires Wittipol.* I love her, to each syllable falls from her.

Tai. Good madam, give me leave to go aside with him,

And try him a little!

Wit. Do, and I'll withdraw, madam,

With this fair lady, read to her the while.

Tai. Come, sir.

Pug. Dear chief, relieve me, or I perish. [*The Devil prays again.*]

Wit. Lady, we'll follow; you are not jealous, sir? [behold.

Fit. O, madam! you shall see. Stay, wife, I give her up here absolutely to you;

She is your own, do with her what you will; [*He gives his wife to him, taking him to be a lady.*]

Melt, cast, and form her as you shall think

Set any stamp on: I'll receive her from you As a new thing, by your own standard.

Wit. Well, sir!

SCENE V.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Pit-fall, Ever-ill, Plutarchus.

Meer. But what ha' you done i' your dependence, since?

Fit. O, it goes on; I met your cousin, the master—

Meer. You did not acquaint him, sir?

Fit. Faith, but I did, sir.

And, upon better thought, not without reason!

He being chief officer might ha' ta'en it ill As a contempt against his place, and that

In time, sir, ha' drawn on another dependence.

No, I did find him in good terms, and ready To do me any service.

Meer. So he said to you?

But, sir, you do not know him.

Fit. Why, I presu'm'd, [me,

Because this bus'ness of my wife's requir'd I could not ha' done better: and he told

Me, that he would go presently to your council,

A knight here i' the lane—

Meer. Yes, justice Either-side.

Fit. And get the scoffint drawn, with a letter of attorney,

For livery and seisin.

Meer. That I know's the course.

But, sir, you mean not to make him feoffee?

Fit. Nay, that I'll pause on!

Meer: How now, little Pit-fall?

Pit. Your cousin, master Ever-ill, would come in—

But he would know if Mr. Manly were here.

Meer. No, tell him, if he were, I ha' made his peace!

[*Meer-craft whispers against him.*]

He's one, sir, has no state, and a man knows not

How such a trust may tempt him.

Fit. I conceive you.

Ever. Sir, this same deed is done here.

Meer. Pretty Plutarchus! [view'd it?]

Art thou come with it? and has sir Poul

Plu. His hand is to the draught.

Meer. Will you step in, sir, And read it?

Fit. Yes.

Ever. I pray you, a word wi' you.

[*Ever-ill whispers against Meer-craft.*]

Sir Poul Either-side will'd me gi' you caution Whom you did make feoffee; for 'tis the trust

[here] O' your whole state; and though my cousin Be a worthy gentleman, yet his valour has At the tall board been question'd; and we hold

Any man so impeach'd, of doubtful honesty! I will not justify this, but give it you To make your profit of it; if you utter it, I can forswear it.

Fit. I believe you, and thank you, sir.

SCENE VI.

Wittipol, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Manly, Meer-craft.

Wit. Be not afraid, sweet lady; you are trusted [viser], To love, not violence, here: I am no rab-But one whom you by your fair trust again May of a servant make a most true friend.

Mrs. Fit. And such a one I need, but not this way.

Sir, I confess me to you, the mere manner Of your attempting me this morning, took me;

[ners, And I did hold my invention, and my man- Were both engag'd to give it a requital, But not unto your ends: my hope was then, (Though interrupted ere it could be utter'd) That whom I found the master of such language,

That brain and spirit for such an enterprise, Could not, but if those succours were demanded

To a right use, employ them virtuously, And make that profit of his noble parts

Which they would yield. Sir, you have now the ground

To exercise them in: I am a woman

That cannot speak more wretchedness of myself, [folly,

Than you can read; match'd to a mass of That every day makes haste to his own ruin;

The wealthy portion that I brought him, spent, [ture made me.

And (through my friends' neglect) no join- My fortunes standing in this precipice,

'Tis counsel that I want, and honest aids;

And in this name I need you for a friend,

Never in any other; for his ill

Must not make me, sir, worse.

[*Manly conceal'd this while, shews himself.*]

Man. O, friend, forsake not

The brave occasion virtue offers you To keep you innocent: I have fear'd for both,

And watch'd you, to prevent the ill I fear'd. But since the weaker side hath so assur'd me,

Let not the stronger fall by his own vice, Or be the less a friend, 'cause virtue needs him. [twice;]

Wit. Virtue shall never ask my succours Most friend, most man, your counsels are commands.

Lady, I can love goodness in you, more Than I did beauty; and do here entitle

Your virtue to the power upon a life You shall engage in any fruitful service, Even to forfeit.

Meer. Madam: do you hear, sir?

[*Meer-craft takes Wittipol aside, and moves a project for himself.*]

"We have another leg strain'd for this Dottrel.

He has a quarrel to carry, and has caus'd A deed of feoffment of his whole estate

To be drawn yonder: he has't within; and you

Only he means to make feoffee. He's fall'n So desperately enamour'd on you, and talks

Most like a madman: you did never hear A phrentick so in love with his own favour!

Now you do know, 'tis of no validity In your name as you stand: therefore advise him [share, sir,

To put in me. (He's come here.) You shall

SCENE VII.

Wittipol, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Manly, Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Ever-ill, Plutarchus.

Fit. Madam, I have a suit to you; and afore-hand

I do bespeak you; you must not deny me, I will be granted.

Wit. Sir, I must know it, though.

"We have another leg strain'd for this DOTTREL.] A dottrel is a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken: if the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do so too. It is to this property that he here alludes: and it is from hence that *Fitz-dottrel* has the name, as he so readily falls into the snares the projector lays for him.

Fit. No, lady, you must not know it:
yet you must too,
For the trust of it, and the same indeed,
Which else were lost me. I would use your
name

But in a feoffment, make my whole estate
Over unto you; a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some eighteen hundred.

Fit. Alas! I understand not [loth
Those things, sir: I am a woman, and most
To embark myself—

Fit. You will not slight me, madam?
Fit. Nor you'll not quarrel me?

Fit. No, sweet madam, I have
Already a dependence; for which cause
I do this: let me put you in, dear madam,
I may be fairly kill'd.

Fit. You have your friends, sir,
About you here for choice.

Ever. She tells you right, sir.
[*He hopes to be the man.*]

Fit. Death, if she do, what do I care for
that?

Say, I would have her tell me wrong.

Fit. Why, sir,
If for the trust you'll let me have the honour
To name you one.

Fit. Nay, you do me the honour, madam.
Who is't?

Fit. This gentleman. [*Designs Manly.*]
Fit. O no, sweet madam, [pendence.

He's friend to him with whom I ha' the de-
Fit. Who might he be?

Fit. One Wittipol; do you know him?

Fit. Alas, sir, he! a toy! this gentleman
A friend to him? no more than I am, sir.

Fit. But will your ladyship undertake
that, madam? [engage me.

Fit. Yes, and what else, for him, you will
Fit. What is his name?

Fit. His name is Eustace Manly.

Fit. Whence does he write himself?

Fit. Of Middlesex, esquire. [hither;

Fit. Say nothing, madam, Clerk, come

Write Eustace Manly, squire o' Middlesex.

Meer. What ha' you done, sir?

Fit. Nam'd a gentleman,

That I'll be answerable for to you, sir.

Had I nam'd you, it might ha' been sus-
pected;

This way 'tis safe.

Fit. Come, gentlemen, your hands

For witness.

Man. What is this?

Ever. You ha' made election

[*Ever-ill applauds it.*]

Of a most worthy gentleman!

Man. Would one of worth [is

Had spoke it! but now whence it comes, it

Rather a shame unto me, than a praise.

Ever. Sir, I will give you any satisfaction.

Man. Be silent then: "Falsehood com-
mends not truth." [deed,

Plu. You do deliver this, sir, as your

To th' use of Mr. Manly?

Fit. Yes: and, sir—

When did you see young Wittipol? I am
ready

For process now: sir, this is publication.

He shall hear from me; he would needs be

courting

My wife, sir.

Man. Yes; so witnesseth his cloke there.

Fit. Nay, good sir—Madam, you did

undertake—

[*Fitz-dottrel is suspicious of Manly still.*]

Fit. What?

Fit. That he was not Wittipol's friend.

Fit. I hear,

Sir, no confession of it.

Fit. O, she knows not, [tipol

Now I remember. Madam, this young Wit-

Would ha' debauch'd my wife, and made

me cuckold

Thorough a casement; he did fly her home

To mine own window; but I think I fought

him,

And ravish'd her away out of his pounces.

I ha' sworn to ha' him by the ears: I fear

The toy w' not do me right.

Fit. No! that were pity: [do't you.

What right do you ask, sir? here he is will

[*Wittipol discovers himself.*]

Fit. Ha! Wittipol!

Fit. I, sir: no more lady now,

Nor Spaniard!

Man. No indeed, 'tis Wittipol.

Fit. Am I the thing I fear'd?

Fit. A cuckold? No, sir;

But you were late in possibility,

I'll tell you so much.

Man. But your wife's too virtuous.

Fit. We'll see her, sir, at home, and leave

you here, [ject.

To be made duke o' Shoreditch with a pro-

Fit. Thieves, ravishers!

Fit. Cry but another note, sir,

I'll mar the tune o' your pipe.

Fit. Gd me my deed then.

[*He would have his deed again.*]

Fit. Neither: that shall be kept for your

wife's good,

Who will know better how to use it.

Fit. Ha!

To feast you with my land?

Fit. Sir, be you quiet,

Or I shall gag you ere I go; consult [this

Your master of dependences, how to make

A second business, you have time, sir.

[*Wittipol baffles him and goes out.*]

Fit. Oh!

What will the ghost of my wise grandfather,

My learned father, with my worshipful

mother,

Think of me now, that left me in this world

In state to be their heir? that am become

A cuckold, and an ass, and my wife's ward;

Likely to lose my land, ha' my throat cut;

All by her practice!

Meer. Sir, we are all abus'd!

Fit. And be so still! who hinders you, I

pray you?

Let me alone, I would enjoy myself,
And be the duke of Drown'd land you ha'
made me. [o' this.]

Meer. Sir, we must play an after-game

Fit. But I am not in case to be a gamester,
I tell you once again——

Meer. You must be rul'd,
And take some counsel.

Fit. Sir, I do hate counsel,
As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife!

Meer. But we may think how to recover
all,

If you will act.

Fit. I will not think, nor act,
Nor yet recover; do not talk to me:
I'll run out o' my wits, rather than hear.
I will be what I am, Fabian Fitz-dottrel,
Though all the world say nay to't.

Meer. Let us follow him.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Ambler, Pitfall, Meer-craft.

Amb. **B**UT has my lady miss'd me?
Pit. Beyond telling!
Here has been that infinity of strangers!
And then she would ha' had you, to ha'
sampled you [ing,
With one within, that they are now a teach-
And does pretend to your rank.

Amb. Good fellow Pitfall, [him.
Tell Mr. Meer-craft I entreat a word with
[Pitfall goes out.

This most unlucky accident will go near
To be the loss o' my place, I am in doubt.

Meer. With me? What say you, Mr.
Ambler?

Amb. Sir,
I would beseech your worship, stand between
Me and my lady's displeasure, for my ab-
sence.

Meer. O, is that all? I warrant you.

Amb. I would tell you, sir,
But how it happen'd.

Meer. Brief, good Mr. Ambler,
Put yourself to your rack; for I have task
Of more importance.

[*Meer-craft seems full of business.*

Amb. Sir, you'll laugh at me!
But (so is truth) a very friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liv'd
Too chaste for my complexion, (and indeed
Too honest for my place, sir,) did advise me,
If I did love myself, (as that I do,
I must confess)——

Meer. Spare your parenthesis.

Amb. To gi' my body a little evacua-
tion——

Meer. Well, and you went to a whore?

Amb. No, sir, I durst not
(For fear it might arrive at somebody's ear
It should not) trust myself to a common
house;

[*Ambler tells this with extraordinary speed.*
But got the gentlewoman to go with me,

And carry her bedding to a conduit-head,
Hard by the place toward Tyburn, which
they call [sir, this morning
My Lord Mayor's banqueting-house. Now,
Was execution; and I never dreamt on't,
Till I heard the noise o' the people, and the
horses;

And neither I, nor the poor gentlewoman
Durst stir, till all was done and past; so
that

I' the interim we fell asleep again.

[*He flags.*
Meer. Nay, if you fall from your gallop,
I am gone, sir.

Amb. But when I wak'd, to put on my
clothes, a suit,

I made new for the action, it was gone,
And all my money, with my purse, my seals,
My hard-wax, and my table-books, my
studies,

And a fine new device I had to carry
My pen and ink, my civet, and my tooth-
picks, [was

All under one. But that which griev'd me,
The gentlewoman's shoes (with a pair of
roses,

And garters) I had given her for the business;
So as that made us stay till it was dark:
For I was fain to lend her mine, and walk
In a rug, by her, barefoot, to St. Giles's.

Meer. A kind of Irish penance! Is this
all, sir?

Amb. To satisfy my lady.

Meer. I will promise you, sir.

Amb. I ha' told the true disaster.

Meer. I cannot stay w' you,
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your return.

Amb. An honest gentleman; but he's
never at leisure

To be himself, he has such tides of business,

SCENE II.

Pug, Ambler.

Pug. O call me home again, dear chief,
and put me

To yoking foxes, milking of he-goats,
Pounding of water in a mortar, laving
The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all
The leaves are fall'n this autumn, drawing
farts

Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,
Catching the winds together in a net,
Must'ring of ants, and numb'ring atoms; all
That hell and you thought exquisite tor-
ments, rather [sooner
Than stay me here a thought more: I would
Keep fleas within a circle, and be accompt-
ant

A thousand year, which of 'em, and how far,
Out-leap'd the other, than endure a minute
Such as I have within. There is no hell
To a lady of fashion. All your tortures
there

Are pastimes to it. 'Twould be a refreshing
For me, to be i' the fire again, from hence.
[Ambler comes in, and surveys him.

Amb. This is my suit, and those the shoes
and roses!

Pug. They've such impertinent vexa-
tions,

A general council o' devils could not hit—
[Pug perceives it, and starts.

Ha! this is he I took asleep with his wench,
And borrow'd his clothes. What might I
do to baulk him?

Amb. Do you hear, sir?

Pug. Answer him, but not to th' purpose.

Amb. What is your name, I pray you, sir?

Pug. Is't so late, sir?

[He answers quite from the purpose.

Amb. I ask not o' the time, but of your
name, sir.

Pug. I thank you, sir. Yet it does hold,
sir, certain.

Amb. Hold, sir? what holds? I must
both hold, and talk to you

About these clothes.

Pug. A very pretty lace!

But the taylor cozen'd me.

Amb. No, I am cozen'd

By you; robb'd.

Pug. Why, when you please, sir; I am

For three-penny gleek, your man.

Amb. Pox o' your gleek,

And three-pence: give me an answer.

Pug. Sir,

My master is the best at it.

Amb. Your master!

Who is your master?

Pug. Let it be Friday-night.

Amb. What should be then?

Pug. Your best song's Thom. o' Beth'lem.

Amb. I think you are he.

Does he mock me, throw, from purpose?

Or do not I speak to him what I mean?

Good sir, your name.

Pug. Only a couple o' cocks, sir;

If we can get a widgeon, 'tis in season.

Amb. He hopes to make one o' these
scripticks o' me, [For scripticks.

(I think I name 'em right) and does not fly
me:

I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!

I'll prove another way, to draw his answer.

SCENE III.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Ever-ill, Pug.

Meer. It is the easiest thing, sir, to be
done,

As plain as fizzling: roll but wi' your eyes,
And foam at th' mouth. A little Castle-soap
Will do't to rub your lips: and then a nut-
shell,

With tow, and touch-wood in it, to spit fire.
Did you never read, sir, little Darrel's tricks?
With the boy o' Burton, and the seven in
Lancashire, [it.

Somers at Nottingham? all these do teach
And we'll give out, sir, that your wife has
bewitch'd you.

[They repair their old plot.

Ever. And practis'd with those two, as sor-
cerers.

Meer. And ga' you potions, by which
means you were

Not *compos mentis*, when you made your
feoffment.

There's no recovery o' your state but this:

This, sir, will sting.

Ever. And move in a court of equity.

Meer. For it is more than manifest, that
this was

A plot o' your wife's, to get your land.

Fitz. I think it.

Ever. Sir, it appears.

Meer. Nay, and my cousin has known
These gallants in these shapes.

Ever. T' have done strange things, sir.

— I would sooner

Keep fleas within a circle, &c.] This is taken from an employment of the same kind,
which Aristophanes has given to Socrates:

Αντί? ἀπὶ Χαίρεσσαν Σωκράτης

Φύλλας σπασας ἀλλοῖοις τοῖς αὐτοῖς ποδας; &c. NUB. act 1. sc. 2.

* Did you ne'er read, sir, little DARREL'S TRICKS

With the boy o' Burton, &c.] Impostures of this kind, the inventions of the jesuits, were
frequent in the age of Jonson. Dr. Harsnet, who died archbishop of York, was fortunate
in the discovery of the tricks made use of by these artists; and published them to the
world. There is a pamphlet of his intitled, *A discovery of the fraudulent practices of John
Darrel, minister, in answer to a True narration of the strange and grievous vexation by the
devil of seven persons in Lancashire, and William Somers of Nottingham.* As the book is
not easily to be met with, I am unable to give the reader the particulars of the cheat.

One as the lady, the other as the squire.

Meer. How a man's honesty may be fool'd!

I thought him

A very lady.

Fit. So did I: renounce me else.

Meer. But this way, sir, you'll be reveng'd at height.

Ever. Upon 'em all.

Meer. Yes, faith, and since your wife

Has run the way of woman thus, e'en give her—

Fit. Lost, by this hand, to me; dead to all joys

Of her dear Dottrel; I shall never pity her, That could not pity herself.

Meer. Princely resolv'd, sir, And like yourself still, in *potentiâ*.

SCENE IV.

[To them.] *Gilt-head, Sledge, Plutarchus, Serjeants.*

Meer. Gilt-head, what news?

Fit. O sir, my hundred pieces: Let me ha' them yet?

[*Fitz-dottrel asks for his money.*]

Gilt. Yes, sir. Officers,

Arrest him.

Fit. Me?

Ser. I arrest you.

Sle. Keep the peace, I charge you, gentlemen.

Fit. Arrest me? why?

Gilt. For better security, sir. My son Plutarchus

Assures me, you are not worth a groat.

Plu. Pardon me, father,

I said his worship had no foot of land left:

And that I'll justify, for I writ the deed.

Fit. Ha! you these tricks i' the city?

Gilt. Yes, and more.

Arrest this gallant too, here, at my suit.

[*Meaning Meer-craft.*]

Sle. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging

Two year and a quarter.

Meer. Why, Mr. Gilt-head, landlord, Thou art not mad, tho' thou art constable, Puft up with th' pride of the place? Do you hear, sirs;

Have I deserv'd this from you two? for all My pains at court, to get you each a patent.

Gilt. For what?

Meer. Upo' my project o' the forks.

Sle. Forks? what be they?

[*The project of forks.*]

Meer. The laudable use of forks, Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy;

To th' sparing o' napkins. That, that should have made [furnace.

Your bellows go at the forge, as his at the I ha' procur'd it, ha' the signet for it,

Dealt with the linen-drappers on my private*, Because I fear'd they were the likeliest ever

To stir against, to cross it: for 'twill be A mighty saver of linen through th' kingdom (As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing);

Now, on you two had I laid all the profits. Gilt-head to have the making of all those

Of gold and silver, for the better personages; And you, of those of steel for the common sort.

And both by patent. I had brought you your seals in,

But now you have prevented me, and I thank you.

[*Sledge is brought about.*]

Sle. Sir, I will bail you, at mine own apparel.

Meer. Nay, chuse.

* *Meer.* —The laudable use of FORKS,

Brought into use here, as they are in Italy.] The invention of forks was a little before this time, and some kind of affectation in the use of them gave the poet an occasion to ridicule the invention itself; unless we should suppose, that, with the German divine who preached against the custom, he thought it an insult on Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers. But the use of forks, as Mr. Sympson well observes, is bantered likewise by Beaumont and Fletcher, as the mark of both a traveller and courtier:

"——It doth express th' enamour'd courtier,
"As full as your fork-carving traveller."

Queen of Corinth, act. 4. sc. 1. not.

We have had too a project of tooth-picks mentioned, which was also another fund of satire to our author's contemporaries. So Fletcher,

"You that enhance the daily price of tooth-picks."

And Shakspeare could not omit it, in his description of the finical traveller, in *King John*, act 1.

* Dealt with the linen-drappers, on MY PRIVATE

BIE, 'cause I fear'd, &c.] Here is a mistake in the pointing and expression: what is my private Bie? I believe no sense can be extracted from it. It should be read thus;

Deal with the linen-drappers on my private,

i. e. on my own particular account, or my private motion; and then it follows,

Because I fear'd they were the likeliest ever
To stir against, to cross it——

Plu. Do you so too, good father.

[*And Gilt-head comes.*]

Gilt. I like the fashion o' the project well,
The forks! it may be a lucky one! and is
not

Intricate, as one would say, but fit for
Plain heads, as ours, to deal in. Do you
hear,

Officers, we discharge you.

Meer. Why, this shews

A little good-nature in you, I confess,
But do not tempt your friends thus. Little
Gilt-head, [courses:

Advise your sire, great Gilt-head, from these
And, here, to trouble a great man in rever-
sion,

For the matter o' fifty, in a false alarm,
Away, it shews not well. Let him get the
pieces

And bring 'em: you'll hear more else.

Plu. Father.

SCENE V.

[*To them.*] *Ambler.*

Amb. O master Sledge, are you here? I
h' been to seek you.

You are the constable, they say. Here's one
That I do charge with felony, for the suit
He wears, sir.

Meer. Who? Mr. Fitz-dottrel's man?

'Ware what you do, Mr. Ambler.

Amb. Sir, these clothes

I'll swear are mine; and the shoes the gen-
tlewoman's

I told you of: and ha' him afore a justice
I will. [me.

Pug. My master, sir, will pass his word for

Amb. O, can you speak to purpose now?

Fit. Not I,

If you be such a one, sir, I will leave you
To your god-fathers in law. Let twelve men
work.

[*Fitz-dottrel disclaims him.*]

Pug. Do you hear, sir, pray, in private.

Fit. Well, what say you?

Brief, for I have no time to lose.

Pug. Truth is, sir,

I am the very Devil, and had leave

To take this body I am in to serve you;

Which was a cut-purse's, and hang'd this
morning:

And it is likewise true, I stole this suit
To clothe me with. But, sir, let me not go
To prison for it. I have hitherto [part

Lost time, done nothing; shown, indeed, no
O' my devil's nature. Now, I will so help
Your malice, 'gainst these parties; so advance

The business that you have in hand, of
witchcraft,

And your possession, as myself were in you;
Teach you such tricks to make your belly
swell, [gnash

And your eyes turn, to foam, to stare, to
Your teeth together, and to beat yourself,
Laugh loud, and feign six voices—

Fit. Out, you rogue! [avaunt!

You most infernal counterfeit wretch!
Do you think to gull me with your Æsop's
fables?

Here, take him to you, I ha' no part in him.

Pug. Sir. [you.

Fit. Away, I do disclaim, I will not hear
[*And sends him away.*]

Meer. What said he to you, sir?

Fit. Like a lying rascal,

Told me he was the devil.

Meer. How! a good jest!

Fit. And that he would teach me such
fine devil's tricks

For our new resolution.

Ever. O pox on him, [him.

'Twas excellent wisely done, sir, not to trust

[*Meer-croft gives the instructions to him*

and the rest.]

Meer. Why, if he were the devil, we sha'

not need him,

If you'll be rul'd. Go throw yourself on a

bed, sir,

And feign you ill. We'll not be seen wi' you

Till after, that you have a fit; and all

Confirm'd within. Keep you with the two

ladies, [side,

And persuade them. I'll to justice Either-

And possess him with all. Trains shall seek

out Engine,

And they two fill the town with't; every cable

Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all

Our emissaries now. Sir, I will send you

Bladders and bellows. Sir, be confident,

'Tis no hard thing t'outdo the devil in;

* *Laugh round.*] So the last edition: the preceding ones as above, *Laugh loud.* But all
the tricks here mentioned were practised by the impostors of those times.

* *'Tis no hard thing t'outdo the devil in;*

A boy o' thirteen year old made him an ass,

But t'other day.] This is evidently an allusion to the boy of Bilson in Staffordshire, who

was practised on by some jesuits, and counterfeited possession by the devil. The cheat was
discovered by Dr. Morton, at that time bishop of the diocese. The story, with all the par-
ticulars, may be met with in Wilson's history of James the 1st. The same imposture seems
to be referred to by the poet, in the third scene of this act;

Did you ne'er read, sir, little Darrel's tricks

With the boy o' Burton?

But either Jonsen's memory deceiv'd him, or the passage is corrupted; unless Bilson be
in the neighbourhood or parish of Burton: for I know of no other imposture so remarkable
about that time.

A boy o' thirteen year old made him an ass,
But t'other day.

Fit. Well, I'll begin to practise,
And 'scape the imputation of being cuckold,
By mine own act.

Meer. You're right.

Ever. Come, you ha' put
Yourself to a simple coil here, and your
friends,

By dealing with new agents, in new plots.

Meer. No more o' that, sweet cousin.

Ever. What had you

To do with this same Wittipol, for a lady?

Meer. Question not that; 'tis done.

Ever. You had some strain

'Bove e-la?

Meer. I had indeed.

Ever. And now you crack for't.

Meer. Do not upbraid me.

Ever. Come, you must be told on't;

You are so covetous, still, to embrace

More than you can, that you lose all.

Meer. 'Tis right.

What would you more than guilty? Now,
your succours.

SCENE VI.

Shackles, Pug, Iniquity, Devil.

[*Pug is brought to Newgate.*]

Sha. Here you are lodg'd, sir; you must
send your garnish,

If you'll be private.

Pug. There it is, sir, leave me.

To Newgate brought? how is the name of
Devil

Discredited in me! what a lost fiend
Shall I be on return? my chief will roar
In triumph, now, that I have been on earth
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this
morning.

Well I would it once were midnight, that I
knew

My utmost. I think time be drunk, and
sleeps;

He is so still, and moves not! I do glory
Now in my torment. Neither can I ex-

pect it,

I have it with my fact.

[*Enter Iniquity the vice.*]

Inig. Child of hell, be thou merry:

Put a look on as round, boy, and red as a
cherry.

Cast care at thy posterns, and firk in thy
fettlers:

They are ornaments, baby, have grac'd thy
betters:

Look upon me, and hearken. Our chief
doth salute thee,

And lest the cold iron should chance to
confute thee⁷,

It hath sent thee grant-parol by me, to stay
longer

A month here on earth, against cold (child)
or hunger.

Pug. How? longer here a month?

Inig. Yes, hoy, till the session, [sion.

That so thou may'st have a triumphal egress-

Pug. In a cart to be hang'd?

Inig. No, child, in a car,
The chariot of triumph, which most of them
are.

And in the mean time, to be greasy, and
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged, and lousy,

With damn me, renounce me; and all the
fine phrases,

That bring unto Tyburn the plentiful gazes.

Pug. He is a devil! and may be our
chief!

The great superior devil! for his malice:
Arch-devil! I acknowledge him. He knew

What I would suffer, when he ty'd me up
thus

In a rogue's body; and he has (I thank him)
His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine me

To the unlucky carcase of a cut-purse,
Wherein I could do nothing.

[*The great Devil enters, and upbraids
him with all his day's work.*]

Dev. Impudent fiend,
Stop thy lewd mouth. Dost thou not shame
and tremble

To lay thine own dull damn'd defects upon
An innocent case there? Why, thou heavy
slave!

The spirit that did possess that flesh before
Put more true life in a finger and a thumb,

Than thou in the whole mass. Yet thou re-
bell'st [made,

And murmur'st; what one proffer hast thou
Wicked enough, this day, that might be
call'd

Worthy thine own, much less the name that
sent thee?

First, thou didst help thyself into a beating
Promptly, and with't endangered'st too thy
tongue:

A devil, and could not keep a body entire
One day! that for our credit: and to vin-
dicate it,

Hinder'st (for aught thou know'st) a deed
of darkness:

Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one, toward the devil, could ha'
thought on.

⁷ — Our chief doth salute thee,

And lest our cold iron should chance to confute thee.] Our cold iron is wrong; we must read the cold iron. What follows is a pure Latinism; to confute thee, means to check you, or cool your courage. Confutare is properly to pour cold water into a pot, to prevent it from boiling over; and hence metaphorically, the signification of confuting, reproving, or controuling. So Tully uses the expression, confutare audaciam.

This for your acting! But for suffering! why
Thou hast been cheated on, with a false
beard, [deceator

And a turn'd cloke. Faith, would your pre-
The cut-purse, think you, ha' been so? Out
upon thee!

The huet th' hast done, to let men know
their strength,

And that they're able to out-do a devil

Put in a body, will for ever be

Ascar upon our name! whom hast thou dealt
with, [thee

Woman or man, this day, but have out-gone
Some way, and most have prov'd the better
fiends?

Yet you would be employ'd? yes, hell shall
make you

Provincial o' the cheaters! or bawd-ledger,
For this side o' the town! No doubt you'll
render

A rare account of things. Bane o' your itch,
And scratching for employment. I'll ha'
brimstone [off.

To allay it sure, and fire to singe your nails
But that I would not such a damn'd disho-
nour [hang'd,

Stick on our state, as that the devil were
And could not save a body, that he took
From Tyburn, but it must come thither again;
You should e'en ride. But up, away with
him—

[Iniquity takes him on his back.

Iniq. Mount, darling of darkness, my
shoulders are broad:

He that carries the fiend; is sure of his load.
The devil was wont to carry away the evil,
But now the evil out-carries the devil.

SCENE VII.

Shackles, Keepers.

A great noise is heard in Newgate, and the
Keepers come out affrighted.

Sha. O me!

1 Keep. What's this?

2 Keep. A piece of Justice-hall
Is broken down.

3 Keep. Fough! what a steam of brim-
stone is here! [now!

4 Keep. The prisoner's dead, came in but
Sha. Ha? where?

4 Keep. Look here.

1 Keep. 'Slid, I should know his counte-
nance! [morning!

It is Gill Cut-purse, was hang'd out this
Sha. 'Tis he!

2 Keep. The devil sure has a hand in this!

3 Keep. What shall we do?

Sha. Carry the news of it unto the sheriffs.

1 Keep. And to the justices.

4 Keep. This is strange!

3 Keep. And savours of the devil strongly!

2 Keep. I ha' the sulphur of hell-coal?
my nose.

1 Keep. Fough!

Sha. Carry him in.

1 Keep. Away.

2 Keep. How rank it is!

SCENE VIII.

Sir Poule, Meer-croft, Ever-ill, Trains, Pit-
fall, Fitz-dottrel.

[To them.] Wittipol, Masly, Mrs. Fitz-dot-
trel, Engine.

[To them.] Gilt-head, Sledge, Shackles.

The Justice comes out wondering, at the rest
informing him.

Pou. This was the notablest conspiracy
That e'er I heard of.

Meer. Sir, they had giv'n him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit
lady—

Ever. Just to the time o' delivery o' the
deed—

Meer. And then the witchcraft 'gan t' ap-
pear, for straight
He fell into his fit.

Ever. Of rage at first, sir,
Which since has so increased.

Tai. Good sir Poule, see him,
And punish the impostors.

Pou. Therefore I come, madam.

Eith. Let Mr. Either-side alone, madam.

Pou. Do you hear?

Call in the constable, I will have him by:
He's the king's officer! and some citizens
Of credit! I'll discharge my conscience
clearly.

Meer. Yes, sir, and send for his wife.

Ever. And the two sorcerers,
By any means.

Tai. I thought one a true lady,
I should be sworn. So did you, Either-side?

Eith. Yes, by that light, would I might
ne'er stir, else, Tail-bush.

Tai. And the other a civil gentleman,

Ever. But, madam,
You know what I told your ladyship!

Tai. I now see it.

I was providing of a banquet for 'em,
After I had done instructing of the fellow
De-vile, the gentleman's man.

Meer. Who's found a thief, madam,
And to have robb'd your usher, master
Ambler,

This morning.

Tai. How?

Meer. I'll tell you more anon.

Fit. "Gi' me some garlick, garlick, gar-
lick, garlick." [He begins his fit.

Mer. Hark, the poor gentleman, how he
is tormented!

Fit. "My wife is a whore, I'll kiss her no
more: and why?"

"May'st not thou be a cuckold as well as I?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c."

Pou. That is the devil speaks and laughs
in him. [The Justice interprets all.

Meer. Do you think so, sir?

Pou. I discharge my conscience.

Fitz. "And is not the devil good company? yes, wis."
Ever. How he changes, sir, his voice!
Fitz. "And a cuckold is,
 "Where-e'er he puts his head with a wan-
 nion, [nion!
 "If his horns be forth, the devil's compa-
 "Look, look, look, else!"
Meer. How he foams!
Ever. And swells! [belly!
Tai. O me! what's that there rises in his
Eith. A strange thing! hold it down.
Tra. Pit. We cannot, madam.
Pou. 'Tis too apparent this!
Fitz. "Wittipol, Wittipol."
 [*Wittipol, and Manly, and Mrs. Fitzdottrel enter.*
Wit. How now, what play ha' we here?
Man. What fine new matters?
Wit. The cockscorn and the coverlet.
Meer. O strange impudence!
 That these should come to face their sin!
Ever. And out-face
 Justice; they are the parties, sir.
Pou. Say nothing.
Meer. Did you mark, sir, upon their
 coming in,
 How he call'd Wittipol?
Ever. And never saw 'em. [while.
Pou. I warrant you did I, let 'em play a
Fitz. "Buz, buz, buz, buz."
Tai. 'Las, poor gentleman,
 How he is tortur'd!
Mrs. Fitz. Fie, master Fitzdottrel!
 What do you mean to counterfeit thus?
Fitz. "O, O, [His wife goes to him.
 "She comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,
 "She pulls out that, and she puts in a pin,
 "And now, and now, I do not know how
 nor where,
 "But she pricks me here, and she pricks
 me there: Oh, oh."
Pou. Woman forbear.
Wit. What, sir?
Pou. A practice foul
 For one so fair.
Wit. Hath this, then, credit with you?
Man. Do you believe in't?
Pou. Gentlemen, I'll discharge
 My conscience. 'Tis a clear conspiracy!
 A dark and devilish practice! I detest it!
Wit. The justice sure will prove the mer-
 rier man!
Man. This is most strange, sir!
Pou. Come not to confront
 Authority with impudence: I tell you,
 I do detest it. Here comes the king's con-
 stable,
 And with him a right worshipful commoner,
 My good friend, master Gilt-head! I am
 glad
 I can, before such witnesses, profess
 My conscience, and my detestation of it.

Horrible! most unnatural! abominable!
Ever. You do not tumble enough.
Meer. Wallow, gnash.
 [They whisper him.
Tai. O how he is vexed!
Pou. 'Tis too manifest.
Ever. Give him more soap to foam with,
 now lie still.
 [And give him soap to act with.
Meer. And act a little.
Tai. What does he now, sir?
Pou. Shew
 The taking of tobacco, with which the devil
 Is so delighted.
Fitz. "Hum!"
Pou. And calls for hum?
 You takers of strong waters and tobacco,
 Mark this.
Fitz. "Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow,
 &c."
Pou. That's starch! the devil's idol of
 that colour.
 He ratifies it with clapping of his hands.
 The proofs are pregnant.
Gilt. How the devil can act!
Pou. He is the master of players! master
 Gilt-head,
 And poets too! you heard him talk in rhyme!
 I had forgot to observe it to you, e'er-while!
Tai. See, he spits fire.
Pou. O no, he plays at figgum.
 The devil is the author of wicked figgum—
 [Sir Poule interprets figgum to be a jug-
 gler's game.
Man. Why speak you not unto him?
Wit. If I had
 All innocence of man to be endanger'd,
 And he could save or ruin it, I'd not breathe
 A syllable in request, to such a fool
 He makes himself.
Fitz. "O, they whisper, whisper, whisper,
 "We shall have more of devils a score,
 "To come to dinner, in me the sinner."
Eith. Alas, poor gentleman!
Pou. Put 'em asunder.
 Keep 'em one from the other.
Man. Are you frantick, sir?
 Or what grave dotage moves you to take part
 With so much villainy? we are not afraid
 Either of law or trial; let us be
 Examind what our ends were, what the
 means
 To work by, and possibility of those means?
 Do not conclude against us ere you hear us.
Pou. I will not hear you, yet I will con-
 clude
 Out of the circumstances.
Man. Will you so, sir?
Pou. Yes, they are palpable.
Man. Not as your folly.
Pou. I will discharge my conscience,
 and do all;
 To the meridian of justice.

* And calls for HUM.] It was a strong liquor drunk by the vulgar: *meath* and *o arui*,
 other liquors of the same kind, were mentioned above.

Gilt. You do well, sir.

Fit. "Provide me to eat, three or four dishes o' good meat,
"I'll feast them and their trains, a justice head and brains
"Shall be the first."

Pou. The devil loves not justice,
There you may see.

Fit. "A spare-rib o' my wife,
"And a whole's purt'nance! a Gilt-head whole." [it.]

Pou. Be not troubled, sir, the devil speaks

Fit. "Yes, wis, knight, shite. Poul, joul, owl, foul, trou, boul."

Pou. Crambo, another of the devil's games!

Meer. Speak, sir, some Greek, if you can. Is not the justice

A solemn gamester?

Ever. Peace.

Fit. Οἱ μοί, κακοδαίμων,

Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τετράκις, καὶ πεντάκις,

Καὶ διδεδυκάκις, καὶ μυριάκις*.

Pou. He curses

In Greek, I think.

Ever. Your Spanish, that I taught you.

Fit. *Quebrémos el ojo de burlas.*

Ever. How? your rest—

Let's break his neck in jest, the devil says.

Fit. *Di grátia signòr mio se habete denari jalaméne parte.*

Meer. What, would the devil borrow money?

Fit. *Ouy, ouy, monsieur, un pauvre diable! diabolotin!*

Pou. It is the devil, by his several languages.

Enter the Keeper of Newgate.

Sha. Where's sir Poul Either-side?

Pou. Here, what's the matter?

Sha. O! such an accident fall'n out at Newgate, sir:

A great piece of the prison is rent down! The devil has been there, sir, in the body—Of the young cut-purse, was hang'd out this morning.

But in new clothes, sir; every one of us know him.

These things were found in his pocket.

Amb. These are mine, sir.

Sha. I think he was committed on your charge, sir,

For a new felony.

Amb. Yes.

Sha. He's gone, sir, now,

And left us the dead body. But withal, sir, Such an infernal stink and steam behind, You cannot see St. Pulchre's steeple yet. They smell't as far as Ware, as the wind lies, By this time sure.

Fit. Is this upon your credit, friend?

[*Fitz-dottrel leaves counterfeiting.*]

Sha. Sir, you may see, and satisfy yourself.

Fit. Nay then, 'tis time to leave off counterfeiting.

Sir, I am not bewitch'd, nor have a devil, No more than you. I do defy him, I, And did abuse you. These two gentlemen Put me upon it. (I have faith against him.) They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,

And shame the fied. See, here, sir, are my bellows, And my false belly, and my mouse, and all That should ha' come forth.

Man. Sir, are you not asham'd

Now of your solemm serious vanity?

Pou. I will make honourable amends to truth.

Fit. And so will I. But these are cozeners still,

And ha' my land, as plotters, with my wife; Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore.

Man. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste and virtuous,

And we are honest. I do know no glory A man should hope, by venting his own follies,

But you'll still be an ass in spite of providence.

Please you go in, sir, and hear truths, then judge 'em,

And make amends for your late rashness, when [taken]

You shall but hear the pains and care was To save this fool from ruin, (his grace of Drown'd-land.)

Fit. My land is drown'd indeed—

Pou. Peace.

Man. And how much

His modest and too worthy wife hath suffer'd [blush,

By misconstruction from him, you will First, for your own belief, more for his actions!

His land is his; and never by my friend, Or by myself, meant to another use,

But for her succours, who hath equal right. If any other had worse counsels in't,

(I know I speak to those can apprehend me) Let 'em repent 'em, and be not detected.

It is not manly to take joy or pride In human errors (we do all ill things,

They do 'em worst that love 'em, and dwell there,

Till the plague comes.) The few that have the seeds

Of goodness left, will sooner make their way To true life, by shame, than punishment.

* *Fit.* Οἱ μοί κακοδαίμων,

Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, &c.] The Greek is from the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, act 5. sc. 3.

THE EPILOGUE.

" THUS the projector here is overthrown;
" But I have now a project of mine own,
" If it may pass, that no man would invite
" The poet from us, to sup forth to-night,
" If the play please. If it displeasing be,
" We do presume that no man will, nor we."

This Comedy was acted in the year 1614,

By the Lady ELIZABETH's Servants.

THE STAPLE OF NEWS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PENNY-BOY, the son, the heir and suitor.
PENNY-BOY, the father, the canter.
PENNY-BOY, the uncle, the usurer.
CYMBAL, master of the staple, and prime
jeerer.
FITTON, emissary court, and jeerer.
ALMANACK, doctor in physick, and jeerer.
SHUN-FIELD, sea-captain, a jeerer.
MADRIGAL, poetaster, and jeerer.
PICKLOCK, man o' law, and emissary West-
minster.
PYED-MANTLE, pursuivant at arms, and
heraldet.
REGISTER, of the staple, or office.
NATHANIEL, first clerk of the office.
THO. BARBER, second clerk of the office.
PECUNIA, infant of the mines.

MORTGAGE, her nurse.
STATUTE, first woman.
BAND, second woman.
WAX, chamber-maid.
BROKER, secretary, and gentleman-usher to
her grace.
LICK-FINGER, a master-cook, and parcel-
poet.
FASHIONER, the taylor of the times.
LINENER.
HABERDASHER.
SHOE-MAKER.
SPURRIER.
CUSTOMERS, male and female.
PORTER.
TWO DOGS.

SCENE, London.

THE INDUCTION.

The PROLOGUE enters;

*After him, Gossip Mirth, Gossip Tattle,
Gossip Expectation, and Gossip Censure,
four Gentlewomen, lady-like attired.*

Prologue. FOR your own sake, not ours—

Mirth. "Come, Gossip, be not asham'd.
"The play is The Staple of News, and you
"are the Mistress and Lady of Tattle; let's
"ha' your opinion of it. Do you hear, gen-
"tleman? what are you? gentleman-usher to
"the play? Pray you help us to some stools
"here."

Prologue. "Where? o' the stage, ladies?"

Mirth. "Yes, o' the stage; we are per-
"sons of quality, I assure you, and women
"of fashion, and come to see and to be seen.
"My gossip Tattle here, and gossip Expect-
"ation, and my gossip Censure, and I am
"Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and
"spirit of Shrovetide. They say, it's merry
"when gossips meet; I hope your play will
"be a merry one."

Prologue. "Or you will make it such,
"ladies. Bring a form here. But what will

"the noblemen think, or the grave wits
"here, to see you scated on the bench
"thus?"

Mirth. "Why, what should they think,
"but they had mothers as we had; and
"those mothers had gossips (if their children
"were christened) as we are; and such as
"had a longing to see plays, and sit upon
"them, as we do, and arraign both them
"and their poets?"

Prologue. "O, is that your purpose?"

"Why, Mrs. Mirth and madam Tattle, en-
"joy your delights freely."

Tattle. "Look your news be new and
"fresh, Mr. Prologue, and untainted; I shall
"find them else, if they be stale or fly-
"blown, quickly."

Prologue. "We ask no favour from you;
"only we would entreat of madam Expect-
"ation—"

Expectation. "What, Mr. Prologue?"

Prologue. "That your ladyship would
"expect no more than you understand."

Expectation. "Sir, I can expect enough!"

Prologue. "I fear, too much, lady, and
"teach others to do the like."

Expectation. "I can do that too, if I have cause."

Prologue. "Cry you mercy," You never did wrong, but with just cause¹.
"What's this, lady?"

Mirth. "Curiosity, my lady Censure."

Prologue. "O, Curiosity! you come to see who wears the new suit to-day; whose clothes are best penn'd, whatever the part be; which actor has the best leg and foot; what king plays without cuffs, and his queen without gloves; who rides post in stockings, and dances in boots."

Censure. "Yes, and which amorous prince makes love in drink, or does over-act prodigiously in beaten sattin, and, having got the trick on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of counsel²."

Book-holder. "Mend your lights, gentlemen. Master Prologue, begin."

[*The Tiro-men enter to mend the lights.*]

Tattle. "Ay me!"

Expectation. "Who's that?"

Prologue. "Nay, start not, ladies; these carry no fireworks to fright you, but a torch i' their hands, to give light to the business. The truth is, there are a set of gamsters within, in travel of a thing call'd a play, and would fain be deliver'd of it; and they have entreated me to be their man-midwife, the prologue; for they are like to have a hard labour on't."

Tattle. "Then the poet has abus'd himself, like an ass as he is."

Mirth. "No, his actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceiv'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the tiring-house a while to see the actors drest) rolling himself up and down like a tun i' the midst of 'em, and purges, never did vessel of wort or wine work so! his sweating put me in mind of a good Shroving dish, (and I believe, would be taken up for a service of state somewhere, an't were known), a stew'd poet! he doth sit like an unbrac'd drum, with one of his heads beaten out; for that you must note, a poet hath two heads, as a drum has; one for marking, the other repeating; and his repeating head is all to pieces; they may gather it up i' the tiring-

house; for he hath torn the book in a poetical fury, and put himself to silence in a dead sack, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable emblem of patience."

Censure. "The Prologue, peace."

THE PROLOGUE for the STAGE.

FOR your own sakes, not his, he bade me say, [play.]

Would you were come to hear, not see a Though we his actors, must provide for those [shows,

Who are our guests here, in the way of The maker hath not so; he'd have you wise, [eyes;

Much rather by your ears, than by your And prays you'll not prejudice his play for ill,

Because you mark it not, and sit not still; But have a longing to salute, or talk

With such a female, and from her to walk With your discourse, to what is done, and where, [here.

How, and by whom, in all the town, but Alas! what is it to his scene, to know

How many coaches in Hyde-park did show Last spring, what fare to-day at Medley's was,

If Dunstan or the Phoenix best wine has? They're things—but yet the stage might stand as well,

If it did neither hear these things, nor tell. Great noble wits, be good unto yourselves, And make a difference 'twixt poetic elves, And poets: all that dabble in the ink, And deafe quills, are not those few, can think,

Conceive, express, and steer the souls of men, [pen.

As with a rudder, round thus, with their He must be one that can instruct your youth,

And keep your acmè in the state of truth, Must enterprize this work; mark but his ways, [he says,

What flight he makes, how new; and then If that not like you, that he sends to-night, 'Tis you have left to judge, not he to write.

¹ You never did wrong, but with just cause.] This is meant as a satire on a line in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, though it no where occurs as it is here represented. See the character of Shakspeare in the *Discoveries*.

² And having got the trick on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of counsel.] There can be no doubt but this is particular satire, and reflects on some actor then well known, though it is not easy at this time to say who it points at.

THE PROLOGUE

FOR THE COURT.

" A WORK not smelling of the lamp, to-night,
 " But fitted for your majesty's disport,
 " And writ to the meridian of your court,
 " We bring; and hope it may produce de-
 light:
 " The rather being offered as a rite,
 " To scholars, that can judge, and fair
 report (sort
 " The sense they hear, above the vulgar

" Of nut-crackers, that only come for sight.
 " Wherein although our title, sir, be News,
 " We yet adventure here to tell you
 none, [known,
 " But shew you common follies, and so
 " That though they are not truths, th' inno-
 cent muse
 " Hath made so like, as phant'sy could
 them state,
 " Or poetry, without scandal, imitate."

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Penny-boy jun. Lether-leg.

His shoe-maker has pull'd on a new pair of boots; and he walks in his gown, waist-coat, and trowsers, expecting his taylor.

P. jun. **G**RAMERCY, Lether-leg: get me the spurrier,
 An' thou hast fitted me.

Let. I'll do it presently.

P. jun. Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, land,

That is, look on me, and with all thine eyes,
 Male, female, yea, hermaphroditic eyes,
 And those bring all your helps and perspicils,
 To see me at best advantage, and augment
 My form as I come forth; for I do feel
 I will be one worth looking after shortly;
 Now, by-and-by, that's shortly. 'T strikes!
 one, two,

[He draws forth his watch, and sets it on the table.]

Three, four, five, six. Enough, enough,
 dear watch, [rest;
 Thy pulse hath beat enough. Now sleep and
 Would thou could'st make the time to do
 so too: [come,

I'll wind thee up no more. The hour is
 So long expected! there, there, drop my
 wardship,

[He throws off his gown.]

My pupillage and vassalage together;
 And, liberty, come throw thyself about me,
 In a rich suit, cloke, hat, and band, for now
 I'll sue out no man's livery, but mine own,
 I stand on my own legs, so much a year,

Right round and sound, the lord of mine
 own ground.

And (to rhyme to it) threescore thousand
 pound! [min,

Not come? not yet? tailor, thou art a ver-
 [He goes to the door and looks.

Worse than the same thou prosecut'st, and
 prick'st

In subtil seam — (Go to, I say no more)
 Thus to retard my longings: on the day

I do write man, to beat thee. One and
 twenty [wilt feel it,

Since the clock struck, compleat! and thou
 Thou foolish animal! I could pity him,

(An' I were not heartily angry with him now)
 For this one piece of folly he bears about
 him,

To dare to tempt the fury of an heir
 T' above two thousand a-year; yet hope is
 custom! [break —

Well, master Fashioner, there's some must
 A head, for this your breaking. Are you
 come, sir?

SCENE II.

Fashioner, Penny-boy, Thomas Barber, Haberdasher.

Fas. God give your worship joy.

P. jun. What? of your staying?
 And leaving me to stalk here in my trowsers,

Like a tame hern-sew for you?

Fas. But I waited
 Below, till the clock struck.

P. jun. Why, if you had come
 Before a quarter, would it so have hurt you,
 In reputation, to have waited here?

Fas. No, but your worship might have pleaded nonage,
If you had got 'em on, ere I could make
Just affidavit of the time.

P. jun. That jest
Has gain'd thy pardon, thou hadst liv'd
condemn'd [wrought
To thine own hell else, never to have
Stitch more for me, or any Penny-boy,
I could have hinder'd thee: but now thou
art mine

For one-and-twenty years, or for three lives.
Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a
copy-holder, [on.
And thy first bill unquestion'd. Help me

[*He says his suit.*
Fas. Presently, sir: I am bound unto
your worship.

P. jun. Thou shalt be, when I have seal'd
thee a lease of my custom.

Fas. Your worship's barber is without.

P. jun. Who? Thom?
Come in, Thom; set thy things upon the
board, [cinctu,
And spread thy cloths, lay all forth in pro-
And tell's what news?

Tho. O sir, a Staple of News!
Or the New Staple, which you please.

P. jun. What's that? [set up:

Fas. An office, sir, a brave young office
I had forgot to tell your worship.

P. jun. For what?

Tho. To enter all the news, sir, o' the
time. [place

Fas. And vent it as occasion serves! a
Of huge commerce it will be!

P. jun. Pray thee, peace;

I cannot abide a talking taylor: let Thom
(He is a barber) by his place relate it.
What is't, an office, Thom?

Tho. Newly erected

Here in the house, almost on the same floor,
Where all the news of all sorts shall be
brought,

And there be examin'd, and then registred,
And so to be issu'd under the seal of the
office,

As Staple News; no other news be current.

P. jun. 'Fore me, thou speak'st of a
brave business, Thom.

Fas. Nay, if you knew the brain that
hatch'd it, sir,—

P. jun. I know thee well enough; give
him a loaf, Thom— [else.

Quiet his mouth, that oven will be venting
Proceed— [Cymbal

Tho. He tells you true, sir; master
Is master of the office, he projected it,
He lies here, i' the house; and the great
rooms

He has taken for the office, and set up
His desks and classes, tables and his shelves.

Fas. He's my customer, and a wit, sir,
too.

But h' has brave wits under him—

Tho. Yes, four emissaries.

P. jun. Emissaries? stay, there's a fine
new word, Thom!

Pray god it signify any thing; what are
emissaries? [sent abroad

Tho. Men employ'd outward, that are
To fetch in the commodity.

Fas. From all regions

Where the best news are made.

Tho. Or vented forth.

Fas. By way of exchange, or trade.

P. jun. Nay, thou wilt speak—

[*He gives the taylor leave to talk.*

Fas. My share, sir, there's enough for
both.

P. jun. Go on then, [cries
Speak all thou canst: methinks the ordina-
Should help them much.

Fas. Sir, they have ordinaries,
And extraordinaries, as many changes
And variations, as there are points i' the
compass.

Tho. But the four cardinal quarters.

P. jun. Ay those, Thom—

Tho. The Court, sir, Paul's, Exchange,
and Westminster-hall.

P. jun. Who is the chief? which hath
precedency? [Cymbal,

Tho. The governor o' the Staple, master
He is the chief; and after him the emis-
saries:

First emissary court, one master Fitton,
He is a jeerer too.

P. jun. What's that?

Fas. A wit. [wits,

Tho. Or half a wit, some of them are half-
Two to a wit, there are a set of 'em.

Then master Ambler, emissary Pauls,
A fine pac'd gentleman, as you shall see,

walk [Buz,

The middle isle: and then my Froy Hans
A Dutch-man; he's emissary Exchange.

Fas. I had thought Mr. Burst the mer-
chant had had it.

Tho. No,

He has a rupture, he has sprung a leak.
Emissary Westminster's undispos'd of yet;

Then the examiner, register, and two clerks,
They manage all at home, and sort, and file,

And seal the news, and issue them.

P. jun. Thom, dear Thom,

What may my means do for thee? ask and
have it, [birth-day.

I'd fain be doing some good. It is my
And I'd do it betimes, I feel a grudging

Of bounty, and I would not long lie fallow.
I pray thee think and speak, or wish for
something. [places

Tho. I would I had but one o' the clerk's
I' this News-office.

P. jun. Thou shalt have it, Thom,

If silver or gold will fetch it; what's the rate?
At what is't set i' the market?

Tho. Fifty pound, sir.

P. jun. An 'twere an hundred, Thom,
thou shalt not want it.

[*The taylor leaps and embraceth him.*

Fas. O noble master!

P. jun. How now, *Æsop's* ass!

Because I play with *Thom*, must I needs run
Into your rude embraces? stand you still,
sir;

Clowns fawnings are a horse's salutations.

How dost thou like my suit, *Thom*?

Tho. Mr. Fashioner [you,
Has hit your measures, sir, he has moulded
And made you, as they say.

Fas. No, no, not I,

I am an ass, old *Æsop's* ass.

P. jun. Nay, Fashioner,
I can do thee a good turn too, be not musty,
Though thou hast moulded me, as little
Thom says,

(I think thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.)

Fas. As good,

[He draws out his pockets.

Right Spanish perfume, the lady *Estifania's*,
They cost twelve pound a pair.

P. jun. Thy bill will say so.

I pray thee tell me, Fashioner, what authors
Thou read'st to help thy invention: Italian
prints? [ries.

Or Arras hangings? they are taylor's libra-
Fas. I scorn such helps.

P. jun. O! though thou art a silk-worm,
And deal'st in satins and velvets, and rich
plushes;

Thou canst not spin all forms out of thyself,
They are quite other things: I think this
suit

Has made me wittier than I was.

Fas. Believe it, sir,

That clothes do much upon the wit, as wea-
ther [proverb,
Does on the brain; and thence comes your
"The taylor makes the man:" I speak by
experience

Of my own customers. I have had gallants,
Both court and country, would ha' fool'd
you up

In a new suit, with the best wits in being,¹
And kept their speed as long as their clothes
lasted [out

Handsome and neat; but then as they grew
At the elbows again, or had a stain or spot,
They have sunk most wretchedly.

P. jun. What thou report'st,
Is but the common calamity, and seen
daily; [verb,

And therefore yo've another answering pro-
"A broken sleeve keeps the arm back."

Fas. 'Tis true, sir.

And thence we say, that such a one plays at
Peep-arm.

P. jun. Do you so? it is wittily said. I
wonder, gentlemen,

And men of means, will not maintain them-
selves [highest,

Fresher in wit, I mean in clothes, to the
For be that's out o' clothes is out o' fashion,
And out o' fashion is out o' countenance,
And out o' countenance is out o' wit.

Is not rogue *Haberdasher* come?

Hab. Yes, here, sir.

[They are all busy about him.

I ha' been without this half hour.

P. jun. Give me my hat.

Put on my girdle, rascal; sits my ruff well?

Lin. In print.

P. jun. Slave.

Lin. See yourself.

P. jun. Is this same hat

O' the block-passant? Do not answer me,

I cannot stay for an answer. I do feel

The powers of one-and-twenty, like a tide,

Flow in upon me, and perceive an heir

Can conjure up all spirits in all circles.

Rogue! rascal! slave! give tradesmen their
true names,

And they appear to 'em presently.

Lin. For profit.

P. jun. Come, cast my cloke about me,
I'll go see

This office, *Thom*, and be trimm'd after-
wards.

I'll put thee in possession, my prime work!

Godso; my spurrier! put them on, boy,

quickly. [His spurrier comes in.

I'd like to have lost my spurs with too much
speed.

SCENE III.

[To them.] *Penny-boy Carter*, singing.

P. Ca. "Good morning to my joy! my
jolly *Penny-boy*!

"The lord, and the prince of plenty!

"I come to see what riches, thou bearest in
thy breeches,

"The first of thy one-and-twenty:

"What, do thy pockets jingle? or shall we
need to mingle

"Our strength both of foot and horses!

"These fellows look so eager, as if they
would beleaguer

"An heir in the midst of his forces!

"I hope they be no sergeants! that hang
upon thy margents.

"This rogue has the jowl of a jailor!

[The young *Penny-boy* answers in tune.

P. jun. "O founder, no such matter, my
spurrier, and my hatter,

"My linen-man, and my taylor."

Thou should'st have been brought in too,
shoemaker,

¹ ——— *Would ha' fool'd you up*

[In a new suit, with the best wits in being.] I do not pretend to say, that *fool'd* is an absolute corruption, though I suspect it may have got into the text by mistake. Should any alteration be thought necessary, I would read, *follow'd you up*, i. e. kept an equal pace with them; and this seems to be countenanced by the metaphors used in the following part of the speech.

* If the time had been longer, and Thom Barber.

How dost thou like my company, old Canter? Do I not muster a brave troop? all bill-men? Present your arms before my founder here, This is my founder, this same learned Canter!

[death, He brought me the first pews of my father's I thank him; and ever since I call him founder.

[He takes the bills, and puts them up in his pockets.

Worship him, boys; I'll read only the sums, And pass 'em straight.

Sho. Now ale—

Rest. And strong ale bless him.

P. jun. Godso, some ale and sugar for my founder!

Good bills, sufficient bills, these bills may pass.

P. Ca. I do not like these paper-squibs, good master.

They may undo your store, I mean, of credit.

And fire your arsenal, in case you do not In time make good those outer-works, your pockets,

And take a garrison in of some two-hundred, To beat those pioneers off, that carry a mine Would blow you up, at last. Secure your casamates,

Here master Picklock, sir, your man o' law And learn'd attorney, has sent you a bag of munition.

P. jun. What is't?

P. Ca. Three hundred pieces.

P. jun. I'll dispatch 'em.

P. Ca. Do, I would have your strengths lin'd, and perfum'd

With gold as well as amber.

P. jun. God a mercy,

Come, ad solvendum, boys! there, there, and there, &c.

I look on nothing but totalis.

P. Ca. See!

The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal!

"The covetous man never has money, and
"The prodigal will have none shortly!"

P. jun. Ha,

What says my founder? I thank you, I thank you, sirs.

All. God bless your worship, and your worship's chanter.

P. Ca. I say 'tis nobly done, to cherish shopkeepers,

And pay their bills, without examining thus.

P. jun. Alas! they have had a pitiful hard time on't,

A long vacation from their cozening.

Poor rascals! I do it out of charity.

I would advance their trade again, and have them

Haste to berich, swear and forswear wealthily.

What do you stay for, sirrah?

Spur. To my box, sir.

P. jun. Your box? why, there's an angel; if my spurs

[Gives the Spurrier, to his box.

Be not right Rippon—

Spur. Give me never a penny

If I strike not thorow your bounty with the rowels. [der?

P. jun. Dost thou want any money, foun-

P. Ca. Who, sir, I?

Did I not tell you I was bred in the mines, Under sir Bevis Bullion?

P. jun. That is true,

I quite forgot, you mine-men want no money, Your streets are pay'd with't: there the molten silver

Runs out like cream on cakes of gold.

P. Ca. And rubies

Do grow like straw-berries.

P. jun. 'Twere brave being there!

Come, I hom, we'll go to the office now.

P. Ca. What office?

P. jun. News Office, the New Staple; thou shalt go too;

'Tis here i' the house, on the same floor, Thom. says.

Come, founder, let us trade in ale and nutmegs.

SCENE IV.

Register, Clerk, Woman.

Reg. What, are those desks fit now? Set forth the table,

The carpet and the chair; where are the news [up?

That were examin'd last? ha' you fil'd them Cle. Not yet, I had no time.

Reg. Are those news registered

* If the TIME had been longer.] Mr. Theobald has put *tune* in his margin, as the better reading; but I think the word *time*, take it either as applicable to the tune, or in the common acceptation, is consistent sense.

P. Ca. Do, I would have your STRENGTHS LIN'D and PERFUM'D

With GOLD as well as AMBER.] He was talking in military terms before, and possibly *strengths* may be a term of art, for fastnesses, or strong holds: but then I think it does not well coincide with the expression of *lining* and *perfuming* them with *gold* and *amber*. However, I shall make no alteration, but propose a conjecture, which is submitted to the choice of the reader:

I would have your suits lin'd, and perfum'd

With gold as well as amber.

Suits for clothes, is a term that may be easily admitted.

That emissary Buz sent in last night,
Of Spinola and his eggs?

Cle. Yes, sir, and he'd.

Reg. What are you now upon?

Cle. That our new emissary
Westminster gave us, of the golden hair*.

Reg. Dispatch, that's news indeed, and of
importance.

What would you have, good woman?

[A country-woman waits there.]

Wo. I would have, sir,

A groatsworth of any news, I care not what,
To carry down this Saturday to our vicar.

Reg. O! you're a butter-woman; ask
Nathaniel

The clerk there.

Cle. Sir, I tell her she must stay

Till emissary Exchange, or Pauls send in,
And then I'll fit her.

Reg. Do, good woman, have patience;

It is not now, as when the captain liv'd.

Cle. You'll blast the reputation of the
office

Now it's the bud, if you dispatch these groats
So soon: let them attend, in name of policy.

SCENE V.

*Penny-boy, Cymbal, Fitton, Tho. Barber,
Canter.*

P. jun. In troth, they are dainty rooms;
what place is this?

Cym. This is the outer room, where my
clerks sit,

And keep their sides, the register i' the midst;
The examiner, he sits private there, within;
And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads.

P. jun. But those too subdivided?

Cym. Into authentical, and apocryphal.

Fit. Or news of doubtful credit, as bar-
bers' news.

Cym. And taylors' news, porters', and wa-
termen's news.

Fit. Where to, beside the Coranti, and
Gazetti—

Cym. I have the news of the season.

Fit. As Vacation-news,

Term-news, and Christmas-news.

Cym. And news o' the faction.

Fit. As the Reformed-news; Protestant-
news—

Cym. And Pontifical-news; of all which
The day-books, characters, precedents are
kept.

Together with the names of special friends—

Fit. And men of correspondence i' the
country—

Cym. Yes, of all ranks, and all religions.—

Fit. Factors and agents—

Cym. Liegers, that lie out
Through all the shires of the kingdom.

P. jun. This is fine,
And bears a brave relation! But what says
Mercurius Britannicus to this?

Cym. O sir, he gains by't half in half.

Fit. Nay, more,
I'll stand to't. For where he was wont to get
In hungry captains, obscure statesmen.

Cym. Fellows
To drink with him in a dark room in a tavern,
And eat a sausage.

Fit. We ha' seen't.

Cym. As fain to keep so many politic pens,
Going to feed the press.

Fit. And dish out news,

Were't true or false.

Cym. Now all that charge is sav'd.

The public chronicler.

Fit. How do you call him there?

Cym. And gentle reader.

Fit. He that has the maidenhead
Of all the books.

Cym. Yes, dedicated to him.

Fit. Or rather prostituted.

P. jun. You are right, sir.

Cym. No more shall be abus'd, nor
country-parsons

O' the inquisition, nor busy justices

Trouble the peace, and both torment them-
selves, [quies]

And their poor ignorant neighbours, with in-
After the many and most innocent mon-
sters,

That never came i' the counties they were
charg'd with.

P. jun. Why, methinks, sir, if the honest
common people

Will be abus'd, why should not they ha'
their pleasure,

In the believing lies are made for them;

As you i' th' office, making them yourselves!

Fit. O sir! it is the printing we oppose.

Cym. We not forbid that any news be
made,

But that't be printed; for when news is
printed, [written—

It leaves, sir, to be news; while 'tis but

Fit. Tho' it be ne'er so false, it runs news
still.

P. jun. See divers men's opinions! unto
some

The very printing of 'em makes them news;
That ha' not the heart to believe any thing,

But what they see in print.

Fit. I; that's an error

Has abus'd many; but we shall reform it,

As many things beside (we have a hope)

Are crept among the popular abuses.

* Of the golden HAIR.] The true reading is *hair*. young Penny-boy is the person
meant.

—But what says

MERCURIUS BRITANNICUS.] A news-journal then published with that title.

Cym. Nor shall the stationer cheat upon the time,

By buttering over again——

Fit. Once in seven years,

As the age doats——

Cym. And grows forgetful o' them,
His antiquated pamphlets with new dates.

But all shall come from the mint.

Fit. Fresh and new stamp'd. [duty.

Cym. With the office-seal, Staple-commo-

Fit. And if a man will assure his news, he may;

Two-pence a sheet he shall be warranted,
And have a policy for't.

P. jun. Sir, I admire

The method o' your place; all things within't
Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,
As it shews Wit had married Order.

Fit. Sir.

Cym. The best we could to invite the times.

Fit. It has

Cost sweat and freezing,

Cym. And some broken sleeps,
Before it came to this.

P. jun. I easily think it.

Fit. But now it has the shape——

Cym. And is come forth.

P. jun. A most polite neat thing, with all the limbs,

As sense can taste!

Cym. It is, sir, though I say it,
As well begotten a business, and as fairly
Helpt to the world.

P. jun. You must be a midwife, sir,
Or else the son of a midwife (pray you pardon me)

Have helpt it forth so happily! What news ha' you?

[some] News o' this morning? I would fain hear
Fresh from the forge, (as new as day, as they say.)

Cym. And such we have, sir.

Reg. Shew him the last roll,

Of emissary Westminster's, the heir.

P. jun. Come nearer, Thom.

Cle. There is a brave young heir
Is come of age this morning, Mr. Penny-boy.

P. jun. That's I!

[*Penny rejoiceth that he is in.*
Cle. His father died on this day seven-night.

P. jun. True! [week

Cle. At six o' clock i' the morning, just a
Ere he was one-and-twenty,

P. jun. I am here, Thom!

[*Tells Thom of it.*
Proceed, I pray thee.

Cle. An old canting beggar
Brought him first news, whom he has entertained

To follow him since.

P. jun. Why, you shall see him! Founder.

[*Calls in the Canter.*
Come in; no follower, but companion:

I pray thee put him in, friend: there's an angel—— [He gives the clerk.

Thou dost not know, he's a wise old fellow,
Tho' he seem patch'd thus, and made up o' pieces.

Founder, we are in here, in, i' the News-office!

In this day's roll already! I do muse

How you came by us, sirs!

Cym. One master Picklock,
A lawyer that hath purchas'd here a place

This morning of an emissary under me.

Fit. Emissary Westminster——

Cym. Gave it into the office——

Fit. For his essay, his piece.

P. jun. My man o' law!

He's my attorney, and solicitor too!

A fine pragmatick! what's his place worth?

Cym. A nemo-scit, sir.

Fit. 'Tis as news come in.

Cym. And as they are issued. I have the just moiety

For my part: then the other moiety

Is parted into seven: the four emissaries,
Whereof my cousin Fitton here's for Court,
Ambler for Paul's, and Buz for the Exchange,

Picklock for Westminster, with the examiner,
And register, they have full parts: and then one part

Is under-parted to a couple of clerks.

And there's the just division of the profits.

P. jun. Ha' you those clerks, sir?

Cym. There's one desk empty,

But it has many suitors.

P. jun. Sir, may I

Present one more, and carry it, if his parts
Or gifts, (which you will call 'em)——

Cym. Be sufficient, sir.

P. jun. What are your present clerk's habilities?

How is he qualified?

Cym. A decay'd stationer

He was, but knows news well, can sort and rank 'em.

Fit. And for a need can make 'em.

Cym. True Paul's bred,

I' the church-yard.

P. jun. And this at the west-door
O' th' other side; he is my barber, Thom,
A pretty scholar, and a master of arts,
Was made, or went out master of arts in a throng,

At the university; as before, one Christmas,
He got into a mask at court, by his wit,
And the good means of his cistern, holding up thus

For one o' the musick: he's a nimble fellow,
And alike skill'd in every liberal science,

As having certain snaps of all; a neat
Quick vein in forging news too: I do love

him, [do it.
And promis'd him a good turn, and I would

What's your price? the value?

Cym. Fifty pounds, sir.

P. jun. Get in, Thom, take possession,
I instal thee. [Thom;

Here, tell your money: give thee joy, good
[He buys Thom a clerk's place.

And let me hear from thee every minute of
news, [lasts,

While the new Staple stands, or the office
Which I do wish may ne'er be less, for thy
sake. [with you,

Cle. The emissaries, sir, would speak
And master Fitton; they have brought in
news,

Three bale together.

Cym. Sir, you are welcome here.

[They take leave of Penny-boy and Canter.

Fit. So is your creature.

Cym. Business calls us off, sir,

That may concern the office.

P. jun. Keep me fair, sir,
Still I your Staple; I am here your friend,
On the same floor.

Fit. We shall be your servants.

P. jun. How dost thou like it, founder?

P. Ca. All is well,
But that your man o' law, methinks, appears
not [worship.

In his due time. O! here comes master's

SCENE VI.

Picklock, Penny-boy jun. P. Canter.

Pic. How does the heir, bright master
Penny-boy?

Is he awake yet in his one and twenty?

Why, this is better far, than to wear cypress,
Dull smutting gloves, or melancholy blacks,
And have a pair of twelve-penny broad
ribbons

Laid out like labels.

P. jun. I should ha' made shift
To have laugh'd as heartily in my mourner's
hood,

As in this suit, if it had pleas'd my father
To have been buried with the trumpeters.

Pic. The heralds of arms, you mean.

P. jun. I mean,

All noise that is superfluous!

Pic. All that idle pomp,
And vanity of a tomb-stone, your wise father
Did by his will prevent. Your worship
had— [him,

P. jun. A loving and obedient father of
I know it; a right kind-natur'd man,
To die so opportunely.

Pic. And to settle [wardship
All things so well, compounded for your
The week afore, and left your state entire,
Without any charge upon't.

P. jun. I must needs say,
I lost an officer of him, a good bailiff,
And I shall want him: but all peace be with
him.

I will not wish him alive again, not I,
For all my fortune. Give your worship joy
O' your new place, your enissaryship
I' the News-office.

Pic. Know you why I bought it, sir?

P. jun. Not I.

Pic. To work for you, and carry a mine
Against the master of it, master Cymbal,
Who hath a plot upon a gentlewoman
Was once design'd for you, sir.

P. jun. Me?

Pic. Your father,
Old master Penny-boy, of happy memory,
And wisdom too, as any i' the county,
Careful to find out a fit match for you,
In his own life-time (but he was prevented)

Left it in writing in a schedule here,
To be annexed to his will, that you,
His only son, upon his charge and blessing,
Should take due notice of a gentlewoman
Sojourning with your uncle, Richer Penny-

boy.

P. jun. A Cornish gentlewoman, I do
know her,

Mistress Pecunia Do-all.

Pic. A great lady,
Indeed she is, and not of mortal race,

Infanta of the mines; her grace's grandfather
Was duke, and cousin to the king of Ophyr,
The Subterranean. Let that pass. Her
name is, [is]

Or rather, her three names are (for such she
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, a great princess,
Of mighty power, though she live in private,
With a contracted family! Her secretary—

P. Ca. Who is her gentleman-usher too.

Pic. One Broker;

And then two gentlewomen, mistress Statute
And mistress Band, with Wax the chamber-

maid,
And mother Mortgage the old nurse, two
grooins, [bribe, sir.

Pawn and his fellow: you have not many to
The work is feasible, and th' approaches easy,
By your own kindred. Now, sir, Cymbal
thinks,

The master here, and governor o' the Staple,
By his fine arts, and pomp of his great place,
To draw her! He concludes, she is a wo-

man! [office,
And that so soon as she hears of the new
She'll come to visit it, as they all have long-

ings [bounty,
After new sights and motions! But your
Person, and bravery, must achieve her.

P. Ca. She is [age!

The talk o' the time! th' adventure o' the
Pic. You cannot put yourself upon an
action

Of more importance.

P. Ca. All the world are suitors to her.

Pic. All sorts of men, and all professions!

P. Ca. You shall have stall-fed doctors,
cramm'd divines,

Make love to her, and with those studied
And perfum'd flatteries, as no room can stink
More elegant, than where they are.

Pic. Well chanted,
Old Canter, thou sing'st true.

P. Ca. And (by your leave)

Good masters worship, some of your velvet coat [crack for't.

Make corpulent curtsies to her, 'till they

Pic. There's doctor Almanack woos her, one of the jeerers,

A fine physician.

P. Ca. Your sea-captain, Shunfield,

Gives out, he'll go upon the cannon for her.

Pic. Tho' his loud mouthing get him little credit. [fine herald,

P. Ca. Young master Pyed-mantle, the Professes to derive her through all ages, From all the kings and queens that ever were.

Pic. And master Madrigal, the crowned poet

Of these our times, doth offer at her praises As fair as any, when it shall please Apollo That wit and rhyme may meet both in one subject.

P. Ca. And you to bear her from all these, it will be—

Pic. A work of fame.

P. Ca. Of honour.

Pic. Celebration.

P. Ca. Worthy your name.

Pic. The Penny-boys to live in't.

P. Ca. It is an action you were built for, sir.

Pic. And none but you can do it.

P. jun. I'll undertake it.

P. Ca. And carry it.

P. jun. Fear me not; for since I came Of mature age, I have had a certain itch In my right eye, this corner here, do you see? [niche.

To do some work, and worthy of a chro-

The first INTERMEAN after the first Act.

Mirth. "How now, gossip! how does the play please you?"

Censure. "Very scurvily, methinks, and 'sufficiently naught."

Expectation. "As a body would wish: 'here's nothing but a young prodigal come 'of age, who makes much of the barber, 'buys him a place in a new office, i' the 'air, I know not where, and his man o' law 'to follow him, with a beggar to boot, and 'they two help him to a wife."

Mirth. "I, she is a proper piece! that 'such creatures can broke for."

Tattle. I "cannot abide that nasty fellow

"the beggar; if he had been a court-beggar in good clothes, a beggar in velvet, as they say, I would have endur'd him."

Mirth. "Or a begging scholar in black, 'or one of these beggarly poets, gossip, 'that could hang upon a young heir like a 'horse-leech."

Expectation. "Or a thread-bare doctor 'of physick, a poor quacksalver."

Censure. "Or a sea-captain half starv'd."

Mirth. "I, these were tolerable beggars, 'beggars of fashion! you shall see some 'such anon."

Tattle. "I would fain see the fool, gossip; 'the fool is the finest man i' the company, 'they say, and has all the wit: he is the 'very justice o' peace o' the play, and can 'commit whom he will, and what he will, 'error, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and 'no man say, Black is his eye, but laugh at 'him."

Mirth. "But they ha' no fool i' this play, 'I am afraid, gossip."

Tattle. "It's a wise play then."

Expectation. "They are all fools, the 'rather, in that."

Censure. "Like enough."

Tattle. "My husband (Timothy Tattle, 'God rest his poor soul) was wont to say, 'there was no play without a fool and a 'devil in't; he was for the devil still, God 'bless him. The devil for his money, 'would he say, I would fain see the devil. 'And why would you so fain see the devil? 'would I say. Because he has horns, wife, 'and may be a cuckold as well as a devil, 'he would answer. You are e'en such 'another, husband, quoth I. Was the 'devil ever married? Where do you read, 'the devil was ever so honourable to com- 'mit matrimony? The play will tell us 'that, says he, we'll go see't to-morrow, 'the Devil is an Ass. He is an errant 'learn'd man that made it, and can write, 'they say, and I am foully deceiv'd but 'he can read too."

Mirth. "I remember it, gossip; I went 'with you, by the same token Mrs. 'Trouble-truth dissuaded us, and told us 'he was a prophane poet, and all his plays 'had devils in them: that he kept school 'upon the stage, could conjure there, above 'the school of Westminster, and doctor 'Lamb too: not a play he made but had

* *He could CONJURE above DR. LAMB.]* He passed for a conjurer with the vulgar, but was an ignorant and impudent impostor. He was indicted at Worcester, 5 Jac. 1. for diabolical witchcrafts and enchantments; and at the assizes of the same county, in the following year, for his invocation and entertainment of evil spirits; but for both these, judgment was suspended. Convicted of a rape, 21 Jac. 1, upon the body of a girl of eleven years old in Southwark, but had interest enough to get the king's pardon. He was pelted by the mob, from the Fortune play-house to the Old Jury, on the 13th of June 1628, and died the next morning in the Poultry-compter; one of his eyes being beaten out, and his skull fractured. The rabble were possessed that the doctor dealt with the devil, and assisted the duke of Buckingham in misleading the king; at which instant the parliament were making a remonstrance.

"a devil in it: and that he would learn us
all to make our husbands cuckolds at
plays: by another token, that a young
married wife i' the company said, she
could find in her heart to steal thither,
and see a little o' the vanity through her
mask, and come practise at home."

Tattle. "O, it was mistress——"

Mirth. "Nay, gossip, I name nobody.
It may be 'twas myself."

Expectation. "But was the devil a proper
man, gossip?"

Mirth. "As fine a gentleman of his inches
as ever I saw trusted to the stage, or any
where else; and lov'd the commonwealth
as well as e'er a patriot of 'em all: he would
carry away the vice on his back, quick to
hell, in every play where he came, and
reform abuses."

Expectation. "There was the devil of
Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you."

Censure. "The conjurer cozen'd him
with a candle's end; he was an ass."

Mirth. "But there was one Smug, a
smith, would have made a horse laugh,
and broke his halter, as they say."

Tattle. "O, but the poor man had got a
shrewd mischance one day."

Expectation. "How, gossip?"

Tattle. "He had drest a roguy jade i' the
morning, that had the staggers, and had
got such a spice of 'em himself by noon,
as they would not away all the play-time,
do what he could for his heart."

Mirth. "'Twas his part, gossip; he was
to be drunk by his part."

Tattle. "Say you so? I understood not
so much."

Expectation. "Would we had such
another part, and such a man in this play."

"I fear 'twill be an excellent dull thing."

Censure. "Expect, intend it."

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Penny-boy *sen.* *Pecunia, Mortgage, Statute,
Band, Broker.*

P. sen. **Y**OUR grace is sad, methinks,
and melancholy.

You do not look upon me with that face
As you were wont, my goddess, bright *Pecunia*:

Altho' your grace be fall'n, of two i' the
In vulgar estimation; yet am I

Your grace's servant still: and teach this
body

To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,
In adoration, and just worship of you.

Indeed, I do confess, I have no shape
To make a minion of, but I'm your martyr,

Your grace's martyr. I can hear the rogues,
As I do walk the streets, whisper and point,

There goes old Penny-boy, the slave of
money,

Rich Penny-boy, lady *Pecunia*'s drudge,
A sordid rascal, one that never made

Good meal in his sleep, but sells the acates
are sent him,

Fish, fowl, and vension, and preserves him-
Like an old hoary rat, with mouldy pyc-
crust.

This I do hear, rejoicing I can suffer
This, and much more for your good grace's
sake.

Pec. Why do you so, my guardian? I
not bid you;

Cannot my grace be gotten, and held too,

Without your self-tormentings and your
watches,

Your macerating of your body thus
With cares and scantings of your diet and
rest?

P. sen. O no, your services, my princely
Cannot with too much zeal of rites be done,
They are so sacred.

Pec. But my reputation
May suffer, and the worship of my family,
When by so servile means they both are
sought.

P. sen. You are a noble, young, free,
gracious lady,

And would be every body's, in your bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few

That know your merit, lady, and can value't.
Yourself scarce understands your proper

powers,

They are all-mighty, and that we your ser-
That have the honour here to stand so near

you,

Know and can use too. All this nether-
Is yours, you command it, and do sway it,

The honour of it, and the honesty,
The reputation, I, and the religion,

(I was about to say, and had not err'd)
Is queen *Pecunia*'s. For that stile is yours,
If mortals knew your grace, or their own

good.

Mor. Please your grace to retire.
Ban. I fear your grace

Hath ta'en too much of the sharp air.
Pec. O, no!

I could endure to take a great deal more

(And with my constitution) were it left
Unto my choice; what think you of it,
Statute? [keeps

Sis. A little now and then does well, and
Your grace in your complexion,

Ben. And true temper.

Mor. But too much, madam, may in-
crease cold rheumes,
Nourish catarrhs, green sicknesses, and
agues,

And put you in consumption.

P. sen. Best to take

Advice of your grave women, noble madam,
They know the state o' your body, and ha'
studied

Your grace's health.

Ben. And honour. Here'll be visitants,
Or suitors by-and-by; and 'tis not fit
They find you here.

Sis. 'Twill make your grace too cheap
To give them audience presently.

Mor. Leave your secretary
To answer them.

Pec. Wait you here, broker.

Bro. I shall, madam,
And do your grace's trust with diligence.

SCENE II.

Pyed-mantle, Broker, Penny-boy sen.

Pye. What luck's this? I am come an
inch too late. [family
Do you hear, sir? is your worship o' the
Unto the lady Pecunia?

Bro. I serve her grace, sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta.

Pye. Has she all those titles, and her
Grace besides?

I must correct that ignorance and oversight,
Before I do present. Sir, I have drawn
A pedigree for her grace, tho' yet a novice
In that so noble study.

Bro. A herald at arms?

Pye. No, sir, a pursuivant, my name is
Pyed-mantle.

Bro. Good master Pyed-mantle.

Pye. I have deduc'd her——

Bro. From all the Spanish mines in the
West-Indies, [mother,
I hope; for she comes that way by her
But by her grandmother she's dutchess of
mines. [her.

Pye. From man's creation I have brought
Bro. No farther? [thing else,

Before, sir, long before, you have done no-
Your mines were before Adam, search your
office,

Roll five-and-twenty, you will find it so.

I see you are but a novice, master Pyed-
mantle,

If you had not told me so.

Pye. Sir, an apprentice

In armory. I have read the Elements,
And Accidence, and all the leading books';
And I have now upon me a great ambition
How to be brought to her grace, to kiss her
hands. [mistress Statute,

Bro. Why, if you have acquaintance with
Or mistress Band, my lady's gentlewomen,
They can induce you. One is a judge's
daughter,

But somewhat stately; th' other, mistress
Band,

Her father's but a scrivener, but she can
Almost as much with my lady as the other,
Especially if Rose Wax the chambermaid
Be willing. Do you not know her, sir,
neither?

Pye. No, in troth, sir.

Bro. She's a good pliant wench,
And easy to be wrought, sir; but the nurse,
Old mother Mortgage, if you have a tene-
ment,

Or such a morsel, tho' she have no teeth,
She loves a sweet-meat, any thing that melts
In her warm gums, she could command it
for you

On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see
How far your love, and this so pure com-
plexion,

(A perfect sanguine) I ha' ventur'd thus,
The straining of a ward, opening a door
Into the secrets of our family.

Pye. I pray you let me know, sir, unto
whom

I am so much beholden; but your name.

Bro. My name is Broker; I am secretary
And usher to her grace.

Pye. Good master Broker!

Bro. Good master Pyed-mantle.

Pye. Why, you could do me,
If you would, now, this favour of yourself.

Bro. Truly I think I could; but if I
would,

I hardly should, without, or mistress Band,
Or mistress Statute, please to appear in it;
Or the good nurse I told you of, mistress
Mortgage.

We know our places here, we mingle not
One in another's sphere, but all move orderly
In our own orbs; yet we are all concen-
tricks.

Pye. Well, sir, I'll wait a better season.

Bro. Do, [Band,
And study the right means; get mistress
To urge on your behalf, or little Wax.

[Broker makes a mouth at him.

Pye. I have a hope, sir, that I may, by
chance,

Light on her grace, as she's taking the air.

Bro. That air of hope has blasted many
an airy

Of castrils like yourself, good master Pyed-
mantle. [He jeers him again.

— I have read the ELEMENTS,
And ACCIDENCE, and all the leading books.] The Elements of Armory, by Edm.
Bolton, printed in 1610. The other is Leigh's Accidence of Armory, 1676.

P. sen. Well said, Mr. Secretary, I stood behind [Old Penny-boy leaps. And heard thee all. I honour thy dispatches. If they be rude, untrained in our method, And have not studied the rule, dismiss 'em quickly. [rascal? Where's Lick-finger my cook, that unctuous He'll never keep his hour, that vessel of kitchen-stuff!

SCENE III.

Broker, Penny-boy sen. Lick-finger.

Bro. Here he is come, sir.

P. sen. Pox upon him, kidney, Always too late!

Lic. To wish 'em you, I confess, That ha' them already.

P. sen. What?

Lic. The pox!

P. sen. The piles, The plague and all diseases light on him Knows not to keep his word. I'd keep my word, sure!

I hate that man that will not keep his word. When did I break my word?

Lic. Or I, till now?

And 'tis but half an hour.

P. sen. Half a year,

To me, that stand upon a minute of time. I am a just man, I love still to be just.

Lic. Why, you think I can run like light-foot Ralph, [here, Or keep a wheel-barrow with a sail in town To whirl me to you. I have lost two stone Of suet i' the service, posting hither: You might have follow'd me like a watering-pot,

And seen the knots I made along the street; My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter-pan,

And my whole body is yet (to say the truth) A roasted pound of butter, with grated bread in't! [He sweeps his face.

P. sen. Believe you he that list; you staid of purpose [tified, To have my venison stink, and my fowl mor- That you might ha' 'em—

Lic. A shilling or two cheaper, That's your jealousy.

P. sen. Perhaps it is.

Will you go in, and view, and value all? Yonder is venison sent me, fowl, and fish, In such abundance, I am sick to see it! I wonder what they mean! I ha' told 'em of it!

To burden a weak stomach, and provoke A dying appetite! thrust a sin upon me I ne'er was guilty of! nothing but gluttony! Gross gluttony! that will undo this land!

Lic. And bating two i' the hundred.

P. sen. I, that same's A crying sin, a fearful damn'd device, Eats up the poor, devours 'em—

Lic. Sir, take heed

What you give out.

P. sen. Against your grave great Solons? Numæ Pompili, they that made that law? To take away the poor's inheritance: It was their portion; I will stand to't: And they have robb'd 'em of it, plainly robb'd 'em.

I still am a just man, I tell the truth, When monies went at ten i' the hundred, I, And such as I, the servants of Pecunia, Could spare the poor two out of ten, and did it: How say you, Broker?

[*Lic.* Ask your echo.]

Bro. You did it. [justice?

P. sen. I am for justice; when did I leave We knew 'twas theirs, they had right and title to't.

Now—

Lic. You can spare 'em nothing.

P. sen. Very little.

Lic. As good as nothing.

P. sen. They have bound our hands With their wise solemn act, short'n'd our arms.

Lic. Beware those worshipful ears, sir, be not shorten'd,

And you play crop i' the Fleet, if you use this licence.

P. sen. What licence, knave, informer?

Lic. I am Lick-finger, your cook.

P. sen. A saucy Jack you are, that's once. What said I, Broker?

Bro. Nothing that I heard, sir.

Lic. I know his gift, he can be deaf when he list. [of eggs

P. sen. Ha' you provided me my bushel I did bespeak? I do not care how stale Or stinking that they be; let 'em be rotten: For ammunition here to pelt the boys That break my windows.

Lic. Yes, sir, I ha' spar'd 'em [mayor's. Out of the custard-politick for you, the

P. sen. 'Tis well; go in, take hence all that excess,

Make what you can of it, your best: and when [vide me

I have friends that I invite at home, pro-Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeak; One at a time, no superfluity.

Or if you have it not, return me money: You know my ways.

Lic. They are a little crooked.

P. sen. How, knave?

Lic. Because you do indent.

P. sen. 'Tis true, sir,

I do indent you shall return me money.

Lic. Rather than meat, I know it: you are just still. [spend

P. sen. I love it still. And therefore if you The reed-deer pies i' your house, or sell 'em forth, sir,

Cast so, that I may have their coffins all Return'd here, and pil'd up: I would be thought

To keep some kind of house.

Lic. By the mouldy signs?

P. sen. And then remember meat for my two dogs:

Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, rumps of veal,
Good plenteous scraps; my maid shall eat
the relics. [A sweet

Lic. When you and your dogs have din'd.
Reversion. [little doctor

P. sen. Who's here? my courtier, and my
My muster-master? And what plover's that
They have brought to pull?

Bro. I know not, some green plover.
I'll find him out.

P. sen. Do, for I know the rest:
They are the jeerers, mocking, flouting Jacks.

SCENE IV.

*Fitton, Penny-boy sen. Almanack, Shunfield,
Madrigal, Lick-finger, Broker.*

Fit. How now, old Money-bawd? W' are
come—

P. sen. To jeer me,
As you were wont, I know you.

Alm. No, to give thee
Some good security, and see Pecunia.

P. sen. What is't?

Fit. Ourselves.

Alm. We'll be one bound for another.

Fit. This noble doctor here.

Alm. This worthy courtier. [master.

Fit. This man o' war, he was our muster-

Alm. But a sea-captain now, brave cap-
tain Shunfield.

[He holds up his nose.

Shun. You snuff the air now, has the scent
displeas'd you? [credit is sound.

Fit. Thou need'st not fear him, man, his

Alm. And season'd too, since he took
salt at sea.

P. sen. I do not love pickled security;
Would I had one good fresh-man in for all:
For truth is, you three stink.

Shun. You are a rogue. [money

P. sen. I think I am; but I will lend no
On that security, captain.

Alm. Here's a gentleman, [gal.

A fresh-man i' the world, one master Madri-

Fit. Of an untainted credit; what say you
to him?

[Madrigal steps aside with Broker.

Shun. He's gone, methinks; where is he?

Madrigal? [an heir?

P. sen. H' has an odd singing name: is he

Fit. An heir to a fair fortune.

Alm. And full hopes:

A dainty scholar, and a pretty poet!

P. sen. You've said enough. I ha' no money
gentlemen,

An' he go to't in rhyme once, not a penny.
[He snuffs again.

Shun. Why, he's of years, though he have
little beard.

P. sen. His beard has time to grow. I have
no money.

Let him still dabble in poetry. No Pecunia
is to be seen.

Alm. Come, thou lov'st to be costive;²
Still i' thy courtesy; but I have a pill,

A golden pill to purge away this melancholy.
Shun. 'Tis nothing but his keeping o' the
house here,

With his two drowsy dogs.
Fit. A drench of sack

At a good tavern, and a fine fresh pullet,
Would cure him. [broth;

Lic. Nothing but a young heir in white
I know his diet better than the doctor.

Shun. What, Lick-finger? mine old host
of Ham-alley?

You ha' some market here.
Alm. Some dosser of fish

Or fowl to fetch off.

Fit. An odd bargain of venison
To drive.

P. sen. Will you go in, knave?

Lic. I must needs,

You see who drives me, gentlemen.

Alm. Not the Devil.

Fit. He may in time, he is his agent now.

[Penny-boy thrusts him in.

P. sen. You are all cogging Jacks, a covey
o' wits,

The jeerers, that still call together at meals:
Or rather an akery; for you are birds of prey,

And fly at all; nothing's too big or high for
you.

And are so truly fear'd, but not belov'd
One of another, as no one dares break

Company from the rest, lest they should fall
Upon him absent.

Alm. O! the only oracle

³ That ever peep'd or spake out of a doublet.
Shun. How the rogue stinks worse than a
fishmonger's sleeves!

Fit. Or currier's hands!

Shun. And such a parboil'd visage!

Fit. His face looks like a dyer's apron, just!

Alm. A sodden head, and his whole brain
a posset-curd!

P. sen. I, now you jeer, jeer on; I have
no money.

Alm. I wonder what religion he is of!

² ————— Thou lov'st to be costive

Still i' thy courtesy.] i. e. To let it come hardly from thee. Mr. SYMPSON.

³ Alm. O! the only ORACLE

That ever peep'd or spake out of a DOUBLET.] The allusion to the heathen priests, who were *θεσπεφρονες*, or had the art of keeping their voice within, as if the Divinity spoke in their belly. There have been those in modern times who have possessed the same knack. There is also an allusion to this custom in the prophet *Isaiah*: "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them who have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter." viii. 19.

Fit. No certain species sure! a kind of mule!

That's half an Ethnick, half a Christian!

P. sen. I have no money, gentlemen.

Shun. This stock,

He has no sense of any virtue, honour, Gentry, or merit.

P. sen. You say very right,

My meritorious captain, (as I take it!)

Merit will keep no house, nor pay no house-rent.

Will mistress Merit go to market, think you, Set on the pot, or feed the family? [baker? Will gentry clear with the butcher, or the Fetch in a pheasant, or a brace of partridges, From good-wife Poulter, for my lady's supper?

Fit. See! this pure rogue!

P. sen. This rogue has money though;

My worshipful brave courtier has no money; No, nor my valiant captain.

Shun. Hang you, rascal. [lov'd you

P. sen. Nor you, my learned doctor. I While you did hold your practice, and kill tripe-wives, [thumbs

And kept you to your urinal; but since your Have greas'd the Ephemerides, casting figures

And turning over for your candle-rents,

And your twelve houses in the Zodiac,

With your Almutens, Alma-cantaras.

Troth you shall cant alone for Penny-boy.

Shun. I told you what we should find him, a mere bawd.

Fit. A roger, a cheater.

P. sen. What you please, gentlemen:

I'm of that humble nature and condition, Never to mind your worships, or take notice Of what you throw away thus. I keep house here

Like a lame cobbler, never out of doors, With my two dogs, my friends; and (as you say) [money:

Drive a quick pretty trade, still. I get

And as for titles, be they rogue, or rascal,

Or what your worships fancy, let 'em pass,

As transitory things; they're mine to-day,

And yours to-morrow.

Alm. Hang thee, dog.

Shun. Thou cur. [am asham'd

P. sen. You see how I do blush, and Of these large attributes? yet you've no money. [rascal,

Alm. Well, wolf, hyena, you old pocky You will ha' the hernia fall down again

Into your scrotum, and I shall be sent for.

I will remember then, that, and your fistula In ano, I cur'd you of.

P. sen. Thank your dog-leech craft:

They were wholesome piles, afore you meddled with 'em.

Alm. What an ungrateful wretch is this!

Shun. He minds

A courtesie no more, than London-bridge What arch was mended last.

Fit. He never thinks,

More than a log, of any grace at court A man may do him; or that such a lord Reach'd him his hand.

P. sen. O yes! if grace would strike The brewer's tally, or my good lord's hand Would quit the scores. But, sir, they will not do it.

Here is a piece, my good lord Piece doth all;

[He shews a piece.

Goes to the butcher's, fetches in a mutton;

Then to the baker's, brings in bread, makes fires,

Gets wine, and does more real courtesies

Than all my lords I know: my sweet lord Piece!

You are my lord, the rest are cogging Jacks, Under the rose.

Shun. Rogue, I could beat you now.

P. sen. True, captain, if you durst beat any other, [hungry;

I should believe you; but indeed you are

You are not angry, captain, if I know you

Aright, good captain. No Pecunia

Is to be seen, though mistress Band would speak,

Or little blushet Wax be ne'er so easy;

I'll stop mine ears with her, against the Syrens, [gentlemen,

Court, and philosophy. God be wi' you, Provide you better names, Pecunia is for you.

Fit. What a damn'd harpy it is! Where's Madrigal?

Is he sneak'd hence?

Shun. Here he comes with Broker, Pecunia's secretary. [Madr. returns.

Alm. He may do some good

With him perhaps. Where ha' you been, Madrigal?

Mad. Above, with my lady's women reading verses.

Fit. That was a favour. Good morrow, Mr. Secretary.

Shun. Good morrow, Mr. Usher.

Alm. Sir, by both [Broker,

Your worshipful titles, and your name, mas Good morrow.

Mad. I did ask him if he were

Amphibion Broker.

Shun. Why?

Mad. A creature of two natures*,

Because he has two offices.

Bro. You may jeer, [hope

You ha' the wits, young gentlemen: but your

Of Helicon will never carry it here,

With our fat family; we ha' the dullest,

Most unbor'd ears for verse amongst our females. [Mortgage

I griev'd you read so long, sir; old nurse

* *Alm.* A creature of two natures.] I have given this speech to Madrigal, whose character it seems best to suit, and who had used the word *amphibion* before: and this is a reply to the other's question.

She snor'd i' the chair, and Statute (if you mark'd her). [nodded,

Fell fast asleep, and mistress Band she But not with any consent to what you read. They must have somewhat else to chink, than rhymes.

If you could make an epitaph on your land, (Imagine it on departure) such a poem Would awake 'em, and bring Wax to her true temper.

Mad. I'faith, sir, and I will try.

Bro. 'Tis but earth,

Fit to make bricks and tyles of.

Shun. Pox upon't,

'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.

If it would keep us in good tobacco-pipes:

Bro. 'Twere worth keeping.

Fit. Or in pore'lane dishes,

There were some hope.

Alm. But this is a hungry soil,

And must be helpt.

Fit. Who would hold any land,

To have the trouble to marle it?

Shun. Not a gentleman. [love plows,
Let clowns and hinds affect it, that
And carts, and harrows, and are busy still
In vexing the dull element.

Alm. Our sweet songster

Shall rarify't into air.

Fit. And you, mas Broker,

Shall have a feeling.

Bro. So it supple, sir,

The nerves.

Mad. O! it shall be palpable, [ring,
Make thee run through a hoop, or a thumb-
The nose of a tobacco-pipe, and draw
Thy ductile bones out like a knitting-needle,
To serve my subtle turns.

Bro. I shall obey, sir,
And run a thread, like an hour-glass.

P. sen. Where is Broker? [house,
Are not these flies gone yet? 'Pray quit my
I'll smoke you out else.

Fit. O the prodigal! [loss?
Will you be at so much charge with us, and

Mad. I've heard you ha' offer'd, sir, to
lock up smoke,

And cauk your windows, spar up all your
doors,

Thinking to keep it a close prisoner wi' you,
And wept when it went out, sir, at your
chimney. [pumice.

Fit. And yet his eyes were drier than a

Shun. A wretched rascal, that will bind
about [out

The nose of his bellows, lest the wind get
When he's abroad.

Alm. Sweeps down no cobwebs here,
But sells 'em for cut fingers; and the spiders

As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him
nothing,

To fat old ladies' monkeys.

Fit. He has offer'd

To gather up spilt water, and preserve

Each hair falls from him, to stop balls withal.

Shun. A slave, and an idolater to Pecunia!

P. sen. You all have happy memories,
gentlemen,

In rocking my poor cradle. I remember too,
When you had lands and credit, worship,
friends, [none,

I, and could give security: now you have
Or will have none right shortly. This can
time,

And the vicissitude of things. I have

All these, and money too, and do profess
'em, [mories,

And am right heartily glad of all our me-
And both the changes.

Fit. Let us leave the viper. [so soon.

P. sen. He's glad he is rid of his torture, and
Broker, come hither; up, and tell your lady
She must be ready presently, and Statute,
Band, Mortgage, Wax: my prodigal young
kinsman [house,

Will straight be here to see her; top of our
The flourishing and flanting Penny-boy.

We were but three of us in all the world,
My brother Francis, whom they call'd Frank

Penny-boy,

Father to this; he's dead. This Penny-boy
Is now the heir! I, Richer Penny-boy,
Not Richard, but old Harry Penny-boy,
And (to make rhyme) close, wary Penny-
boy,

I shall have all at last, my hopes do tell me.
Go, see all ready; and where my dogs have
faulted,

Remove it with a broom, and sweeten all
With a slice of juniper, not too much, but
sparing, [prodigal,

We may be faulty ourselves else, and turn
In entertaining of the prodigal.

Here he is, and with him—what! a clapper-
dudgion! [low him

That's a good sign, to have the beggar fol-
So near, at his first entry into fortune.

SCENE V.

*Penny-boy jun. Penny-boy sen. Pick-lock,
Canter.*

[*Broker, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax,
Mortgage, hid in the study.*]

P. jun. How now, old uncle? I am come
to see thee, [Ophyr,
And the brave lady here, the daughter of

* *Mad.* I've heard you ha' offer'd, sir, to lock up smoke,

And cauk your windows, spar up all your doors.] This, with what follows, is
improved with true comic humour from the subsequent passage in Plautus;

Quin Divin atque hominum clamor continuo fidem,

De suo tigillo fumus si qua exit foras.

Quin, quum it dormitum, follem obstringit ob gulam. AULULAR.

They say thou keep'st.

P. sen. Sweet nephew, if she were
The daughter of the Sun, she's at your service,
And so am I, and the whole family,
Worshipful nephew.

P. jun. Say'st thou so, dear uncle?
Welcome my friends then: here is Domine
Picklock,

My man o' law, solicits all my causes,
Follows my business, makes and compounds
my quarrels [strifes,
Between my tenants and me; sows all my
And reaps them too; troubles the country
for me,

And vexes any neighbour that I please.

P. sen. But with commission?

P. jun. Under my hand and seal.

P. sen. A worshipful place!

Pic. I thank his worship for it.

P. sen. But what is this old gentleman?

P. Ca. A rogue,

A very Canter, sir, one that maunds
Upon the pad: we should be brothers though;
For you are near as wretched as myself,
You dare not use your money, and I have
none. [who uses it

P. sen. Not use my money, cogg'g Jack!
At better rates? let's it for more i' the hun-
dred

Than I do, sirrah?

P. jun. Be not angry, uncle.

P. sen. What, to disgrace me, with my
queen, as if

I did not know her value.

P. Ca. Sir, I meant,

You durst not to enjoy it.

P. sen. Hold your peace,

You are a Jack.

P. jun. Uncle, he shall be a John,
[Young Penny-boy is angry.

An' you go to that, as good a man as you
are:

An' I can make him so, a better man;

Perhaps I will too. Come, let us go.

P. sen. Nay, kinsman, [house,
My worshipful kinsman, and the top of our
Do not your penitent uncle that affront,
For a rash word, to leave his joyful threshold
Before you see the lady that you long for,
The Venus of the time and state, Pecunia!
I do perceive your bounty loves the man,
For some concealed virtue that he hides
Under those rugs.

P. Ca. I owe my happiness to him,
The waiting on his worship, since I brought
him

The happy news, welcome to all young heirs.

P. jun. Thou didst indeed, for which I
thank thee yet. [coming.

Your fortunate princess, uncle, is long a

P. Ca. She is not rigg'd, sir; setting forth
some lady,

Will cost as much as furnishing a fleet.

Here she is come at last, and like a galley
Gilt i' the prow.

[The study is opened where she sits in state.

P. jun. Is this Pecunia?

P. sen. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman,
gracious madam,

The favour of your hand.

Pec. Nay of my lips, sir, [She kisseth him.
To him.

P. jun. She kisses like a mortal creature.
Almighty madam, I have long'd to see you.
And I have my desire, sir, to behold
That youth and shape, which in my dreams
and wakes

I have so oft contemplated, and felt
Warm in my veins, and native as my blood.
When I was told of your arrival here,
I felt my heart beat, as it would leap out
In speech; and all my face it was a flame:
But how it came to pass, I do not know.

P. jun. O! beauty loves to be more
proud than nature,
That made you blush. I cannot satisfy
My curious eyes, by which alone I'm happy
In my beholding you.

P. Ca. They pass the compliment
Prettily well. [He kisseth her.

Pic. I, he does kiss her, I like him.

P. jun. My passion was clear contrary,
and doubtful,

I shook for fear, and yet I dane'd for joy,
I had such motions as the sun-beams make
Against a wall, or playing on a water,
Or trembling vapour of a boiling pot—

P. sen. That's not so good, it should ha'
been a crucible

With molten metal, she had understood it.

P. jun. I cannot talk, but I can love you,
madam: [too.

Are these your gentlewomen? I love them
And which is mistress Statute? mistress
Band?

They all kiss close, the last stuck to my lips.

Bro. It was my lady's chambermaid, soft
Wax.

P. jun. Soft lips she has, I'm sure on't.
Mother Mortgage

I'll owe a kiss, 'till she be younger. Statute,
Sweet mistress Band, and honey little Wax,
We must be better acquainted.

[He doubles the compliment to them all.

Sta. We are but servants, sir.

Band. But whom her grace is so content
to grace,

We shall observe.

Wax. And with all fit respect.

Mor. In our poor places.

Wax. Being her grace's shadows.

P. jun. A fine well-spoken family. What's
thy name?

Bro. Broker. [need thee,

P. jun. Methinks my uncle should not
Who is a crafty knave enough, believe it.

Art thou her grace's steward?

Bro. No, her usher, sir. [sweeping face,

P. jun. What, o' the hall? thou hast a
Thy beard is like a broom.

Bro. No barren chin, sir,

I am no eunuch, though a gentleman-usher.

P. jun. Thou shalt go with us, uncle, I must have
My princess forth to-day.

P. sen. Whither you please, sir.
You shall command her.

Pec. I will do all grace
To my new servant.

P. sen. Thanks unto your bounty;
He is my nephew, and my chief, the point,
[*Old Penny-boy thanks her, but makes his condition.*]

Tip, top, and tuit of all our family!
But, sir, condition'd always you return
Statute and Band home, with my sweet soft
Wax,

And my good nurse here, Mortgage.

P. jun. O! what else?

P. sen. By Broker.

P. jun. Do not fear.

P. sen. She shall go wi' you,
Whither you please, sir, any where.

P. Ca. I see
A money-bawd is lightly a flesh-bawd too.

Pic. Are you advis'd? Now, i' my faith,
this Canter [burn.

Would make a good grave burgess in some

P. jun. Come, thou shalt go with us,
uncle.

P. sen. By no means, sir.

P. jun. We'll have both sack and fillers.

P. sen. I'll not draw
That charge upon your worship.

P. Ca. He speaks modestly,
And like an uncle.

P. sen. But mas Broker here, [usher.
He shall attend you, nephew; her grace's
And what you fancy to bestow on him,
Be not too lavish, use a temperate bounty,
I'll take it to myself.

P. jun. I will be princely,
While I possess my princess, my Pecunia.

P. sen. Where is't you eat?

P. jun. Hard by, at Picklock's lodging,
Old Lickfinger's the cook, here in Ram-alley.

P. sen. He has good cheer; perhaps I'll
come and see you.

P. Ca. O fy! an alley, and a cook's shop,
gross!

* *P. jun.* Come, thou shalt go with us, uncle.

P. Ca. By no means, sir.

P. jun. We'll have both sack and fillers.

P. sen. I'll not draw that charge upon your worship.] The speeches above are not rightly
ordered: the second line does not belong to the Canter, but to Penny-boy the uncle; and
besides, the metre is not properly observed: they should be given thus;

"*P. jun.* Come, thou shalt go with us, uncle.

"*P. sen.* By no means, sir.

"*P. jun.* We'll have both sack and fillers.

"*P. sen.* I'll not draw

"That charge upon your worship."

In some other passages of this play, the verses have been broken and confounded; and I
have more than once set them to rights, without giving the reader notice of it.

* *P. Ca.* No, 'faith,

Dine in APOLLO with Pecunia,

At brave duke WADLOE'S.] Apollo is the room so called, where Jonson and his friends
held their club, at the Devil-tavern in Fleet-street, then kept by one Simon Wadloe.

[*The Canter takes him aside, and persuades him.*

'Twill savour, sir, most rankly of 'em both.
Let your meat rather follow you to a tavern.

Pic. A tavern's as unfit too for a princess.

P. Ca. No, I have known a princess, and
a great one,
Come forth of a tavern.

Pic. Not go in, sir, though.

P. Ca. She must go in, if she came forth:
the blessed

Pokahontas (as the historian calls her,
And great king's daughter of Virginia)
Hath been in womb of tavern; and besides,
Your nasty uncle will spoil all your mirth,
And be as noisome.

Pic. That is true.

P. Ca. No 'faith,
Dine in Apollo with Pecunia, [about you,
At brave duke Wadloe's', have your friends
And make a day on't.

P. jun. Content, 'faith: [the king
Our meat shall be brought thither. Simon
Will bid us welcome.

Pic. Patron, I have a suit.

P. jun. What's that?

Pic. That you will carry the Infanta
To see the Staple; her Grace will be a grace
To all the members of it.

P. jun. I will do it, [titles,
And have her arms set up there, with her
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta.

And in Apollo. Come, sweet princess, go.

P. sen. Broker, be careful of your charge.

Bro. I warrant you.

The second INTERMEAN after the second Act.

Censure. "WHY, this is duller and duller!
intolerable! scurvy! neither devil
nor fool in this play! pray god some on
us be not a witch, gossip, to foreshadow the
matter thus."

Mirth. "I fear we are all such, an' we
were old enough: but we are not all old
enough to make one witch. How like
you the vice i' the play?"

Expectation. "Which is he?"

Mirth. "Three or four: old Covetousness, the sordid Penny-boy, the Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say."

Tattle. "But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I'd not give a rush for a vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body he meets."

Mirth. "That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like *Hokos Pokos*, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs! but now they are attir'd like men and women o' the time, the vices male and female! Prodigality, like a young heir, and his mistress Money, (whose favours he scatters like counters) prankt up like a prime lady, the Infanta of the mines."

Censure. "I, therein they abuse an honourable princess, it is thought."

Mirth. "By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?"

Censure. "Plain in the styling her Infanta, and giving her three nannies."

Mirth. "Take heed it lie not in the vice of your interpretation; what have *Aurelia*, *Clara*, *Pecunia*, to do with any person? do they any more but express the property of Money, which is the daughter of Earth, and drawn out of the mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is subject to exception? why not the infanta of the beggars, or infanta o' the gypsies, as well as king of beggars, and king of gypsies?"

Censure. "Well, an' there were no wiser than I, I would sow him in a sack, and send him by sea to his princess."

Mirth. "Faith, an' he heard you, *Censure*, he would go near to stick the ass's ears to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for heark'ning to you."

Tattle. "By'r lady, but he should not to mine, I would hearken, and hearken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th' other princess' sake, *Pokahontas*, surnam'd the Blessed, whom he has abus'd indeed, (and I do censure him, and will censure him); to say she came forth of a tavern, was said like a paltry poet."

Mirth. "That's but one gossip's opinion, and my gossip *Tattle*'s too! but what says *Expectation* here? she sits sullen and silent."

Expectation. "Troth, I expect their office, their great office! the Staple, what it will be! they have talk'd on't, but we see't not open yet; would butter would come in, and spread itself a little to us."

Mirth. "Or the butter-box, *Buz*, the emissary."

Tattle. "When it is churn'd and disht, we shall hear of it."

Expectation. "If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be sour and wheyish."

Mirth. "Then it is worth nothing, mere pot butter, fit to be spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheels, stale stinking butter, and such I fear it is, by the being barrel'd up so long."

Expectation. "Or rank Irish butter."

Censure. "Have patience, gossip, say that, contrary to our expectation, it prove right, seasonable, salt butter."

Mirth. "Or to the time of year, in Lent, delicate almond-butter! I have a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best, and sit down as quiet and calm as butter, look as smooth and soft as butter, be merry, and melt like butter, laugh and be fat like butter: so butter answer my expectation, and be not mad butter; if it be, it shall both July and December see!"

"I say no more, but—*Dixi*."

TO THE READERS:

"In this following act the Office is open'd, and shewn to the prodigal and his princess *Pecunia*, wherein the allegory, and purpose of the author hath hitherto been wholly mistaken, and so sinister an interpretation been made, as if the souls of most of the spectators had liv'd in the eyes and ears of these ridiculous gossips that tattle between the acts. But he prays you thus to mend it. To consider the news here vented to be none of his news, or any reasonable man's; but news made like the time's news, (a weekly cheat to draw money) and could not be fitter reprehended, than in raising this ridiculous office of the Staple, wherein the age may see her own folly, or hunger and thirst after published pamphlets of news, set out every Saturday, but made all at home, and no syllable of truth in them; than which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, or a fouler scorn put upon the times. And so apprehending it, you shall do the author and your own judgment a courtesie, and perceive the trick of alluring money to the office, and there coz'ning the people. If you have the truth, rest quiet, and consider, that
"Ficta, volup'tatis causâ, sint proxima veris."

A C T III.

SCENE I.

*Fitton, Cymbal.**To them] Picklock, Register, Clerk, Tho. Barber.*

Fit. YOU hunt upon a wrong scent still, and think
The air of things will carry 'em, but it must
Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,
My cousin Cymbal, must get you this lady.
You have entertain'd a petty-fogger here,
Picklock, with trust of an emissary's place,
And he is all for the young prodigal,
You see he has left us.

Cym. Come, you do not know him,
That speak thus of him. He will have a
trick

To open us a gap by a trap-door,
When they least dream on't. Here he
comes. What news?

Pic. Where is my brother Buz? my brother
Ambler?

The register, examiner, and the clerks?
Appear, and let us muster all in pomp,
For here will be the rich Infanta presently,
To make her visit. Penny-boy, the heir,
My patron, has got leave for her to play
With all her train, of the old churl her
guardian.

[her,
Now is your time to make all court unto
That she may first but know, then love the
place,

And shew it by her frequent visits here:
And afterwards get her to sojourn with you.
She will be weary of the prodigal quickly.

Cym. Excellent news!

Fit. And counsel of an oracle!

Cym. How say you, cousin Fitton?

Fit. Brother Picklock,

I shall adore thee for this parcel of tidings,
It will cry up the credit of our office
Eternally, and make our Staple immortal!

Pic. Look your addresses then be fair and
fit,

And entertain her and her creatures too,
With all the migniardise, and quaint caresses
You can put on 'em.

Fit. Thou seem'st by thy language,
No less a courtier than a man o' law.
I must embrace thee.

Pic. Tut, I am Vertumnus,
On every change, or chance, upon occasion,
A true chameleon, I can colour for't.
I move upon my axle like a turn-pike,
Fit my face to the parties, and become
Straight one of them.

Cym. Sirs, up into your desks,
And spread the rolls upon the table, so.
Is the examiner set?

Reg. Yes, sir.

Cym. Ambler and Buz
Are both abroad now.

Pic. We'll sustain their parts.

No matter, let them ply the affairs without,
Let us alone within, I like that well.

*[Fitton puts on the office-cloke, and Cymbal
the gown.*

On with the cloke, and you with the Staple
gown,

And keep your state, stoop only to the In-
fanta;

We'll have a flight at Mortgage, Statute,
And hard, but we'll bring Wax to the re-
trieve:

[charge it.
Each know his several province, and dis-
Fit. I do admire this nimble ingine, Pick-
lock.

[Fitton is brought about.
Cym. Cuz, what did I say?

Fit. You have rectified my error!

SCENE II.

*Penny-boy jun. P. Canter, Pecunia, Statute,
Band, Mortgage, Wax, Broker, Custo-
mers.*

P. jun. By your leave, gentlemen, what
news? good, good still,

I' your new office? Princess, here's the
Staple!

[Cess,
This is the governour, kiss him, noble prin-
For my sake. Thom, how is it, honest Thom?
How does thy place, and thou? my crea-
ture, princess,

[He tells Pecunia of Thom.
This is my creature, give him your hand to
kiss,

He was my barber, now he writes *clericus*!
I bought this place for him, and gave it him.

P. Ca. He should have spoke of that, sir,
and not you;

Two do not do one office well.

P. jun. 'Tis true,
But I am loth to lose my courtesies.

P. Ca. So are all they that do them to
vain ends,

[selves.
And yet you do lose when you pay your-

P. jun. No more o' your sentences, Can-
ter, they are stale;

We come for news, remember where you are.
I pray thee let my princess hear some news,
Good master Cymbal.

Cym. What news would she hear?
Or of what kind, sir?

¹ But we'll bring Wax to the RETRIEVE.] A term in falconry; to make the hawk return to the lure.

P. jun. Any, any kind,
So it be news, the newest that thou hast,
Some news of state for a princess.

Cym. Read from Rome there.

[*News from Rome.*]

Tho. They write, the king of Spain is chosen pope.

P. jun. How?

Tho. And emperor too, the thirtieth of February.

P. jun. Is the emperor dead?

Cym. No, but he has resign'd,

[*News of the emperor and Tilly.*]

And trails a pike now under Tilly.

Fit. For penance.

P. jun. These will beget strange turns in Christendom!

Tho. And Spinola is made general of the Jesuits.

[*News of Spinola.*]

P. jun. Stranger!

Fit. Sir, all are alike true and certain.

Cym. All the pretence to the fifth monarchy
[*The fifth monarchy, uniting the ecclesiastic and secular power.*]

Was held but vain, until the ecclesiastic
And secular powers were united thus,
Both in one person.

Fit. 'T has been long the aim
Of the house of Austria.

Cym. See but Maximilian

[*A plot of the house of Austria.*]

His letters to the baron of Bouttersheim,
Or Scheiter-huyssen.

Fit. No, of Liechtenstein,
Lord Paul, I think.

P. jun. I have heard of some such thing.
Don Spinola made general of the Jesuits!

A priest! [*More of Spinola.*]

Cym. O, no, he is dispens'd withal—

And the whole society, who do now appear
The only engineers of Christendom.

P. jun. They have been thought so long
and rightly too.

Fit. Witness the engine that they have
presented him,

To wind himself with up into the moon,
And thence make all his discoveries!

Cym. Read on.

Tho. And Vittellesco, he that was last general,

Being now turn'd cook to the society,
Has drest his excellence such a dish of eggs—

[*His eggs.*]

P. jun. What, potch'd?

Tho. No, powder'd.

Cym. All the yoke is wild-fire,

As he shall need beleaguer no more towns,
But throw his egg in.

Fit. It shall clear consume

Palace and place; demolish and bear down
All strengths before it!

Cym. Never be extinguish'd,

Till all become one ruin!

Fit. And from Florence.

Tho. They write was found in Galileo's study,
[*Galileo's study.*]
A burning-glass (which they have sent him too)

To fire any fleet that's out at sea—

Cym. By moonshine, is't not so?

Tho. Yes, sir, i' the water.

[*The burning-glass by moonshine.*]

P. jun. His strengths will be irresistible,
if this hold!

Ha' you no news against him on the contrary?

Cle. Yes, sir, they write here, one Cornelius-Son,

[*The Hollanders' eel.*]

Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel
To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there.

P. jun. Why ha' not you this, Thom?

Cym. Because he keeps the pontifical side.
[*Penny-boy will have him change sides.*]

P. jun. How! change sides, 'Thom, 'twas
never in my thought

[*down*]

To put thee up against ourselves. Come
Quickly.

Cym. Why, sir?

P. jun. I ventur'd not my money
Upon those terms: if he may change, why so.
I'll ha' him keep his own side, sure.

Fit. Why, let him,

'Tis but writhing so much over again.

P. jun. For that I'll bear the charge:
there's two pieces.

[*uan.*]

Fit. Come, do not stick with the gentle-

Cym. I'll take none, sir.

And yet he shall ha' the place.

P. jun. They shall be ten then.

[*Though he pay for it.*]

Up, Thom, and the office shall take 'em.
Keep your side, Thom.

Know your own side, do not forsake your
side, Thom.

Cym. Read.

Tho. They write here one Cornelius-Son
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel
To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there.

P. jun. But how is't done?

Cym. I'll shew you, sir.

It is an Automa, runs under water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail
Made like an augre, with which tail she
wriggles

[*straight.*]

Betwixt the costs of a ship², and sinks it

P. jun. Whence ha' you this news?

Fit. From a right hand, I assure you,
The eel-boats here, that lye before Queen-

hythe,

Came out of Holland.

P. jun. A most brave device,

To murder their flat bottoms.

Fit. I do grant you:

—She wriggles

Betweenst the COSTS of a ship.] i. e. the ribs; from the Latin *costæ*. Mr. SYMPSON.

But what if Spinola have a new project,
[*Spinola's new project; an army in cork-shoes.*]

To bring an army over in cork-shoes,
And land them here at Harwich? all his
horse [ordnance,
Are shod with cork, and fourscore pieces of
Mounted upon cork-carriages, with bladders
Instead of wheels, to run the passage over
At a spring-tide.

P. jun. Is't true?

Fit. As true as the rest.

P. jun. He'll never leave his engines: I
would bear now

Some curious news.

Cym. As what?

P. jun. Magick or Alchymy,
Or flying i' the air, I care not what.

Cle. They write from Libtzig (reverence
to your ears)

The art of drawing farts out of dead bodies,
[*Extraction of farts.*]

Is by the brotherhood of the Rosie Cross
Produc'd unto perfection, in so sweet
And rich a tincture—

Fit. As there is no princess, [traction.

But may perfume her chamber with th' ex-

P. jun. There's for you, princess.

P. Ca. What, a fart for her?

P. jun. I mean the spirit.

P. Ca. Beware how she resents it.

P. jun. And what hast thou, Thom?

Tho. The perpetual motion,

[*The perpetual motion.*]

Is here found out by an ale-wife in Saint
Katherine's,

At the sign o' the Dancing Bears.

P. jun. What, from her tap?

I'll go see that, or else I'll send old Canter.
He can make that discovery.

P. Ca. Yes, in ale.

P. jun. Let me have all this news made
up and seal'd.

Reg. The people press upon us. Please
you, sir,

Withdraw with your fair princess. There's
a room,

[*The Register offers him a room.*]

Within, sir, to retire to.

P. jun. No, good register,

We'll stand it out here, and observe your
office;

[*The office call'd the house of fame.*]

What news it issues.

Reg. 'Tis the house of fame, sir.

Where both the curious and the negligent,
The scrupulous and careless, wild and
stay'd,

The idle and laborious, all do meet,

To taste the cornu-copiz of her rumours,
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to
scatter

Among the vulgar: baits, sir, for the people!
And they will bite like fishes.

P. jun. Let us see it.

Dop. Ha' you in your profane shop any
news [1 *Cust. a she-Baptist.*]

O' the saints at Amsterdam?

Reg. Yes, how much would you?

Dop. Six penny-worth.

Reg. Lay your money down; read, Thomas.

Tho. The saints do write, they expect a
prophet shortly,

[*Prophet Baal expected in Holland.*]

The prophet Baal, to be sent over to them,
To calculate a time, and half a time,
And the whole time, according to Nao-
metry.

P. jun. What's that?

Tho. The measuring o' the temple; a cabal
Found out but lately, and set out by Archie*,

[*Archie mourn'd then.*]

Or some such head, of whose long coat they
have heard,

And being black, desire it.

Dop. Peace be with them!

Reg. So there had need, for they are still
by the cars

One with another.

Dop. It is their zeal,

Reg. Most likely.

Dop. Have you no other of that species?

Reg. Yes,

But dearer, it will cost you a shilling.

Dop. Verily,

There is a nine-pence, I will shed no more,

Reg. Not to the good o' the saints?

Dop. I am not sure

That man is good.

Reg. Read from Constantinople

Nine penny'orth.

Tho. They give out here, the Grand-signior

[*The Great Turk turn'd Christian,*]

Is certainly turn'd Christian; and to clear
The controversy 'twixt the pope and him,
Which is the Antichrist, he means to visit

* The prophet BAAL, to be sent over to them,
To calculate a TIME, and HALF A TIME,

And the WHOLE TIME.] This was intended to ridicule the Fanaticks of those days, who

dealt much in expounding the prophecies contained in the Revelations, and applied them to themselves. We read that the woman fled from the face of the serpent into the wilderness, where she was nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, Revel. xii. 14. This comprehends the space of 1260 days, (as it is said above in the 6th verse) or the space of 42 months; a time, times, and half a time, being twelve, twenty-four, and six months; and the old Jewish month was thirty days. By the prophet Baal, is meant any factious leader, like John Baal, a Kentish minister, and fomentor of the rebellion by Wat. Tyler in Richard the II's time.

* And set out by ARCHIE.] At that time the court-fool,

The church at Amsterdam this very summer,
And quit all marks o' the beast.

Dop. Now joyful tidings.

Who brought in this? which emissary?

Reg. Boz,

Your countryman.

Dop. Now, blessed be the man,
And his whole family, with the nation.

Reg. Yes, for Amboyna, and the justice
there!

This is a Doper, a she-Anabaptist!

Seal and deliver her her news, dispatch.

2 Cust. Ha' you any news from the
Indies? any miracle [*2 Cust.*

Done in Japan by the Jesuits? or in China?

Cle. No, but we hear of a colony of cooks.

[A colony of cooks sent over to convert the cannibals.]

To be set ashore o' the coast of America,

For the conversion of the cannibals,

And making them good eating Christians.

Here comes the colonel that undertakes it.

3 Cust. Who, captain Lickfinger!

[*3 Cust.* by colonel Lickfinger.]

Lic. News, news, my boys!

I am to furnish a great feast to-day,
And I would have what news the office
affords.

Cle. We were venting some of you, of
your new project.

Reg. Afore'twas paid for, you were some-
what too hasty.

P. jun. What, Lickfinger! wilt thou convert
the cannibals

With spit and pan divinity?

Lic. Sir, for that

I will not urge, but for the fire and zeal
To the true cause; thus I have undertaken:
With two lay-brethren, to myself, no more,
One o' the broach, th' other o' the boyler,
In one six months, and by plain cookery,
No magick to it, but old Japhet's physick,
The father of the European arts,
To make such sauces for the savages,
And cook their meats, with those enticing
steams,

As it would make our Cannibal-Christians
Forbear the mutual eating one another,
Which they do do, more cunningly, than the
wild

Anthropophagi, that snatch only strangers,
Like my old patron's dog there.

P. jun. O, my uncle's!

Is dinner ready, Lickfinger?

Lic. When you please, sir.

I was bespeaking but a parcel of news,
To strew out the long meal withal, but 't
seems

You are furnish'd here already.

P. jun. O, not half! [clamations,

Lic. What court-news is there? any pro-
Or edicts to come forth?

Tho. Yes, there is one, [our trade,

That the king's barber has got, for aid of

Whereof there is a manifest decay,

A precept for the wearing of long hair,

*[To let long hair run to seed, to sow bald
pates.]*

To run to seed, to sow bald pates withal,

And the preserving fruitful heads and chins,

To help a mystery almost antiquated.

Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,

Are to be separated and set by

For ushers to old countesses: and coach-
men

To mount their boxes reverently, and drive,

Like lapwings, with a shell upo' their heads,
Therow the streets.

Lic. Ha' you no news o' the stage?

They'll ask me about new plays at dinner-
time,

And I should be as dumb as a fish.

Tho. O! yes,

There is a legacy left to the king's players,

[*Spalato's legacy to the players.*

Both for their various shitting of their scene,

And dextrous change of their persons to all
shapes

And all disguises, by the right reverend

Archbishop of Spalato.

Lic. He is dead that play'd him!

Tho. Then h'has lost his share o' the
legacy.

Lic. What news of Gundomar?

Tho. A second fistula,

[*Gundomar's use of the Game at Chess, or
play so called.*

Or an excoriation (at least)

For putting the poor English play, was writ
of him,

To such a sordid use, as (is said) he did,

Of cleansing his posteriors.

Lic. Justice! justice!

Tho. Since when, he lives condemn'd to
his share at Brussels,

And there sits filing certain politic hinges,

To hang the states on h'has heav'd off the
hooks.

Lic. ————— And coachmen

To mount their boxes reverently.] This seems to be an interruption of Lickfinger's
and a part of *Tom's* speech: I imagine that Lickfinger ought not to speak till he asks the
question,

Ha' you no news o' the stage?

and I have accordingly reformed the speeches in that manner.

For putting the poor English play, was writ of him.] Our author tells us it was the
play called *the Game at Chess*: a comedy ascribed to Thomas Middleton: the game is
play'd between the church of England, and the church of Rome, as Langbain tells us;
Ignatius Loyola being spectator, the former in the end gaining the victory. 'Tis not im-
probable, that in this representation a character might have been designed for Gundomar.

Lic. What must you have for these?

P. jun. Thou shalt pay nothing.

But reckon him i' the bill. There's twenty pieces,

[*He gives twenty pieces to the office.*]

Her grace bestows upon the office, Thom: Write thou that down for news.

Reg. We may well do't,

We have not many such.

P. jun. There's twenty more, If you say so; my princess is a princess!

[*Doubles it.*]

And put that too under the office-seal.

[*Cym. takes Pecunia aside, courts and wooes her to the office.*]

Cym. If it will please your grace to sojourn here,

And take my roof for covert, you shall know The rites belonging to your blood and birth, Which few can apprehend: these sordid servants,

Which rather are your keepers, than attendants,

Should not come near your presence. I would have

You waited on by ladies, and your train Borne up by persons of quality and honour; Your meat should be serv'd in with curious dances,

And set upon the board with virgin hands, Tun'd to their voices; not a dish remov'd, But to the musick, nor a drop of wine Mixt with his water, without harmony.

Pec. You are a courtier, sir, or somewhat more,

That have this tempting language!

Cym. I'm your servant, [pear Excellent princess, and would ha' you ap- That which you are. Come forth the state and wonder

Of these our times, dazzle the vulgar eyes, And strike the people blind with admiration.

P. Ca. Why that's the end of wealth! thrust riches outward,

And remain beggars within: contemplate nothing [money,

But the vile sordid things of time, place, And let the noble and the precious go; Virtue and honesty, hang 'em; poor thin membranes [fates!

Of honour; who respects them? O, the How hath all just true reputation fallen, Since money, this base money 'gan to have any;

[*Filten hath been courting the waiting-women, this while, and is jeered by them.*]

Ban. Pity the gentleman is not immortal.

Wax. As he gives out, the place is by description.

Fit. A very paradise, if you saw all, lady.

Wax. I am the chamber-maid, sir, you mistake,

My lady may see all. [Band,

Fit. Sweet mistress Statute, gentle mistress And mother Mortgage, do but get her grace To sojourn here.

Pic. I thank you, gentle Wax.

Mor. If it were a chattel, I would try my credit. [it so.

Pic. So it is, for term of life, we count

Sta. She means inheritance to him and his heirs:

Or that he could assure a state of years:

I'll be his Statute-staple, Statute-merchant, Or what he please.

Pic. He can expect no more.

Ban. His cousin, alderman Security, That he did talk of so, e'en now——

Sta. Who is [city.

The very broch o' the bench, gem o' the

Ban. He and his deputy, but assure his

life

For one seven years.

Sta. And see what we'll do for him,

Upon his scarlet motion.

Ban. And old chain,

That draws the city-ears.

Wax. When he says nothing,

But twirls it thus.

Sta. A moving oratory! [quence!

Ban. 'Dumb rhetoric and silent elo- As the fine poet says!

Cow. They all scorn us;

Do you not see't? the family of scorn!

Bro. Do not believe him: gentle master Picklecock,

They understood you not; the gentlewomen, They thought you would ha' my lady so-

journe with you,

And you desire but now and then a visit.

Pic. Yes, if she pleas'd, sir, it would much advance

Unto the office, her continual residence!

[*I speak but as a member.*]

Bro. 'Tis enough. I apprehend you. And it shall go hard,

But I'll so work, as somebody shall work her!

Pic. Pray you change with our master but a word about it.

P. jun. Well, Lick-finger, see that our meat be ready,

Thou hast news enough.

Lic. Something of Beth'lem Gabor, And then I'am gone.

⁷ *Ban.* DUMB RHETORICK and SILENT ELOQUENCE!

[*As the fine poet says!*] A sneering allusion to these lines of Daniel;

"Ah! beauty, syren, fair enchanting good,

"Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes,

"Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

"More than the words, or wisdom of the wise."

DANIEL'S Complaint of Rosamond.

Tho. We hear he has devis'd
A drum, to fill all Christendom with the
sound : [*Beith'lem Gabor's drum.*
But that he cannot draw his forces near it,
To march yet, for the violence of the noise.
And therefore he is fain, by a design,
To carry 'em in the air, and at some distance,

Till he married, then they shall appear.

Lic. Or never ; well, God b' wi' you
(stay, who's here ?)

A little of the Duke of Bavier, and then—
[*The duke of Bavier.*

Cle. He has taken a grey habit, and is
turn'd [grist
The church's miller, grinds the catholic
With every wind ; and Tilly takes the toll.

4 *Cust.* Ha' you any news o' the pageants
to send down [4 *Cust.* *The pageants.*
Into the several counties ? All the country
Expected from the city most brave speeches,
Now, at the coronation.

Lic. It expected [mute,
More than it understood ; for they stand
Poor innocent dumb things ; they are but
wood, [on ; yet
As is the bench and blocks they were wrought
If May-day come, and the sun shine, per-
haps [vocal.

They'll sing like Memnon's statue, and be
5 *Cust.* Ha' you any forest news ?

[5 *Cust.* *The new park in the forest of fools.*
Tho. None very wild, sir ;
Some tame there is, out o' the forest of fools,
A new park is making there, to sever
Cuckolds of Antler, from the rascals. Such
Whose wives are dead, and have since cast
their heads,

Shall remain cuckolds pollard.

Lic. I'll ha' that news.

1 *Cust.* And I.

2 *Cust.* And I.

3 *Cust.* And I.

4 *Cust.* And I.

5 *Cust.* And I.

[*Penny-boy would invite the master of the
office.*

Cym. Sir, I desire to be excus'd ; and,
madam,

I cannot leave my office the first day.
My cousin Fitton here shall wait upon you,
And emissary Picklock.

P. jun. And Thom. Clericus ?

Cym. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall
follow you, [the office,
When they have order'd the rolls. Shut up
When you ha' done, till two o' clock.

SCENE III.

Shunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Clerks.

Shun. By your leave, clerks,
Where shall we dine to-day ? do you know ?
the jeerers.

Alm. Where is my fellow Fitton ?

Tho. New gone forth.

Shun. Cannot your office tell us, what
brave fellows

Do eat together to-day, in town, and where ?

Tho. Yes, there's a gentleman, the brave
heir, young Penny-boy,

Dines in Apollo.

Mad. Come, let's thither then,

I ha' sapt in Apollo.

Alm. With the Muses.

Mad. No,

But with two gentlewomen, call'd the Graces.

Alm. They were ever three in poetry.

Mad. This was truth, sir.

Tho. Sir, master Fitton's there too.

Shun. All the better.

Alm. We may have a jeer, perhaps.

Shun. Yes, you'll drink, doctor,

(If there be any good meat) as much good
wine now,

As would lay up a Dutch ambassador.

Tho. If he dine there, he's sure to have
good meat,

For Lick-finger provides the dinner.

Alm. Who ?

The glory o' the kitchen ? that holds cookery
A trade from Adam, quotes his broths and

sallads,

And swears he is not dead yet, but translated
In some immortal crust, the paste of al-
monds ? [be a poet,

Mad. The same. He holds no man can

That is not a good cook, to know the palates
And several tastes o' the time. He draws
all arts

Out of the kitchen, but the art of poetry,
Which he concludes the same with cookery.

Shun. Tut, he maintains more heresies
than that. [pye,

He'll draw the magisterium from a minc'd-
And prefer jellies, to your jupils, doctor.

Alm. I was at an olla-podrida of his mak-
ing,

Was a brave piece of cookery ! at a funeral !
But opening the pot-lid, he made us laugh,
Who had wept all day ! and sent us such
a tickling

Into our nostrils, as the funeral feast
Had been a wedding-dinner.

Shun. Gi' him allowance, [Syren

And that but a moderate, he will make a
Sing i' the kettle, send in an Arion

In a brave broth, and of a wat'ry green,
Just the sea-colour, mounted on the back

Of a grown conger, but in such a posture,
As all the world would take him for a dol-
phin. [tion ! but

Mad. He's a rare fellow, without ques-
He holds some paradoxes.

Alm. I, and pseudodoxes.

Marry, for most, he's orthodox i' the kitchen.

Mad. And knows the clergy's taste !

Alm. I, and the laity's ! [come too late,

Shun. You think not o' your time, we'll
if we go not presently.

Mad. Away then.

Shun. Sirs,

You must get o' this news, to store your office,

"Who dines and sups i' the town; where, and with whom:"

'Twill be beneficial: when you are stor'd, And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.

Cle. A hungry trade, 'twill be.

Tho. Much like duke Humphry's, But, now and then, as the wholesome proverb says,

'Twill *obsonare famem ambulando*.

Cle. Shut up the office, gentle brother Thomas. [you.]

Tho. Brother Nathaniel, I ha' the wine for I hope to see us, one day, emissaries.

Cle. Why not? 'Slid, I despair not to be master!

SCENE IV.

Penny-boy sen. Broker, Cymbal.

He is startled with Broker's coming back.

P. sen. How now? I think I was born under Hercules' star? [me?]

Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppress. Why come you back? where is your charge?

Bro. I ha' brought

A gentleman to speak with you.

P. sen. To speak with me?

You know 'tis death for me to speak with any man.

What is he? set me a chair.

Bro. He is the master

Of the great office.

P. sen. What?

Bro. The Staple of News. [year.]

A mighty thing, they talk six thousand a

P. sen. Well, bring you six in. Where ha' you left Pecunia?

Bro. Sir, in Apollo, they are scarce set.

P. sen. Bring six.

Bro. Here is the gentleman.

P. sen. He must pardon me, I cannot rise, a discas'd man.

Cym. By no means, sir, Respect your health and ease.

P. sen. It is no pride in me! [me?]

But pain, pain: what's your errand, sir, to Broker, return to your charge, be Argus-ey'd, [He sends Broker back.]

Awake to the affair you have in hand, Serve in Apollo, but take heed of Bacchus. Go on, sir.

Cym. I am come to speak with you.

P. sen. 'Tis pain for me to speak, a very death,

But I will hear you!

Cym. Sir, you have a lady, That sojourns with you.

P. sen. Ha? I am somewhat short

[He pretends infirmity.]

In my sense too——

Cym. Pecunia.

P. sen. O' that side very imperfect; on——

Cym. Whom I would draw

Often to a poor office, I am master of——

P. sen. My hearing is very dead, you must speak quicker. [sojourn]

Cym. Or, if it please you, sir, to let her in part with me; I have a moiety, We will divide, half of the profits.

P. sen. Ha?

I hear you better now; how come they in? Is it a certain business, or a casual?

For I am loth to seek out doubtful courses, Run any hazardous paths. I love straight ways, [totters;]

A just and upright man! now all trade The trade of money is fall'n two i' the hundred,

That was a certain trade, while th' age was thrifty, [stocks,]

And men good husbands, look'd into their Had their minds bounded; now the public riot

Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches, In footmen's coats, and waiting-women's gowns,

They must have velvet hanches (with a pox) Now taken up, and yet not pay the use;

Bate of the use? I am mad with this time's manners.

[He talks vehemently and aloud.]

Cym. You said e'en now, it was death for you to speak.

P. sen. I, but an anger, a just anger, (as this is)

Puts life in man. Who can endure to see The fury of men's gullets, and their groins? What fires, what cooks, what kitchens might be spar'd?

[Is mov'd more and more.]

What stews, ponds, parks, coops, garners, magazines?

What velvets, tissues; scarfs, embroideries, And laces they might lack? They covet things—— [honour]

Superfluous still; when it were much more They could want necessary! what need hath nature

Of silver dishes, or gold chamber-pots?

Of perfum'd napkins, or a numerous family To see her eat? poor, and wise, she requires Meat only; hunger is not ambitious:

Say, that you were the emperor of pleasures, The great dictator of fashions, for all Europe, And had the pomp of all the courts, and kingdoms, [self]

Laid forth unto the show? to make your- Gaz'd and admir'd at? you must go to bed, And take your natural rest: then all this vanisheth. [possest:]

Your bravery was but shewn; 'twas not While it did boast itself, it was then perishing.

Cym. This man has healthful lungs.

P. sen. All that excess

Appear'd as little yours, as the spectators.

It scarce fills up the expectation

Of a few hours, that entertain men's lives.

Cym. He has the monopoly of sole speaking.

Why, good sir? you talk all. [He is angry.]

P. sen. Why should I not?
Is it not under mine own roof? my ceiling?

Cym. But I came here to talk with you.

P. sen. Why, an' I will not

Talk with you, sir? you are answer'd; who sent for you?

Cym. Nobody sent for me—

P. sen. But you came; why then
Go as you came, here's no man holds you;
there,

[*Bids him get out of his house.*]

There lies your way, you see the door.

Cym. This's strange!

P. sen. 'Tis my civility, when I do not re-
lish [sir.

The party, or his business. Pray you begone,

I'll ha' no venture in your shop, the office,

Your bark of six, if 'twere sixteen, good sir.

Cym. You are a rogue.

[*Cymbal rails at him.*]

P. sen. I think I am, sir, truly.

Cym. A rascal, and a money-bawd.

P. sen. My sir-names.

Cym. A wretched rascal!

P. sen. You will overflow—
And spill all. [*He jeers him.*]

Cym. Caterpillar, moth,
Horse-leech, and dung-worm—

P. sen. Still you lose your labour.

I am a broken vessel, all runs out:

A shrunk old Dryfat. Fare you well, good
six.

The third INTERMEAN after the third Act.

Censure. "A notable tough rascal! this
"old Penny-boy! right city-bred!"

Mirth. "In Silver-street, the region of
"money, a good seat for an usurer."

Tattle. "He has rich ingredients in him,

"I warrant you, if they were extracted; a

"true receipt to make an alderman, an' he

"were well wrought upon, according to

"art."

Expectation. "I would fain see an alder-

"man in *chimia*! that is, a treatise of alder-

"manity truly written."

Censure. "To shew how much it differs

"from urbanity."

Mirth. "I, or humanity. Either would

"appear in this Penny-boy, an' he were

"rightly distill'd. But how like you the

"news? you are gone from that."

Censure. "O, they are monstrous! scur-

"vy! and stale! and too exotic! ill

"cook'd! and ill dish'd!"

Expectation. "They were as good, yet,
"as butter could make them!"

Tattle. "In a word, they were beastly

"butter'd! he shall never come o' my

"bread more, nor in my mouth, if I can

"help it. I have better news from the

"bake-house, by ten thousand parts, in a

"morning; or the conduits in Westminster!

"all the news of Tuttle-street, and both the

"Alm'ries! the two Sanctuaries! long and

"round Wool-staple! with King's-street,

"and Chanon-row to boot."

Mirth. "I, my gossip Tattle knew what

"fine slips grew in Gardener's-lane, who kist

"the butcher's wife with the cow's breath;

"what matches were made in the Bowling-

"alley, and what bets were won and lost;

"how much grist went to the mill, and

"what beside; who conjur'd in Tuttle-

"fields, and how many, when they never

"came there; and which boy rode upon

"doctor Lamb in the likeness of a roaring

"lion, that ran away with him in his teeth,

"and has not devour'd him yet."

Tattle. "Why, I had it from my maid

"Joan Hearsay; and she had it from a

"a limb o' the school, she says, a little limb

"of nine year old; who told her, the

"master left out his conjuring-book one

"day, and he found it, and so the fable

"came about. But whether it were true or

"no, we gossips are bound to believe it,

"an't be once out, and a-foot: how should

"we entertain the time else, or find our-

"selves in fashionable discourse, for all

"companies, if we do not credit all, and

"make more of it in the reporting?"

Censure. "For my part, I believe it: an'

"there were no wiser than I, I would have

"ne'er a cunning schoolmaster in England.

"I mean, a cunning man a schoolmaster;

"that is, a conjurer, or a poet, or that had

"any acquaintance with a poet. They

"make all their scholars play-boys! Is't

"not a fine sight, to see all our children

"made interluders? do we pay our money

"for this? we send them to learn their

"grammar and their Terence, and they

"learn their play-books. Well, they talk we

"shall have no more parliaments (God bless

"us), but an' we have, I hope, Zeal-of-the-

"land Busy and my gossip Rabby I rouble-

"truth will start up, and see we shall have

"painful good ministers to keep school, and

"catechize our youth, and not teach 'em to

"speak plays, and act fables of false news,

"in this manner, to the supervexation of

"town and country, with a wanson."

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Penny-boy jun. Fitton, Shun-field, Almanack, Madrigal, Canter, Picklock.

P. jun. COME, gentlemen, let's breathe from healths a while.
This Lick-finger has made us a good dinner,
For our Pecunia: what shall's do with ourselves,

While the women water, and the fidlers cat?
Fit. Let's jeer a little.

P. jun. What's that?

Shun. Expect, sir. [then at you.]

Alm. We first begin with ourselves, and

Shun. A game we use.

Mad. We jeer all kind of persons
We meet withal, of any rank or quality,
And if we cannot jeer them, we jeer ourselves. [grateful!]

P. Ca. A pretty sweet society, and a
Pic. Pray let's see some.

Shun. Have at you then, lawyer.

They say, there was one of your coat in
Beth'lem lately. [there.]

Alm. I wonder all his clients were not

Mad. They were the madder sort.

Pic. Except, sir, one

Like you, and he made verses.

Fit. Madrigal,

A jeer.

Mad. I know.

Shun. But what did you do, lawyer,

When you made love to mistress Band, at
dinner? [client.]

Mad. Why, of an advocate, he grew the

P. jun. Well play'd, my poet.

Mad. And shew'd the law of nature

Was there above the common-law.

Shut. Quit, quit. [at this,

P. jun. Call you this jeering? I can play
'Tis like a ball at tennis.

Fit. Very like,

But we were not well in.

Alm. 'Tis indeed, sir.

When we do speak at volley, all the ill
We can one of another.

Shun. As this morning, [your uncle.
(I would you had heard us) of the rogue

Alm. That money-bawd.

Mad. We call'd him a coat-card,
O' the last order¹.

P. jun. What's that? a knave? [script

Mad. Some readings have it so, my manu-
doth speak it varlet.

P. Ca. And yourself a fool

O' the first rank, and one shall have the
leading

O' the right-hand file, under this brave com-
mander.

P. jun. What say'st thou, Canter?

P. Ca. Sir, I say, this is

A very wholesome exercise, and comely;
Like lepers shewing one another their scabs,
Or flies feeding on ulcers.

P. jun. What news, gentlemen?

Ha! you any news for after dinner? methinks
We should not spend our time unprofitably.

P. Ca. They never lie, sir, between
meals; 'gainst supper

You may have a bale or two brought in.

Fit. 'This Canter

Is an old envious knave!

Alm. A very rascal.

Fit. I ha' mark'd him all this meal, he has
done nothing

But mock, with scurvy faces, all we said.

Alm. A supercilious rogue! he looks as if
He were the patricio—

Mad. Or arch-priest o' Canters. [rascal,

Shun. He's some primate metropolitan
Our shot-clog makes so much of him.

Alm. The law,

And he does govern him.

P. sen. What say you, gentlemen?

Fit. We say, we wonder not, your man o'
law [it comes,

Should be so gracious wi' you; but how it
'This rogue, this Canter!

P. jun. O, good words.

Fit. A fellow

That speaks no language—

Alm. But what jingling gypsies

And pedlers trade in—

Fit. And no honest Christian

Can understand—

P. jun. Why, by that argument

You are all Canters, you, and you, and you,
[He speaks to all the jeerers.]

All the whole world are Canters, I will
prove it

In your professions.

P. jun. I would fain hear this: [while,
But stay, my princess comes, provide the
I'll call for it anon. How fares your grace?

S C E N E II.

[To them] *Lick-finger, Pecunia, Statute,
Band, Wax.*

Lic. I hope the fare was good.

Pec. Yes, Lick-finger,

And we shall thank you for it, and reward
you. [Lick-finger;

Mad. Nay, I'll not lose my argument,

¹ —We call'd him a COAT-CARD,

O' the last order.] i. e. A knave. See the *New Inn*, act 1. not. 5.

[*Lick-finger is challeng'd by Madrigal of an argument.*

Before these gentlemen, I affirm,
The perfect and true strain of poetry
Is rather to be given the quick cellar,
Than the fat kitchen.

Lic. Heretick, I see

Thou art for the vain oracle of the bottle.
The hog'shead, Trismegistus, is thy Pegasus.
Thence flows thy muse's spring, from that
hard hoof.

Seduced poet, I do say to thee, [tains
A boiler, range, and dresser were the foun-
Of all the knowledge in the universe.

And they're the kitchens, where the master-
cook— [know him,

(Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou
Till thou hast serv'd some years in that deep
school, [arts,

That's both the nurse and mother of the
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demon-
strate!)

A master-cook! why, he's the man o'men,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
Some he dry-dishes, some motes round with
broths;

Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty angled cus-
tards,

Rears bulwark pies, and for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;

² And teacheth all the tactics, at one dinner:

What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in;
The whole art military. Then he knows

The influence of the stars upon his meats,
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,

And so to fit his relishes and sauces.

He has nature in a pot, 'bove all the chymists,
Or airy brethren of the Rosie-cross.

He is an architect, an engineer,

A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician.

Mad. It is granted.

Pie. And that you may not doubt him for
a poet—

Alm. This fury shews, if there were no-
thing else!

And 'tis divine! I shall for ever hereafter
Admire the wisdom of a cook!

[*Penny-boy is courting his princess all the
while.*

Ban. And we, sir!

P. jun. O, how my princess draws me
with her looks,

And hales me in, as eddies draw in boats,
Or strong Charybdis ships, that sail too near
The shelves of love! The tides of your two
eyes!

Wind of your breath, are such as suck in all
That do approach you!

Pec. Who hath chang'd my servant?

P. jun. Yourself, who drink my blood
up with your beams,

As doth the sun the sea! Pecunia shines
More in the world than he; and makes it
spring [show

Where-e'er she favours! please her but to
Her melting wrists, or bare her ivory hands,
She catches still! her smiles they are love's
fettlers!

Her breasts his apples! her teats straw-
berries! [cry,

Where Cupid (were he present now) would
Farewell my mother's milk, here's sweeter
nectar!

Help me to praise Pecunia, gentlemen:

She is your princess, lend your wits.

Fit. A lady*

The graces taught to move!

Alm. The hours did nurse.

[*They all begin the encomium of Pecunia.*

Fit. Whose lips are the instructions of all
lovers!

Alm. Her eyes their lights, and rivals to
the stars!

Fit. A voice, as if that harmony still spake!

Alm. And polish'd skin, whiter than Ve-
nus' foot?

Fit. Young Hebe's neck, or Juno's arms!

Alm. A hair, [sweet

Large as the morning's, and her breath as
As meadows after rain, and but new mown!

Fit. Leda might yield unto her for a face!

Alm. Hermione for breasts!

Fit. Flora for cheeks!

Alm. And Helen for a mouth!

P. jun. Kiss, kiss 'em, princess.

[*She kisseth them.*

Fit. The pearl doth strive in whiteness
with her neck.

Alm. But loseth by it: here the snow
thaws snow;

One frost resolves another!

Fit. O, she has

A front too slippery to be look'd upon! ³

² And teacheth all the TACTICKS, at one dinner.] We have all this in the masque called *Neptune's Triumph*: our poet seems so pleased with his conceit, that he was willing the good people of the city should share in it, as well as the finer gentlemen about court.

* *Fit.* O, she has

A front too slippery to be lookt upon.] The poet has given us a literal translation of the expression in Horace:

Urit me Glycera nitior

Splendens Pario marmore purius,

Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

L. 1. Od. 19.

It was common with the ancients, to commend living beauties, by comparing them to works of art: and in particular, the poets use many terms drawn from statues to express the beauty

And glances that beguile the seer's eyes!

P. jun. Kiss, kiss again; what says my man o' war? [*Again.*]

Shun. I say, she's more than fame can promise of her, [*matter!*]

A theme that's overcome with her own Praise is struck blind, and deaf, and dumb with her!

She doth astonish commendation!

P. jun. Well pumpst i' faith, old sailor; kiss him too,

[*She kisseth captain Shunfield.*]

Though he be a slug. What says my poet-sucker?

He's chewing his muse's cud, I do see by him.

Mad. I have almost done, I want but e'en to finish. [*still.*]

Fit. That's the ill luck of all his works

P. jun. What? [*none.*]

Fit. To begin many works, but finish

P. jun. How does he do his mistress-work?

Fit. Imperfect.

Alm. I cannot think he finisheth that.

P. jun. Let's hear.

Mad. It is a madrigal; I affect that kind Of poem much.

P. jun. And thence you ha' the name.

Fit. 'Tis his rose, he can make nothing else. [*play'd,*]

Mad. I made it to the tune the fiddlers That we all lik'd so well.

P. jun. Good, read it, read it.

Mad. The sun is father of all metals, you know,

Silver and gold,

P. jun. I, leave your prologues, say.

SONG.

Mad. "As bright as is the sun her sire,

"Or earth her mother, in her best attire.

"Or Mint, the midwife, with her fire,
"Comes forth her grace!"

(*P. jun.* That Mint the midwife does well.)

"The splendour of the wealthiest mines!
[*perial lines,*]

"The stamp and strength of all im-

"Both majesty and beauty shines

"In her sweet face!"

(*Fit.* That's fairly said of money.)

"Look how a torch of taper light,

"Or of that torches flame, a beacon bright;"

(*P. jun.* Good!)

Mad. Now there, I want a line to finish, sir.

P. jun. "Or of that beacon's fire, moon-light:

Mad. "So takes she place!"

(*Fit.* 'Tis good.)

beauty of the human body itself. In this passage of Horace, we seem to be directed immediately to the idea taken from statues; some of which, among the antients, are said to have been so bright, that they could scarce bear to look upon them long and steadily. See the very ingenious Dr. Spence's *Polymetis*, p. 323. note 18.

[*It is his rose, he can make nothing else.*] Alluding to the painter, who could paint nothing else but that flower.

Mad. And then I have a saraband—

"She makes good cheer, she keeps full boards,

"She holds a fair of knights and lords,

"A market of all offices,

"And shops of honours, more or less.

"According to Pecunia's grace,

"The bride hath beauty, blood, and place;

"The bridegroom virtue, valour, wit,
"And wisdom, as he stands for it."

P. jun. Call in the fiddlers. Nick the boy shall sing it. [*madam,*

Sweet princess, kiss him, kiss 'em all, dear And at the close, vouchsafe to call them cousins.

[*He urgeth her to kiss them all.*]

Pec. Sweet cousin Madrigal, and cousin Fitton,

My cousin Shunfield, and my learned cousin.

P. Ca. Al-manach, though they call him Almanack. [*his mistress!*]

Pic. Why, here's the prodigal prostitutes

P. jun. And Picklock, he must be a kinsman too.

My man o' law will teach us all to win,

And keep our own. O! founder.

P. Ca. Nothing, I, sir?

I am a wretch, a beggar. She the fortunate, Can want no kindred; we the poor know none.

Fit. Nor none shall know by my consent.

Alm. Nor mine.

P. jun. Sing, boy, stand here.

[*The boy sings the song.*]

P. Ca. Look, look, how all their eyes Dance i' their heads (observe) scatter'd with lust!

[*tickled* At sight o' their brave idol! how they are With a light air! the bawdy saraband!

They are a kind of dancing engines all!

And set by nature, thus to run alone

To every sound! all things within, without them, [*mere monsters,*

Move, but their brain, and that stands still! Here in a chamber, of most subtil feet!

And make their legs in tune, passing the streets;

These are the gallant spirits o' the age!

The miracles o' the time! that can cry up And down men's wits! and set what rate on things

Their half-brain'd fancies please! now pox upon 'em.

See how solicitously he learns the jig, As if it were a mystery of his faith!

Shun. A dainty ditty!

Fit. O, he's a dainty poet!

When he sets to it!

P. jun. And a dainty scholar!

[*They are all struck with admiration.*]

Alm. No, no great scholar, he writes like a gentleman.

Shun. Pox o' your scholar!

P. Ca. Pox o' your distinction!

As if a scholar were no gentleman.

With these, to write like a gentleman, will in time

Become all one, as to write like an ass.

These gentlemen? these rascals! I am sick Of indignation at 'em.

P. jun. How do you like't, sir?

Fil. 'Tis excellent!

Alm. 'Twas excellently sung!

Fil. A dainty air!

P. jun. What says my Lick-finger?

Lic. I am telling mistress Band, and mistress Statute, [here!

What a brave gentleman you are, and Wax, How much 'twere better, that my lady's grace

Would here take up, sir, and keep house with you.

P. jun. What say they?

Sta. We could consent, sir, willingly.

Band. I, if we knew her grace had the least liking.

Wax. We must obey her grace's will and pleasure.

P. jun. I thank you, gentlewomen; ply 'em, Lickfinger.

Give mother Mortgage, there——

Lic. Her dose of sack.

I have it for her, and her distance of Hum.

Pec. Indeed therein, I must confess, dear cousin,

I am a most unfortunate princess.

Alm. And

You still will be so, when your grace may help it.

[*The gallants are all about Pecunia.*]

Mad. Who'd lie in a room with a close-stool, and garlick,

And kennel with his dogs, that had a prince Like this young Penny-boy to sojourn with?

Shun. He'll let you ha' your liberty——

Alm. Go forth,

Whither you please, and to what company——

Mad. Scatter yourself amongst us——

P. jun. Hope of Parnassus!

Thy ivy shall not wither, nor thy bays, Thou shalt be had into her grace's cellar, And there know sack and claret, all December;

Thy vein is rich, and we must cherish it.

Poets and bees swarm now-a-days; but yet There are not those good taverns, for the one sort,

As there are flow'ry fields to feed the other. Though bees be pleas'd with dew, ask little Wax,

That brings the honey to her lady's hive: The poet must have wine; and he shall have it.

SCENE III.

Penny-boy sen. Penny-boy jun. Lick-finger, &c.

P. sen. Broker? what, Broker?

P. jun. Who's that? my uncle!

P. sen. I am abus'd; where is my knave, my Broker?

Lic. Your Broker is laid out upon a bench, yonder, [sleep.

Sack hath seiz'd on him, in the shape of

Pic. He hath been dead to us almost this hour.

P. sen. This hour? [rest?

P. Ca. Why sigh you, sir? 'cause he's at

P. sen. It breeds my unrest.

Lic. Will you take a cup,

And try if you can sleep?

P. sen. No, cogging Jack,

Thou and thy cups too, perish.

[*He strikes the sack out of his hand.*]

Shun. O, the sack!

Mad. The sack, the sack!

P. Ca. A madrigal on sack!

Pic. Or rather an elegy, for the sack is gone. [and rave?

Pec. Why do you this, sir? spill the wine, For Broker's sleeping?

P. sen. What through sleep and sack, My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,

To wait upon your grace, please you to quit This strange lewd company, they are not for you.

[*He would have Pecunia home, but she refuseth, and her train.*]

Pec. No, guardian, I do like him very well.

P. sen. Your grace's pleasure be observ'd; but you [me?

Statute, and Band, and Wax, will go with Stat. Truly, we will not.

Ban. We will stay, and wait here [man.

Upon her grace, and this your noble kins-

P. sen. Noble! how noble! who hath made him noble?

P. jun. Why, my most noble money hath, or shall; [kept,

My princess here: she, that had you but And treated kindly, would have made you noble, [for you,

And wise too; nay, perhaps have done that An act of parliament could not, made you honest.

The truth is, uncle, that her grace dislikes Her entertainment, 'specially her lodging.

Pec. Nay, say her jail. Never unfortunate princess

Was us'd so by a jailor. Ask my women: Band, you can tell, and Statute, how he has

us'd me, [bolts——

Kept me close prisoner, under twenty Stat. And forty padlocks——

Ban. All malicious engines

A wicked smith could forge out of his iron; As locks and keys, shackles and manacles,

To torture a great lady.

Stat. H' has abus'd
Your grace's body.

Pec. No, he would ha' done,
That lay not in his power: he had the use
Of our bodies, Band and Wax, and some-
times Statute's: [chest,
But once he would ha' smother'd me in a
And strangled me in leather, but that you
Came to my rescue then, and gave me air.

Stat. For which he cramm'd us in a close
box,
All three together, where we saw no sun
In six months.

Wax. A cruel man he is!

Ban. H' has lett my fellow Wax out i' the
cold.

Stat. Till she was stiff as any frost, and
crumbled

Away to dust, and almost lost her form.

Wax. Much ado to recover me.

P. & N. Women jeerers!

Have you learn'd too the subtle faculty?
Come, I'll shew you the way home, if drink
Or too full diet have disguis'd you.

Ban. Troth,

We have not any mind, sir, of return—

Stat. To be bound back to back—

Ban. And have our legs

Turn'd in, or writh'd about—

Wax. Or else display'd—

Stat. Be lodg'd with dust and fleas, as we
were wont—

Ban. And dieted with dogs'-dung.

P. sen. Why, you whores, [call you,
My bawds, my instruments, what should I
Man may think base enough for you?

P. jun. Hear you, uncle:

I must not hear this of my princess' servants,
And in Apollo, in Pecunia's room.

Go, get you down the stairs; home, to your
kennel,

As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogs,
The Lares of your family; or believe it,
The fury of a footman and a drawer
Hangs over you.

Shun. Cudgel and pot do threaten

A kind of vengeance.

Mad. Barbers are at hand.

Alm. Washing and shaving will ensue.

Fit. The pump [They all threaten.
Is not far off; if 'twere, the sink is near,
Or a good jordan.

Mad. You have now no money.

Shun. But are a rascal.

P. sen. I am cheated, robb'd,
Jeer'd by confederacy.

Fit. No, you are kick'd, [and spurn him.
And used kindly, as you should be.

Shun. Spurn'd

From all commerce of men, who are a cur.
[Kicks him out.

Alm. A stinking dog in a doublet, with
foul linen.

Mad. A snarling rascal, hence.

Shun. Out.

P. sen. Well, remember, [He exclaims.

I am cozen'd by my cousin, and his whore!
Bane o' these meetings in Apollo!

Lic. Go, sir, [else.
You will be toss'd like Block in a blanket,
[One of his dogs.

P. jun. Down with him, Lick-finger.

P. sen. Saucy Jack, away;
Pecunia is a whore.

P. jun. Play him down, fidlers,
And drown his noise. Who's this?

Fit. O, master Pyed-mantle!

SCENE IV.

[To them] Pyed-mantle.

Pye. By your leave, gentlemen.

[Pyed-mantle brings the lady Pecunia her
pedigree.

Fit. Her grace's herald.

Alm. No herald yet, a heraldet.

P. jun. What's that?

P. Ca. A Canter.

P. jun. O, thou saidst thou'dst prove us
all so! [so, straight.

P. Ca. Sir, here is one will prove himself
So shall the rest, in time.

Pec. My pedigree?

I tell you, friend, he must be a good scholar
Can my descent: I am of princely race,
And as good blood as any is i' the mines
Runs through my veins. I'm, every limb,
a princess!

Dutchess o' mines was my great-grand-
mother;

And by the father's side, I come from Sol,
My grandfather was duke of Or, and match'd
In the blood-royal of Ophyr.

Pye. Here's his coat.

Pec. I know it, if I hear the blazon.

Pye. He bears,

In a field Azure, a sun proper, beamy,
Twelve of the second.

P. Ca. How far is this from canting?

P. jun. Her grace doth understand it.

P. Ca. She can cant, sir.

Pec. What be these? bezants?

Pye. Yes, an't please your grace.

Pec. That is our coat too, as we come
from Or.

What line is this?

Pye. The rich mines of Potosi,
The Spanish mines i' the West-Indies,

Pec. This?

Pye. The mines o' Hungary, this of Bar-
bary.

Pec. But this, this little branch?

Pye. The Welch mine, that.

Pec. I ha' Welsh blood in me too; blaze,
sir, that coat.

Pye. She bears (an't please you) Argent,
three leeks Vert,

In canton Or, and tassell'd of the first.

P. Ca. Is not this canting? do you under-
stand him?

P. jun. Not I; but it sounds well, and the
whole thing

Is rarely painted: I will have such a scroll,
Whate'er it cost me.

Pec. Well, at better leisure

We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.

P. jun. Kiss him, sweet princess, and stile
him a cousin.

Pec. I will, if you will have it. Cousin
Pyed-mantle. [*She kisses.*]

P. jun. I love all men of virtue, from my
princess,
Unto my beggar here, old Canter; on,
On to thy proof; whom prove you the next
Canter?

P. Ca. The doctor here, I will proceed
with the learned.

When he discourseth of dissection,
Or any point of anatomy; that he tells you
Of vena cava, and of vena porta,
The meseraicks, and the mesenterium:
What does he else but cant? or if he run
To his judicial astrology, [*Sextile,*
And trowl the Trine, the Quartile, and the
Platick aspect, and Partile, with his Hyleg,
Or Alchochoden, Cuspes, and Horoscope;
Does not he cant? who here does under-
stand him?

Alm. This is no Canter, though!

P. Ca. Or when my muster-master
Talks of his tactics, and his ranks and files,
His bringers-up, his leaders-on, and cries,
"Faces about to the right-hand, the left,"
Now, "as you were;" then tells you of re-
doubts,

Of cats, and cortines; doth not he cant?

P. jun. Yes, faith.

P. Ca. My egg-chin'd laureat here, when
he comes forth

With dimeters, and trimeters, tetrameters,
Pentameters, hexameters, catalecticks,
His hyper and his brachy-catalecticks,
His pyrrhicks, epitrites, and choriamibicks;
What is all this, but canting?

Mad. A rare fellow!

Shun. Some begging scholar!

Fit. A decay'd doctor, at least!

P. jun. Nay, I do cherish virtue, though
in rags.

P. Ca. And you, mas courtier.

P. jun. Now he treats of you,
Stand forth to him fair.

P. Ca. With all your fly-blown projects,
And looks out of the politicks, your shut
faces,

And reserv'd questions and answers, that
you game with; as,

Is't a clear business? will it manage well?

My name must not be us'd else. Here
'twill dash.

Your business has receiv'd a taint, give off,
I may not prostitute myself. Tut, tut,
That little dust I can blow off at pleasure.
Here's no such mountain, yet, I' the whole
work!

But a light purse may level. I will tide
This affair for you; give it freight, and pas-
sage: [*canting,*]

And such mint-phrase, as 'tis the worst of
By how much it affects the sense it has not.

Fit. This is some other than he seems!

P. jun. How like you him?

Fit. This cannot be a Canter!

P. jun. But he is, sir,

And shall be still, and so shall you be too:

We'll all be Canters. Now I think of it,

A noble whinsie's come into my brain!

I'll build a college, I and my Pecunia,

And call it Canter's college: sounds it well?

[*Canter's college begun to be erected.*]

Alm. Excellent!

P. jun. And here stands my father rector,

And you professors, you shall all profess

Something, and live there, with her grace
and me,

Your founders: I'll endow't with lands and
means,

And Lick-finger shall be my master-cook.

What, is he gone?

P. Ca. And a professor.

P. jun. Yes.

P. Ca. And read Apicius *de re culinaria*
To your brave doxy and you!

P. jun. You, cousin Fitton,
Shall (as a courtier) read the politicks;
Doctor Almanack he shall read Astrology;
Shunfield shall read the military art.

P. Ca. As carving and assaulting the cold
custard.

P. jun. And Horace here, the art of poe-
try. [*That's Madrigal.*]

His lyrics, and his madrigals, fine songs,
Which we will have at dinner, steep't in
claret,

And against supper, sous'd in sack.

Mad. In troth,

A divine whimsy!

Shun. And a worthy work,

Fit for a chronicle!

P. jun. Is't not?

Shun. To all ages.

P. jun. And Pyed-mantle shall give us all
our arms:

But, Picklock, what would'st thou be? thou
canst cant too.

Pic. In all the languages in Westminster-
hall,

"Pleas, Bench, or Chancery, fee-farm,
fee-tail,

"Tenant in dower, at will, for term of life,

"By copy of court-roll, knight's service,
homage, [*moigne,*]

"Fealty, escuage, soccage, or frank-al-

"Grand serjeantry, or burgage."

P. jun. Thou appear'st,
Ker'floxie, a Canter. Thou shalt read
Ah Littleton's tenures to me, and indeed
All my conveyances!

And INDEED

[*All my conveyances.*] The sense will perhaps receive some improvement if for indeed,

we

Pic. And make 'em too, sir? *[lands,*
Keep all your courts, be steward o' your
Let all your leases, keep your evidences:
But first, I must procure and pass your mort-
main,

You must have licence from above, sir.

P. jun. Fear not,

Pecunia's friends shall do it.

P. Ca. But I shall stop it.

[Here his father discovers himself.]

Your worship's loving and obedient father,

Your painful steward, and lost officer!

Who have done this, to try how you would
use

Pecunia when you had her; which since I see,
I will take home the lady to my charge,

And these her servants, and leave you my
cloke,

To travel in to Beggar's-bush! A seat

Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twenty

Of your imagin'd structures, Canter's-col-
lege.

Fit. It is his father!

Mad. He's alive methinks.

Alm. I knew he was no rogue!

P. Ca. 'Thou prodigal,

Was I so careful for thee, to procure

And plot wi' my learn'd counsel, master
Picklock,

This noble match for thee? and dost thou
prostitute,

Scatter thy mistress' favours, throw away
Her bounties, as they were red burning

coals,

Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascals,
Who are the scum and excrements of men?

If thou hadst sought out good and virtuous
persons

Of these professions, I had lov'd thee and
them; *[me,*

For these shall never have that plea against
Or colour of advantage, that I hate

Their callings, but their manners and their
vices.

A worthy courtier is the ornament
Of a king's palace, his great master's honour;

This is a moth, a rascal, a court-rat,
That gnaws the commonwealth with broking

suits,

And eating grievances! so, a true soldier,
He is his country's strength, his sovereign's

safety,

And to secure his peace, he makes himself
The heir of danger, nay the subject of it,

And runs those virtuous hazards that this
scarecrow

Cannot endure to hear of.

Shun. You are pleasant, sir.

P. Ca. With you I dare be! here is Pyed-
mantle;

'Cause he's an ass, do not I love a herald;
Who is the pure preserver of descents,
The keeper fair of all nobility,

Without which all would run into confusion?
Were he a learned herald, I would tell him

He can give arms and marks, he cannot ho-
nour; *[may*

No more than money can make noble: it
Give place, and rank, but it can give no

virtue:

And he would thank me for this truth. This
dog-leach,

You style him doctor, 'cause he can compile.
An almanack, perhaps erect a scheme

For my great madam's monkey, when't has
ta'en

A glyster, and bewray'd the Ephemerides.
Do I despise a learn'd physician,

In calling him a quacksalver? or blast
The ever-living garland, always green,

Of a good poet, when I say his wreath
Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty wither'd

flowers?

Away, I am impatient of these ulcers.
(That I not call you worse.) There is no

sore *[abhor*
Or plague but you to infect the times. I

Your very scent. Come, lady, since my
prodigal

Knew not to entertain you to your worth,
I'll see if I have learn'd how to receive you

With more respect to you, and your fair
train here.

Farewell, my beggar in velvet, for to-day;
To-morrow you may put on that grave

robe,
[He points him to his patch'd cloke thrown

off. *[lege,*
And enter your great work of Canter's col-
Your work, and worthy of a chronicle.

The fourth INTERMEAN after the fourth Act.

Tattle. "WHY, this was the worst of all,
"the catastrophe!"

Cen. "The matter began to be good but
"now; and he has spoil'd it all with his

"beggar there!"

Mirth. "A beggarly Jack it is, I warrant
"him, and a-kin to the poet."

Tat. "Like enough, for he had the chief-
"est part in his play, if you mark it."

Exp. "Absurdity on him, for a huge
"overgrown play-maker! Why should he

"make him live again, when they and we
"all thought him dead? if he had left him

"to his rags, there had been an end of
"him."

Tat. "I, but set a beggar on horse-back,
"he'll never lin till he be a gallop*."

we read, *intend* all my conveyances, i. e. have the management and inspection of them. But I leave the text as I found it, not venturing to pronounce it erroneous.

* *He'll never lin till he be a gallop.* We know very well the sense of the proverb, though possibly the words are not all exact. *Lin* seems to have lost a letter at the press: I presume it should be *blin*, i. e. leave off, or stop. The word is Saxon, and the substantive *blin*, derived from

Cen. "The young heir grew a fine gentleman in this last act."

Exp. "So he did, gossip, and kept the best company."

Cen. "And feasted 'em, and his mistress."

Tat. "And show'd her to 'em all! was not jealous!"

Mirth. "But very communicative and liberal, and began to be magnificent, if the churl his father would have let him alone."

Cen. "It was spitefully done o' the poet, to make the churl take him off in his height, when he was going to do all his brave deeds!"

Exp. "To found an academy!"

Tat. "Erect a college!"

Exp. "Plant his professors, and water his lectures!"

Mirth. "With wine, gossips, as he meant to do; and then to defraud his purposes?"

Exp. "Kill the hopes of so many towards young spirits?"

Tat. "As the doctors?"

Cen. "And the courtiers! I protest I was in love with master Fitton: he did wear all he had, from the hat-band to the shoetie, so politically, and would stoop, and leer!"

Mirth. "And lie so in wait for a piece of wit, like a mouse-trap!"

Exp. "Indeed, gossip, so would the little doctor! all his behaviour was mere glisten! O' my conscience, he would make any party's physick i' the world work with his discourse."

Mirth. "I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating father, to ravish away his son's mistress."

Cen. "And all her women at once, as he did!"

Tat. "I would ha' flown in his gipsy's face, i' faith."

Mirth. "It was a plain piece of political incest, and worthy to be brought afore the high commission of wit. Suppose we were to censure him, you are the youngest voice, gossip Tattle, begin."

Tat. "Marry, I would ha' the old cooney-catcher cozen'd of all he has, i' the

"young heir's defence, by his learned counsel, Mr. Picklock!"

Cen. "I would rather the courtier had found out some trick to beg him for his estate!"

Exp. "Or the captain had courage enough to beat him!"

Cen. "Or the fine Madrigal-man in rhyme, to have run him out o' the country, like an Irish rat."

Tat. "No, I would have master Pyed-mantle, her grace's herald, to pluck down his hatchments, reverse his coat-armour, and nullify him for no gentleman."

Exp. "Nay, then, let master doctor dissect him, have him open'd, and his tripe translated to Lick-finger, to make a probation-dish of."

Cen. Tat. "Agreed! agreed!"

Mirth. "Faith, I would have him flat disinherited by a decree of court, bound to make restitution of the lady Pecunia, and the use of her body, to his son."

Exp. "And her train to the gentlemen."

Cen. "And both the poet, and himself, to ask them all forgiveness!"

Tat. "And us too."

Cen. "In two large sheets of paper——"

Exp. "Or to stand in a skin of parchment, (which the court please.)"

Cen. "And those fill'd with news!"

Mirth. "And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!"

Exp. "Which their poet hath let fall most abruptly."

Mirth. "Bankruptly indeed."

Cen. "You say wittily, gossip; and therefore let a protest go out against him."

Mirth. "A mournival of protests, or a gleeck, at least."

Exp. "In all our names."

Cen. "For a decay'd wit——"

Exp. "Broken——"

Tat. "Non-solvent——"

Cen. "And for ever forfeit——"

Mirth. "To scorn of Mirth!"

Cen. "Censure!"

Exp. "Expectation!"

Tat. "Subsign'd, Tattle. Stay, they

"come again."

from the verb *blinnan*, occurs in the *Sail Shepherd*. Yet the word occurs in *Drayton*, in the sense of stopping, or staying, as it is used here by our poet:

"Quoth Puck, my liege, I'll never *lin*,

"But I will thorough thick and thin." *Court of Fairy.*

So that an emendation may be unnecessary, and *lin*, the same as leave, might have been in common use.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*Penny-boy jun. [To him] Tho. Barber.
After Pick-lock.*

He comes out in the patcht cloke his father left him.

P. jun. **N**AY, they are fit, as they had been made for me,
And I am now a thing worth looking at!
The same I said I would be in the morning!
No rogue, at a comitia of the canters,
Did ever there become his parent's robes
Better than I do these. Great fool! and beggar!

Why do not all that are of those societies
Come forth, and gratulate me one of theirs?
Methinks I should be on every side saluted,
Dauphine of beggars, prince of prodigals!
That have so fall'n under the ears, and eyes,
And tongues of all, the fable of the time,
Matter of scorn, and mark of reprehension!
I now begin to see my vanity
Shine in this glass, reflected by the foil!
Where is my fashioner? my leather-man?
My linener, perfumer, barber? all
That tail of riot follow'd me this morning?
Not one! but a dark solitude about me,
Worthy my cloke and patches; as I had
The epidemical disease upon me:
And I'll sit down with it.

Tho. My master! maker!

How do you? why do you sit thus o' the ground, sir?

Hear you the news?

P. jun. No, nor I care to hear none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip away
The other one-and-twenty, to have this
Forgotten, and the day raz'd out, expung'd
In every ephemerides, or almanack.
Or if it must be in, that time and nature
Have decreed; still let it be a day
Of tickling prodigals about the gills,
Deluding gaping heirs, losing their loves,
And their discretions, falling from the fa-
vours [hopes,
Of their best friends and parents, their own
And entering the society of canters.

Tho. A doleful day it is, and dismal times
Are come upon us: I am clear undone.

P. jun. How, Thom?

Tho. Why, broke, broke; wretchedly broke!

P. jun. Ha?

Tho. Our Staple is all to pieces, quite dissolv'd!

P. jun. Ha! [you not

Tho. Shiver'd, as in an earthquake! heard
The crack and ruins? we are all blown up!
Soon as they heard th' Infanta was got from
them,

Whom they had so devoured i' their hopes,
To be their patroness, and sojourn with 'em,
Our emissaries, register, examiner,
Flew into vapour: our grave governor
Into a subtil' air, and is return'd
(As we do hear) grand captain of the jeerers.
I and my fellow melted into butter,
And spoil'd our ink, and so the office van-
ish'd. [father

¹ The last hum that it made, was, that your
And Pick-lock are fall'n out, the man o' law.

P. jun. How? this awakes me from my
lethargy. [He starts up at this.

Tho. And a great suit is like to be between
'em;

Pick-lock denies the feoffment, and the trust,
(Your father says) he made of the whole
estate:

Unto him, as respecting his mortality,
When he first laid his late device, to try you.

P. jun. Has Pick-lock then a trust?

Tho. I cannot tell,

Here comes the worshipful—

[Pick-lock enters.

Pic. What, my velvet heir

Turn'd beggar in mind, as robes?

P. jun. You see what case

Your, and my father's plots have brought
me to.

Pic. Your father's, you may say, indeed,
not mine.

He's a hard-hearted gentleman! I am sorry
To see his rigid resolution!

That any man should so put off affection,
And human nature, to destroy his own,
And triumph in a victory so cruel!
He's fallen out with me, for being yours,
And calls me knave, and traitor to his trust,
Says he will have me thrown over the
bar—

P. jun. Ha! you deserve'd it?

Pic. O, good heaven knows
My conscience and the silly latitude of it;
A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do
dwell

All in a lane, or line indeed: no turning,
Nor scarce obliquity in them. I still look

¹ The last hum that IT MADE.] i. e. the office: the printed books by mistake have *it* made.

Right forward, to th' intent and scope of that

Which he would go from now.

P. jun. Had you a trust then?

Pic. Sir, I had somewhat will keep you still lord

Of all the estate, if I be honest, as I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous breast Will not permit me to see the heir defrauded,

And like an alien thrust out of the blood. The laws forbid that I should give consent To such a civil slaughter of a son.

P. jun. Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee?

Pic. No,

It is a thing of greater consequence, Than to be borne about in a black box, Like a Low-Country vorloffie or Welsh brief.

It is at Lack-finger's, under lock and key.

P. jun. O, fetch it hither.

Pic. I have bid him bring it,

That you might see it.

P. jun. Knows he what he brings?

Pic. No more than a gardener's ass, what roots he carries.

P. jun. I was a sending my father, like an ass,

A penitent epistle; but I'm glad I did not now.

Pic. Hang him, an austere grape, That has no juice, but what is verjuice in him.

P. jun. I'll show you my letter!

(Penny-boy runs out to fetch his letter.)

Pic. Show me a defiance!

If I can now commit father and son, And make my profits out of both; commence

A suit with the old man for his whole state, And go to law with the son's credit, undo Both, both with their own money, 'twere a piece

Worthy my night-cap, and the gown I wear, A Pick-lock's name in law. Where are you, sir?

What do you do so long?

P. jun. I cannot find

Where I have laid it; but I've laid it safe.

Pic. No-matter, sir; trust you unto my trust, [deed]

'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute And I confess it was in trust for you, Lest any thing might have happen'd mortal to him:

But there must be a gratitude thought on, And aid, sir, for the charges of the suit, Which will be great, 'gaunst such a mighty man

As is your father, and a man possess Of so much land, Pecunia and her friends.

I am not able to wage law with him, Yet must maintain the thing, as my own right, [bold]

Still for your good, and therefore must be

To use your credit for money.

P. jun. What thou wilt,

So we be safe, and the trust bear it.

Pic. Fear not,

'Tis he must pay arrearages in the end.

We'll milk him, and Pecunia, draw their cream down,

Before he get the deed into his hands.

My name is Pick-lock, but he'll find me a padlock.

SCENE II.

Penny-boy Can. Penny-boy jun. Pick-lock, Tho. Barber.

P. Ca. How now? conferring wi' your learn'd counsel

Upo' the cheat? Are you o' the plot to cozen me?

P. jun. What plot?

P. Ca. Your counsel knows there, Mr. Pick-lock.

Will you restore the trust yet?

Pic. Sir, take patience

And memory unto you, and bethink you, What trust? where does't appear? I have your deed:

Doth your deed specify any trust? is't not

A perfect act and absolute in law?

Seal'd and deliver'd before witnesses?

The day and date emergent?

P. Ca. But what conference,

What oaths and vows preceded?

Pic. I will tell you, sir,

Since I am urg'd, of those, as I remember,

You told me you had got a grown estate,

By griping means, sinisterly.

(P. Ca. How!)

Pic. And were

Ev'n weary of it; if the parties lived

From whom you had wrested it—

(P. Ca. Ha!)

Pic. You could be glad

To part with all, for satisfaction:

But since they had yielded to humanity,

And that just heaven had sent you for a punishment

(You did acknowledge it) this riotous heir,

That would bring all to beggary in the end, And daily sow'd consumption where he went—

P. Ca. You'd cozen both then? your confederate too?

Pic. After a long mature deliberation, You could not think where better how to place it—

P. Ca. Than on you, rascal?

Pic. What you please i' your passion; But with your reason, you will come about, And think a faithful and a frugal friend To be prefer'd.

P. Ca. Before a son?

Pic. A prodigal,

A tub without a bottom, as you term'd him

For which I might return you a vow or two,

And seal it with an oath of thankfulness,

I not repent it, neither have I cause, yet—

P. Ca. Forehead of steel, and mouth of brass! hath impudence Polish'd so gross a lie, and dar'st thou vent it?

Engine, compos'd of all mixt metals! hence, I will not change a syllable with thee more, Till I may meet thee at a bar in court, Before thy judges.

Pic. Thither it must come, Before I part with it to you, or you, sir.

P. Ca. I will not hear thee.

P. jun. Sir, your ear to me tho'.

[*His son entreata him.*]

Not that I see through his perplexed plots, And hidden ends; nor that my parts depend Upon th' unwinding this so knotted skean, Do I beseech your patience. Unto me He hath confest the trust.

Pic. How? I confess it?

P. jun. I, thou false man.

P. Ca. Stand up to him, and confront him.

Pic. Where? when? to whom?

P. jun. To me, even now, and here;

Canst thou deny it?

Pic. Can I eat or drink?

Sleep, wake, or dream? arise, sit, go, or stand?

Do any thing that's natural?

P. jun. Yes, lie [natural.]

It seems thou canst, and perjure; that is

Pic. O me! what times are these of frontless carriage!

An egg of the same nest! the father's bird!

It runs in a blood, I see!

P. jun. I'll stop your mouth,

Pic. With what?

P. jun. With truth!

Pic. With noise; I must have witness.

Where is your witness? you can produce witness?

P. jun. As if my testimony were not twenty,

Balance'd with thine?

Pic. So say all prodigals,

Sick of self-love; but that's not law, young Scatter-good;

I live by law.

P. jun. Why, if thou hast a conscience,

That is a thousand witnesses.

Pic. No court

Grants out a writ of summons for the conscience,

That I know, nor subpoena, nor attachment.

I must have witness, and of your producing,

Ere this can come to hearing, and it must

Be heard on oath and witness.

P. jun. Come forth, Thom,

[*He produceth Thom.*]

Speak what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole truth,

And nothing but the truth. What said this varlet?

Pic. A rat behind the hangings!

Tho. Sir, he said,

It was a trust! an act, the which your father Had will to alter; but his tender breast Would not permit to see the heir defrauded, And, like an alien, thrust out of the blood. The laws forbid that he should give consent To such a civil slaughter of a son—

P. jun. And talk'd of a gratuity to be given,

And aid unto the charges of the suit;

Which he was to maintain in his own name, But for my use, he said.

P. Ca. It is enough.

Tho. And he would milk Pecunia, and draw down

Her cream, before you got the trust again.

P. Ca. Your ears are in my pocket, knave, go shake 'em

The little while you have them.

Pic. You do trust

To your great purse.

P. Ca. I ha' you in a purse-net,

Good master Pick-lock, wi' your worming brain,

And wriggling engine-head of maintenance,¹ Which I shall see you hole with very shortly.

A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,

To trundle through a pillory. You are sure You heard him speak this!

P. jun. I, and more.

Tho. Much more!

Pic. I'll prove yours maintenance and combination,

And sue you all.

P. Ca. Do, do, my gowned vulture, Crop in reversion; I shall see you coited

Over the bar, as barge-men do their billets.

Pic. This 'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,

And would ha' 'em in again—They are almost mad!

But I forgive their lucida intervalla.

O, Lick-finger! come hither. Where's my writing?

[*Pick-lock spies Lick-finger, and asks him aside for the writing.*]

SCENE III.

[*To them.*] *Lick-finger.*

Lic. I sent it you, together with your keys.

Pic. How?

Lic. By the porter that came for it from you, [keys,

And by the token, you had giv'n me the And bade me bring it.

Pic. And why did you not?

¹ And wriggling engine-head of MAINTENANCE.] In the law, maintenance signifies the supporting a cause or person by any kind of countenance or encouragement, and is generally taken in a bad sense. The writ that lies against a man for this offence, is also called maintenance.

Lic. Why did you send a countermand?

Lic. Who, I?

Lic. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

Pic. In trust?

Lic. Your trust's another self, you know; And without trust, and your trust, how should he

Take notice of your keys, or of my charge?

Pic. Know you the man?

Lic. I know he was a porter, And a seal'd porter; for he bore the badge On's breast, I am sure.

Pic. I am lost! a plot! I scent it!

Lic. Why! and I sent it by the man you sent,

Whom else I had not trusted.

Pic. Plague o' your trust!

I am truss'd up among you.

P. jun. Or you may be.

Pic. In mine own halter, I have made the noose. [*Pick-lock goes out.*]

P. jun. What was it, Lick-finger?

[*Young Penny-boy discovers it to his father to be his plot of sending for it by the porter, and that he is in possession of the deed.*]

Lic. A writing, sir,

He sent for't by a token: I was bringing it, But that he sent a porter, and he seem'd A man of decent carriage.

P. Ca. 'Twas good fortune!

To cheat the cheater, was no cheat, but justice.

Put off your rags, and be yourself again:

This act of piety and good affection

Hath partly reconcil'd me to you.

P. jun. Sir,

P. Ca. No vows, no promises; too much protestation

Makes that suspected oft, we would persuade.

Lic. Hear you the news? [*we?*]

P. jun. The office is down, how should

Lic. But of your uncle?

P. jun. No.

Lic. He's run mad, sir.

P. Ca. How, Lick-finger?

Lic. Stark staring mad, your brother, H' has almost kill'd his maid.

P. Ca. Now heav'n forbid.

[*Elder Penny-boy startles at the news.*]

Lic. But that she's cat-liv'd, and squirrel-limb'd, [*set wide*

With throwing bed-staves at her: he has His outer doors, and now keeps open house For all the passers-by to see his justice.

First, he has apprehended his two dogs,

As being o' the plot to cozen him;

And there he sits like an old worm o' the peace, [*screwing,*

Wrapp'd up in furs, at a square table,

Examining, and committing the poor curs To two old cases of close-stools, as prisons; The one of which he calls his Lollard's tower, [*dogs' names*

Th' other his Block-house, 'cause his two Are Block and Lollard.

P. jun. This would be brave matter Unto the jeerers.

P. Ca. I, if so the subject Were not so wretched.

Lic. Sure I met them all, I think, upon that quest.

P. Ca. 'Faith, like enough: [*natures.* The vicious still are swift to shew their I'll thither too, but with another aim, If all succeed well, and my simples take.

SCENE IV.

Penny-boy sen. Porter.

[*He is seen sitting at his table, with papers before him.*]

P. sen. Where are the prisoners?

Por. They are forth-coming, sir, Or coming forth, at least.

P. sen. The rogue is drunk, Since I committed them to his charge.

Come hither, [*Wine!*]

Near me, yet nearer; breathe upon me. [*He smells him.*

Wine o' my worship! Sack! Canary sack! Could not your badge ha' been drunk with fulsom ale,

Or beer, the porters element? but sack!

Por. I am not drunk; we had, sir, but one pint,

An honest carrier and myself.

P. sen. Who paid for't?

Por. Sir, I did give it him.

P. sen. What? and spend six-pence!

A frock spend six-pence! six-pence!

Por. Once in a year, sir.

P. sen. In seven years, varlet! know'st thou what thou hast done?

What a consumption thou hast made of a state? [*young*]

It might please heav'n (a lusty knave and To let thee live some seventy years longer, Till thou art fourscore and ten, perhaps a hundred. [*in seventy?*]

Say seventy years; how many times seven Why seven times ten, is ten times seven,

mark me,

I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers.

Sixpence in seven year (use upon use)

Grows in that first seven year to be a twelve-pence; [*four shillings;*

That, in the next, two shillings; the third, The fourth seven year, eight shillings; the fifth, sixteen;

Wine!

Wine o' your worship! It seems most natural to read, "o' my worship;" as we say commonly, On my honour! unless it be meant ironically, Your worship must have wine!

The sixth, two and thirty; the seventh, three pound four;

The eighth, six pound and eight; the ninth, twelve pound sixteen;

And the tenth seven, five and twenty pound Twelve shillings. This thou art fall'n from by thy riot!

Should'st thou live seventy years, by spending sixpence

Once? the seven: but in a day to waste it!

There is a sum that number cannot reach!

Out o' my house, thou pest of prodigality! Seed o' consumption! hence: a wicked keeper

Is oft worse than the prisoners. There's thy 'Four tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogs

May yet be innocent and honest. If not, I have an entrapping question or two more,

To put unto 'em, a cross interrogatory, And I shall catch 'em. Lollard! Peace:

[He calls forth Lollard, and examines him. What whispering was that you had with Mortgage,

When you last lick'd her feet? the truth "Did you smell she was going?" Put down that. "And not,

"Not to return?" You are silent? good. And when [forth?] Consent.

Leap'd you on Statute? "As she went There was consent, as she was going forth.

'Twould have been fitter at her coming home, [your tower:]

But you knew, "that she would not?" To [He commits him again.

You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft. [tell me,

Block, shew your face, leave your carresses, [Calls forth Block, and examines him.

And tell me truly, what affronts do you know

Were done Pecunia, that she left my house? "None," say you so? "not that you know?" or "will know?"

I fear me, I shall find you an obstinate cur. Why did your fellow Lollard cry this morning?

"'Cause Broker kickt him?" Why did Broker kick him?

"Because he pist against my lady's gown?" Why, that was no affront? no? no distaste?

"You knew o' none?" you're a dissembling tyke. [Commits him.

To your hole again, your Block-house. Lollard, arise.

[Lollard is called again. Where did you lift your leg up last? 'gainst what?

[for mercy? Are you struck dummerer now, and whine

Whose kirtle was't you gnaw'd too? mistress Band's? [Block bescomber

"And Wax's stockings?" Who? "did "Statute's white suit, wi' the parchment

lace there: [out. "And Broker's sattin doublet?" All will

They had offence, offence enough to quit me. [shews it,

Appear, Block: fough! 'tis manifest; he [Block is summoned the second time.

Should he forswear't, make all the affidavits Against it, that he could afore the bench,

And twenty juries, he would be convinc'd. He bears an air about him doth confess it.

To prison again, close prison. Not you, Lollard;

[Block is remanded, and Lollard has the liberty of the house.

You may enjoy the liberty of the house. And yet there is a quirk come in my head,

For which I must commit you too, and close.

Do not repine, it will be better for you.

SCENE V.

Enter the jeerers.

Cymbal, Fitton, Shunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Penny-boy sen. Lick-finger.

Cym. This is enough to make the dogs mad too:

Let's in upon him. P. sen. How now? what's the matter?

Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?

Fit. We come to bail your dogs. P. sen. They are not bailable.

They stand committed without bail or main-prize.

Your bail cannot be taken. Shun. Then the truth is,

We come to vex you. Alm. Jeer you.

Mad. Bait you rather. Cym. A baited usurer will be good flesh.

Fit. And tender, we are told. P. sen. Who is the butcher,

Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat? Shun. You would die a calf's death fain,

but 'tis an ox's Is meant you:

Fit. To be fairly knock'd o' the head. Shun. With a good jeer or two.

P. sen. And from your jaw-bone, Don Assinigo!

Cym. Shunfield, a jeer, you have it. Shun. 'I do confess, a swashing blow; but

Snarl,

* Four TOKENS for thee.] Four farthings. See Bartholomew-Fair, act 3. not. 4.

Shun. I do confess, a WASHING blow.] Washing, by the error of the press; whereas swashing is the true word. See Strash, in Mr. Lye's edition of Junius. And so Rosalind, in As you Like it,

"We have a swashing and a martial outside,

"As many other mannish cowards have."—Act 1. scene 10.

You that might play the third dog, for your teeth,

You ha' no money now?

Fit. No, nor no Mortgage.

Alm. Nor Band.

Mad. Nor Statute.

Cym. No, nor blusket Wax.

P. sen. Nor you no office, as I take it.

Shun. Cymbal,

A mighty jeer.

Fit. Pox o' these true jests, I say.

Mad. He'll turn the better jeerer.

Alm. Let's upon him.

And if we cannot jeer him down in wit—

Mad. Let's do't in noise.

Shun. Content.

Mad. Charge, man o' war.

Alm. Lay him aboard.

Shun. We'll give him a broad-side first.

Fit. Where is your vension now?

Cym. Your red-deer pies?

Shun. Wl' your bak'd turkeys?

Alm. And your partridges?

Mad. Your pheasants and fat swans?

P. sen. Like you, turn'd geese.

Mad. But such as will not keep your capitol.

Shun. You were wont to ha' your breams—

Alm. And trout sent in.

Cym. Fat carps and salmons.

Fit. I, and now and then

An emblem o' yourself, an o'er-grown pike.

P. sen. You are a jack, sir.

Fit. You ha' made a shift

To swallow twenty such poor jacks ere now.

Alm. If he should come to feed upon poor John? [this?]

Mad. Or turn poor Jack-a-lent after all

Fit. Tut, he'll live like a grasshopper—

Mad. On dew. [own claws.]

Shun. Or like a bear, with licking his

Cym. I, if his dogs were away.

Alm. He'll eat them first,

While they are fat.

Fit. Faith, and when they are gone,

Here's nothing to be seen beyond.

Cym. Except

His kindred, spiders, natives o' the soil.

Alm. Dost he wil ha' enough here, to breed fleas.

Mad. But by that time he'll ha' no blood to rear 'em.

Shun. He will be as thin as a lanthorn, we shall see through him.

Alm. And his gut colon tell his intestina.

P. sen. Rogues, rascals (baw waw.)

[His dogs bark.]

Fit. He calls his dogs to his aid.

Alm. O! they rise but at mention of his stripes. [him.]

Cym. Let them alone, they do it not for

Mad. They bark *se defendendo*.

Shun. Or for custom,

As commonly curs do one for another.

Lic. Arm, arm you, gentlemen jeerers, the old Canter.

Is coming in upon you with his forces,
The gentleman that was the Canter.

Shun. Hence.

Fit. Away.

Cym. What is he?

Alm. Stay not to ask questions.

Fit. He is a flame.

Shun. A furnace.

Alm. A consumption,

Kills where he goes. [They all run away.]

Lic. See! the whole covey is scatter'd;

'Ware, 'ware the hawk. I love to see 'em fly.

SCENE VI.

Penny-boy Canter, Penny-boy sen. Penny-boy jun. Pecunia, Train.

P. Ca. You see by this amazement and distraction, [frighted,
What your companions were, a poor, af-
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth; but conscious to them-
selves

Of their no-wit, or honesty, ran routed

At every panic terror themselves bred.

Where else, as confident as sounding brass,

Their tinkling captain, Cymbal, and the rest,

Dare put on any visor, to deride

The wretched, or with buffoon licence jest

At whatsoe'er is serious, if not sacred.

P. sen. Who's this? my brother! and
restor'd to life!

[*Penny-boy sen. acknowledgeth his elder brother.*]

P. Ca. Yes, and sent hither to restore
your wits, [anger]

If your short madness be not more than

Conceived for your loss! which I return
you.

See here, your Mortgage, Statute, Band,
and Wax,

Without your Broker, come to abide with
you,

And vindicate the prodigal from stealing

Away the lady. Nay, Pecunia herself

Is come to free him fairly, and discharge

All ties, but those of love unto her person,

To use her like a friend, not like a slave,

Or like an idol. Superstition

Doth violate the deity it worships,

No less than scorn doth. And believe it,
brother,

The use of things is all, and not the store:

Surfeit and fulness have kill'd more than
famine.

The sparrow with his little plumage, flies,

While the proud peacock, overcharg'd with

pens, [train,

Is fain to sweep the ground with his grown

And load of feathers.

P. sen. Wise and honour'd brother!

None but a brother, and sent from the dead,

As you are to me, could have altered me:

I thank my destiny, that is so gracious.

Are there no pains, no penalties decreed

From whence you come, to us that smother
money

In chests, and strangle her in bags?

P. Ca. O, mighty,
Intolerable fines, and mulcts impos'd!
(Of which I come to warn you) forfeitures
Of whole estates, if they be known and
taken!

P. sen. I thank you, brother, for the light
you have given me;

I will prevent 'em all. First, free my dogs,
Lest what I ha' done to them (and against
law)

Be a præmunire; for by magna charta
They could not be committed as close pri-
soners,

My learned council tells me here, my cook;
And yet he shew'd me the way first.

Lic. Who did? I!

I trench the liberty o' the subjects?

P. Ca. Peace,
Picklock, your guest, that Stentor, hath
infected you*, [collar.]

Whom I have safe enough in a wooden

P. sen. Next, I restore these servants to
their lady, [nance;

With freedom, heart of chear, and counte-
It is their year and day of jubilee.

Tra. We thank you, sir.
[*Her Train thanks him.*]

P. sen. And lastly, to my nephew
I give my house, goods, lands, all but my
vices,

And those I go to cleanse; kissing this lady,
Whom I do give him too, and join their
hands. [we thank 'em.]

P. Ca. If the spectators will join theirs,

P. jun. And wish they may, as I, enjoy
Pecunia.

Pec. And so Pecunia herself doth wish,
That she may still be aid unto their uses,
Not slave unto their pleasures, or a tyrant

Over their fair desires; but teach them all
The golden mean; the prodigal how to
live;

The sordid and the covetous how to die;
That, with sound mind; this, safe frugality.

* *Picklock, your guest, that SENATOR, hath infected you.*] So the edition of 1716: the old edition, as it stands in the text, "that Stentor;" an appellation not improper for a noisy, bawling lawyer.

THE EPILOGUE.

" Thus have you seen the maker's double
scope,

" To profit and delight; wherein our hope

" Is, though the clout we do not always hit,

" It will not be imputed to his wit: [start,

" A tree so try'd, and bent, as 'twill not

" Nor doth he often crack a string of art;

" Though there may other accidents as
strange [change,

" Happen, the weather of your looks may

" Or some high wind of misconceit arise,

" To cause an alteration in our skies:

" If so, we are sorry, that have so mispent

" Our time and tackle; yet he's confident,

" And vows, the next fair day he'll have us
shoot

" The same match o'er for him, if you'll
come to't."

* *Though the clout we do not always hit.*] The metaphor from archery: the clout is the white mark in the butts, which the archers aimed at. And so it is used by Shakespeare.

This Comedy was acted in the year 1605,

By the KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

THE NEW INN ; OR, THE LIGHT HEART.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Lord FRAMPUL, a noble gentleman, well educated, and bred a scholar in Oxford, was married young, to a virtuous gentlewoman, Syll's daughter of the South, whose worth (tho' he truly enjoyed) he never could rightly value; but, as many green husbands (given over to their extravagant delights, and some peccant humours of their own), occasioned in his over-loving wife so deep a melancholy, by his leaving her in the time of her lying-in of her second daughter, she having brought him only two daughters, Frances and Lætitia: and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to be a cause of her husband's coldness in affection, her not being blest with a son, took a resolution with herself, after her month's time, and thanksgiving rightly in the church, to quit her home, with a vow never to return, till by reducing her lord, she could bring a wished happiness to the family.

He in the mean time returning, and hearing of this departure of his lady, began, tho' over-late, to resent the injury he had done her; and out of his cock-brain'd resolution, entered into as solemn a quest of her. Since when, neither of them had been heard of. But the eldest daughter Frances, by the title of Lady Frampul, enjoyed the estate, her sister being lost young, and is the sole relict of the family.

A C T I. *Here begins our Comedy.*

This lady, being a brave, bountiful lady, and enjoying this free and plentiful estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the mistress of many servants, but loves none. And hearing of a famous New-Inn, that is kept by a merry host, call'd Good-stock, in Barnet, invites some lords and gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to see the fashions of the place, as to make themselves merry, with the accidents on the by. It happens there is a melancholy gentleman, one master Lovel, hath been lodged there some days before in the Inn, who (unwilling to be seen) is surprized by the lady, and invited by Prudence, the lady's chambermaid, who is elected governess of the sports in the Inn for that day, and install'd their sovereign. Lovel is persuaded by the host, and yields to the lady's invitation; which concludes the first act: having reveal'd his quality before to the host.

In the Second A C T,

Prudence and her lady express their anger conceiv'd at the taylor, who had promised to make Prudence a new suit, and bring it home, as on the eve, against this day. But he failing of his word, the lady had commanded a standard of her own best apparel to be brought down; and Prudence is so fitted. The lady being put in mind, that she is there alone without other company of women, borrows (by the advice of Pru) the host's son of the house, whom they dress with the host's consent, like a lady, and send out the coachman with the empty coach, as for a kinswoman of her ladyship's, mistress Lætitia Syll, to bear her company: who attended with his nurse, an old chare-woman in the Inn, drest oddly by the host's counsel, is believed to be a lady of quality, and so receiv'd, entertain'd, and love made to her by the young lord Beaufort, &c. In the mean time the Fly of the Inn is discover'd to colonel Glorious, with the militia of the house, below the stairs, in the drawer, tapster, chamberlain, and hostler, inferior officers; with the coachman Trundle, Ferret, &c. And the preparation is made to the lady's design upon Lovel, his upon her, and the sovereign's upon both.

Here begins, at the Third A C T, the Epitasis, or business of the Play.

Lovel, by the dexterity and wit of the sovereign of the sports Prudence, having two hours assign'd him of free colloquy, and love-making to his mistress, one after dinner, the other after supper; the court being set, is demanded by the lady Frampul, what love is? as doubting if there were any such power, or no. To whom he, first by definition, and after by argument, answers; proving and describing the effects of love, so vively, as she,

who had derided the name of love before, hearing his discourse, is now so taken both with the man and his matter, as she confesseth herself enamour'd of him, and, but for the ambition she hath to enjoy the other hour, had presently declared herself: which gives both him and the spectators occasion to think she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of her kiss, which he celebrates. And the court dissolves, upon news brought, of a new lady, a newer coach, and a new coachman call'd Barnaby.

ACT IV.

The house being put into a noise, with the rumour of this new lady, and there being drinking below in the court, the colonel sir Glorious, with Bat Burst a broken citizen, and Hodge Huffle his champion; she falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is uncivilly intreated by them, and a quarrel commenc'd, but is rescued by the valour of Lovel; which beheld by the lady Frampul, from the window, she is invited up for safety, where coming, and conducted by the host, her gown is first discovered to be the same with the whole suit, which was bespoken for Pru, and she herself, upon examination, found to be Pinnacia Stuff, the taylor's wife, who was wont to be pre-occupied in all his customers' best clothes, by the footman her husband. They are both condemned and censur'd, she stript like a doxey, and sent home a-foot. In the interim, the second hour goes on, and the question, at suit of the lady Frampul, is changed from love to valour; which ended, he receives his second kiss, and, by the rigour of the sovereign, falls into a fit of melancholy, worse, or more desperate than the first.

The Fifth and last ACT

Is the catastrophe, or knitting up of all, where Fly brings word to the host of the lord Beaufort's being married privately in the New-stable, to the supposed lady, his son; which the host receives as an omen of mirth; but complains that Lovel is gone to bed melancholic, when Prudence appears drest in the new suit, applauded by her lady, and employed to retrieve Lovel. The host encounters them, with this relation of lord Beaufort's marriage, which is seconded by the lord Latimer, and all the servants of the house. In this while, lord Beaufort comes in, and professes it, calls for his bed and bride-bowl to be made ready; the host forbids both, shews whom he hath married, and discovers him to be his son, a boy. The lord bridegrooms confounded, the nurse enters like a frantic bedlamite, cries out on Fly, says she is undone in her daughter, who is confessed to be the lord Frampul's child, sister to the other lady, the host to be their father, she his wife. He finding his children, bestows them one on Lovel, the other on the lord Beaufort, the Inn upon Fly, who had been a gypsy with him; offers a portion with Prudence, for her wit, which is refused; and she taken by the lord Latimer to wife, for the crown of her virtue and goodness. And all are contented.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

With some short Characterism of the chief Actors.

GOOD-STOCK, the host (play'd well) alias the Lord FRAMPUL. He pretends to be a gentleman and a scholar, neglected by the times, turns host, and keeps an inn, the sign of the Light-Heart in Barnet: is supposed to have one only son, but is found to have none, but two daughters, Frances, and Lætitia who was lost young, &c.

LOVEL, a complete gentleman, a soldier and a scholar, is a melancholy guest in the Inn: first quarrel'd, after much honour'd and belov'd by the host. He is known to have been page to the old lord Beaufort, follow'd him in the French wars, after a companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son. He is assist'd in his love to the lady Frampul, by the host, and the chambermaid Prudence. He was one that acted well too.

FRANK, who is called Stote and Vermin, is Lovel's servant, a fellow of a quick nimble wit, knows the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable and timely discoveries of them.

FRANK, suppos'd a boy, and the host's son, borrowed to be drest for a lady, and set up as a stale by Prudence, to catch Beaufort or Latimer, proves to be Lætitia, sister to Frances, and lord Frampul's younger daughter, stolen by a beggar-woman, shorn, put into boy's apparel, sold to the host, and brought up by him as his son.

NURSE, a poor chare-woman in the Inn, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish beggar that sold him, but is truly the lady Frampul, who left her home melan-

eholic, and jealous that her lord lov'd her not, because she brought him none but daughters, and lives unknown to her husband, as he to her.

FRANCES, supposed the lady Frampul, being reputed his sole daughter and heir, the barony descending upon her, is a lady of great fortune, and beauty, but phantastical: thinks nothing a felicity, but to have a multitude of servants, and be call'd mistress by them, comes to the Inn to be merry, with a chambermaid only, and her servants her guests, &c.

PRUDENCE, the chamber-maid, is elected sovereign of the sports in the Inn, governs all, commands, and so orders, as the lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife, in conclusion.

LORD LATIMER and lord BEAUFORT, are a pair of young lords, servants and guests to the lady Frampul; but as Latimer tails enamour'd of Prudence, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the host's son, set up for Lætitia, the younger sister, which she proves to be in'eed.

SIR GLORIOUS TIPTO, a knight, and colonel, hath the luck to think well of himself, without a rival, talks gloriously of any thing, but very seldom is in the right. He is the lady's guest, and her servant too; but this day utterly neglects his service, or that him. For he is so enamour'd on the Fly of the Inn, and the militia below stairs, with Hodge Huffle, and Bat Burst, guests that come in, and Trundle, Barnaby, &c. as no other society relisheth with him.

FLY, is the parasite of the Inn, visitor-general of the house, one that had been a strolling gipsy, but now is reclaim'd, to be inflamer of the reckonings.

PIERCE, the drawer, knighted by the colonel, stil'd Sir Pierce, and young Anon, one of the chief of the infantry.

JORDAN, the chamberlain, another of the militia, and an officer, commands the tertija of the beds.

JUG, the tapster, a thorough-fare of news.

PECK, the hostler.

BAT BURST, a broken citizen, an in-and-in man¹.

HODGE HUFFLE, a cheater, his champion.

NICK STUFF, the ladies' taylor.

PINNACIA STUFF, his wife.

TRUNDLE, a coachman.

BARNABY, a hir'd coachman.

STAGGERS, the smith. { Only talk'd on:

TREE, the saddler. }

SCENE, Barnet.

¹ *An in-and-in man.*] *In-and-in* was a game then in use, and played with four dice in a box: it was the usual diversion at ordinaries, and places of the like resort.

THE PROLOGUE.

"YOU are welcome, welcome all to the
New Inn: [cheer will win
"Though the old house, we hope our
"Your acceptance: we ha' the same cook
"Still, and the fat, who says, you sha' not
look
"Long for your bill of fare, but every dish
"Be serv'd in i' the time, and to your wish:
"If any thing be set to a wrong taste,
"Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth's
displac'd.
"Remove but that sick palate, all is well.
"For this, the secure dresser bade me tell,
"Nothing more hurts just meetings, than a
crowd; [loud:
"Or, when the expectation's grown too
"That the nice stomach would ha' this or
that, [what:
"And being ask'd, or urg'd, it knows not

"When sharp or sweet, have been too much
a feast,
"And both out-liv'd the palate of the guest.
"Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,
"They do contend a weak, sick, queasie
age;
"And a shrewd grudging too of ignorance,
"When clothes and faces 'bove the men
advance:
"Hear for your health, then, but at any
hand,
"Before you judge, vouchsafe to under-
stand,
"Concoct, digest: if then, it do not hit,
"Some are in a consumption of wit,
"Deep he dares say, he will not think, that
all—
"For hereticks are not epidemical."

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Host, Ferret.

Host. I AM not pleas'd, indeed, you are i'
the right; [speak,
Nor is my house pleas'd, if my sign could
The sign o' the Light-Heart. There you
may read it;

So may your master too, if he look on't.
A heart weigh'd with a feather, and out-
weigh'd too: [on't!

A brain-child o' my own! and I am proud
And if his worship think, here, to be melan-
choly,

In spite of me or my wit, he is deceiv'd;
I will maintain the rebus 'gainst all humours,
And all complexions i' the body of man,
That's my word, or i' the isle of Britain!

Fer. You have reason, good mine host.

Host. Sir, I have rhyme too.
Whether it be by chance or art,
"A heavy purse makes a light heart."

There'tis exprest! first, by a purse of gold,
A heavy purse, and then two turtles, makes,
A heart with a light stuck in't, a Light-Heart!
Old Abbot Islip could not invent better,
Or prior Bolton with his Bolt and Ton!

I am an inn-keeper, and know my grounds,
And study 'em; brain o' man, I study 'em:
I must ha' jovial guests to drive my ploughs,
And whistling boys to bring my harvest
home, [master

Or I shall hear no flails thwack. Here, your
And you ha' been this fortnight, drawing
fleas

Out of my mats, and pounding 'em in cages
Cut out of cards, and those rop'd round with
pack-thread,

Drawn thorough birdlime! a fine subtilty!
Or poring through a multiplying-glass,
Upon a captiv'd crab-house, or a cheese-
mite

To be dissected, as the sports of nature,
With a neat Spanish needle! speculations
That do become the age, I do confess!
As measuring an ant's eggs with the silk-
worm's,

By a phantastic instrument of thread,
Shall give you their just difference to a hair!
Or else recovering o' dead flies with crums!
(Another quaint conclusion i' the physicks)
Which I ha' seen you busy at, thro' the key-
hole—

But never had the fate to see a fly——
[Enter Lovel.
Alive i' your cups, or once heard, Drink,
mine host, [you.
Or such a cheerful chirping charm come from

S C E N E II.

Lovel, Ferret, Host.

Lov. What's that? what's that?

Fer. A buzzing of mine host

About a fly! a murmur that he has.

Host. Sir, I am telling your Stote here,
monsieur Ferret, [you, sir,

(For that I hear's his name) and dare tell
If you have a mind to be melancholy, and
musty, [Stocks,

There's Footman inn, at the town's end, the
Or Carrier's place, at sign o' the Broken
Wain, [there,

Mansions of state! take up your harbour
There are both flies and fleas, and all variety
Of vermin, for inspection or dissection.

Lov. We ha' set our rest up here, sir, i'
your heart. [not do it:

Host. Sir, set your heart at rest, you shall
Unless you can be jovial. Brain o' man,
Be jovial first, and drink, and dance, and
drink.

Your lodging here, and wi' your daily dumps,
Is a mere libel 'gain my house and me;
And, then, your scandalous commons.

Lov. How, mine host? [road, here.

Host. Sir, they do scandal me, upo' the
A poor quotidian rack o' mutton, roasted
Dry to be grated! and that driven down
With beer and butter-milk, mingled toge-
ther,

Or clarified whey instead of claret!

It is against my free-hold, my inheritance,
My Magna Charta, *cor latificat*,

To drink such balder-dash, or bonny-clabber!
Gi' me good wine, or catholic, or christian,
Wine is the word that glads the heart of man:
And mine's the house of wine, Sack, says my
bush, [poetic!

"Be merry, and drink sherry;" that's my
For I shall never joy i' my Light-Heart,
So long as I conceive a sullen guest,
Or any thing that's earthy!

Lov. Humorous host.

Host. I care not if I be.

Lov. But airy also,

¹ Old Abbot Islip could not invent better,

[Or prior Bolton with his Bolt and Ton.] The reader may find in *Camden's Remains*, the rebus made use of by these ecclesiasticks to express their names on the several buildings erected by them, or belonging to them. It may not perhaps be immaterial to mention, that the word *bolt* is the same with *arrow*; which is the sense it bears in the proverbial expression, and in all our old writers. The *bolt* and *ton*, is a ton pierc'd through with an arrow.

Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench
Upo' your privileges, or great charter,
(For those are every hostler's language now)
Say, you were born beneath those smiling
stars, [Heart,
Have made you lord, and owner of the
Of the Light-Heart in Barnet; suffer us
Who are more saturnine, t'enjoy the shade
Of your round roof yet.
Host. Sir, I keep no shades
Nor shelters, I; for either owls or rere-mice.

SCENE III.

Ferret, Host, Lovel.

Fer. He'll make you a bird of night, sir.
Host. Bless you, child!
[*En. Fra.* (*the Host speaks to his child o' the by.*)
You'll make yourselves such.
Lov. That your son, mine Host?
Host. He's all the sons I have, sir.
Lov. Pretty boy!
Goes he to school?
Fer. O lord, sir, he prates Latin,
An' 'twere a parrot, or a play-boy.
Lov. Thou——
Commend'st him fitly.
Fer. To the pitch, he flies, sir.
He'll tell you what is Latin for a looking-
glass, [pan.
A beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warning
Lov. What's that?
Fer. A wench, i' the inn-phrase, is all
these;
A looking-glass in her eye,
A beard-brush with her lips, *
A rubber with her hand,
And a warming-pan with her hips.
Host. This, in your scurril dialect. But
my Inn
Knows no such language.
Fer. That's because, mine host,
You do profess the teaching him yourself.
Host. Sir, I do teach him somewhat. By
degrees,
And with a funnel, I make shift to fill
The narrow vessel; he is but yet a bottle.
Lov. O let him lose no time tho'.
Host. Sir, he does not.
Lov. And less his manners.
Host. I provide for those:
Come hither, Frank, speak to the gentleman
In Latin: he is melancholy; say,
I long to see him merry, and so would treat
him.
Fra. *Subtristis visū es esse aliquantulum
patri,*
Qui te tantū excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit.
Lov. *Pulchrē.*
Host. Tell him, I fear it bodes us some
ill luck,
His too reservedness.
Fra. *Feretur pater,*
*Ne quid nobis mali, ominis apportet iste
Nimis praeclusus cultus.*

Lov. *Bellē.* A fine child!
You wo' no part with him, mine host?
Host. Who told you
I would not?
Lov. I but ask you.
Host. And I answer,
To whom? for what?
Lov. To me to be my page.
Host. I know no mischief yet the child
hath done,
To deserve such a destiny.
Lov. Why?
Host. Go down, boy,
And get your breakfast. Trust me, I had
rather [him
Take a fair halter, wash my hands, and hang
Myself, make a clean riddance of him,
than——
Lov. What?
Host. Than damn him to that desperate
course of life.
Lov. Call you that desperate, which by a
line
Of institution, from our ancestors,
Hath been deriv'd down to us, and receiv'd
In a succession, for the noblest way
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,
Fair mein, discourses, civil exercise,
And all the blazon of a gentleman?
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to
fence,
To move his body gracefuller? to speak
His language purer? or to tune his mind,
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,
Than in these nurseries of nobility?——
Host. I, that was, when the nursery's self
was noble,
And only virtue made it, not the market,
That titles were not vented at the druin,
Or common outcry; goodness gave the
greatness,
And greatness worship: every house became
An academy of honour, and those parts——
We see departed, in the practice now,
Quite from the institution.
Lov. Why do you say so?
Or think so enviously? do they not still
Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of
Thrace,
To ride? or Pollux' mystery, to fence?
The Pyrrhick gestures, both to dance and
spring
In armour, to be active for the wars?
To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
May yield 'em great in counsels, and the
arts [tis'd?
Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses prac-
To make their English sweet upon their
tongue!
As rev'rend Chaucer says?
Host. Sir, you mistake;
To play sir Pandarus my copy hath it,
And carry messages to madam Cresside.
Instead of backing the brave steed, o' morn-
ings,
To mount the chambermaid; and for a leap

O' the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house²:

For exercise of arms, a bale of dice³,
Or two or three packs of cards to shew the cheat,

And nimbleness of hand: mistake a cloke
From my lord's back, and pawn it. Ease
his pockets

Of a superfluous watch. Or geld a jewel
Of an odd stone or so. Twinge three or
four buttons

From off my lady's gown. These are the arts,
Or seven liberal deadly sciences

Of pagery, or rather paganism,
As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,
He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tyburn,
A year the earlier: come, to read a lecture
Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas à Waterings⁴,
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!

Low. You're tart, mine Host, and talk
above your seasoning,

O'er what you seem: it should not come,
methinks, [neis!]

Under your cap, this vein of salt and sharp-
These striking upon learning, now and then?
How long have you (if your dull guest may
ask it) [Heart-]

Drove this quick trade, of keeping the Light,
Your mansion, palace here, or hostelry?

Host. Troth, I was born to somewhat, sir,
above it.

Low. I easily suspect that: mine host,
your name.

Host. They call me Good-stock.

Low. Sir, and you confess it, [ing,
Both i' your language, treaty, and your bear-

Host. Yet all, sir, are not sons o' the white
hen;

Nor can we, as the songster says, "come all
"To be wrapt soft and warm in fortune's
smock:" [kind,

When she is pleas'd to trick or tromp man-
Some may be coats, as in the cards; but
then [and ostlers,

Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds,
As aces, duces, cards o' ten, to face it
Out i' the game, which all the world is.

Low. But,
It being i' your free-will (as 'twere) to choose
What parts you would sustain, methinks a
man

Of your sagacity, and clear nostril, should
Have made another choice, than of a place
So sordid, as the keeping of an inn:

Where every jovial tinker, for his chink,
May cry, Mine host, to "Cranbe, give us
drink; [stink."

"And do not slink, but skink, or else you
Rogue, bawd, and cheater, call you by the
surnames,

And known synonyma of your profession.

Host. But if I be no such; who then's the
rogue,

In understanding, sir, I mean? who errs?
Who tinkleth then? or personates Thom
Tinker?

² ————— And for a leap

O' the vaulting horse, to play the vaulting house.] For play, which does by no means
suit what follows, we must read, I presume, ply the vaulting house.

³ For exercise of arms a BALE OF DICE.] i. e. a pair of dice; the expression is common
to the sportsmen of Jonson's age, as well as the preceding.

"What lo man, se here of Dyce a bale." Skelton's *Bouge of Court*.

⁴ ————— Come to read a lecture

Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas à Waterings.] Antiently the place where criminals were
executed, in the county of Surrey.

⁵ Some may be COATS, as in the cards.] This shews us that our common expression of
court-cards, tho' seemingly justified by the names king, queen, &c. is inaccurate. Those
cards are named from the coats or dresses which the painted figures are drawn in. What
follows in the next line but one, grew in time to be proverbial;

————— Cards o' ten, to face it

Out i' the game, which all the world is.

A card o' ten, is what we now call a tenth card, and the phrase "to face it with a card of
ten," is to win it, or get the better of it. To this purpose Shakspeare:

Tra. "A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

"Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten." *Taming of the Shrew*.

Which passage Mr. Warburton thus explains, that is, with the highest card, in the old
simple games of our ancestors; so that this became a proverbial expression. So Skelton,

"First pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,

"And so out-face him with a card of ten."

There is a preceding line, which deserves a remark;

————— When she is pleas'd to trick or tromp mankind.

The common etymology of the word *trump*, as made use of in games at cards, derives it
from a corruption of *triumph*; but from the manner in which our poet has here spelt the
word, it is probable he thought it was derived from the French *tromper*, to deceive. And
indeed it will easily bear this acceptance. A person playing at the game thinks he shall
win the trick, till his adversary takes it from him by a *tromp*; he is *trompt*, or deceived.
The songster mentioned above is Juvenal, from whom the expression, "sons of the white
"hen," *gallina filius alba*, is borrowed.

Your weazle here may tell you I talk bawdy,
And teach my boy it; and you may believe
him:

But sir, at your own peril, if I do not:
And at his too, if he do lie, and affirm it.
No slander strikers, less hurts, the innocent.
If I be honest, and that all the cheat
Be of myself, in keeping this Light-Heart,
Where, I imagine all the world's a play;
The state, and men's affairs, all passages
Of life, to spring new scenes; come in, go
out,

And shift, and vanish; and if I have got
A seat to sit at ease here, i' mine inn,
To see the comedy; and laugh, and chuck
At the variety and throng of humours
And dispositions, that come justling in,
And out still, as they one drove hence ano-
ther:

Why will you envy me my happiness?
Because you are sad and lumpish; carry a
load-stone [rings,
I' your pocket, to hang knives on; or jet
T' entice light straws to leap at 'em; are
not taken

With the alacrities of an host! 'tis more,
And justlier, sir, my wonder, why you took
My house up, Fidler's-hall, the seat of noise,
And mirth, an inn here, to be drowsy in,
And lodge your lethargy in the Light-Heart,
As if some cloud from court had been your
harbinger, [charge,

Or Cheap-side debt-books, or some mistress'
Seeing your love grow corpulent, gi' it a dyet,
By absence, some such mouldy passion!

Loc. 'Tis guess'd unhappily.

Fer. Mine host, you're call'd.

Host. I come, boys.

Loc. Ferret, have not you been ploughing
With this mad ox, mine host? nor he with
you?

Fer. For what, sir?

Loc. Why, to find my riddle out.

Fer. I hope you do believe, sir, I can find
Other discourse to be at, than my master,
With hosts and hostlers.

Loc. If you can, 'tis well. [what guests;
Go down, and see, who they are come in,
And bring me word.

SCENE IV.

Locel.

O love, what passion art thou!
So tyrannous! and treacherous! first t' en-
slave, [thee!
And then betray, all that in truth do serve
That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,
Can more dissemble thee, than he can bear
Hot burning coals, in his bare palm, or bosom!
And less conceal, or hide thee, than a flash
Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth
lay it

Open to all discovery, even of those
Who have but half an eye, and less of nose!
An host, to find me! who is, commonly,
The log, a little o' this side the sign-post!
Or at the best some round-grown thing, a
jug, [guests,

Fac'd with a beard, that fills out to the
And takes in fro' the fragments o' their jests!
But I may wrong this out of sullenness,
Or my mistaking humour? Pray thee,
phant'sic,

Be lay'd again. And, gentle melancholy,
Do not oppress me; I will be as silent,
As the tame lover should be, and as foolish.

SCENE V.

Host, Ferret, Locel.

Host. My guest, my guest, be jovial, I be-
seech thee. [game:
I have fresh golden guests, guests o' the
Three coach full! lords! and ladies! new
come in.

And I will cry them to thee, and thee to
them,

So can I spring a smile, but i' this brow,
That like the rugged Roman alderman—
Old master Gross, surnam'd 'Ayikager,

Was never seen to laugh, but at an ass'. [Enter Ferret.

Fer. Sir, here's the lady Frampul.

Loc. How!

Fer. And her train,
Lord Beaufort, and lord Latimer, the colonel
Tipto, with Mrs. Prue, the chamber-maid;
Trundle, the coachman—

* TO SIT AT EASE HERE I' MINE INN.] To take one's ease here, in one's inn, was an ancient proverb of our ancestors, which arose from the right every man hath to be at ease, and quiet in his own house. Hence the assaulting a man therein, was deemed a capital offence. This offence in our old law is called *Hamsoken*; and the treatise intituled *Mirror de Justices* describes it in the very words of the proverb: *Hamsokene d'ancien ordinance est pèche mortelle, car droit est que cheun eit quiet en son hostel qui a luy est.* And to this Falstaff alludes, in the following application: "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd?" First part of *Henry IV.* act 3. sc. 5.

? That like the rugged Roman alderman—
Old master Gross, surnam'd 'Ayikager,
Was never seen to laugh, but at an ass.] It is necessary to give a little light to our poet's joke: the Roman alluded to, and here called master Gross, was Crassus the grandfather of Crassus the rich. And, as Pliny tells us, he was never seen to laugh but once, and that was at an ass muzzling a thistle.

Loc. Stop, discharge the house :
And get my horses ready, bid the groom
Bring them to the back gate.

Host. What mean you, sir?

Loc. To take fair leave, mine host.

Host. I hope, my guest,

Tho' I have talk'd somewhat above my
share, [vaguants,
At large, and been i' the altitudes, th' extra-
Neither myself, nor any of mine have gi'n
you [den.

The cause to quit my house thus on the sud-

Loc. No, I affirm it on my faith. Excuse
me

From such a rudeness ; I was now beginning
To taste and love you : and am heartily sorry,
Any occasion should be so compelling,
To urge my abrupt departure thus. But—
Necessity's a tyrant, and commands it.

Host. She shall command me first to fire
my bush ; [serve,

Then break up house : or, if that will not
To break with all the world. Turn country
bankrupt,

I'm mine own town, upo' the market-day,
And be protested for my butter and eggs ;
To the last bodge of oats, and bottle of hay ;
Ere you shall leave me, I will break my
heart : [pack.

Coach, and coach-horses, lords, and ladies
All my fresh guests shall stink ! I'll pull my
sign down,

Convert mine inn to an almshouse ! or a
spittle

For lazars, or switch-sellers ! turn it to
An academy o' rogues ! or gi't away
For a free-school to breed up beggars in,
And send 'em to the canting universities,
Before you leave me.

Loc. Troth, and I confess

I'm loth, mine host, to leave you : your
expressions

Both take and hold me. But, in case I stay,
I must enjoin you and your whole family
To privacy, and to conceal me. For,
The secret is, I would not willingly
See, or be seen, to any of this gung,
Especially the lady.

Host. Brain o' man,

[vet,
What monster is she ? or cockatrice in vel-
That kills thus ?

Loc. O good words, mine host. She is
A noble lady ! great in blood and fortune !
Fair ! and a wit ! but of so bent a phant'sie,
As she thinks nought a happiness, but to have
A multitude of servants ! and to get them,
(I though she be very honest) yet she ventures
Upon these precipices, that would make her
Not seem so, to some prying, narrow natures.

We call her, sir, the lady Frances Frampul,
Daughter and heir to the lord Frampul.

Host. Who ?

He that did live in Oxford, first a student,
And after, married with the daughter of—

Loc. Svilly.

Host. Right, of whom the tale went, to
turn puppet-master.

Loc. And travel with young Goose, the
motion-man.

Host. And lye, and live with the gipsies
half a year

Together, from his wife.

Loc. The very same : [daughter !

The mad lord Frampul ! and this same is his
But as cock-brain'd as e'er the father was !

There were two of them, Frances and La-
titia, [mour

But Lætitia was lost young ; and, as the ru-
Flew then, the mother upon it lost herself.

A fond weak woman, went away in a melan-
choly, [thought

Because she brought him none but girls, she
Her husband lov'd her not. And he as
foolish,

Too late resenting the cause gi'v'n, went after,
In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

Host. A strange division of a family !

Loc. And scatter'd as i' the great confu-
sion !

Host. But yet the lady, th' heir, enjoys
the land.

Loc. And takes all lordly ways how to
consume it,

As nobly as she can ; if clothes, and feasting,
And the authoriz'd means of riot will do it.

[Enter Ferret.
Host. She shews her extract, and I honour
her for it.

SCENE VI.

Ferret, Lovel, Host, Prudence.

Fer. Your horses, sir, are ready ; and the
house

Dis—

Loc. Pleas'd thou think'st ?

Fer. I cannot tell, discharg'd

I'm sure it is.

Loc. Charge it again, good Ferret,
And make unready the horses : thou know'st
how.

* Chalk, and renew the rondels, I am now
Resolv'd to stay.

Fer. I easily thought so,
When you should hear what's propos'd.

Loc. What ?

Fer. To throw
The house out o' the windo' ?

* CHALK, and renew the RONDELS.] He is now resolv'd to stay, and therefore orders his
servant to begin a fresh score or account. In public-houses, what is called for is usually
set up with chalk. But the word *rondels* requires an explanation : I apprehend it means
the circles, which are used to denominate shillings in an ale-house score. *Rondel*, or *roundel*,
is a term in heraldry, to denote a round ball ; and from this use of it, our poet, I presume,
applies it in the sense I have assigned.

Host. Brain o' man,
I shall ha' the worst o' that! will they not
throw [carpet,
My household-stuff out first, cushions, and
Chairs, stools, and bedding? is not their
sport my ruin?

Lov. Fear not, mine host, I am not o' the
fellowship. [it;

Fer. I cannot see, sir, how you will avoid
They know already, all, you are i' the house.

Lov. Who know?

Fer. The lords: they ha' seen me, and
enquir'd it.

Lov. Why were you seen?

Fer. Because indeed I had
No med'cine, sir, to go invisible:
No fern-seed in my pocket; nor an opal
Wrapt in bay-leaf i' my left fist,
To charm their eyes with.

Host. He gives you reasons
As round as Gyges' ring: which, say the an-
tients, [hoop.

Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a

Lov. You will ha' your rebus still, mine
host.

Host. I must.

Fer. My lady too look'd out o' the win-
do', and call'd me. [her,

And see where secretary Pru comes from
[Enter Prudence.

Employ'd upon some embassy unto you—

Host. I'll meet her if she come upon em-
ployment: [you.

Fair lady, welcome, as your host can make

Pru. Forbear, sir, I am first to have mine
audience,

Before the compliment. This gentleman
Is my address to.

Host. And it is in state.

Pru. My lady, sir, as glad o' the en-
counter

To find a servant here, and such a servant,
Whom she so values; with her best respects,

Desires to be remembered; and invites
Your nobleness to be a part, to-day,

Of the society, and mirth intended [vants.

By her, and the young lords, your fellow-ser-
Who are alike ambitious of enjoying

The fair request; and to that end have sent
Me, their imperfect orator, to obtain it:

Which if I may, they have elected me,
And crown'd me, with the title of a sove-
reign

Of the day's sports devised i' the Inn,
So you be pleas'd to add your suffrage to it.

Lov. So I be pleas'd, my gentle mistress
Prudence? [tion*,

You cannot think me of that coarse condi-
T' envy you any thing.

Host. That's nobly said!

And like my guest!

Lov. I gratulate your honour;

And should, with cheer, lay hold on any
handle

That could advance it. But for me to think,
I can be any rag or particle [list,

O' your lady's care, more than to fill her
She being the lady that professeth still

To love no soul or body, but for ends,
Which are her sports: and is not nice to

speak this,
But doth proclaim it, in all companies:

Her ladyship must pardon my weak counsels,
And weaker will, if I decline t' obey her.

Pru. O master Lovel, you must not give
credit

To all that ladies publicly profess,
Or talk, o' the volée, unto their servants.

Their tongues and thoughts oft-times lye far
asunder. [counsels,

Yet when they please, they have their cabinet-
And reserv'd thoughts, and can retire them-
selves

As well as others.

Host. I, the subtlest of us!
All that is born within a lady's lips—

Pru. Is not the issue of their hearts, mine
host.

Host. Or kiss or drink afore me.

Pru. Stay, excuse me;
Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her ladyship's

Slighting, or dis-esteem, sir, of your service,
Hath formerly begot any distaste,

Which I not know of: here I vow unto you,
Upon a chamber-maid's simplicity,

Reserving, still, the honour of my lady,
I will be bold to hold the glass up to her,

To shew her ladyship where she hath err'd,
And how to tender satisfaction; [venture.

So you vouchsafe to prove, but the day's
Host. What say you, sir? where are you?

are you within?

Lov. Yes, I will wait upon her and the
company. [bring him:

Host. It is enough, queen Prudence; I will
And o' this kiss. I long'd to kiss a queen!

Lov. There is no life on earth, but being
in love!

There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,

But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,

The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!

And now, I can out-wake the nightingale,
Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too,

Stalk like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a
treasure,

And all that phant'sied treasure, it is love.

Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or
Love-well?

I would know that.

Lov. I do not know't myself,
Whether it is. But it is love hath been

The hereditary passion of our house,

* You cannot think me of that COARSE CONDITION.] *Coarse disposition*, Edit. 1631.

Or talk o' the VOLÉE.] i. e. without thinking, rashly, and at random: the French
phrase is, à la volée.

My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend;
The truth is, I have lov'd this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it, in my person, to her.

Host. How then? [grams,

Loc. I ha' sent her toys, verses, and ana-
Trials o' wit, mere trifles she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could
she guess. [wooing!

Host. This was a pretty riddling way of

Loc. I oft have been, too, in her company;
And look'd upon her a whole day; admir'd
her; [still,

Loc. I lov'd her, and did not tell her so; lov'd
"Look'd still, and lov'd; and lov'd, and
look'd, and sigh'd:"

But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded—

Host. Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?

Loc. O but I lov'd the more; and she
might read it

Best in my silence, had she been—

Host. As melancholic

As you are. Pray you, why would you
stand mute, sir?

Loc. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you ever know, or hear of the lord
Beaufort,

Who serv'd so bravely in France? I was
his page,

And ere he dy'd, his friend: I follow'd him,
First, i' the wars, and, i' the times of peace,
I waited on his studies; which were right.

He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No knights o' the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,

Primahons, Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloyster,

Sent out to poison courts and infest manners:
But great Achilles, Agamemnon's acts,

Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' slights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them

In his immortal phant'isie, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,

That master of the Epic poem, limn'd
Pious Æneas, his religious prince,

Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his
young son. [use,

And these he brought to practice, and to
He gave me first my breeding, I acknow-
ledge, [the Hours,"

Then shower'd his bounties on me, like
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,

And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men! but then!

The trust committed to me at his death,
Was above all, and left so strong a tie

On all my powers, as time shall not dissolve!
Till it dissolve itself, and bury all!

The care of his brave heir, and only son!
Who being a virtuous, sweet, young, hope-
ful lord,

Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
And though I know, and may presume her
such,

As, out of humour, will return no love;
And therefore might indifferently be made

The courting-stock, for all to practise on,
As she doth practise on all us, to scorn.

Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
And debt profess'd, I've made a self-decree

Ne'er to express my person, though my
passion

Burn me to cinders.

Host. Then you're not so subtil,
Or half so read in love-craft, as I took you.

Come, come, you are no phoenix, an' you
were,

I should expect no miracle from your ashes.
Take some advice. Be still that rag of love,

You are. Burn on till you turn tinder.
This chamber-maid may hap to prove the

steel, [tress

To strike a sparkle out o' the flint, your mis-
May beget bon-fires yet, you do not know,

What light may be forc'd out, and from
what darkness.

Loc. Nay, I am so resolv'd, as still I'll love
Tho' not confess it.

Host. That's, sir, as it chances:
We'll throw the dice for it: cheer up.

Loc. I do.

²² Then shower'd his bounties on me, like *HOWRES*.] It is pity so fine a passage should have been given with such mistakes; but our comfort is, the emendation is as easy and obvious: for *Howres*, which conveys no idea, we are to read *like the Hours*; the poetical goddesses presiding over the several seasons.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Lady, Prudence.

Lady. COME, wench, this suit will serve:
dispatch, make ready.
It was a great deal with the biggest for me,

Which made me leave it off after once
wearing.

How does it fit? will't come together?

Pru. Hardly.

Lad. Thou must make shift with it. Pride
feels no pain.

Girt thee hard, Pru. Pox o' this errant taylor,
He angers me beyond all mark of patience.
These base mechanicks never keep their
word,

In any thing they promise.

Pru. 'Tis their trade, madam,
To swear and break, they all grow rich by
breaking, [credits,
More than their words; their honesties, and
Are still the first commodity they put off.

Lad. And worst, it seems, which makes
'em do't so often.

If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd
But with the company, the body-politick—

Pru. Frustrate our whole design, having
that time,

And the materials in so long before? [us?

Lad. And he to fail in all, and disappoint
The rogue deserves a torture—

Pru. To be crop'd

With his own scissars.

Lad. Let's devise him one.

Pru. And ha' the stumps sear'd up with
his own searing candle?

Lad. Close to his head, to trundle on his
pillow? [measures.

I'll ha' the lease of his house cut out into
Pru. And he be strangled with 'em.

Lad. No, no life [yard
I would ha' toucht, but stretch'd on his own
He should be a little, ha' the strappado!

Pru. Or an ell of taffata [fir'd
Drawn thro' his guts, by way of glyster, and
With aqua vitæ!

Lad. Burning i' the hand
With the pressing-iron cannot save him.

Pru. Yes,

Now I have got this on: I do forgive him,
What robes he should ha' brought.

Lad. Thou art not cruel,
Although strait-lac'd, I see, Pru!

Pru. This is well.

Lad. 'Tis rich enough, but 'tis not what
I meant thee!

I would ha' had thee braver than myself,
And brighter far. 'Twill fit the players yet,
When thou hast done with it, and yield thee
somewhat.

Pru. That were illiberal, madam, and mere
sordid

In me, to let a suit of yours come there.

Lad. Tut, all are players, and but serve
the scene, Pru.

Dispatch: I fear thou dost not like the
province,

Thou art so long a fitting thyself for it:
Here is a scarf to make thee a knot finer.

Pru. You send me a-feasting, madam.

Lad. Wear it, wench.

Pru. Yes, but with leave o' your lady-
ship, I would tell you,

This can but bear the face of an odd journey.

Lad. Why, Pru?

Pru. A lady of your rank and quality,
To come to a public inn, so many men,
Young lords and others, i' your company!

And not a woman but myself, a chamber-
maid! [fear it not,

Lad. Thou doubt'st to be overlaid, Pru?
I'll bear my part, and share with thee i' the
venture. [main,

Pru. O but the censure, madam, is the
What will they say of you? or judge of me?

To be translated thus, 'bove all the bound
Of fitness or decorum?

Lad. How now, Pru!

Turn'd fool upo' the sudden, and talk idly.
I' thy best clothes! shoot bolts and sentences
T' affright babies with! as if I liv'd

To any other scale than what's my own?

Or sought myself, without myself, from
home? [fault;

Pru. Your ladyship will pardon me my
If I have over-shot, I'll shoot no more.

Lad. Yes shoot again, good Pru, I'll ha'
these shoot,

And aim, and hit: I know 'tis love in ther,
And so I do interpret it.

Pru. Then, madam,
I'd crave a farther leave.

Lad. Be it to license,
It sha' not want an ear, Pru. Say, what is it?

Pru. A toy I have, to raise a little mirth
To the design in hand.

Lad. Out with it, Pru,
If it but chime of mirth.

Pru. Mine host has, madam,
A pretty boy i' the house, a dainty child,

His son, and is of your ladyship's name, too
Francis,

Whom if your ladyship would borrow of him,
And give me leave to dress him as I would,

Should make the finest lady and kinswoman,
To keep you company, and deceive my
lords,

Upo' the matter, with a fountain o' sport.

Lad. I apprehend thee, and the source of
mirth

That it may breed; but is he bold enough,
The child? and well assur'd?

Pru. As I am, madam,
Have him in no suspicion, more than me.

Here comes mine host; will you but please
to ask him,

Or let me make the motion?

Lad. Which thou wilt, Pru.

SCENE II.

Host, Lady, Prudence, Frank.

Host. Your ladyship, and all your train
are welcome.

Lad. I thank my hearty host.

Host. So is your sovereignty,
Madam, I wish you joy o' your new gown.

Lad. It should ha' been, my host; but
Stuff our taylor [counsel.

Has broke with us; you shall be o' the
Pru. He will deserve it, madam. My
lady has heard

You have a pretty son, mine host, she'll
see him.

Lad. I, very fain, I pray thee let me see him, host.

Host. Your ladyship shall presently : Bid Frank come hither, anon, unto my lady. It is a bashful child, homely brought up, in a rude hostelry. But the Light-Heart is now his father's, and it may be his.

Here he comes. Frank, salute my lady.

Fra. I do. [birth-right,
What, madam, I am design'd to do, by my
As heir of the Light-Heart, bid you most
welcome. [boy,

Lad. And I believe your most, my pretty Being so enphased by you.

Fra. Your ladyship, madam, If you believe it such, are sure to make it.

Lad. Prettily answered ! Is your name Francis ?

Fra. Yes, madam.

Lad. I love mine own the better.

Fra. If I knew yours, [madam.
I should make haste to do so too, good

Lad. It is the same with yours.

Fra. Mine then acknowledgeth The lustre it receives, by being nam'd after.

Lad. You will win upon me in compliment.

Fra. By silence.

Lad. A modest and fair well-spoken child.

Host. Her ladyship shall have him, sovereign Pru,

Or what I have beside ; divide my Heart Between you and your lady. Make your use of it : [hold,

My house is yours, my son is yours. Be I tender him to your service ; Frank, become [Only this,

What these brave ladies would ha' you. There is a chare-woman i' the house, his nurse,

An Irish-woman, I took in a beggar, That waits upon him, a poor, silly fool, But an impertinent and sedulous one As ever was ; will vex you on all occasions, Never be off, or from you, but in her sleep ; Or drink which makes it ; she doth love him so, [shape,

Or rather deal on him. Now, for her, a And we may dress her (and I'll help) to fit her

With a tuft-taffata cloke, an old French hood, And other pieces, heterogene enough.

Pru. We ha' brought a standard of apparel down, Because this taylor fall'd us i' the main.

Host. She shall advance the game.

Pru. About it then. [to me.
And send but Trundle hither, the coachman,

Host. I shall ; but Pru, let Lovel ha' fair quarter.

Pru. The best. [some !

Lad. Our host (methinks) is very game-

Pru. How like you the boy ?

Lad. A miracle !

Pru. Good madam, But take him in, and sort a suit for him. I'll give our Trundle his instructions ; And wait upon your ladyship i' the instant.

Lad. But Pru, what shall we call him, when we ha' drest him ?

Pru. My lady No-body, any thing, what you will.

Lad. Call him Lætitia, by my sister's name, And so 'twill mind our mirth too we have in hand !

SCENE III.

Prudence, Trundle.

Pru. Good Trundle, you must straight make ready the coach, And lead the horses out but half a mile, Into the fields, whither you will, and then Drive in again with the coach-leaves put down,

At the back gate, and so to the back stairs, As if you brought in somebody to my lady, A kinswoman that she sent for. Make that answer,

If you be ask'd ; and give it out i' the house so.

Tru. What trick is this, good mistress Secretary,

You'd put upon us ?

Pru. Us ? do you speak plural ?

Tru. Me and my mares are us.

Pru. If you so join 'em, Elegant Trundle, you may use your figures ; I can but urge, it is my lady's service.

Tru. Good mistress Prudence, you can urge enough ;

I know you are secretary to my lady, And mistress steward.

Pru. You'll still be trundling, And ha' your wages stopt, now at the audit.

Tru. 'Tis true, you're gentlewoman o' the horse too ;

Or what you will beside, Pru. I do think it My best t' obey you.

Pru. And I think so too, Trundle.

SCENE IV.

Beaufort, Latimer, Host.

Bea. Why, here's return enough of both our ventures,

If we do make no more discovery.

Lat. What ?

Then o' this parasite ?

Bea. O, he's a dainty one,

The parasite o' the house.

Lat. Here comes mine host.

Host. My lords, you both are welcome to the Heart.

Bea. To the Light-Heart, we hope.

Lat. And merry, I swear.

¹ And so 'twill MIND our mirth too we have in hand.] A marginal reading, in Mr. Theobald's copy, proposes *mend our mirth*, as the juster expression ; and indeed, *mind our mirth* is hardly sense, without putting on it a very harsh construction.

We never yet felt such a fit of laughter,
As your glad heart hath offered us sin' we
entred.

Bea. How came you by this property?

Host. Who! my Fly?

Bea. Your Fly, if you call him so.

Host. Nay, he is that,
And will be still.

Bea. In every dish and pot?

Host. In every cup and company, my lords,
A creature of all liquors, all complexions,
Be the drink what it will he'll have his sip.

Lat. He's fitted with a name.

Host. And he joys in't.

I had him when I came to take the Inn here,
Assign'd me over in the inventory,
As an old implement, a piece of household-
stuff,

And so he doth remain.

Bea. Just such a thing
We thought him.

Lat. Is he a scholar?

Host. Nothing less.

But colours for it, as you see: wears black,
And speaks a little tainted, fly-blown Latin,
After the school.

Bea. Of Stratford o' the Bow:
For Lillie's Latin is to him unknown².

Lat. What calling has he?

Host. Only to call in still,
Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,
Bring up the shot i' the rear, as his own
word is.

Bea. And do'st it in the discipline of the
As corporal o' the field, maestro del campo?

Host. And visiter-general of all the rooms:
He has form'd a fine militia for the Inn too.

Bea. And means to publish it?

Host. With all his titles;
Some call him deacon Fly, some doctor Fly;
Some captain, some lieutenant: but my folks
Do call him quarter-master Fly, which he is.

SCENE V.

Tipto, Host, Fly, L. Beaufort, L. Latimer.

Tip. Come, quarter-master Fly.

Host. Here's one already
Hath got his titles.

Tip. Doctor!

Fly. Noble colonel!

No doctor, yet a poor professor of ceremony,
Here i' the Inn, retainer to the host,
I discipline the house.

Tip. Thou read'st a lecture
Unto the family here: when is the day?

¹ After the school.

Bea. Of STRATFORD O' THE BOW:

[For Lillie's Latin is to him unknown.] Alluding to the following lines in Chaucer's
Character of the Prioress:

"And French she spake full fayr and fetisly,

"After the school of Stratford attē Bowe,

"For French of Paris was to her unknowe."

² Unto this Inn? upon suspicion of drink, sir.] It is evident the latter part of th's line
must be given to Fly, whose name I have therefore inserted where it should be.

Fly. This is the day. [tor,

Tip. I'll hear thee, and I'll ha' thee a doc-
Thou shalt be one, thou hast a doctor's look!
A face disputative, of Salamanca.

Host. Who's this?

Lat. The glorious colonel Tipto, host.

Bea. One talks upon his tiptoes, if you'll
hear him.

Tip. Thou hast good learning in thee, *macie*

Fly. And I say *macie* to my colonel.

Host. Well *macied* of 'em both.

Bea. They are match'd i' faith.

Tip. But Fly, why *macie*?

Fly. *Quasi magis aucte*,

My honourable colonel.

Tip. What a critique!

Host. There's another accession, critique
Fly. [ticks.

Lat. I fear a taint here i' the mathema-
They say, lines parallel do never meet;
He has met his parallel in wit and school-
craft.

Bea. They side, not meet, man, mend
your metaphor,
And save the credit of your mathematicks.

Tip. But Fly, how cam'st thou to be here,
committed

Unto this Inn?

Fly. Upon suspicion o' drink, sir².

I was taken late one night here with the
tapster,

And the under-officers, and so deposited.

Tip. I will redeem thee, Fly, and place
thee better,

With a fair lady.

Fly. A lady, sweet sir Glorious!

Tip. A sov'reign lady. Thou shalt be
the bird. [Fly,

To sovereign Pru, queen of our sports, her
The Fly in household and in ordinary;

Bird of her ear, and she shall wear thee there!

A Fly of gold, enamel'd, and a School-fly.

Host. The school then, are my stables,
or the cellar,

Where he doth study deeply, at his hours,
Cases of cups, I do not know how spic'd

With conscience, for the tapster and the
hostler; as

Whose horses may be cozen'd? or what jugs
Fill'd up with froth? that is his way of
learning. [talks:

Tip. What antiquated feather's that that

Fly. The worshipful host, my patron, mr.
Goodstock,

A merry Greek, and cants in Latin comely,
Spins like the parish-top.

Tip. I'll set him up then.

Art thou the Dominus?

Host. Fac-totum here, sir.

Tip. Host really o' the house? and cap of maintenance? cap-a-pie;

Host. The lord o' the Light-Heart, sir, Whereof the feather is the emblem, colonel, Put up with the Ace of Hearts!

Tip. But why in cuerpo?

I hate to see an host, and old, in cuerpo.

Host. Cuerpo? what's that?

Tip. Light-skipping hose and doublet.

The horse-boys garb! poor blank and half blank

They relish not the gravity of an host, Who should be king at arms, and ceremonies cuerpo, [weights?]

In his own house! know all, to the gold

Bea. Why that his Fly doth for him here, your bird. [host,

Tip. But I would do it myself were I my I would not speak unto a cook of quality, Your lordship's footman, or my lady's Trundle,

In Cuerpo! if a dog but stay'd below, That were a dog of fashion, and well nos'd, And could present himself; I would put on The Savoy chain about my neck, the ruff And cuffs of Flanders, then the Naples hat, With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agate,

The Milan sword, the cloke of Genoa, set With Brabant buttons; all my given pieces Except my gloves, the natives of Madrid, To entertain him in; and compliment

With a tame coney, as with a prince that sent it. [every man;

Host. The same deeds, tho', become not That that fits a colonel, will not fit an host.

Tip. Your Spanish host is never seen in cuerpo,

Without his paramentos, cloke and sword.

Fly. Sir, he has the father [nish stil'd Of swords within, a long sword; blade Cor-Of sir Rud Hughdebras. [thy sense?

Tip. And why thy long sword, bully bird?

Fly. To note him a tall man, and a master of fence. [of don Lewis?

Tip. But doth he teach the Spanish way

Fly. No, the Greek master he.

Tip. What call you him?

Fly. Euclid. [tick.

Tip. Fart upon Euclid, he is stale and an-

Gi' me the moderns.

Fly. Sir, he minds no moderns,

* Go by, Hieronimo!

Tip. What was he?

Fly. The Italian,

That play'd with abbot Antony i' the Fryers, And Blinkin-sops the bold.

Tip. I marry, those

Had fencing names, what's become o' them?

Host. They had their times, and we can say, they were.

So had Caranza his; so had don Lewis.

Tip. Don Lewis of Madrid is the sole master

Now of the world.

Host. But this o' the other world

Euclid demonstrates! he! he's for all!

The only fencer of name, now in Elysium.

Fly. He; does it all by lines and angles, colonel;

By parallels and sections, has his diagrams!

Bea. Wilt thou be flying, Fly?

Lat. At all, why not?

The air's as free for a fly as for an eagle.

Bea. A buzzard! he is in his contemplation!

Tip. Euclid a fencer, and in the Elysium!

Host. He play'd a prize last week with Archimedes,

And beat him I assure you.

Tip. Do you assure me?

For what?

Host. For four? the hundred. Gi' me five, And I assure you again.

* *Tip.* Host peremptory, [you this?

You may be ta'en, but where? whence had

Host. 'T'po' the road. A post that came

from thence,

Three days ago, here, left it with the tapster.

Fly. Who is indeed a thorough-fare of

news, [fellow?

Jack Jugg with the broken belly, a witty

Host. Your bird here heard him.

Tip. Did you hear him, bird?

Host. Speak i' the faith of a Fly.

Fly. Yes, and he told us

Of one that was the prince of Orange's fencer.

Tip. Stevinus?

Fly. Sir, the same had challeng'd Euclid At thirty weapons more than Archimedes

E'er saw, and engines; most of his own invention. [reason, this!

Tip. This may have credit, and chimes

* *Know all, to the GOLD WEIGHTS.*] i. e. every minute particular, with great exactness. The weights made use of in weighing gold, being reducible to very small quantities, such as carats, grains, &c. It should be observed that this, and the following speech, occur almost verbatim in *Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage*; so likewise does the 1st scene of the 3d act, and I refer the reader to note the 2d on that act, where he will find a reason assigned for it.

* *Tip.* And with a long sword, bully-bird? *thy sense?* I apprehend we have a slight mistake in this line: Fly had just before said, the host was possessed of a long sword; to which the other naturally replies,

And why a long sword, bully bird? *thy sense?* i. e. reason for it.

With therefore seems to be a corruption, and why the genuine reading.

* *Go by, Hieronimo.*] A by-word taken from the tragedy of *Hieronimo*, of which the reader has a full account in *Every man in his humour*.

If any man endanger Euclid, bird,
Observe, that had the honour to quit Europe
This forty year, 'tis he. He put down
Scaliger.

Fly. And he was a great master.

Bea. Not of fence, *Fly*.

Tip. Excuse him, lord, he went o' the
same grounds. [mortal.

Bea. On the same earth, I think, with other

Tip. I mean, sweet lord, the mathematicks.
Basta!

When thou know'st more, thou wilt take
less green honour.

He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants—

Fly. He writ a book o' the quadrature of
the circle—

Tip. Cyclometria, I read——

Bea. The title only.

Lat. And Indice.

Bea. If it had one; of that quære:

What insolent, half-witted things these are?

Lat. So are all smatterers, insolent and
impudent.

Bea. They lightly go together.

Lat. 'Tis my wonder,

Two animals should hawk at all discourse
thus! [trive—

Fly every subject to the mark, or re-

Bea. And never ha' the luck to be i' the
right?

Lat. 'Tis some folks' fortune!

Bea. Fortune is a bawd,

And a blind beggar: 'tis their vanity!

And shews most vilely!

Tip. I could take the heart now

To write unto don Lewis into Spain,

To make a progress to the Elysian fields

Next summer——

Bea. And persuade him to die for fame,
Of fencing with a shadow! Where's mine
host? [i' faith.

I would he had heard this bubble break,

SCENE VI.

*Host, Tipto, Prudence, Beaumont, Latimer,
Frank, Nurse, Lady, Fly, Lovel.*

Host. Make place, stand by, for the
queen-regent, gentlemen.

Tip. This is thy queen that shall be, bird,
our sovereign.

Bea. Translated Prudence!

Pru. Sweet my lord, hand off;

It is not now, as when plain Prudence liv'd,
And reach'd her ladyship——

Host. The chamber-pot.

Pru. The looking-glass, mine host; loose
your house-metaphor?

You're a negligent memory indeed;
Speak the host's language. Here's a young
lord

Will make't a precedent else.

Lat. Well acted, *Pru.*

[she do

Host. First minute of her reign! what will
Forty years hence? God bless her!

Pru. If you'll kiss,

Or compliment, my lord, behold a lady,

A stranger, and my lady's kinswoman.

Bea. I do confess my rudeness, that had
need

To have mine eye directed to this beauty.

Fra. It was so little, as it ask'd a per-
spicill.

Bea. Lady, your name?

Fra. My lord, it is Lætitia.

Bea. Lætitia! a fair omen! and I take it.

Let me have still such Lætitie for my lips:

But that o' your family, lady?

Fra. Syllsy, sir.

Bea. My lady's kinswoman?

Fra. I am so honour'd.

Host. Already, it takes!

Lad. An excellent fine boy.

[sir.

Nur. He is descended of a right good stock,

Bea. What's this? an antiquary?

Host. An antiquity,

By th' dress, you'd swear! an old Welsh
herald's widow:

She's a wild Irish born! sir, and a Hybride,
That lives with this young lady a mile off
here,

And studies Vincent against York*.

Bea. She'll conquer,

If she read Vincent. Let me study her.

Host. She's perfect in most pedigrees,
most descents. [a coat.

Bea. A bawd, I hope, and knows to blaze

Host. And judgeth all things with a single
eye.

Fly, come you hither; no discovery

Of what you see, to your colonel Toe, or

Tip here,

But keep all close, tho' you stand in the
way o' preferment,

Seek it off from the road; no flattery for't:

No lick-foot, pain of losing your proboscis:
My liquorish *Fly*.

Tip. What says old velvet-head?

Fly. He will present me himself, sir, if
you will not.

Tip. Who? he present? what? whom?
an host? a groom? [glories?

Divide the thanks with me? share in my
Lay up. I say no more.

Host. Then silence, sir,

And hear the sovereign.

Tip. Hostlers? to usurp

Upon my Spafsa, or province, as they say?
No broom but mine?

Host. Still, colonel, you mutter!

Tip. I dare speak out, as Cæsar.

Fly. Noble colonel——

* And studies VINCENT against YORK.] There was a dispute on foot about this time between two heralds at arms; one was Vincent, and the other Brook who was York herald. Vincent published a book, intituled, *A discovery of errors in two editions of the Catalogue of Nobility*, written by Ralph Brook.

Tip. And carry what I ask—

Host. Ask what you can, sir,
So't be i' the house.

Tip. I ask my rights and privileges;
And tho' for form I please to call't a suit,
I have not been accustomed to repulse.

Pru. No, sweet sir Glorious, you may
still command—

Host. And go without.

Pru. But yet, sir, being the first,
And call'd a suit, you'll look it shall be such
As we may grant.

Lad. It else denies itself.

Pru. You hear the opinion of the court.

Tip. I mind no court opinions.

Pru. 'Tis my lady's though.

Tip. My lady is a spinster at the law,
And my petition is of right.

Pru. What is it?

Tip. It is for this poor learned bird.

Host. The Fly. [matters.

Tip. Professor in the Inn, here, of small

Lad. How he commends him!

Host. As to save himself in him.

Lad. So do all politicks in their commen-
dations. [fly.

Host. This is a state-bird, and the verier

Tip. Hear him problematize.

Pru. Bless us, what's that?

Tip. Or syllogize, elenchize.

Lad. Sure, petards

To blow us up.

Lad. Some ingenious strong words!

Host. He means to erect a castle i' the air,
And make his fly an elephant to carry it.

Tip. Bird of the arts he is, and Fly by
name!

Pru. Buz. [all else.

Host. Blow him off, good Pru, they'll mar

Tip. The sovereign's honour is to cherish
learning.

Pru. What, in a fly?

Tip. In any thing industrious.

Pru. But flies are busy!

Lad. Nothing more troublesome,
Or importune!

Tip. There's nothing more domestic,

Tame or familiar, than your fly in Cuerdo.

Host. That is, when his wings are cut, he
is tame indeed, else [ing.

Nothing more impudent and greedy; lick-

Lad. Of saucy, good sir Glorious.

Pru. Leave your advocateship,
Except that we shall call you orator Fly,
And send you down to the dresser and the
dishes.

Host. A good flap that!

Pru. Commit you to the steam.

Lad. Or else condemn you to the bottles.

Pru. And pots.

There is his quarry.

Host. He will chirp far better,

Your bird, below.

Lad. And make you finer musick.

Pru. His buz will there become him.

Tip. Come away,

Buz, in their faces: give 'em all the buz,
Dor in their ears and eyes, hum, dor, and
buz!

I will statuminate and under-prop thee.

If they scorn us, let us scorn them—We'll
find

The thorough-fare below, and quarre him;
Leave these relicts, buz; they shall see that I,
Spite of their jeers, dare drink, and with a fly.

Lad. A fair remove at once of two imper-
tinents!

Excellent Pru! I love thee for thy wit,
No less than state.

Pru. One must preserve the other.

Lad. Who's here?

Pru. O Lovel, madam, your sad servant.

Lad. Sad? he is sullen still, and wears a
cloud [proach him.

About his brows; I know not how to ap-

Pru. I will instruct you, madam, if that
be all:

Go to him, kiss him.

Lad. How, Pru?

Pru. Go, and kiss him,

I do command it.

Lad. Th'art not wild, wench!

Pru. No, [sovereign.

Tame, and exceeding tame, but still your

Lad. Hath too much bravery made thee
mad?

Pru. Nor proud.

Do what I do enjoin you. No disputing

Of my prerogative, with a front or frown;

Do not detract; you know th' authority

Is mine, and I will exercise it swiftly,

If you provoke me.

Lad. I have woven a net

To snare myself in! Sir, I am enjoin'd

To tender you a kiss; but do not know

Why, or wherefore, only the pleasure royal

Will have it so, and urges—Do not you

Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forc'd

thus.

There 'tis.

Lov. And welcome. Was there ever kiss

That relish'd thus! or had a sting like this,

Of so much nectar, but with aloes mixt?

Pru. No murmuring, nor repining, I am
fixt. [of either,

Lov. It had, methinks, a quintessence

But that which was the better, drown'd the

bitter.

How soon it pass'd away! how unrecover'd!

The distillation of another soul

Was not so sweet! and till I meet again

That kiss, those lips, like relish, and this taste,

Let me turn all consumption, and here waste.

Pru. The royal assent is past, and cannot
alter.

Lad. You'll turn a tyrant.

Pru. Be not you a rebel.

It is a name is alike odious.

Lad. You'll hear me?

Pru. No, not o' this argument.

Would you make laws, and be the first that
break 'em?

The example is pernicious in a subject,
And of your quality, most.

Lat. Excellent princess!

Host. Just queen!

Lat. Brave sov'reign.

Host. A she Trajan! this! [*Pru!*

Bea. What is't? proceed, incomparable
I'm glad I'm scarce at leisure to applaud
thee. [*py expressions.*

Lat. It's well for you, you have so hap-

Lad. Yes, cry her up; with acclamations,
do,

And cry me down, run all with sovereignty:
Prince Power will never want her parasites.

Pru. Nor murmur her pretences: master
Lovel,

For so your libel here, or bill of complaint,
Exhibited, in our high court of sov'reignty,
At this first hour of our reign, declares
Against this noble lady, a disrespect

You have conceiv'd, if not receiv'd, from
her. [*bill.*

Host. Receiv'd, so the charge lies in our

Pru. We see it, his learned council, leave
your planing.

We that do love our justice, above all
Our other attributes; and have the nearness,
To know your extraordinary merit,
As also to discern this lady's goodness,
And find how loth she'd be to lose the
honour,

And reputation, she hath had, in having
So worthy a servant, tho' but for a few mi-
nutes;

Do here enjoin.

Host. Good!

Pru. Charge, will and command
Her ladyship, pain of our high displeasure,
And committing an extreme contempt
Unto the court, our crown and dignity.

Host. Excellent sovereign! and egre-
gious Pru!

Pru. To entertain you for a pair of hours,
(Choose, when you please, this day) with all
respects,

And valuation of a principal servant,
To give you all the titles, all the privileges,
The freedoms, favours, rights, she can bestow.

Host. Large ample words, of a brave la-
titude! [*honour,*

Pru. Or can be expected, from a lady of
Or quality, in discourse, access, address.

Host. Good. [*rence*

Pru. Not to give ear, or admit confe-
With any person but yourself. Nor there,
Of any other argument but love,
And the companion of it, gentle courtship,
For which your two hours service, you shall
take

Two kisses.

Host. Noble!

Pru. For each hour a kiss,
To be ta'en freely, fully, and legally,
Before us; in the court here, and our pre-
sence.

Host. Rare.

Pru. But those hours past, and the two
kisses paid,

The binding caution is, never to hope
Renewing of the time, or of the suit,
On any circumstance.

Host. A hard condition! [*pected*

Lat. Had it been easier, I should have sus-
The sov'reign's justice.

Host. O, you are servant,
My lord unto the lady, and a rival:
In point of law, my lord, you may be chal-
leng'd.

Lat. I am not jealous!

Host. Of so short a time [*in foro.*
Your lordship needs not, and being done

Pru. What is the answer?

Host. He craves respite, madam,
To advise with his learned council.

Pru. Be you he,
And go together quickly.

Lad. You are no tyrant? [*peal me!*

Pru. If I be, madam, you were best ap-

Lat. Beaufort—

Bea. I am busy, prithee let me alone;
I have a cause in hearing too.

Lat. At what bar?

Bea. Love's court o' requests!

Lat. Bring't into the sov'reignty:
It is the nobler court, afore judge Pru,
The only learned mother of the law!
And lady o' conscience, too!

Bea. 'Tis well enough
Before this mistress of requests, where it is.

Host. Let 'em not scorn you. Bear up,
master Lovel, [*a fortune.*

And take your hours and kisses, they are
Lov. Which I cannot approve, and less
make use of.

Host. Still i' this cloud! why cannot you
make use of? [*done?*

Lov. Who would be rich, to be so soon un-
The beggar's best is, wealth he doth not
know:

And, but to shew it him, inflames his want.

Host. Two hours at height?

Lov. That joy is too too narrow,
Would bound a love so infinite as mine;
And being past, leaves an eternal loss.

Who so prodigiously affects a feast,
To forest health and appetite, to see it?
Or but to taste a spoonful, would forego
All gust of delicacy ever after?

Host. These, yet, are hours of hope.

Lov. But all hours following
Years of despair, ages of misery!
Nor can so short a happiness, but spring
A world of fear, with thought of losing it;
Better be never happy, than to feel
A little of it, and then lose it ever.

Host. I do confess, it is a strict injunction;
But then the hope is, it may not be kept.
A thousand things may intervene, we see
The wind shift often, thrice a day sometimes:
Decrees may alter upon better motion,
And riper hearing. The best bow may start,
And the hand vary. Pru may be a sage

In law, and yet not sour; sweet Pru,
smooth Pru,
Soft, debonaire, and amiable Pru,
May do as well as rough and rigid Pru;
And yet maintain her, venerable Pru,
Majestic Pru, and serenissimus Pru,
Try but one hour first, and as you like
The loss o' that, draw home and prove the
other. [make,

Love. If one hour could the other happy
I should attempt it.

Host. Put it on; and do. [die!

Love. Or in the blest attempt that I might

Host. I marry, there were happiness
indeed;

Transcendent to the melancholy meant.

It were a fate above a monument,

And all inscription, to die so*. A death

For emperors to enjoy! and the kings

Of the rich East to pawn their regions for;

To sow their treasure, open all their mines,

Spend all their spices to embalm their
corps,

And wrap the inches up in sheets of gold,

That fell by such a noble destiny!

And for the wrong to your friend, that

fear's away, [light,

He rather wrongs himself, following tresh

New eyes to swear by. If lord Beaumont

change,

It is no crime in you to remain constant.

And upon these conditions, at a game

So urg'd upon you.

Pru. Sir, your resolution—

Host. How is the lady affected?

Pru. Sov'reigns use not

To ask their subjects suffrage where'tis due;

But where conditional.

Host. A royal sov'reign!

Lat. And a rare states-woman. I admire
her bearing

In her new regiment.

Host. Come choose your hours,
Better be happy for a part of time,

Than not the whole: and a short part, than
never.

Shall I appoint 'em, pronounce for you?

Love. Your pleasure.

Host. Then he designs his first hour
after dinner;

His second after supper. Say ye? content?

Pru. Content.

Lat. I am content.

Host. Content.

Fra. Content.

Bea. What's that? I am content too.

Lat. You have reason,

You had it on the bye, and we observ'd it.

Nur. Trot I am not content: In fait' I
am not. [Shelee-nien!

Host. Why art not thou content, good

Nur. He talk so desperate, and so de-
baushit,

So baudi like a courtier and a lord,
God bless him, one that tak'th tobacco.

Host. Very well mixt.

What did he say?

Nur. Nay, nothing to the purpossh,

Or very little, nothing at all to purpossh.

Host. Let him alone, Nurse.

Nur. I did tell him of Serly

Was a great family come out of Ireland,
Descended of O Neal, Mac Con, Mac

Dermot,

Mac Murrough, but he mark'd not.

Host. Nor do I;

Good queen of heralds, ply the bottle, and
sleep.

* *It were a fate above a MOMENT,*

And all INSCRIPTION, to die so.] The reader, I presume, easily sees that *moment* and
inscription do not exactly answer to each other; and I suppose hath prevented me in the
change, by suggesting *monument*, the true word.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Tipto, Fly, Jug, Peirce, Jordan, Ferret,
Trundle.*

Tip. I Like the plot of your militia well!
It is a fine militia, and well or-
der'd!

And the division's neat! 'twill be desir'd
Only, the expressions were a little more
Spanish:

For there's the best militia o' the world!
To call 'em tertias. Tertia o' the kitchen,
The tertia of the cellar, tertia of the chamber,

And tertia of the stables.

Fly. That I can, sir;

And find out very able, fit commanders
In every tertia.

Tip. Now you are i' the right!

As i' the tertia o' the kitchen, yourself,

Being a person elegant in sauces,

There to command, as prime Maestro del
campo,

Chief master of the palate, for that tertia;

Or the cook under you, 'cause you are the
marshal;

And the next officer i' the field, to the host.

Then for the cellar, you have young Anon,
He's a rare fellow, what's his other name?

Fly. Peirce, sir.

Tip. Sir Peirce, I'll ha' him a cavalier.

Sir Pierce Anon will pierce us a new hogs-head!

[*Alfarez:*

And then your thorow-fare, Jug here, his
An able officer, gi' me thy beard, round Jug.
I take thee by this handle, and do love
One of thy inches! P the chambers,
Jordan here!

He is the Dow del campo o' the beds.

And for the stables, what's his name?

Fly. Old Peck.

Tip. Maestro del campo, Peck! his name
is curt, [well.

A monosyllable, but commands the horse

Fly. O, in an inn, sir, we have other horse,
Let those troops rest a while. Wine is
the horse,

That we must charge with here.

Tip. Bring up the troops,

Or call sweet Fly; 'tis an exact militia,

And thou an exact professor; Lipsius Fly!

Thou shalt be call'd, and Jouse: Jack Fer-
ret, welcome,

Old trench-master, and colonel o' the pio-
neers, [or two

What canst thou bolt us now? a coney?

Out of Tom Trundle's burrow, here, the
coach?

This is the master of the carriages!

How is thy driving, Tom, good, as 'twas?

Tru. It serves my lady, and our officer
Pru.

Twelve miles an hour! Tom has the old
trundle still.

Tip. I am taken with the family here,
fine fellows!

Viewing the muster-roll.

Tru. They are brave men!

Fer. And of the Fly-blown discipline all,
the quarter-master!

Tip. The Fly's a rare bird, in his profes-
sion! [have him

Let's sip a private pint with him, I would
Quit this light sign of the Light-Heart, my
bird,

And lighter house. It is not for his tall
And growing gravity, so cedar-like,
To be the second to an host in Cuerpo,
That knows no elegancies; use his own
Dictamen, and his genius, I would have him
Fly high, and strike at all. Here's young
Anon too. [claret?

Pei. What wine is't, gentlemen, white or
Tip. White, my brisk Anon.

Pei. I'll draw you Juno's milk
That dyed the lilies, colonel.

Fly. Do so, Peirce.

Pec. 'A plague of all jades, what a clap
he has gi'en me!

Fly. Why, how now, cousin?

Tip. Who's that?

Fer. The hostler.

Fly. What ail'st thou, cousin Peck?

Pec. O me, my hanches!

As sure as you live, sir, he knew perfectly
I meant to cozen him. He did leer so on
me, [take heed, serra;

And then he sneer'd. As who would say,
And when he saw our half-peck, which you
know [stunp!

Was but an old court-dish, lord, how he
I thought 't had been for joy. When sud-
denly

He cuts me a back-caper with his heels,
And takes me just o' the crupper. Down
come I

And my whole ounce of oats! Then he
neighed out,

As if he had a mare by the tail.

¹ *And thou an exact professor, LIPSIVS FLY.]* Lipsius wrote a treatise upon the Roman
militia; so that the allusion is evident: but what is the meaning of the following,

—“Lipsius Fly

“Thou shalt be call'd, and Jouse?”

The Christian name of Lipsius, as he wrote it in Latin, was *Justus*; of which *Jouse* perhaps
is the German original.

² *Pec. 'A plague of all jades, &c.]* Here should have been a stage-direction, *Enter Peck*.
What follows in this scene, about the tricks of ostlers, occurs likewise in the first act of
Fletcher's *Love's pilgrimage*; and perhaps there may be some difficulty in accounting for
this coincidence. We are told that some plays of Beaumont and Fletcher being left im-
perfect, they were fitted for the stage by Shirley, who added what he thought necessary to
complete them: and that it is probable he here borrowed from our author's *New Inn*, what
passes between Lazaro and Diego in *Love's pilgrimage*: and this he thought, perhaps,
might be done with safety enough, as the *New Inn* met with ill success in the representa-
tion. Could we certainly know that play to have been left deficient by its author, I should
readily admit the solution: but I think it more probable, this scene was originally given to
Fletcher by Jonson himself: Fletcher died in 1625, and the *New Inn* was not brought
upon the stage till 1629. Our author, therefore, might naturally re-demand his own pro-
perty, when so fair an occasion occurred for employing it himself: otherwise, I do not see
how we can account for part of this play's appearing long before, in the performance of
another author. It will not, I believe, be said that Jonson was the borrower; for the whole
scene is entirely in his manner: and we have an instance in our author's *Sejanus*, how
extremely scrupulous he was in claiming to himself what was the production of another
person.

Fly. Troth, cousin,
You are to blame to use the poor dumb
Christians
So cruelly, detraud 'em o' their dimensum.
Yonder's the colonel's horse (there I look'd
in)

Keeping our lady's eye! the devil a bit
He has got, sin' he came in yet! there he
stands,

And looks and looks, but 'tis your pleasure,
cuz,

He should look lean enough.

Pec. He has hay before him.

Fly. Yes, but as gross as hemp, and as
soon will choke him,

Unless he eat it butter'd. H' had four shoes,
And good ones, when he came in: it is a
wonder,

With standing still, he should cast three.

Pec. Troth, quarter-master,
This trade is a kind of mystery, that cor-
rupts [week,

Our standing manners quickly: once a
I meet with such a brush to mollify me.
Sometimes a brace to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.

Fly. Cousin Peck,

You must use better dealing, faith you must.

Pec. Troth, to give good example to my
successors,

I could be well content to steal but two
girls, [a bridle,

And now and then a saddle-cloth, change
For exercise: and stay there.

Fly. If you could,
There were some hope on you, cuz. But
the fate is, [saddles:

You're drunk so early, you mistake whole
Sometimes a horse.

Pec. I' there's—

Fly. The wine, come cuz,

I'll talk with you anon.

Pec. Do, lose no time,

Good quarter-master.

Tip. There are the horse, come, Fly.

Fly. Charge, in boys, in; lieutenant o' the
ordnance,

Tobacco and pipes.

Tip. Who's that? Old Jordan, good!

A comely vessel, and a necessary. [Fly.
New-scour'd he is: here's to thee, martial
In milk, my young Anon says.

Pec. Cream o' the grape!
That dropt from Juno's breasts, and sprung
the lily!

I can recite your fables, Fly. Here is, too,
The blood of Venus, mother of the rose!

Jor. The dinner is gone up.

Jug. I hear the whistle.

Jor. I, and the fidlers. We must all go
wait. [Fly.

Pec. Pox o' this waiting, quarter-master

Fly. When chambermaids are sovereigns,
wait their ladies;

Fly scorns to breathe.

Pec. Or blow upon them, he.

Pec. Old parcel Peck! art thou there?
how now? lame?

Pec. Yes faith: it is ill halting afore
cripples; [by me.

I ha' got a dash of a jade, here, will stick

Pec. O you have had some phant'sie,
fellow Peck,

Some revelation!—

Pec. What?

Pec. To steal the hay
Out o' the racks again.

Fly. I told him so,

When the guests' backs were turn'd.

Pec. Or bring his peck,
The bottom upwards, heap'd with oats; and
cry, [when,

Here's the best measure upon all the road!
You know, the guest put in his hand to feel
And smell to the oats, that grated all his
fingers

Upo' the wood—

Pec. Mum!

Pec. And found out your cheat.

Pec. I ha' been i' the cellar, Peirce.

Pec. You were then there,

Upo' your knees, I do remember it:
To ha' the fact conceal'd. I could tell more,
Soping of saddles, cutting of horse-tails,
And cropping—Pranks of ale, and hostelry—

Fly. Which he cannot forget, he says,
young knight:

No more than you can other deeds of dark-
ness,

Done i' the cellar.

Tip. Well said, bold professor.

Fer. We shall ha' some truth explain'd.

Pec. We are all mortal,

And have our visions.

Pec. Truly, it seems to me,
That every horse has his whole peck, and
tumbles

Up to the ears in litter.

Fly. When, indeed

There's no such matter, not a smell of pro-
vender.

Fer. Nor so much straw as would tie up
a horse-tail!

Fly. Nor any thing i' the rack but two
old cob-webs! [nest!

And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's

³ *Tip.* Who's that? Old Jordan, good! I should imagine that Tipto did not ask the question, for the pleasure of answering it himself. It seems most probable, that the answer is Fly's property, and ought to be restored him, and the whole perhaps should be read thus:

"*Tip.* Who's that?

"*Fly.* Old Jordan.

"*Tip.* Good!"

Tru. And yet he's ever apt to sweep the mangers!

Fer. But puts in nothing.

Pci. These are fits and fancies, Which you must leave, good Peck.

Fly. And you must pray

It may be reveal'd to you at some times, Whose horse you ought to cozen; with what conscience;

The how, and when; a parson's horse may suffer—

Pci. Whose master's double benefic'd; put in that.

Fly. A little greasing i' the teeth; 'tis wholesome;

And keeps him in a sober shuffle.

Pci. His saddle too

May want a stirrup.

Fly. And, it may be sworn, His learning lay o' one side, and so broke it.

Pec. They have ever outs i' their cloke-bags, to affront us. [outs,

Fly. And therefore 'tis an office meritori- To tithe such soundly.

Pci. And graziers may—

Fer. O they are pinching puckfists!

Tru. And suspicious.

Pci. Suffer before the master's face, some- times.

Fly. He shall think he sees his horse eat half a bushel.

Pci. When the slight is, rubbing his gums with salt,

Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble,

Like an old woman that were chewing brawn, And drop 'em out again.

Tip. Well argu'd, cavalier.

Fly. It may do well; and go for an ex- ample: [horses,

But, cuz, have a care of understanding Horses with angry heels, nobility horses, Horses that know the world; let them have meat

Till their teethake; and rubbing till their ribs Shine like a wench's forehead. They are devils else

Will look into your dealings.

Pec. For mine own part,

The next I cozen o' the pamper'd breed, I wish he may be found 'red.

Fly. Foun-de-red.

Prolate it right.

Pec. And of all four, I wish it, I love no crupper-compliments.

Pci. Whose horse was it?

Pec. Why, Mr. Burst's.

Pci. Is Bat Burst come?

Pec. An hour he has been here.

Tip. What Burst?

Pci. Mas, Bartolmew Burst.

One that hath been a citizen, since a cour- tier, [whirls,

And now a gamester. Hath had all his And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,

Once a bat and ever a bat! a rere-mouse, And bird o' twilight, he has broken thrice.

Tip. Your better men, the Geno'way proverb says,

Men are not made of steel.

Pci. Nor are they bound

Always to hold.

Fly. Thrice honourable colonel!

Hinges will crack.

Tip. Though they be Spanish iron.

Pci. He is a merchant still, adventurer, At in and in; and is our thorough-fare's friend.

Tip. Who? Jug's?

Pci. The same: and a fine gentleman Was with him!

Pec. Mr. Huffle.

Pci. Who? Hodge Huffle?

Tip. What's he?

Pci. A cheater, and another fine gentleman, A friend o' the chamberlain's! Jordan's! Mr. Huffle?

He's Burst's protection.

Fly. Fights and vapours for him.

Pci. He will be drunk so civilly.

Fly. So discreetly—

Pci. And punctually! just at his hour.

Fly. And then

Call for his Jordan with that hum and state, As if he piss'd the politicks!

Pci. And sop

With his tuft-taffata night-gear, here, so silently!

Fly. Nothing but musick!

Pci. A dozen of bawdy songs.

Tip. And knows the general this?

Fly. O no, sir; *dormit*,

Dormit patronus, still, the master sleeps. They'll steal to bed.

Pci. In private, sir, and pay

The fidlers with that modesty, next morning.

Fly. Taken a dèjeune of muskadel and 'eggs!

Pci. And pack away their trundling cheats, like gipsies.

Tru. Mysteries, mysteries, Ferret.

Fer. I, we see, Trundle,

What the great officers in an inn may do; I do not say the officers of the crown, But the Light-Heart.

Tip. I'll see the Bat and Huffle.

Fer. I ha' some business, sir, I crave your pardon—

Tip. What?

Fer. To be sober.

Tip. Pox, go get you gone then.

Trundle shall stay.

Tru. No, I beseech you, colonel, Your lordship has a mind to be drunk private, With these brave gallants! I will step aside into the stables, and salute my mares.

Pci. Yes, do, and sleep with 'em; let him go, base whip-stock.

He's as drunk as a fish now, almost as dead.

Tip. Come, I will see the flicker-mouse, my Fly.

SCENE II.

Prudence, usher'd by the host, takes her seat of judicature; Nurse, Frank, the two lords, Beaufort and Latimer, assist of the bench; the Lady and Lovel are brought in, and sit on the two sides of the stage, confronting each other.

Ferret, Trundle.

Pru. Here set the hour; but first produce the parties;

And clear the court. The time is now of price. [get you up.]

Host. Jug, get you down, and, Trundle, You shall be crier. Ferret here, the clerk. Jordan, smell you without, till the ladies call you;

Take down the fiddlers too, silence that noise, Deep i' the cellar, safe.

Pru. Who keeps the watch?

Host. Old Sheelinin, here, is the madam tell-clock. [shall sleep;]

Nur. No fait and trot, sweet maister, I P'fait I shall.

Bea. I prithee do then, scritch-owl. She brings to mind the fable of the dragon, That kept th' Hesperian fruit. Would I could charm her.

Host. Trundle will do it with his hum. Come, Trundle,

Proceed him, Ferret, i' the form.

Fer. "Oyez, oyez, oyez."

Tru. "Oyez, oyez, &c."

Fer. Whereas there hath been awarded,

Tru. Whereas there hath, &c."

Fer. By the queen regent of love,

Tru. By the queen regent, &c.

Fer. In this high court of sovereignty,

Tru. In this high, &c.

Fer. Two special hours of address,

Tru. Two special hours, &c.

Fer. To Herbert Lovel, appellant,

Tru. To Herbert Lovel, &c.

Fer. Against the lady Frampul, defendant.

Tru. Against the lady, &c.

Fer. Herbert Lovel, come into the court,

Tru. Herbert Lovel, come, &c.

Fer. Make challenge to thy first hour,

Tru. Make challenge, &c.

Fer. And save thee and thy bail,

Tru. And save thee, &c.

Host. Lo, louting, where he comes into the court! [ance,

Clerk of the sovereignty, take his appearance, and how accountred, how design'd he comes!

Fer. 'Tis done. Now, crier, call the lady And by the name of [Frampul,

Frances, lady Frampul, defendant,

Tru. Frances, lady Frampul, &c.

Fer. Come into the court,

Tru. Come into, &c.

Fer. Make answer to the award,

Tru. Make answer, &c.

Fer. And save thee and thy bail,

Tru. And save thee, &c.

Enter Lady.

Host. She makes a noble and a just appearance. [comes.]

Set it down likewise, and how arm'd she

Pru. Usher of love's court, give 'em their

oath,

According to the form, upon love's missal.

Host. Arise, and lay your hands upon

the book.

Herbert Lovel, appellant, and lady Frances Frampul, defendant, you shall swear upon the liturgy of love, *Or.d. de arte amandi*, that you neither have, ne will have, nor in any wise bear about you, thing, or things, pointed, or blunt, within these lists, other than what are natural and allow'd by the court: no enchanted arms, or weapons, stones of virtue, herb of grace, charm, character, spell, philtre, or other power than love's only, and the justness of your cause. So help you Love, his mother, and the contents of this book: kiss it. Return unto your seats. Crier, bid silence.

Tru. "Oyez, oyez, oyez, oyez."

Fer. I' the name o' the sovereign of love,

Tru. I' the name o' the, &c.

Fer. Notice is given by the court,

Tru. Notice is given, &c.

Fer. To the appellant, and defendant,

Tru. To the appellant, &c.

Fer. That the first hour of address proceeds,

Tru. That the first hour, &c.

Fer. And love save the sovereign,

Tru. And love save, &c.

Every man or woman keep silence, [in love.] of imprisonment.

Pru. Do your endeavours in the name of love. [in love.]

Lov. To make my first approaches, then,

Lad. Tell us what love is, that we may be sure [ture.]

There is such a thing, and that it is in us.

Lov. Excellent lady, I did not expect To meet an infidel! much less an atheist!

Here in love's list! of so much unbelief!

To raise a question of his being—

Host. Well charg'd!

Lov. I rather thought, and with religion think,

Had all the characters of love been lost, His lines, dimensions, and whole signature

Raz'd and defac'd, with dull humanity:

That both his nature, and his essence, might

Have found their mighty instauration here;

Here, where the confluence of fair and good

Meets to make up all beauty. For what else

Is love, but the most noble, pure affection

Of what is truly beautiful and fair?

Desire of union with the thing beloved?

Bea. Have the assistants of the court their votes,

And writ of privilege, to speak them freely?

Pru. Yes, to assist, but not to interrupt.

Bea. Then I have read somewhere, that man and woman

Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
And being cleft asunder, ever since
Love was an appetite to be rejoind.
As for example—

Nur. Cramo-cree! what mean'st thou?

Bea. Only to kiss and part.

Host. So much is lawful.

Lat. And stands with the prerogative of
love's court!

Loc. It is a fable of Plato's, in his banquet,
And utter'd there by Aristophanes.

Host. 'Twas well remembered here, and to
good use.

But on with your description, what love is.
Desire of union with the thing belov'd.

Loc. I meant a definition. For I make
Th' efficient cause, what's beautiful and fair.
The formal cause, the appetite of union.

The final cause, the union itself.
But larger if you'll have it by description:
It is a flame and ardour of the mind,
Dead, in the proper corps, quick in another's:
Transfers the lover into the loved.

The he or she that loves, engraves or stamps
Th' idea of what they love, first in them-
selves:

Or like to glasses, so their minds take in
The forms of their belov'd, and them reflect.
It is the likeness of affections,

Is both the parent and the nurse of love.
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,

So much more excellent, as it least relates
Unto the body; circular, eternal,
Not feign'd, or made, but born: and then
so precious,

As nought can value it but itself. So free,
As nothing can command it but itself.

And in itself so round and liberal,
As where it favours, it bestows itself.

(*Bea.* And that do I; here my whole self
I tender,

According to the practice o' the court.

Nur. I, 'tish a naughty practish, a lewd
practish,

Be quiet, man, dou shalt not leip her here.

Bea. Leap her? I lip her, foolish queen
at arms,

Thy blazon's false: wilt thou blasphem
thine office?) [this love

Loc. But we must take and understand

Along still as a name of dignity:

Not pleasure.

(*Host.* Mark you that, my light young
lord?) [no light,

Loc. True love hath no unworthy thought,
Loose unbecoming appetite, or strain.

But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

(*Bea.* I relish not these philosophical
feasts; [Ovid:

Give me a banquet of sense, like that of

A form to take the eye; a voice mine ear;
Pure aromattick to my scent: a soft,
Smooth, dainty hand to touch; and for my
taste,

Ambrosiac kisses to melt down the palate.)

Loc. They are the earthly, lower form of
lovers,

Are only taken with what strikes the senses!
And love by that loose scale Altho' I grant,
We like what's fair and graceful in an object,
And (true) would use it, in the all we tend to,

Both of our civil and domestic deeds,
In ordering of an army, in our style,

Apparel, gesture, building, or what not:

All arts and actions do affect their beauty.

But put the case, in travel I may meet

Some gorgous structure, a brave frontispiece,

Shall I stay captive i' the outer court,

Surpriz'd with that, and not advance to know

Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the house?

There is my friendship to be made, within,

With what can love me again: not with the

walls, [cornice,

Doors, windows, architraves, the frieze, and

My end is lost in loving of a face,

An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,

Whose all is but a statue, if the mind

Move not, which only can make the return.

The end of love, is to have two made one

In will, and in affection, that the minds

Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

Ben. Gi'e me the body, if it be a good one.

Fra. Nay, sweet, my lord, I must appeal

the sovereign

For better quarter, if you hold your practice.

Tru. Silence, on pain of imprisonment:

hear the court.

Loc. The body's love is frail, subject to

change,

And alter still with it: the mind's is firm*,

One and the same, proceedeth first from

weighing,

And well examining what is fair and good;

Then what is like in reason, fit in manners:

That breeds good-will; good-will desire of

union.

So knowledge first begets benevolence,

Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship

love:

And where it starts or steps aside from this,

It is a mere degenerate appetite,

A lost, oblique, deprav'd affection,

And bears no mark or character of love.

Lad. How am I changed! by what al-

chemy

Of love, or language, am I thus translated!

His tongue is tipt with the philosopher's

stone, [vein*!

And that had touch'd me thro' my every

I feel that transmutation o' my blood,

* Subject to change,

And alter still with it, the MIND's firm.] A deficient monosyllable has affected the sense and the measure: to restore both, it is necessary to read, "The mind's is firm."

* And that hath touch'd me thro' ev'ry vein.] The same mistake is apparent here with that taken notice of in the last note: to complete the measure of this verse, I would read

"And

As I were quite become another creature,
And all he speaks it is projection!

Pru. Well feign'd, my lady: now her
parts begin!

Lat. And she will act them subtilly.

Pru. She fails me else.

Loc. Nor do they trespass within bounds
of pardon,

That giving way, and licence to their love,
Divest him of his noblest ornaments*,
Which are his modesty and shamesac'dness:
And so they do, that have unfit designs
Upon the parties they pretend to love.

For what's more monstrous, more a prodigy,
Than to hear me protest truth of affection
Unto a person that I would dishonour?

And what's a more dishonour, than defacing
Another's good with forfeiting mine own;
And drawing on a fellowship of sin?

From note of which, tho' for a while, we
may (science

Be both kept safe, by caution, yet the con-
Cannot be cleans'd. For what was hitherto
Call'd by the name of love, becomes de-
stroy'd

Then with the fact; the innocency lost,
The bating of affection soon will follow:
And love is never true that is not lasting.
No more than any can be pure or perfect,
That entertains more than one object: *Dixi*?

Lad. O speak, and speak for ever! let
mine ear

Be feasted still, and filled with this banquet!
No sense can ever surfeit on such truth!
It is the marrow of all lovers' tenets!
Who hath read Plato, Heliodore, or Tatius,
Sidney, D'Urfé, or all Love's fathers, like
him?

He's there the master of the sentences,
Their school, their commentary, text, and
gloss,

And breathes the true divinity of love!

Pru. Excellent actor! how she hits this
passion!

Lad. Where have I liv'd, in heresy, so
long

Out o' the congregation of love,
And stood irregular, by all his canons?

Lat. But do you think she plays?

Pru. Upo' my sovereignty;
Mark her anon.

Lat. I shake, and am half jealous.

Lad. What penance shall I do to be re-
ceiv'd,

And reconciled to the church of love?

Go on procession, bare-foot, to his image,
And say some hundred penitential verses,
There, out of Chaucer's *Troilus* and *Cres-
side*?

Or to his mother's shrine, vow a wax-candle
As large as the town May-pole is, and pay it!
Enjoin me any thing this court thinks fit;
For I have trespass'd, and blasphem'd love;
I have, indeed, despis'd his deity,
Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I
knew not.

Now I adore love, and would kiss the rushes
That bear this reverend gentleman, his priest,
If that would expiate—but I fear it will
not. (and old

For, though he be somewhat struck in years,
Enough to be my father, he is wise,
And only wise men love, the other covet.
I could begin to be in love with him,
But will not tell him yet, because I hope
T' enjoy the other hour with more delight,
And prove him farther.

Pru. Most Socratic lady!

Or, if you will, ironic! gi' you joy
O' your Platonic love here, Mr. Lovel.
But pay him his first kiss, yet, i' the court,
Which is a debt, and due: for the hour's run.

Lad. How swift is time, and slyly steals
away

From them would hug it, value it, embrace
it? (minutes,

I should have thought it scarce had run ten
When the whole hour is fled. Here, take
your kiss, sir,

Which I most willingly tender you in court.
(*Bea.* And we do imitate—)

Lad. And I could wish,

It had been twenty—so the sovereign's
Poor narrow nature had decreed it so—
But that is past, irrevocable, now:
She did her kind, according to her lati-
tude—

Pru. Beware you do not conjure up a
spirit

You cannot lay.

Lad. I dare you do your worst,
Shew me but such an injustice: I would
thank you

To alter your award.

Lat. Sure she is serious!

I shall have another fit of jealousy!

I feel a grudging!

Host. Cheer up, noble guest,

"And that hath touch'd me thro' my ev'ry vein."

The word *my* occurring in the next line, it was easy for the compositor of the press to leave
it out in the preceding one.

* *That given way, and licence to their love,*

Divest him of his noblest ornaments.] The words *given way*, must either be the ablative
case absolute, and so equivalent to *way and licence being given to their love*; or, which is
most probable, *given* is a corruption, and the true lection is,

"I that giving way and licence to their love,

"Divest him of his noblest ornaments."

† *That entertains more than one object: Dixi.*] The usual expression, when the advocate
had finished his harangue.

We cannot guess what this may come to yet;
The brain of man or woman is uncertain!

Lov. Tut, she dissembles! all is personated, [not]
And counterfeited, comes from her! if it were
The Spanish monarchy, with both the ladies,
Could not buy off the treasure of this kiss,
Or half give balance for my happiness.

Host. Why, as it is yet, it glads my Light-Heart [mour]

To see you rouz'd thus from a sleepy hum-Of drouzy, accidental melancholy;
And all those brave parts of your soul awake,
That did before seem drown'd and buried in you!

That you express yourself, as you had back'd

The muses' horse! or got Bellerophon's arms!

What news with Fly?

Fly. News of a newer lady,
A finer, fresher, braver, bonnier beauty,
A very bona roba, and a bouncer!
In yellow, glistening, golden satin.

Lad. Pru,
Adjourn the court.

Pru. Cry, Trundle—

Tru. Oyez,

Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance [hour,

To give unto the court; keep the second
And Love save the sov'reign.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Jug, Barnaby, Jordan.

Jug. **O** Barnaby!
Jor. Welcome, Barnaby: where hast thou been?

Bar. I' the foul weather.

Jug. Which has wet thee, Bar.

Bar. As dry as a chip! good Jug, a cast o' thy name,

As well as thy office: two jugs!

Jug. By-and-by.

Jor. What lady's this thou hast brought here?

Bar. A great lady!

I know no more; one that will try you, Jordan. [pacity.

She'll find your gage, your circle, your ca-How does old Staggers the smith, and Tree the saddler?

Keep they their penny-club still?

Jor. And th' old catch too,

Of whoop Barnaby.

Bar. Do they sing at me?

Jor. They are reeling at it in the parlour now.

Bar. I'll to 'em: gi' me a drink first.

Jor. Where's thy hat?

Bar. I lost it by the way—Gi' me another.

Jug. A hat?

Bar. A drink.

Jug. Take heed of taking cold, Bar—

Bar. The wind blew't off at Highgate, and my lady

Would not endure me light to take it up,
But made me drive bare-headed i' the rain.

Jor. That she might be mistaken for a countess?

Bar. Troth, like enough! she might be an o'ergrown dutchess,
For aught I know.

Jug. What! with one man!

Bar. At a time,

They carry no more, the best of 'em.

Jor. Nor the bravest.

Bar. And she is very brave!

Jor. A stately gown!

And petticoat, she has on!

Bar. Ha' you spy'd that, Jordan?

You are a notable peerer, an old Rabbi,
At a smock's hem, boy.

Jug. As he is chamberlain,

He may do that by his place.

Jor. What's her squire?

Bar. A toy that she allows eight pence a day,

A slight man-net, to port her up and down:
Come, shew me to my play-fellows, old

Staggers,

And father Tree.

Jor. Here, this way, Barnaby.

SCENE II.

Tiplo, Burst, Huffic, Fly.

Tip. Come, let us take in fresco, here,
one quart.

Bar. Two quarts, my man of war, let's not be stinted.

Huf. Advance three Jordans, varlet o' the house. [saucy]

Tip. I do not like your Burst, bird; he is
Some shop-keeper he was?

! A slight MAN-NET.] Rather manner without the hyphen, a little man.

Fly. Yes, sir.

Tip. I knew it,

A broke-wing'd shop-keeper: I nose 'em
straight. [own him;

He had no father, I warrant him, that durst
Some founding in a stall, or the church-
porch; [prentice;

Brought up i' the hospital; and so bound
Then master of a shop; then one o' th' in-
quest; [man:

Then breaks out bankrupt, or starts alder-
The original of both is a church-porch—

Fly. Of some, my colonel.

Tip. Good faith, of most

O' your shop-citizens! th' are rude animals!
And let 'em get but ten mile out a town,
Th' outswagger all the wapentake.

Fly. What's that?

Tip. A Saxon word to signify the hundred.

Bur. Come let us drink, sir Glorious,
some brave health

Upon our tip-toes.

Tip. To the health o' the Bursts.

Bur. Why Bursts?

Tip. Why Tip-toes?

Bur. O, I cry you mercy!

Tip. It is sufficient.

Huf. What is so sufficient?

Tip. To drink to you is sufficient.

Huf. On what terms?

Tip. That you shall give security to pledge
me.

Huf. So you will name no Spaniard, I
will pledge you.

Tip. I rather chuse to thirst; and will
thirst ever, [up.

Than leave that cream of nations un-cry'd
Perish all wine, and gust of wine.

Huf. How! spill it?

Spill it at me?

Tip. I reck not, but I spill it?

Fly. Nay, pray you be quiet, noble bloods.

Bur. No Spaniards,

I cry, with my cousin Huffle.

Huf. Spaniards? pilchers?

Tip. Do not provoke my patient blade.
It sleeps, [rude,

And would not hear thee: Huffle, thou art
And dost not know the Spanish composition.

Bur. What is the recipe? name the in-
gredients.

Tip. Valour.

Bur. Two ounces!

Huf. How! spill it?

Spill it at me?

Tip. I reckon not, but I spill it.] Mr. Theobald, ever jealous of the honour of his beloved
Shakspeare, calls this a flirt upon the servants in *Romeo and Juliet*, where the dead-doing
affront is given, by biting their thumbs at each other.

"*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir."

"*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir."

Act 1. sc. 1.

But, I believe, in both places, the poets intended only to ridicule the vapouring language,
at that time so much in vogue.

Tip. Prudence.

Bur. Half a dram!

Tip. Justice.

Bur. A penny-weight!

Tip. Religion.

Bur. Three scruples!

Tip. And of Gravidad.

Bur. A full-face!

Tip. He carries such a dose of it in his
looks,

Actions and gestures, as it breeds respect
To him from savages, and reputation
With all the sons of men.

Bur. Will it give him credit [men?

With gamesters, courtiers, citizens, or trades-

Tip. He'll borrow money on the stroke of
his beard!

Or turn of his mustaccio! his mere cuello,
Or ruff about his neck, is a bill of exchange

In any bank in Europe! not a merchant
That sees his gait, but straight will furnish

him

Upon his pace!

Huf. I have heard the Spanish name
Is terrible to children in some countries;
And us'd to make them eat their bread and
butter,

Or take their worm-seed.

Tip. Huffle, you do shuffle.

[To them.] *Stuff, Pinnasia.*

Bur. 'Slid, here's a lady!

Huf. And a lady gay!

Tip. A well-trimm'd lady!

Huf. Let's lay her aboard.

Bur. Let's hail her first.

Tip. By your sweet favour, lady.

Stu. Good gentlemen be civil, we are
strangers.

Bur. An' you were Flemings, sir!

Huf. Or Spaniards!

Tip. They're here, have been at Sevil'
their days,

And at Madrid too!

Pin. He is a foolish fellow, [tioh.

I pray you mind him not, he is my protec-

Tip. In your protection he is safe, sweet
lady.

So shall you be in mine.

Huf. A share, good colonel.

Tip. Of what?

Huf. Of your fine lady! I am Hodge,
My name is Huffle.

Tip. Huffing Hodge, be quiet.

Bur. A lady gay, gay : [lady gay.
For she is a lady gay, gay, gay. For she's a

Tip. Bird o' the Vespers, Vespertilio
Burst ;

You are a gentleman o' the first head.
But that head may be broke, as all the body
is—

Burst, if you tie not up your Huffle quickly.

Huf. Tie dogs, not men.

Bur. Nay, pray thee, Hodge, be still.

Tip. This steel here rides not on this thigh
in vain.

Huf. Shew'st thou thy steel and thigh,
thou glorious dirt ? [hold.

Then Hodge sings Samson, and no ties shall

Peirce, Jug, Jordan. [To them.]

Pei. Keep the peace, gentlemen : what do
you mean ?

Tip. I will not discompose myself for
Huffle.

Pin. You see what your entreaty, and
pressure still

Of gentlemen, to be civil, doth bring on ?

A quarrel ? and perhaps man-slaughter ?
You

Will carry your goose about you still ? your
planing-iron ? [stuff ?

Your tongue to smooth all ! is not here fine
Stu. Why, wife ?

Pin. Your wife ? ha' not I forbidden you
that ? [gown ?

Do you think I'll call you husband ? this
Or any thing in that jacket, but protection ?

Here tie my shoe, and shew my velvet petti-
coat, [me a lady,

And my silk stocking ! why do you make
if I may not do like a lady in fine clothes.

Stu. Sweet-heart, you may do what you
will with me.

Pin. Y : I knew that at home ; what to do
with you ;

But why was I brought hither ? to see
fashions ?

Stu. And wear them too, sweet-heart, but
this wild company—

Pin. Why do you bring me in wild com-
pany ? [pany ?

You'd ha' me tame, and civil, in wild com-
I hope I know, wild company are fine com-
pany, [self,

And in fine company, where I am fine my-
A lady may do any thing, deny nothing

To a fine party, I have heard you say't.

[To them.] *Peirce.*

Pei. There are a company of ladies above
Desire your ladyship's company, and to take
The surety of their lodgings from the affront
Of these half beasts, were here e'en now, the
centaurs.

² Every stop he made

Was like an eagle's.] Stop, I conjecture, is a corruption, and the true word stoop is a
term in hawking.

Pin. Are they fine ladies ?

Pei. Some very fine ladies.

Pin. As fine as I ?

Pei. I dare use no comparisons,
Being a servant, sent—

Pin. Spoke like a fine fellow ! [thee :
I would thou wert one ; I'd not then deny
But, thank thy lady.

[To them] *Host.*

Host. Madam, I must crave you
To afford a lady a visit, would excuse
Some harshness o' the house, you have re-
ceiv'd

From the brute guests.

Pin. This's a fine old man !

I'd go with him an' he were a little finer !

Stu. You may, sweet heart, it is mine
host.

Pin. Mine host !

Host. Yes, madam, I must bid you wel-
come.

Pin. Do then.

Stu. But do not stay.

Pin. I'll be advis'd by you ; yes !

SCENE III.

[To them] *Latimer, Beaumont, Lady, Pru,
Frank, Host, Pinnacia, Stuffe.*

Lat. What more than Thracian barbarism
was this !

Bea. The battle o' the Centaurs, with the
Lapithes !

Lad. There is no taming o' the monster
Drink.

Lat. But what a glorious beast our Tipto
shew'd !

He would not discompose himself, the don !
Your Spaniard ne'er doth discompose him-
self.

Bea. Yet, how he talk'd, and roar'd ! the
beginning !

Pru. And ran as fast as a knock'd mar-
row-bone.

Bea. So they did all at last, when Lovel
went down,

And chas'd 'em 'bout the court.

Lat. For all's don Lewis !

Or fencing after Euclid !

Lad. I ne'er saw

A lightning shoot so, as my servant did ;
His rapier was a meteor, and he waw'd it

Over 'em like a comet, as they fled him !
I mark'd his manhood ! every stoop he

made³
Was like an eagle's, at a flight of cranes !
(As I have read somewhere.)

Bea. Bravely exprest.

Lat. And like a lover !

Lad. Of his valour, I am t

He seem'd a body rarify'd to air !

Or that his sword, and arm were of a piece,
They went together so! Here comes the
lady. [said.

Bea. A bouncing bona roba! as the Fly

Fra. She is some giantess! I'll stand off,
For fear she swallow me.

Lad. Is not this our gown, Pru,
That I bespoke of Stuffe?

Pru. It is the fashion!

Lad. I, and the silk! feel: sure it is the
same!

Pru. And the same petticoat, lace and all!

Lad. I'll swear it.

How came it hither? make a bill of inquiry.

Pru. Yo' have a fine suit on, madam!
and a rich one!

Lad. And of a curious making!

Pru. And a new!

Pin. As new as day.

Lot. She answers like a fish-wife!

Pin. I put it on since noon, I do assure
you.

Pru. Who is your taylor?

Pin. 'Pray you, your fashioner's name?

Pin. My fashioner is a certain man o'
mine own,

He is? the house: no matter for his name.

Host. O, but to satisfy this bevy of ladies,
Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you
welcome.

Pin. He is one, in truth, I title my Pro-
tection:

Bid him come up.

Host. Our new lady's protection!

What is your ladyship's style?

Pin. Countess Pinnacia.

Host. Countess Pinnacia's man, come to
your lady!

Pru. Your ladyship's taylor! mass Stuffe!

Lad. How, Stuffe! he the Protection!

Host. Stuffe looks like a remnant.

Stu. I am undone, discover'd!

Pru. 'Tis the suit, madam,

Now, without scruple! and this some device
To bring it home with.

Pin. Why upon your knees?

Is this lady your godmother?

Stu. Mum, Pinnacia.

It is the lady Frampul; my best customer.

Lad. What show is this that you present
us with?

Stu. I do beseech your ladyship, forgive
me.

She did but 'say the suit on.

Lad. Who? which she?

Stu. My wife, forsooth.

Lad. How? mistress Stuffe? your wife!

Is that the riddle?

Pru. We all look'd for a lady,

A dutchess, or a countess at the least.

Stu. She is my own lawfully begotten wife,
In wedlock. We ha' been coupled now
seven years.

Lad. And why thus masqu'd? you like a
footman, ha!

And she your countess!

Pin. To make a fool of himself,
And of me too.

Stu. I pray thee, Pinnace, peace.

Pin. Nay, it shall out, since you have
call'd me wife,

And openly dis-ladied me! tho' I am dis-
countess'd [see.

I am not yet dis-countenanc'd. These shall
Host. Silence!

Pin. It is a foolish trick, madam, he has;
For tho' he be your taylor, he is my beast.

I may be bold with him, and tell his story.

When he makes any fine garment will fit me,
Or any rich thing that he thinks of price,

Then must I put it on, and be his countess.

Before he carry it home unto the owners,
A coach is hir'd, and four horses; he runs
in his velvet jacket thus, to Rumbold,

Croyden,
Hounslow, or Barnet, the next bawdy road:

And takes me out, carries me up, and throws
me

Upon a bed.

Lad. Peace, thou immodest woman.

She glories in the bravery o' the vice.

Lot. 'Tis a quaint one!

Bea. A fine species

Of fornicating with a man's own wife,

Found out by (what's his name?)

Lot. Mr. Nick Stuffe.

Host. The very figure of pre-occupation

In all his customers' best clothes.

Lot. He lies

With his own Succuba, in all your names.

Bea. And all your credits.

Host. I, and at all their costs.

Lot. This gown was then bespoke for the
sovereign?

Bea. I, marry was it.

Lot. And a main offence

Committed 'gainst the sovereignty; being
not brought [nation,

Home i' the time. Beside, the proph-
Which may call on the censure of the court.

Host. Let him be blanketed. Call up
the quarter-master.

Deliver him o'er to Fly.

Stu. O good, my lord.

Host. Pillage the pinnacle.

Lad. Let his wife be stript.

Bea. Blow off her upper deck.

Lot. Tear all her tackle.

Lad. Pluck the polluted robes over her
ears;

Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire o' them.

Pru. To rags and cinders, burn th' ido-
latrious vestures.

Host. Fly, and your fellows, see that the
whole censure

Be thoroughly executed.

Fly. We'll toss him bravely,
Till the stuff stink again.

Host. And send her home,
Divested to her flannel, in a cart.

Lat. And let her footman beat the bason afore her*.

Fly. The court shall be obey'd.

Host. Fly, and his officers,
Will do it fiercely.

Sta. Merciful queen Pru.

Pru. I cannot help you.

Bea. Go thy ways, Nick Stuffle,
Thou hast nickt it for a fashioner of venery!
Lat. For his own hell, tho' he run ten
mile for't. [hour.

Pru. O, here comes Lovel, for his second

Bea. And after him the type of Spanish
valour.

SCENE IV.

*Lady, Lovel, Tipto, Latimer, Beaufort, Pru,
Frank, Nurac, Host.*

Lad. Servant, what have you there?

Lov. A meditation,
Or rather a vision, madam, and of beauty,
Our former subject.

Lad. Pray you let us hear it.

Lov. "It was a beauty that I saw
"So pure, so perfect, as the frame
"Of all the universe was lame,
"To that one figure could I draw,
"Or give least line of it a law!
"A skein of silk without a knot!
"A fair march made without a halt!
"A curious form without a fault!
"A printed book without a blot!
"All beauty, and without a spot."

Lad. They are gentle words, and would
deserve a note,
Set to 'em, as gentle.

Lov. I have try'd my skill, [them;
To close the second hour, if you will hear
My boy by that time will have got it per-
fect. [he speaks,

Lad. Yes, gentle servant. In what calm
After this noise and tumult, so unmov'd,
With that serenity of countenance,
As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that
Which is the object of the second hour,
And nothing else.

Pru. Well then, summon the court.

Lad. I have a suit to the sovereign of
Love,
If it may stand with the honour of the court,
To change the question but from love to
valour,
To hear it said, but what true valour is,

Which oft begets true love.

Lat. It is a question
Fit for the court to take true knowledge of,
And hath my just assent.

Pru. Content.

Bea. Content. [his oath.

Fra. Content. I am content, give him

Host. Herbert Lovel, "Thou shalt swear
"upon the Testament of Love, to make
"answer to this question propounded to
"thee by the court, What true valour is?
"and therein to tell the truth, the whole
"truth, and nothing but the truth. So
"help thee Love, and thy bright sword at
"need."

Lov. So help me, Love, and my good
sword at need.

It is the greatest virtue, and the safety
Of all mankind, the object of its danger.
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence:
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things;
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,
And intends to perfect honesty, the scope
Is always honour, and the public good:
It is no valour for a private cause.

Bea. No? not for reputation?

Lov. That's man's idol,
Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws.
Who hath commanded us we should not
kill;

And yet we say, we must for reputation.
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation?
Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too. The office of a man
That's truly valiant, is considerable
Three ways: the first is in respect of matter,
Which still is in danger; in respect of form,
Wherein he must preserve his dignity;
And in the end, which must be ever lawful.

Lat. But men, when they are heated, and
in passion,
Cannot consider.

Lov. Then it is not valour.

I never thought an angry person valiant:
Virtue is never aided by a vice.
What need is there of anger and of tumult,
When reason can do the same things, or
more?

Bea. O yes, 'tis profitable, and of use;
It makes us fierce, and fit to undertake.

Lov. Why, so will drink make us both
bold and rash,

* And let her footman BEAT THE BASON afore her.] Alluding to the custom of old, when bawds and other infamous persons were carted. A mob of people used to precede them, *beating basons*, and other utensils of the same kind, to make the noise and tumult the bigger. Thus Stow describes the punishment of a priest, who was taken in criminal conversation with another man's wife; "The first day he rode in a carry; the second, on a horse, his face to the horse-tail; the third, led betwixt twaine; and every day *rang with basons*." This explains a passage in the *Silent Woman*, where Morose, amongst other execrations on the barber Cutbeard, says, "Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his." Act 3, scene 5.

Or phrensie if you will; do these make valiant?

They are poor helps, and virtue needs them not.

No man is valianter by being angry, But he that could not valiant be without: So that it comes not in the aid of virtue, But in the stead of it.

Lat. He holds the right.

Loc. And 'tis an odious kind of remedy, To owe our health to a disease.

Tip. If man

Should follow the dictamen of his passion, He could not 'scape——

Bea. To discompose himself.

Lat. According to don Lewis!

Host. Or Caranza!

Loc. Good colonel Glorious, whilst we treat of valour,

Dismiss yourself.

Lat. You are not concern'd.

Loc. Go drink,

And congregate the hostlers and the tapsters, The under-officers o' your regiment;

Compose with them, and be not angry valiant. [*Tipstoe goes out.*]

Bea. How does that differ from true valour?

Loc. Thus.

In the efficient, or that which makes it:

For it proceeds from passion, not from judgment: [there

Then brute beasts have it, wicked persons; It differs in the subject; in the form,

'Tis carried rashly, and with violence:

Then i' the end, where it respects not truth, Or public honesty, but mere revenge.

Now confident, and undertaking valour, Sways from the true, two other ways, as

being [strength,

A trust in our own faculties, skill, or And not the right, or conscience o' the

cause, [the victory,

That works it: then i' the end, which is And not the honour.

Bea. But the ignorant valour,

That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it

T' escape the infamy merely——

Loc. Is worst of all:

That valour lies i' the eyes of the lookers on; And is call'd valour with a witness.

Bea. Right. [about,

Loc. The things true valour's exercis'd Are poverty, restraint, captivity,

Banishment, loss of children, long disease:

'The least is death. Here valour is beheld, Properly seen; about these it is present:

Not trivial things; which but require our confidence.

And yet to those we must object ourselves, Only for honesty: if any other

Respects be mixt, we quite put out her light.

And as all knowledge, when it is remov'd,

Or separate from justice, is call'd craft,

Rather than wisdom: so a mind affecting,

Or undertaking dangers, for ambition,

Or any self-pretext, not for the publick,

Deserves the name of daring, not of valour.

And over-daring is as great a vice,

As over-fearing.

Lat. Yes, and often greater.

Loc. But as it is not the mere punishment, But cause, that makes a martyr; so it is not

Fighting, or dying, but the manner of it,

Renders a man himself. A valiant man

Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,

But worthily, and by selected ways:

He undertakes with reason, not by chance.

His valour is the salt to his other virtues,

They are all season'd without it. The wait-

ing-maids,

Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,

His magnanimity, his confidence,

His constancy, security, and quiet;

He can assure himself against all rumour!

Despairs of nothing! laughs at contumelies!

As knowing himself advanced in a height:

Where injury cannot reach him, nor asper-

sion

Touch him with soil!

Lat. Most manly utter'd all:

As if Achilles had the chair in valour,

And Hercules were but a lecturer!

Who would not hang upon those lips for

ever! [them;

That strike such musick! I could run on

But modesty is such a school-mistress

To keep our sex in awe.

Pru. Or you can feign; my

Subtle and dissembling lady mistress.

Lat. I fear she means it, Pru, in too good

earnest!

Loc. The purpose of an injury 'tis to vex

And trouble me; now nothing can do that

To him that's valiant. He that is affected

With the least injury, is less than it.

It is but reasonable to conclude

That should be stronger, still, which hurts,

than that

Which is hurt. Now no wickedness is

stronger

Than what opposeth it: not fortune's self,

When she encounters virtue, but comes off

Both lame and less! why should a wise man

then

Confess himself the weaker, by the feeling

Of a fool's wrong? there may an injury

Be meant me. I may chuse, if I will take it.

But we are now come to that delicacy

¹ *The LEAST is DEATH.*] Our author means, that death, a natural and necessary evil, is, of all others, the least feared or regarded by the truly magnanimous and brave.

² *Who would not hang up those lips for ever!*] The passion of this speech is lost by the negligence of the printer, who has here given us *hang up*, for *hang upon*, a nervous poetical expression.

And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence [than deeds ;

Worse than an injury, bare words worse
We are not so much troubled with the wrong, [children,

As with the opinion of the wrong ; like
We are made afraid with visors ! such poor sounds

As is the lie, or common words of spight,
Wise laws thought never worthy a revenge ;
And 'tis the narrowness of human nature,
Our poverty, and beggary of spirit,
To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me !

He broke a jest ! a third took place of me !
How most ridiculous quarrels are all these ?
Notes of a queasie and sick stomach, labouring

With want of a true injury ! the main part
Of the wrong, is our vice of our taking it.
Lad. Or our interpreting it to be such.

Lov. You take it rightly. If a woman, or child

Give me the lie, would I be angry ? no,
Not if I were ! my wits, sure I should think it

No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs,
If I will think it, who are to be held
In as contemptible a rank, or worse.

I am kept out a masque, sometime thrust out, [word,

Made wait a day, two, three, for a great
Which (when it comes forth) is all frown and forehead ! [anger !

What laughter should this breed, rather than
Out of the tumult of so many errors,
To feel with contemplation, mine own quiet !

If a great person do me an affront,
A giant of the time, sure I will bear it
Or out of patience, or necessity !

Shall I do more for fear, than for my judgment ?

For me now to be angry with Hodge Huffle,
Or Burst (his broken charge), if he be saucy,
Or our own type of Spanish valour, Tipto,

(Who were he now necessitated to beg,
Would ask an alms, like Conde Olivares)
Were just to make my self, such a vain animal

As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,

No more shall great ; if not a few, not many. [find

There's nought so sacred with us but may
A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is
No less divine, 'cause the prophane can reach it.

He is shot-free, in battle is not hurt,
Not he that is not hit. So he is valiant,
That yields not unto wrongs ; not he that

'scapes 'em :

They that do pull down churches, and deface [head.

The holiest altars, cannot hurt the God-
A calm wise man may shew as much true valour,

Amidst these popular provocations,
As can an able captain shew security
By his brave conduct, through an enemy's country.

A wise man never goes the people's way :
But as the planets still move contrary
To the world's motion ; so doth he, to opinion.

He will examine, if those accidents
(Which common fame calls injuries) happen to him

Deservedly, or no ? Come they deservedly,
They are no wrongs then, but his punishments :

If undeservedly, and he not guilty,
The doer of them, first, should blush, not he.

Lad. Excellent !
Bea. Truth, and right !

Fru. An oracle
Could not have spoken more !

Lad. Been more believ'd !
Fru. The whole court runs into your sentence, sir !

And see your second hour is almost ended.
Lad. It cannot be ! O clip the wings of time,

Good Pru, or make him stand still with a charm.

Distil the gout into it, cramps, all-diseases
To arrest him in the foot, and fix him here :
O, for an engine, to keep back all clocks ! j

Or make the sun forget his motion !
If I but knew what drink the time now lov'd,
To set my Trundle at him, mine own Bar-

naby ! [To-mas.
Fru. Why ? I'll consult our Shelee-nien,
Nur. *Er grae Chreest.*

Bea. Wake her not.
Nur. *Tower een cuppan*

D'usque bagh doone.
Fru. *Usque-bagh's her drink.*

But 'twi' not make the time drunk.
Host. As't hath her.

Away with her, my lord, but marry her first, Pru. [lady.

Fru. I, that'll be sport anon too for my
But she hath other game to fly at yet :

The hour is come, your kiss.
Lad. My servant's song, first.

Fru. I say the kiss, first ; and I so enjoin'd it :

At your own peril, do, make the contempt.
Lad. Well, sir, you must be pay'd, and legally.

Fru. Nay nothing, sir, beyond.
Lov. One more—I except.

? *How most ridiculous quarrels are all these ?* It is not improbable, that the zeal and good sense our author hath expressed against the senseless and impious mode of duelling, so prevalent at that time, might contribute to raise a party against him in order to dam his play, which accounts for its want of success, when represented on the stage.

This was but half a kiss, and I would change it.

Pru. The court's dissolv'd, remov'd, and the play ended.

No sound, or air of love more, I decree it.

Lov. From what a happiness hath that one word

Thrown me into the gulf of misery?

To what a bottomless despair? how like

A court removing, or an ended play,

Shews my abrupt precipitate estate,

By how much more my vain hopes were increas'd

By these false hours of conversation?

Did not I prophesy this of myself,

And gave the true prognosticks? O my brain!

How art thou turned! and my blood con-

My sinews slackned! and my marrow melted!

That I remember not where I have been,

Or what I am! only my tongue's on fire;

And burning downward, hurls forth coals and cinders,

To tell, this temple of love will soon be ashes!

Come indignation, now, and be my mis-

No more of Love's ungrateful tyranny;

His wheel of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,

His nets of nooses, whirl-pools of vexation,

His mills, to grind his servants into powder—

I will go catch the wind first in a sieve,

Weigh smোক, and measure shadows, plough the water;

And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in love.

Lad. My jealousy is off, I am now secure.

Lov. Farewell the craft of crocodiles,

women's piety,

And practice of it, in this art of flattering,

And fooling men. I ha' not lost my reason,

Though I have lent my self out for two hours,

Thus to be baffled by a chamber-maid,

And the good actor, her lady, afore mine host

Of the Light-Heart, here, that hath laugh'd
Host. Who, I? at all—

Lov. Laugh on, sir, I'll to bed and sleep,
And dream away the vapour of love, if th' house

And your leer drunkards let me.

Lad. Pru.

Pru. Sweet madam.

Lad. Why would you let him go thus?

Pru. In whose power

Was it to stay him, prop'rer than my lady's?

Lad. Why, in her lady's? are not you the sovereign?

Pru. Would you in conscience, madam, ha' me vex

His patience more?

Lad. Not but apply the cure,

Now it is vex.

Pru. That's but one body's work:

Two cannot do the same thing handsomely.

Lad. But had not you the authority also?

Pru. And were not you i' rebellion,

From the beginning?

Lad. I was somewhat froward,

I must confess, but frowardness sometime

Becomes a beauty, being but a visor

Put on. You'll let a lady wear her masque,

Pru.

Pru. But how do I know, when her ladyship is pleas'd

To leave it off, except she tell me so?

Lad. You might have known that by my looks, and language,

Had you been but regardant, or observant.

One woman reads another's character,

Without the tedious trouble of deciphering.

If she but give her mind to't; you knew well,

It could not sort with any reputation

Of mine, to come in first, having stood out

So long, without conditions for mine honour.

Pru. I thought you did expect none, you so jeer'd him,

And put him off with scorn—

* *Lov.* I'll to bed and sleep,

If th' house, and your LEER DRUNKARDS let me.] The word occurs before in *Bartholomew-fair*; "The author doth promise a strutting horse-courser, with a leer "drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish." *Induct.* And though the meaning of the word *leer* cannot very easily be settled, the expression seems in both places to denote *noisy, laughing, roaring drunkards*; and this observation will give light to a passage in *Beaumont and Fletcher*, which the ingenious editor could not so readily explain. *Launcelot*, in *Monsieur Thomas*, act 4. sc. 2, is describing a riot, or frolic, as the moderns call it, which his young master had engaged in the night before: and in relating the incidents of this action, he has the following phrase;

"Footra for leers and leerings;—O the noise,

"The noise we made."

Mr. Seward, not finding a meaning to *leers* and *leerings* that would suit the context, proposes *laws* and *lawyers* as a conjectural emendation, but does not venture to insert it in the text. But *leers* and *leerings* seem to signify the same with *leer-drunkards*, and *leer-drinkings*, and this sense of it agrees well with the context; as if he had said, the most jovial set of noisy bacchanalian drunkards were sons of silence and calm midnight, compared to the clamour and tumult we raised on this occasion.

"Footra for leers and leerings: O the noise,

"The noise we made."

Lad. Who, I, with scorn?
I did express my love to idolatry rather,
And so am justly plagu'd, not understood.

Pru. I swear I thought you had dis-
sembled, madam,
And doubt you do so yet.

Lad. Dull, stupid wench!
Stay i' thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd;
An idiot chambermaid! hath all my care,
My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,
Honour, and titles wrought no brighter
effects

On thy dark soul than thus? Well! go thy
ways;

Were not the taylor's wife to be demolish'd,
Ruin'd, uncas'd, thou should'st be she, I
vow.

Pru. Why, take your spangled properties,
your gown
Ad scarfs.

Lad. Pru, Pru, what dost thou mean?

Pru. I will not buy this play-boy's bravery
At such a price, to be upbraided for it,
Thus, every minute.

Lad. Take it not to heart so.

Pru. The taylor's wife? there was a word
of scorn!

Lad. It was a word fell from me, Pru, by
chance.

Pru. Good madam, please to undeceive
yourself,
I know when words do slip, and when they
are darted

With all their bitterness: uncas'd, demo-
lish'd?

An idiot—chambermaid, stupid, and dull?
Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be so;
And think I do deserve it, that, and more,
Much more I do.

Lad. Here comes mine host! no crying!
Good Pru. Where is my servant Lovel,

host?

Host. You ha'sent him up to bed, would
you would follow him!

And make my house amends!

Lad. Would you advise it?

Host. I would I could command it. My
Light Heart

Should leap till midnight.

Lad. Pray thee be not sullen,

I yet must ha' thy counsel. Thou shalt
wear, Pru,

The new gown yet.

Pru. After the taylor's wife?

Lad. Come, be not angry, or griev'd: I
have a project.

Host. Wake Sheelee-nien Thomas! is
this your heraldry?

And keeping of records, to loose the main?
Where is your charge?

Nur. *Gra Chreest!*

Host. Go ask th' oracle

O' the bottle, at your girdle, there you
lost it:

You are a sober setter of the watch.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Host, Fly.

Host. COME, Fly and Legacy, the bird
o' the heart:

Prinæ insect of the inn, professor, quarter-
master,

As ever thou deserved'st thy daily drink,
Padling in sack, and licking i' the same,
Now shew thyself an implement of price,
And help to raise a nap to us, out of nothing.
Thow saw'st 'em married?

Fly. I do think I did,

And heard the words, Philip, I take thee,
Læticæ.

I gave her too, was then the father Fly,
And heard the priest do his part, far as five
nobles

Would lead him i' the lines of matrimony.

Host. Where were they married?

Fly. I' the new stable.

Host. Ominous!

I ha' known many a church been made a
stable,

But not a stable made a church till now:

I wish 'em joy. Fly, was he a full priest?

Fly. He belly'd for it, had his velvet
sleeves, [gown,

And his branch'd cassock, a side-sweeping

All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine!

I went not far to fetch him, the next inn,

Where he was lodg'd, for the action.

Host. Had they a licence?

Fly. Licence of love, I saw no other,
and purse

To pay the duties both of church and house;
The angels flew about.

Host. Those birds send luck:

And mirth will follow. I had thought to ha'
sacrific'd, [Fly.

To merriment to-night, i' my Light-Heart,

And like a noble poet, to have had

My last act best: but all fails i' the plot.

Lovel is gone to bed; the lady Frampul

And sov'reign Pru fall'n out : Tipto and his regiment

Of mine-men, all drunk dumb, from his whoop Barnaby, [tropicks.

To his hoop Trundle : they are his two No project to rear laughter on, but this,

The marriage of lord Bonafort with Lætitia. Stay! what is here! the sitting gown redeem'd!

And Pru restor'd in't to her lady's grace!
Fly. She is set forth in't! rigg'd for some employment!

Host. An embassy at least!

Fly. Some treaty of state!

Host. 'Tis a fine tack about! and worth the observing.

SCENE II.

Lady, Prudence, Host, Fly.

Lad. Sweet Pru, I, now thou art a queen indeed! [em!

These robes do royally! and thou becom'st So they do thee! rich garments only fit

The parties they are made for! they shame others.

How did they shew on goody Taylor's back! Like a caparison for a sow, God save us!

Thy putting 'em on hath purg'd, and hallow'd em [nicks.

From all pollution meant by the mecha-

Pru. Hang him, poor snip, a secular shop-wit!

H' hath nought but his sheers to claim by, and his measures:

His prentice may as well put in for his And plead a stitch. [needle,

Lad. They have no taint in 'em Now of the tailor.

Pru. Yes, of his wife's hanches, Thus thick o' fat; I smell 'em, o' the say.

Lad. It is restorative, Pru! with thy but chafing it,

A barren hind's grease may work miracles. Find but his chamber-door, and he will rise

To thee! or if thou pleasest, feign to be The wretched party herself, and com'st unto him

In formâ pauperis, to crave the aid Of his knight-errant valour, to the rescue

Of thy distressed robes! name but thy gown,

And he will rise to that!

Pru. I'll fire the charm first, I had rather die in a ditch with mistress

Shore, [has it,

Without a smock, as the pitiful matter Than owe my wit to clothes, or ha' it be-

holden.
Host. Still spirit of Pru!

Fly. And smelling o' the sovereign!

Pru. No, I will tell him, as it is indeed; I come from the fine froward, Frampul lady,

Once was run mad with pride, wild with self-love; [scorn'd her,

But late encountering a wise man, who And knew the way to his own bed, without

Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recover'd

Part of her wits; so much as to consider How far she hath trespass'd, upon whom,

and how.

And now sits penitent and solitary, Like the forsaken turtle, in the volary

Of the Light-Heart, the cage, she hath abus'd,

Mourning her folly, weeping at the height She measures with her eyes, from whence

she is fall'n, [wood.

Since she did branch it on the top o' the

Lad. I pr'y thee, Pru, abuse me enough, that's use me

As thou think'st fit, any coarse way, to humble me,

Or bring me home again, or Lovel on: Thou dost not know my sufferings, what I

feel, [freeze,

My fires and fears are met; I burn and My liver's one great coal, my heart shrunk up

With all the fibres, and the mass of blood Within me, is a standing lake of fire,

Cur'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs, That drive a drift of sleet through all my

body,

And shoot a February through my veins. Until I see him, I am drunk with thirst,

And surfeited with hunger of his presence.

I know not wher I am, or no, or speak, Or whether thou dost hear me.

Pru. Spare expressions. I'll once more venture for your ladyship.

So you will use your fortunes reverently.

Lad. Religiously, dear Pru; Love and his mother, [altars,

I'll build them several churches, shrines, and

¹ Like a *COMPARISON* for a sow, God save us! I will not affirm that *comparison* for a sow, is a corruption, as it may possibly allude to a homely proverb we have amongst us; but should the reader be inclined to think the present reading erroneous, we may alter it, without departing widely from the traces of the letters, by substituting a *caparison*.

Since the writing of these notes, I was favoured with the edition of this play, in 8vo, of 1631; and in that I had the satisfaction of finding the conjectural emendations I have made, confirmed; and in particular, *caparison* is here the reading of that edition.

² I know not *WHERE* I am, or no. *Where* has no relation to place, but is here only a contraction of *whether*, and is split in the edition of 1631 in the manner it is given above: and our author so uses it in his epigrams;

"Who shall doubt, Donne, *wher* I a poet be,

"When I dare send my epigrams to thee?" *Epig.* 96.

And over head, I'll have, in the glass windows,

The story of this day be painted, round,
For the poor laity of love to read.

I'll make myself their book, nay, their example,

To bid them take occasion by the forelock,
And play no after-games of love hereafter.

Host. And here your host, and's Fly,
witness your vows,

And like two lucky birds, bring the presage
Of a long jest: lord Beaufort married is.

Lad. Ha!

Fly. All-to-be-married.

Pru. To whom, not your son?

Host. The same, Pru. If her ladyship
could take truce

A little with her passion, and give way
To their mirth now running.

Lad. Runs it mirth, let's come,
It shall be well receiv'd, and much made
of it. [conception.]

Pru. We must of this, it was our own

SCENE III.

Lattimer. [To them.]

Lat. Room for green rushes, raise the
fidlers, chamberlain,
Call up the house in arms.

Host. This will rouse Lovel.

Fly. And bring him on too.

Lad. Sheelée-nien

Runs like a heifer, bitten with the brieze,
About the court, crying on Fly, and cursing.

Fly. For what, my lord?

Lat. Yo' were best hear that from her,
It is no office, Fly, fits my relation.
Here come the happy couple! Joy, lord
Beaufort.

Fly. And my young lady too.

Host. Much joy, my lord!

SCENE IV.

Beaufort, Frank, Sertan. [To them.]

Beau. I thank you all; I thank thee,
father Fly.

Madam, my cousin, you look discompos'd,
I have been bold with a salad after supper,
O' your own lettuce here.

Lad. You have, my lord.

But laws of hospitality, and fair rites,
Would have made me acquainted.

Beau. I' your own house,
I do acknowledge: else I much had trespass'd.
But in an inn, and public, where there is
licence

Of all community; a pardon o' course
May be su'd out.

Lat. It will, my lord, and carry it.

I do not see, how any storm or tempest
Can help it now.

Pru. The thing being done and past,
Yet bear it wisely, and like a lady of
judgment.

Bea. She is that, secretary Pru.

Pru. Why secretary,
My wise lord? is your brain lately married?

Bea. Your reign is ended, Pru, no sove-
reign now:

Your date is out, and dignity expir'd.

Pru. I am annull'd, how can I treat with
Lovel,

Without a new commission?

Lad. Thy gown's commission.

Host. Have patience, Pru, expect, bid
the lord joy.

Pru. And this brave lady too. I wish
them joy.

Pei. Joy.

Jor. Joy.

Jug. All joy.

Host. I, the house full of joy.

Fly. Play the bells; fidlers, crack your
strings with joy.

Pru. But lady Læticé, you shew'd a
neglect

Un-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my lady, your
kinswoman,

Not to advise with her.

Bea. Good politic Pru,

Urge not your state advice, your after-wit;
'Tis near upbraiding. Get our bed ready,
chamberlain, [ceits,

And, host, a bride-cup; you have rare con-
And good ingredients; ever an old host,

Upo' the road, has his provocative drinks.

Lat. He is either a good bawd, or a phy-
sician.

Bea. 'Twas well he heard you not, his
back was turn'd.

A bed, the genial bed, a brace of boys

To-night I play for.

Pru. Give us points, my lord.

Bea. Here take 'em, Pru, my cod-piece
point, and all. [boys.]

I ha' clasps, my Læticé' arms, here take 'em,
What, is the chamber ready? Speak, why

stare you

On one another?

Jor. No, sir.

Bea. And why no?

Jor. My master has forbid it. He yet
doubts,

That you are married.

Bea. Ask his vicar-general,

His Fly, here.

Fly. I must make that good, they are
married.

Host. But I must make it bad, my hot
young lord.

¹ Urge not your STATE ADVICE, your after-wit.] What is the meaning of state advice? Grave advice; such as befits the solemnity of a state? Or is it not better to suppose it an error, and that state advice was the poet's original word? especially as the following expression seems to countenance the emendation.

Gi' him his doublet again, the air is piercing;
You may take cold, my lord. See whom
you ha' married,
Your host's son, and a boy.

Fly. You are abus'd.

Lad. Much joy, my lord.

Pru. If this be your Lætitia,
She'll prove a counterfeit mirth, and a clip'd
lady. [boy!]

Ser. A boy, a boy, my lord has married a

Lat. Raise all the house in shout and
laughter, a boy!

Host. Stay, what is here! peace, rascals,
stop your throats.

SCENE V.

Nurse. [To them.]

That maggot, worm, that insect! O my
child, [his face,

My daughter! where's that Fly? I'll fly in
The vermin, let me come to him.

Fly. Why, nurse Sheele?

Nur. Hang thee, thou parasite, thou son
of crums [child,

And orts, thou hast undone me, and my
Fly daughter, my dear daughter.

Host. What means this? [ruin'd,

Nur. O sir, my daughter, my dear child is
By this your Fly, here, married in a stable,
And sold unto a husband.

Host. Stint thy cry,
Harlot, if that be all, didst thou not sell him
'To me for a boy? and brought'st him in
boy's rags

Here to my door, to beg an alms of me?

Nur. I did, good master, and I crave
your pardon;

But 'tis my daughter, and a girl.

Host. Why said'st thou
It was a boy, and sold'st him then to me
With such entreaty, for ten shillings, carlin?

Nur. Because you were a charitable man
I heard, good master, and would breed him
well,

I would ha' giv'n him you for nothing gladly.
Forgive the lie o' my mouth, it was to save
The fruit of my womb. A parent's needs
are urgent, [natures,

And few do know that tyrant o'er good
But you reliev'd her, and me too, the
mother, [nurse,

And took me into your house to be the
For which heaven heap all blessings on your
head,

Whilst there can one be added!

Host. Sure thou speak'st

Quite like another creature than th' hast liv'd
Here, i' the house, a Sheelee-nien Thomas,
An Irish beggar.

Nur. So I am, God help me.

Host. What art thou? tell: the match
is a good match,

For aught I see: ring the bells once again.

Bea. Stint, I say, fiddlers.

Lad. No going off, my lord.

Bea. Nor coming on, sweet lady, things
thus standing!

Fly. But what's the heinousness of my
offence?

Or the degrees of wrong you suffer'd by it?
In having your daughter match'd thus hap-
pily,

Into a noble house, a brave young blood,
And a prime peer o' the realm?

Bea. Was that your plot, Fly?

Gi' me a cloke, take her again among you.
I'll none o' your Light-Heart fosterlings, no
innates,

Supposititious fruits of an host's brain,
And his Fly's hatching, to be put upon me.

There is a royal court o' the Star-chamber,
Will scatter all these mists, disperse these
vapours,

And clear the truth. Let beggars match
with beggars,

That shall decide it. I will try it there.

Nur. Nay, then, my lord, it's not enough
I see

You are licentious, but you will be wicked.
Yo' are not alone content to take my
daughter,

Against the law; but having taken her,
You would repudiate, and cast her off,

Now at your pleasure, like a beast of power,
Without all cause, or colour of a cause,

That, or a noble, or an honest man,
Should dare t'except against; her poverty,

Is poverty a vice?

Bea. Th' age counts it so.

Nur. God help your lordship, and your
peers that think so,

If any be: if not, God bless them all,
And help the number o' the virtuous,

If poverty be a crime. You may object
Our beggary to us, as an accident,

But never deeper, no inherent baseness.
And I must tell you now, young lord of dirt,

As an incensed mother, she hath more
And better blood running i' those small
veins,

Than all the race of Beauforts have in mass,
Though they distil their drops from the
left rib

Of John o' Gaunt.

Host. Old mother o' records,
Thou know'st her pedigree then: whose
daughter is she?

Nur. The daughter and co-heir to the
lord Frampul,

This lady's sister!

Lad. Mine? what is her name?

Nur. Lætitia.

Lad. That was lost!

Nur. The true Lætitia.

Lad. Sister, O gladness! then you are
our mother?

Nur. I am, dear daughter.

Lad. On my knees I bless

The light I see you by.

Nur. And to the author

Of that blest light, I owe my other eye,

Which hath almost, now, seven years been shut,

Dark as my vow was, never to see light,
Till such a light restor'd it, as my children,
Or your dear father, who, I hear, is not.

Bea. Give me my wife, I own her now,
and will have her.

Host. But you must ask my leave first,
my young lord. [master,

Leave is but light. Ferret, go bolt your
Here's gear will startle him. I cannot keep
The passion in me, I am e'en turn'd child,
And I must weep. Fly, take away mine
host, [my lord ;

My beard and cap here, from me, and fetch
I am her father, sir, and you shall now

Ask my consent, before you have her.
Wife ! [wife !

My dear and loving wife ! my honour'd
Who here hath gain'd but I ? I am lord

Frampul,
The cause of all this trouble : I am he
Have measur'd all the shires of England

over,
Wales, and her mountains, seen those
wilder nations,

Of people in the Peak, and Lancashire ;
Their pipers, fiddlers, rushers, puppet-mas-
ters,

Juglers and gipsies, all the sorts of canters,
And colonies of beggars, tumblers, ape-car-
riers ;

For to these savages I was addicted,
To search their natures, and make odd dis-
coveries,

And here my wife, like a She-Mandevile,
Ventured in disquisition after me.

Nur. I may look up, admire, I cannot
speak

Yet to my lord.

Host. Take heart, and breathe, recover,
Thou hast recover'd me, who here had
coffin'd

Myself alive, in a poor hostelry,
In penance of my wrongs done unto thee,
Whom I long since gave lost.

Nur. So did I you, [sister,
Till stealing mine own daughter from her
I lighted on this error hath cur'd all.

Bea. And in that cure, include my tres-
pass, mother,

And father, for my wife—

Host. No, the Star-chamber.

Bea. Away with that, you sour the
sweetest lettuce

Was ever tasted.

Host. Gi' you joy, my son,
Cast her not off again. O call me father,
Lovel, and this your mother, if you like.

But take your mistress, first, my child : I
have power [sister

To give her now, with her consent ; her
Is given already to your brother Beaufort.

Lov. Is this a dream now, after my first
sleep ?

Or are these phant'sies made i' the Light
Heart ?

And sold i' the New Inn ?

Host. Best go to bed,
And dream it over all. Let's all go sleep,
Each with his turtle. Fly, provide us lod-
gings ; [inn,

Get beds prepar'd ; yo' are master now o'the
The lord o' the Light-Heart, I give it you.

Fly was my fellow-gipsy. All my family,
Indeed, were gipsies, tapsters, ostlers, cham-
berlains,

Reduced vessels of civility. [ving

But here stands Pru, neglected, best deser-
Of all that are i' the house, or i' my heart ;

Whom though I cannot help to a fit hus-
band, [tion :

I'll help to that will bring one, a just por-
I have two thousand pound in bank for Pru,
Call for it when she will.

Bea. And I as much.

Host. There's somewhat yet, four thou-
sand pound ! that's better,

Than sounds the proverb, " Four bare legs
in a bed." [to coin

Lov. Me and her mistress, she hath power
Up into what she will.

Ind. Indefinite Pru.

Lat. But I must do the crowning act of
bounty !

Host. What's that, my lord ?

Lat. Give her myself, which here
By all the holy vows of love I do.

Spare all your promis'd portions ; she's a
dowry

So all-sufficient in her virtue and manners,
That fortune cannot add to her.

Pru. My lord,
Your praises are instructions to mine ears,
Whence you have made your wife to live
your servant.

Host. Lights : get us several lights.

Lov. Stay, let thy mistress
But hear my vision sung, my dream of
beauty, [joy,

Which I have brought, prepar'd, to bid us
And light us all to bed, 'twill be instead

Of airing of the sheets with a sweet odour.

Host. 'Twill be an incense to our sacrifice
Of love to-night, where I will woo afresh,
And like Mæcenas, having but one wife,
I'll marry her every hour of life hereafter⁴.

They go out with a song.

⁴ And like MÆCENAS, having but ONE WIFE,

[I'll marry her every hour of life hereafter.] Terentia, the wife of Mæcenas, is reported to have been not of the most gentle and complying manners, which necessarily produced many quarrels and reconciliements between her and her husband : this gave occasion to those words of Seneca, to which our poet alludes ; *Hunc esse, qui uxorem milies duxit, cum unum habuerit.* SENECA. Epist. 114.

EPILOGUE.

- "PLAYS in themselves have neither
 hopes nor fears;
 " Their fate is only in their hearers' ears:
 " If you expect more than you had to-night,
 " The maker is sick, and sad. But do
 him right; [things fit,
 " He meant to please you: for he sent
 " In all the numbers both of sense and
 wit;
 " If they ha' not miscarried! if they have,
 " All that his faint and falt'ring tongue
 doth crave,
 " Is, that you not impute it to his brain,
 " That's yet unhurt, altho' set round with
 pain,
 " It cannot long hold out. All strength
 must yield; [field,
 " Yet judgment would the last be in the
- " With a true poet. He could have hal'd in
 " The drunkards, and the noises of the
 inn,
 " In his last act; if he had thought it fit
 " To vent you vapours in the place of
 wit: [or spoe,
 " But better 'twas that they should sleep,
 " Than in the scene to offend him or you.
 " This he did think; and this do you for-
 give: [live.
 " Whene'er the carcass dies, this art will
 " And had he liv'd the care of king and
 queen, [seen;
 " His art in something more yet had been
 " But mayors and shrieves may yearly fill
 the stage:
 " A king's, or poet's birth do ask an age."

Another EPILOGUE there was, made for the play, in the poet's defence, but the play liv'd not in opinion, to have it spoken.

- " A JOVIAL host, and lord of the New
 Inn, [past therein,
 " 'Cleft the Light-Heart, with all that
 " Hath been the subject of our play to-
 night, [delight.
 " To give the king, and queen, and court
 " But then we mean the court above the
 stairs, [more of ears
 " And past the guard; men that have
 " Than eyes to judge us: such as will not
 hiss, [Cis.
 " Because the chambermaid was named
- " We think it would have serv'd our scent
 as true,
 " ' If, as it is, at first we'd call'd her Pru,
 " For any mystery we there have found,
 " Or magick in the letters, or the sound.
 " She only meant was for a girl of wit,
 " To whom her lady did a province fit:
 " Which she would have discharg'd, and
 done as well,
 " Had she been christen'd Joyce, Grace,
 Doll, or Nell."

¹ *If, as it is, at first we'd call'd her Pru.*] In the first draught of the play, the chambermaid's name was *Cicely*, which, it seems, was not approv'd of by the audience, and therefore altered by the poet to *Prudence*. In the edition of 1631, she is sometimes called *Cic*, and sometimes *Pru*, by mistake of the printer.

This Comedy, as it was never acted, but most negligently play'd by some, the KING'S SERVANTS; and more squeamishly beheld and censur'd by others, the KING'S SUBJECTS, 1629; is now, at last, set at liberty to the Readers, his MAJESTY'S SERVANTS and Subjects, to be judg'd of, 1631.

THE MAGNETICK LADY; OR, HUMOURS RECONCILED.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LADY LOADSTONE, *the Magnetick Lady.*
MISTRESS POLISH, *her gossip and ske-parasite.*
MISTRESS PLACENTIA, *her niece.*
PLEASANCE, *her waiting-woman.*
MISTRESS KEEP, *the niece's nurse.*
MOTHER CHAIR, *the midwife.*
MR. COMPASS, *a scholar mathematick.*
CAPTAIN IRONSIDE, *a soldier.*
PARSON PALATE, *prelate of the parish.*

DOCTOR RUT, *physician to the house.*
TIM. ITEM, *his apothecary.*
SIR DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, *a courtier.*
MR. PRACTISE, *a lawyer.*
SIR MOTH INTEREST, *an usurer, or money-bawd.*
MR. BIAS, *a vi-politick, or sub-secretary.*
MR. NEEDLE, *the lady's steward and taylor.*
THE CHORUS, *by way of Induction.*

SCENE, *London.*

THE INDUCTION, or CHORUS.

The two gentlemen entering upon the stage.

Mr. Probec and Mr. Damplay.

A boy of the house meets them.

Boy. WHAT do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you lack? any fine fancies, figures, humours, characters, ideas, definitions of lords and ladies? Waiting-women, parasites, knights, captains, courtiers, lawyers, what do you lack?

Pro. A pretty prompt boy for the poetic shop.

Dam. And a bold! where's one o' your masters, sirrah, the poet?

Boy. Which of 'em, sir? we have divers that drive that trade, now: poets, poetaccio's, poetasters, poetito's—

Dam. And all haberdashers of small wit, I presume; we would speak with the poet o' the day, boy.

Boy. Sir, he is not here. But I have the dominion of the shop, for this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the stage will afford for the present.

Pro. Therein you will express your own good parts, boy.

Dam. And tie us two to you for the gentle office.

Pro. We are a pair of public persons (this gentleman and myself) that are sent thus coupled unto you, upon state-business.

Boy. It concerns but the state of the stage, I hope.

Dam. O, you shall know that by degrees, boy. No man leaps into a business of state, without forling first the state of the business.

Pro. We are sent unto you, indeed, from the people.

Boy. The people! which side of the people?

Dam. The venison side, if you know it, boy.

Boy. That's the left side. I had rather they had been the right.

Pro. So they are. Not the faces, or grounds of your people, that sit in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinful six-penny mechanicks—

Dam. But the better and braver sort of your people! plush and velvet outsides! that stick your house round like so many eminences—

Boy. Of clothes, not understandings? they are at pawn. Well, I take these as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from these people?

¹ *Dam.* And all haberdashers of small wit.] Shakspeare has an expression of the like kind, in *King Henry the Eighth*, act 5. scene 1.

"Porter's Mum. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit, that railed upon me, till her pink'd porrenger fell off her head." Dr. GREY.

Dam. You have heard, boy, the antient poets had it in their purpose, still to please this people.

Pro. I, their chief aim was —

Dam. *Populo ut placerent*: (if he understands so much.)

Boy. (*Quas fecissent fabulas.*) I understand that sin' I learn'd Terence, i' the third form at Westminster: go on, sir.

Pro. Now, these people have employed us to you, in all their names, to entreat an excellent play from you.

Dam. For they have had very mean ones from this shop of late, the stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, gentlemen, I have no wares which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venture with your people, your gay gallant people; so as you, again, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good play when they hear it; and will have the conscience and ingenuity beside to confess it.

Pro. We'll pass our words for that; you shall have a brace of us to engage ourselves.

Boy. You'll tender your names, gentlemen, to our book then?

Dam. Yes, here's Mr. Probee; a man of most powerful speech, and parts to persuade.

Pro. And Mr. Damplay will make good all he undertakes.

Boy. Good Mr. Probee, and Mr. Damplay! I like your securities; whence do you write yourselves?

Pro. Of London, gentlemen; but knights brothers, and knights friends, I assure you.

Dam. And knights fellows too. Every poet writes squire now.

Boy. You are good names! very good men, both of you! I accept you.

Dam. And what is the title of your play here? The Magnetick Lady?

Boy. Yes, sir, an attractive title the author has given it.

Pro. A *magnete*, I warrant you.

Dam. O no, from *magnus*, *magna*, *magnum*.

Boy. This gentleman hath found the true magnitude —

Dam. Of his portal or entry to the work, according to Vitruvius.

Boy. Sir, all our work is done without a portal — or Vitruvius. *In foro*, as a true comedy should be. And what is conceal'd within, is brought out, and made present by report.

Dam. We see not that always observ'd by your authors of these times; or scarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all known, how should it be observ'd? The most of those

your people call authors, never dreamt of any decorum, or what was proper in the scene; but grope at it i' the dark, and feel or fumble for it: I speak it, both with their leave, and the leave o' your people.

Dam. But, why Humours Reconcil'd, I would fain know?

Boy. I can satisfy you there too, if you will. But, perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

Dam. No? why should you conceive so, boy?

Boy. My conceit is not ripe yet; I'll tell you that anon. 'The author beginning his studies of this kind, with Every Man in his Humour; and after, Every Man out of his Humour; and since, continuing in all his plays, especially those of the comic thread, whereof the New-Inn was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times; finding himself now near the close, or shutting up of his circle, hath fancied to himself, in idea, this Magnetick Mistress: a lady, a brave bountiful house-keeper, and a virtuous widow; who having a young niece, ripe for a man and marriageable, he makes that his centre attractive, to draw thither a diversity of guests, all persons of different humours to make up his perimeter. And this he hath call'd Humours Reconcil'd.

Pro. A bold undertaking, and far greater than the reconciliation of both churches; the quarrel between humours having been much the ancients; and, in my poor opinion, the root of all schism and faction both in church and common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still; but how he will speed in it, we cannot tell, and he himself (it seems) less cares. For he will not be entreated by us, to give it a prologue. He has lost too much that way already, he says. He will not woo the gentile ignorance so much. But careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident it shall super-please judicious spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest, by example or otherwise.

Dam. He may be deceiv'd in that, boy: few follow examples now, especially if they be good.

Boy. The play is ready to begin, gentlemen, I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are delegates: please you take a couple of seats and plant yourselves, here, as near my standing as you can: fly every thing you see to the mark, and censure it freely; so you interrupt not the series or thread of the argument, to break or pucker it, with unnece-

* The author beginning his studies of this kind, with Every Man in his Humour.] We must except those pieces which were offered to the stage before that play, and which did not succeed so well. The Case is altered has, I think, plain marks of being one of his earlier compositions.

sary questions. For, I must tell you, (not out of mine own dictamen, but the author's) a good play is like a skain of silk; which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off at pleasure, on the bottom or card of your discourse, in a tale or so; how you will: but if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot or elfe-lock; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle, will undo or separate.

Dam. Stay! who be these, I pray you?

Boy. Because it is your first question, (and these be the prime persons,) it would in civility require an answer: but I have heard the poet affirm, that to be the most unlucky scene in a play, which needs an interpreter; especially, when the auditory are awake: and such are you, he presumes; *ergo*—

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Compass, Ironside.

Com. **W**ELCOME, good captain Ironside, and brother; You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by Here, at a noble lady's house i' the street, The lady Loadstone's (one will bid us welcome), [guests, Where there are gentlewomen and male Of several humours, carriage, constitution, Profession too; but so diametral One to another, and so much oppos'd, As if I can but hold them all together, And draw 'em to a sufferance of themselves, But till the dissolution of the dinner, I shall have just occasion to believe My wit is magisterial; and ourselves Take infinite delight i' the success.

Iron. Troth, brother Compass, you shall pardon me; I love not so to multiply acquaintance At a meal's cost; 'twill take off o' my freedom [vance. So much; or bind me to the least obser-

Com. Why, Ironside, you know I am a scholar,

And part a soldier; I have been employ'd By some the greatest statesmen o' the Kingdom, [vers'd

These many years; and in my time con- With sundry humours, suiting so myself To company, as honest men, and knaves, Good-fellows, hypocrites, all sorts of people, Though never so divided in themselves, Have studied to agree still in the usage And handling of me (which hath been fair too.)

Iron. Sir, I confess you to be one well read

In men, and manners; and that usually, The most un govern'd persons, you being present,

Rather subject themselves unto your censure, Than give you least occasion of distaste, By making you the subject of their mirth: But (to deal plainly with you, as a brother) When ever I distrust i' my own valour, I'll never bear me on another's wit, Or offer to bring off, or save myself, On the opinion of your judgment, gravity, Discretion, or what else. But (being away) You're sure to have less wit-work; gentle brother,

My humour being as stubborn as the rest, And as unmanageable.

Com. You do mistake My caract of your friendship all this while! Or at what rate I reckon your assistance, Knowing by long experience, to such animals, [fox there, Half-hearted creatures, as these are, your Unkenne'd with a choleric, ghastly aspect, Or two or three comminatory terms, Would run their fears to any hole of shelter, Worth a day's laughter! I am for the sport: For nothing else.

Iron. But, brother, I ha' seen A coward meeting with a man as valiant As our St. George (not knowing him to be such, Or having least opinion that he was so) Set to him roundly, I, and swinge him soundly:

And i' the virtue of that error, having Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after To err; and think no person, nor no creature More valiant than himself.

Com. I think that too: But, brother, (could I over entreat you) I have some little plot upon the rest, If you would be contented to endure A sliding reprehension at my hands, To hear yourself or your profession glanc'd at

In a few slighting terms; it would beget Me such a main authority, o' the bye,

And do yourself no disrepute at all !

Iron. Compass, I know that universal causes

In nature produce nothing, but as meeting
Particular causes to determine those,
And specify their acts. This is a piece
Of Oxford science, stays with me e'er since
I left that place; and I have often found
The truth thereof, in my private passions:
For I do never feel myself perturb'd
With any general words 'gainst my profes-
sion,

Unless by some smart stroke upon myself
They do awake, and stir me: else, to wise
And well-experienc'd men, words do not
signify; [marians,

They have no power, save with dull gram-
Whose souls are nought but a Syntaxis of
them. [Palate here,

Com. Here comes our parson, parson
A venerable youth! I must salute him,
And a great clerk! he's going to the ladies:
And tho' you see him thus, without his cope,
I do assure you he's our parish pope!
God save my reverend clergy, parson Palate.

SCENE II.

Palate, Compass, Ironside.

Pal. The witty Mr. Compass! how is't
with you? [counsel,

Com. My lady stays for you, and for your
Touching her niece, Mrs. Placentia Steel!
Who strikes the fire of full fourteen to-day,
Ripe for a husband.

Pal. I, she chimes, she chimes.
Saw you the doctor Rut, the house-phys-
ician?

He's sent for too.

Com. To council? time you were there.
Make haste, and give it a round quick dis-
patch,

That we may go to dinner betimes, parson;

To wise

And well-experienc'd men, words do BUT SIGNIFY;

They have no power, save with dull grammarians.] The meaning of this sentence is
not very clear; if we adhere to the present pointing, the word *but* in the first line, I
apprehend, should be changed to *not*: and the sense will then be, that general words can
make little or no impression upon wise and well-experienc'd persons.

To wise

And well-experienc'd men, words do not signify:

If we retain the present reading, it seems necessary to remove the stop after the word
signify, and the whole will run thus;

To wise

And well-experienc'd men, words do but signify i. e. shew

They have no power, save with dull grammarians.

The sentiment is much the same, if we prefer this reading, though possibly the former may
render it easier and more exact.

That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature

More than her share.] The poet in this, and the preceding character of the parson,
imitates the manner and the sentiments of Chaucer: but we must not think that our author's
description was intended to comprehend the faculty in general. As to the remark above,
something of the same kind is observed by lord Bacon; and our old bard too tells us of his
physician, that

"His study was but lytel on the Byble."

And drink a health or two more to the bu-
siness. [youth,

Iron. This is a strange put-off! a reverend
You use him most surreverently methinks!
What call you him? Palate Please! or
Parson Palate?

Com. All's one, but shorter! I can g^t you
his character.

He is the prelate of the parish, here,
And governs all the dames, appoints the
cheer, [guests,

Writes down the bills of fare, pricks all the
Makes all the matches and the marriage-
feasts

Within the ward; draws all the parish-wills,
Designs the legacies, and strokes the gills
Of the chief mourners: and (whoever
lacks)

Of all the kindred, he hath first his blacks.
Thus holds he weddings up, and burials,
As his main tithing; with the gossips stalls,
Their pews; he's top still, at the public
mess;

Comforts the widow, and the fatherless,
In funeral sack: sits 'bove the alderman;
For of the wardmote quest, he better can
The mystery, than the Levitic law:
That piece of clerkship doth his vestry awe,
He is as he conceives himself, a fine
Well furnish'd, and apparelled divine.

Iron. Who made this epigram, you?

Com. No, a great clerk

As any's of his bulk (Ben Jonson) made it.

Iron. But what's the other character,
doctor Rut?

Com. The same man made 'em both:
but his is shorter,

And not in rhyme, but blanks. I'll tell you
that, too.

Rut is a young physician to the family:

¹ That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More than her share; licentious in dis-
course,

And in his life a profest voluptuary;

The slave of money, a buffoon in manners;
Obscene in language, which he vents for
wit;
Is saucy in his logicks, and disputing;
Is any thing but civil, or a man.
See, here they are! and walking with my
lady,
In consultation, afore the door;
We will slip in, as if we saw 'em not.

SCENE III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, 'tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,
My brother Interest's.

Pal. Who, old sir Moth?

Lad. He keeps off all her suitors, keeps
the portion
Still in his hands; and will not part withal,
On any terms.

Pal. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ;* [vance.
Thence flows the cause o' the main grie-

Rut. That

It is a main one! how much is the portion?

Lad. No petty sum.

Pal. But sixteen thousand pound.

Rut. He should be forc'd, madam, to lay
it down.

When is it payable?

Lad. When she is married.

Pal. Marry her, marry her, madam.

Rut. Get her married.

Lose not a day, an hour——

Pal. Not a minute.

Pursue your project real, Mr. Compass
Advis'd you to. He is the perfect Instru-
ment

Your ladyship should sail by.

Rut. Now, Mr. Compass

Is a fine witty man; I saw him go in, now.

Lad. Is he gone in?

Pal. Yes, and a feather with him,

He seems a soldier.

Rut. Some new suitor, madam.

Lad. I am beholding to him; he brings
ever

Variety of good persons to my table,
And I must thank him, tho' my brother
Interest

Dislike of it a little.

Pal. He likes nothing

That runs your way.

Rut. Troth, and the other cares not.

He'll go his own way, if he think it right.

Lad. He's a true friend! and there is
Mr. Practice, [house:

The fine young man of law, comes to the

My brother brooks him not, because he
thinks

He is by me assigned for my niece:

He will not hear of it.

Rut. Not of that ear:

But yet your ladyship doth wisely in it——

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay down the
portion sooner, [lawyer.

If he but dream you'll match her with a
Lad. So Mr. Compass says. It is between
The lawyer, and the courtier, which shall
have her.

Pal. Who, sir Diaphanous Silkworm?

Rut. A fine gentleman,

Old Mr. Silkworm's heir.

Pal. And a neat courtier,

Of a most elegant thread.

Lad. And so my gossip [Polish,

Polish assures me. Here she comes! good
Welcome in troth! how do'st thou, gentle
Polish?

Rut. Who's this?

Pal. Dame Polish, her she-parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing
gossip.

SCENE IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pol. Your ladyship is still the lady Load-
stone, [all sorts:

That draws, and draws unto you, guests of
The courtiers, and the soldiers, and the
scholars,

The travellers, physicians, and divines,

* As doctor Ridley writ, and doctor Barlow.

They both have wrote of you, and Mr.
Compass. [it be long.

Lad. We mean, they shall write more, ere

Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and 't
please you; but [well,

Your ladyship means well, and shall mean
So long as I live. How does your fine niece,
My charge, mistress Piacentia Steel?

Lad. She is not well.

Pol. Not well?

Lad. Her doctor says so. [buts,

Rut. Not very well; she cannot shoot at
Or manage a great horse, but she can cranch
A sack of small-coal, eat you lime, and hair,
Soap-ashes, loam, and has a dainty spice
O' the green-sickness!

Pol. 'Od shield!

Rut. Or the dropsy!

[here,
A toy, a thing of nothing. But my lady,
Her noble aunt.

Pol. She is a noble aunt!

And a right worshipful lady, and a virtuous;

* As doctor RIDLEY writ, and doctor BARLOW,

They both have wrote of you, and Mr. COMPASS.] Doctor Barlow discovered many
uses of the magnet, or load-stone, which were unknown before his time, and was the first
inventor of the compass-box, as it is now used at sea: in 1616 he published a book called
Magnetical Advertisement, &c. which was soon after animadverted upon by Dr. Mark
Ridley, a physician. To this dispute our author makes an allusion in these lines. Dr.
Barlow died in 1625.

I know it well!

Rut. Well, if you know it, peace.

Pol. Good sister Polish, hear your betters speak.

Pol. Sir, I will speak, with my good lady's leave,

And speak, and speak again; I did bring up My lady's niece, Mrs. Placentia Steel, With my own daughter (who's Placentia too)

And waits upon my lady, is her woman: Her ladyship well knows Mrs. Placentia Steel (as I said) her curious niece, was left A legacy to me, by father and mother, With the nurse Keep that tended her: her mother

She died in child-bed of her, and her father Liv'd not long after: for he lov'd her mother!

They were a godly couple! yet both dy'd, (As we must all.) No creature is immortal, I have heard our pastor say: no, not the faithful!

And they did die (as I said) both in one month.

Rut. Sure she is not long-liv'd, if she spend breath thus.

Pol. And did bequeath her to my care and hand,

To polish and bring up. I moulded her, And fashion'd her; and form'd her; she had the sweat (it)

Both of my brows and brains (my lady knows Since she could write a quarter old.

Lad. I know not

That she could write so early, my good gossip.

But I do know she was so long your care, Till she was twelve year old; that I call'd for her, (Polish,

And took her home; for which I thank you, And am beholden to you.

Rut. I sure thought

She had a lease of talking for nine lives——

Pol. It may be she has.

Pol. Sir, sixteen thousand pound

Was then her portion! for she was, indeed, Their only child! and this was to be paid Upon her marriage, so she married still

With my good lady's liking here, her aunt: (I heard the will read) Mr. Steel, her father, The world condemn'd him to be very rich, And very hard; and he did stand condemn'd (after,

With that vain world, till, as 'twas proved He left almost as much more to good uses In sir Moth Interest's hands, my lady's brother,

Whose sister he had married: he holds all In his close gripe. But Mr. Steel was liberal, And a fine man; and she a dainty dame, And a religious, and a bountiful——

SCENE V.

[To them.] *Compass, Ironside.*

Pol. You knew her, Mr. Compass?

Com. Spare the torture,

I do confess without it.

Pol. And her husband, (they liv'd!

What a fine couple they were! and how

Com. Yes. (turtles!

Pol. And lov'd together like a pair of

Com. Yes.

Pol. And feasted all the neighbours.

Com. Take her off

Somebody that hath mercy.

Rut. O he knows her,

It seems!

Com. Or any measure of compassion:

Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake

One for the soul, the other for the body!

Pol. She would dispute with the doctors

of divinity, (chens!

At her own table! and the Spittle pre-

And find out the Armenians?

Rut. The Armenians?

Pol. I say, the Armenians.

Com. Nay, I say so too! (menians!

Pol. So Mr. Polish call'd 'em, the Ar-

Com. And Medes and Persians, did he

not?

Pol. Yes, he knew 'em,

And so did mistress Steel: she was his pupil.

The Armenians, he would say, were worse

than papists:

And then the Persians were our Puritans,

Had the fine piercing wits!

Com. And who, the Medes?

Pol. The middle men, the luke-warm

Protestants.

Rut. Out, out. (branching:

Pol. Sir, she would find them by their

Their branching sleeves, brancht castocks,

and brancht doctrine,

Beside their texts.

Rut. Stint, karlin: I'll not hear.

Confute her, parson.

Pol. I respect no parsons,

Chaplains, or doctors, I will speak.

Lad. Yes, so't be reason,

Let her.

Rut. Death, she cannot speak reason.

Com. Nor sense, if we be masters of our

senses! (to bait!

Iro. What mad woman ha' they got here

Pol. Sir, I am mad in truth, and to the

purpose;

And cannot but be mad, to hear my lady's

Dead sister slighted, witty Mrs. Steel.

Iro. If she had a wit, death has gone near

to spoil it,

Assure yourself.

Pol. She was both witty and zealous,

* *Rut.* The ARMENIANS? The folio of 1640, the *Arminians*. But the present reading with the interrogative point, is more humorous, as it preserves the blunder; though the *Arminians* are intended.

And lighted all the tinder o' the truth
(As one said) of religion, in our parish;
She was too learned to live long with us!
She could the Bible in the holy tongue,
And read it without pricks; had all her
Masoreth;
Knew Burton and his Bull, and scribe Prin,
Præsto-be-gon, and all the Pharisees*.

Lad. Dear gossip,
Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouch-
safe

To see your charge, my niece.

Pol. I shall obey,
If your wise ladyship think fit: I know
To yield to my superiors.

Lad. A good woman!
But when she is impertinent, grows earnest,
A little troublesome, and out of season:
Her love and zeal transport her.

Com. I am glad
That any thing could port her hence. We
now

Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.
I have brought your ladyship a hungry guest
here,

A soldier, and my brother, captain Ironside:
Who being by custom grown a sanguinary,
The solenin and adopted son of slaughter,
Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,
An execution of three days and nights,
Than all the hope of numerous succession,
Or happiness of issue could bring to him.

Rut. He is no suitor then?

Pol. So it should seem.

Com. And if he can get pardon at heaven's
hand

For all his murthers, is in as good case
As a new christen'd infant: (his employ-
ments

Continu'd to him, without interruption,
And not allowing him or time or place
To commit any other sin, but those:)
Please you to make him welcome for a meal,
madam.

Lad. Thenobleness of his profession makes
His welcome perfect; tho' your coarse
description

Would seem to sully it.

Iro. Never, where a beam
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing lady.

Pol. She hath cur'd all well.

Rut. And he hath fitted well the compli-
ment.

SCENE VI.

[To them] *Sir Diaphanous, Practise.*

Com. No, here they come: the prime
magnetick guests
Our lady Loadstone so respects: the Arc-
And th' Antarctic! sir Diaphanous Silk-
worm!

A courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
Choice musick, frequent baths, his horary
shifts
Of shirts, and waistcoats, means to immor-
Mortality itself, and makes the essence
Of his whole happiness the trim of court.

Dia. I thank you, Mr. Compass, for your
short
Encomiastick.

Rut. It is much in little, sir.

Pol. Concise and quick; the true style of
an orator.

Com. But Mr. Practise here, my lady's
Or man of law, (for that is the true writing)
A man so dedicate to his profession,
And the preferments go along with it,
As scarce the thund'ring bruit of an invasion,
Another eighty-eight, threat'ning his country
With ruin, would no more work upon him,
Than Syracuse's sack on Archimede:
So much he loves that night-cap! the bench-
gown!

[a man
With the broad guard o' th' back! these shew
Betroth'd unto the study of our laws!

Pra. Which you but think the crafty in-
positions

Of subtle clerks, feats of fine understanding,
To abuse clots and clowns with, Mr. Com-
pass,

Having no ground in nature to sustain it,
Or light, from those clear causes; to the
inquiry
And search of which, your mathematical
Hath so devow'd itself.

Com. Tut, all men are
Philosophers, to their inches. There's within
Sir Interest, as able a philosopher,
In buying and selling! has reduc'd his thrift
To certain principles, and i' that method,
As he will tell you instantly, by logarithms,
The utmost profit of a stock employed:
(Be the commodity what it will) the place,
Or time, but causing very, very little,
Or, I may say, no parallax at all,

* Knew BURTON and his BULL, and SCRIBE PRIN, gent.

PRÆSTO-BE-GON, and all the Pharisees.] Henry Burton published a tract in the year 1627, intitled *The baiting of the Pope's Bull*, 4to. This was the person who lost his ears with *Pryn* and *Bastwick*.—Dr. GREY.

The voluminous *Pryn* is rightly characterized by the title of *Scribe*; and perhaps he is again alluded to, in the description of one who suffers without any shame, or sense of his sufferings; where there seems also to be a reference to his *Histrio-mastix*;

"One that hath lost his ears by a just sentence

"O' the Star-chamber, a right valiant knave,

"And is a histronical contempt."—Act. 3. sc. 5.

If our author means any particular person by the term *Præsto-be-gon*, one may imagine he alludes to the famous *Dr. Preston*, at that time the head of the Presbyterian party.

In his pecuniary observations!
He has brought your niece's portion with
him, madam; [here
At least, the man that must receive it:
They come negotiating the affair;
You may perceive the contract in their faces,
And read th' indenture. If you'll sign
'em: so.

SCENE VII.

[To them] *Interest, Bias.*

Pal. What is he, Mr. Compass?

Com. A v-politick!

Or a sub-aiding instrument of state!

A kind of a laborious secretary

To a great man! (and likely to come on)

Full of attendance! and of such a stride

In business politick or oeconomick,

As well his lord may stoop t' advise with
him,

And be prescribed by him in affairs

Of highest consequence, when he is dull'd,
Or wearied with the less.

Dia. 'Tis Mr. Bias,

Lord Whach'um's politick.

Com. You know the man?

Dia. I ha' seen him wait at court, there,
with his maniples

Of papers and petitions.

Fra. He is one

That over-rules tho', by his authority

Of living there; and cares for no man else:

Neglects the sacred letter of the law;

And holds it all to be but a dead heap

Of civil institutions: the rest only

Of common men, and their causes, a
farrago, [thing.

Or a made dish in court; a thing of no
Com. And that's your quarrel at him? a
just plea.

Int. I tell you, sister Loadstone—

Com. (Hang your ears

This way, and hear his praises: now Moth
opens.) [the jewel

Int. I ha' brought you here the very man!
Of all the court! close Mr. Bias! sister,

Apply him to your side! or you may wear
him. [ear!

Here o' your breast! or hang him in your
He's a fit pendant for a lady's tip!

A chrysolite, a gem; the very agate

Of state and policy; cut from the quar^a

Of Machiavel, a true Cornelian,

As Tacitus himself! and to be made

The brooch to any true state-cap in Europe!

Lad. You praise him, brother, as you had
hope to sell him. [your niece

Com. No, madam, as he had hope to sell
Unto him.

Lad. Ware your true jests, Mr. Compass;
They will not relish.

Int. I will tell you, sister,
I cannot cry his carackt up enough:

He is unvaluable: all the lords

Have him in that esteem, for his relations,

Corants, avises, correspondences

With this ambassador, and that agent! he

Will screw you out a secret from a sta-
tist— [dog,

Com. So easy, as some cobler worms a

Int. And lock it in the cabinet of his me-
mory—

Com. Till't turn a politic insect or a fly,
Thus long!

Int. You may be merry, Mr. Compass;
But though you have the reversion of an

office,

You are not in it, sir.

Bia. Remember that.

Com. Why should that fright me, Mr.

Bia.—, from telling

Whose ass you are?

Int. Sir, he is one can do

His turns there, and deliver too his letters

As punctually, and in as good a fashion,

As e'er a secretary can in court.

Fro. Why, is it any matter in what fashion
A man deliver his letters, so he not open 'em?

Bia. Yes, we have certain precedents
in court, [age:

From which we never swerve once in an
And (whatsoe'er he thinks) I know the arts

And sciences do not directlier make

A graduate in our universities,

Than an habitual parerga prefers

A man in court.

Com. Which, by the truer style,
Some call a formal flat servility.

Bia. Sir, you may call it what you please;
but we

(That tread the path of public businesses)

Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink;

The wearing the callot, the politic hood,

And twenty other parerga, o' the bye,

You seculars understand not: I shall trick
him,

If his reversion come i' my lord's way.

Dia. What is that, Mr. Practice? you
sure know?

Mas' Compasses reversion?

Fra. A fine place,
(Surveyor of the projects general)

I would I had it.

Pal. What is't worth?

Fra. O sir,

A nemo scit.

Lad. We'll think on't afore dinner.

CHORUS.

Boy. NOW, gentlemen, what censure you
of our protasis, or first act?

Fro. Well, boy, it is a fair presentment

^a—Cut from the QUAR.

Of Machiavel.] Quarry, says Mr. Theobald, is the true reading. But quar is an
abbreviation; and quar-pits is in some places the usual word for stone-pits, or quarries.

of your actors ; and a handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.

Dam. But there is nothing done in it, or concluded : therefore I say, no act.

Boy. A fine piece of logick ! do you look, Mr. Damplay, for conclusions in a protasis ? I thought the law of comedy had reserved to the catastrophe ; and that the epitasis (as we are taught) and the catastasis, had been intervening parts, to have been expected. But you would have all come together, it seems : the clock should strike five at once, with the acts.

Dam. Why, if it could do so, it were well, boy.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a clock were to speak, not strike. So, if a child could be born in a play, and grow up to a man, i' the first scene, before he went off the stage : and then after to come forth a squire, and be made a knight : and that knight to travel between the acts, and do wonders i' the Holy Land or elsewhere ; kill Paynims, wild boars, dun cows, and other monsters ; beget him a reputation, and marry an emperor's daughter for his mistress : convert her father's country : and at last come home lame, and all-to-be-laden with miracles.

Dam. These miracles would please, I assure you, and take the people ! for there be of the people, that will expect miracles, and more than miracles from this pen.

Boy. Do they think this pen can juggle ? I would we had Hokos pokos for 'em then, your people ; or Travitanto Tudesko.

Dam. Who's that, boy ?

Boy. Another juggler, with a long name. Or that your expecters would be gone hence now, at the first act ; or expect no more hereafter than they understand.

Dam. Why so, my peremptory Jack ?

Boy. My name is John, indeed—Because, who expect what is impossible, or beyond nature, defraud themselves.

Pro. Nay, there the boy said well : they do defraud themselves, indeed.

Boy. And therefore, Mr. Damplay, unless like a solemn justice of wit, you will damn our play, unheard, or unexamined ; I shall entreat your mistress, madam Expectation, if she be among these ladies, to have patience, but a pissing while : give our springs leave to open a little, by degrees ; a source of ridiculous matter may break forth anon, that shall steep their temples, and bathe their brains in laughter, to the fomenting of stupidity itself, and the awaking any velvet lethargy in the house.

Pro. Why do you maintain your poet's quarrel so with velvet and good clothes, boy ? we have seen him in indifferent good clothes ere now.

Boy. And may do in better, if it please the king (his master) to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom he acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though ; he will have somewhat beside, either of human letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man, though he went naked.

Pro. He is beholden to you, if you can make this good, boy.

Boy. Himself hath done that already, against envy.

Dam. What's your name, sir ? or your country ?

Boy. John Try-gust my name : a Cornish youth, and the poet's servant.

Dam. West-country breed I thought, you were so bold.

Boy. Or rather saucy ; to find out your palate, Mr. Damplay. 'Faith we do call a spade a spade, in Cornwall. If you dare damn our play, i' the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so.

Pro. Good boy.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Keep, Placentia, Pleasance.

Keep. SWEET mistress, pray you be merry : you are sure
To have a husband now.

Pla. I, if the store
Hurt not the choice.

Ple. Store is no sore, young mistress,
My mother is wont to say.

Keep. And she'll say wisely

As any mouth i' the parish. Fix on one,
Fix upon one, good mistress.

Pla. At this call too,
Here's Mr. Practise, who is call'd to the bench
Of purpose.

Keep. Yes, and by my lady's means—

Ple. 'Tis thought to be the man:

Keep. A lawyer's wife.

Ple. And a fine lawyer's wife.

Keep. Is a brave calling.

Ple. Sweet mistress Practise!

Keep. Gentle mistress Practise!
Ple. Fair, open mistress Practise!
Keep. I, and close,
 And cunning mistress Practise!
Ple. I not like that;
 The courtier's is the neater calling.
Ple. Yes,
 My lady Silk-worm.
Keep. And to shine in plush.
Ple. Like a young night-crow, a Diaphanous Silk-worm. [licate!
Keep. Lady Diaphanous sounds most de-
Ple. Which would you chuse now, mis-
 tress?
Ple. 'Cannot tell.
 'The copy does confound one.
Ple. Here's my mother.

SCENE II.

Polish, Keep, Placentia, Pleasance, Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent nurse?
 What were you chanting on? (God bless you, maiden.)

[To her daughter kneeling.
Keep. We were enchanting all; wishing a husband [her.

For my young mistress here. A man to please

Pol. She shall have a man, good nurse, and must have a man:

A man and a half, if we can chuse him out:
 We are all in council within; and sit about it:
 The doctors and the scholars; and my lady,
 Who's wiser than all us—Where's Mr. Needle?

Her ladyship so lacks him to prick out

The man: how does my sweet young mis-
 tress? [dear charge?

You look not well methinks! how do you,
 You must have a husband, and you shall
 have a husband. [a third

There's two put out to making for you;

Your uncle promises: but you must still

Be rul'd by your aunt, according to the will

Of your dead father and mother (who are
 in heaven.) [you:

Your lady-aunt has choice i' the house for

We do not trust your uncle; he would keep
 you

A bachelor still, by keeping of your portion:

And keep you not alone without a husband,

But in a sickness: I, and the green sickness,

The maiden's malady; which is a sickness:

A kind of disease, I can assure you,

And like the fish our mariners call Re-
 mora—

Keep. A Remora, mistress!

Pol. How now, goody nurse? [an ear

Dame Keep of Katerns? what! have you

I' the cock-boat, 'cause you are a sailor's

wife, [mora:

And come from Shadwell? I say a Re-

For it will stay a ship that's under sail!
 And stays are long and tedious things to
 maids! [sailing

And maidens are young ships that would be
 When they be rigg'd; wherefore is all their
 trim else?

Nec. True; and for them to be staid—

Pol. The stay is dangerous:

You know it, Mr. Needle.

Nec. I know somewhat;

And can assure you from the doctor's mouth,

She has a dropsy, and must change the air,

Before she can recover.

Pol. Say you so, sir?

Nec. The doctor says so.

Pol. Says his worship so? [times

I warrant 'em he says true then; they some-
 Are soothsayers, and always cunning men.

Which doctor was it?

Nec. E'en my lady's doctor; [doctor.

The neat house-doctor: but a true stone-

Pol. Why? hear you, nurse? how comes
 this geer to pass? [fault,

This is your fault in truth: it shall be your

And must be your fault: why is your mis-
 tress sick? [me.

She had her health the while she was with

Keep. Alas, good mistress Polish, I am no
 saint,

Much less my lady, to be urg'd give health,

Or sickness, at my will; but to await

The stars good pleasure, and to do my duty.

Pol. You must do more than your duty,
 foolish nurse: [you can,

You must do all you can; and more than

More than is possible; when folks are sick,

Especially a mistress, a young mistress.

Keep. Here's Mr. Doctor himself cannot
 do that. [call'd so.

Pol. Doctor Do-all can do it. Thence he's

SCENE III.

Rut, Polish, Lady, Keep, Placentia.

Rut. Whence? what's he call'd?

Pol. Doctor, do all you can,

I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge
 here. [niece.

Lad. She is my tend'ring gossip, loves my

Pol. I know you can do all things, what
 you please, sir, [here!

For a young damsel, my good lady's niece,

You can do what you list.

Rut. Peace, Tiffany. [dropsy.

Pol. Especially in this new case of the

The gentlewoman (I do fear) is leaven'd.

Rut. Leaven'd? what's that?

Pol. Puft, blown, an't please your worship.

Rut. What! dark by darker? what is
 blown? puft? speak English—

Pol. Tainted (an't please you) some do
 call it.

She swells, and so swells with it—

¹ The copy does confound one.] The choice, plenty, from the Latin *copia*; it has been observed too before.

Rut. Give her vent,
If she do swell. A gimblet must be had :
It is a tympanites she is troubled with :
There are three kinds ; the first is ana-sarca
Under the flesh a tunour : that's not hers.
The second is ascites, or aquosus,
A wat'ry humour : that is not hers neither.
~~But~~ tympanites (which we call the drum)
A wind bombs in her belly, must be un-
brac'd,
And with a faucet, or a peg, let out,
And she'll do well: get her a husband.

Pol. Yes,
I say so, Mr. Doctor, and betimes too.

Lad. As
Soon as we can: let her bear up to-day,
Laugh, and keep company, at gleek or
crimp.

Pol. Your ladyship says right, crimp sure
will cure her. [Tittle-tattle.

Rut. Yes, and gleek too ; peace, gossip
She must to-morrow down into the country,
Some twenty miles ; a coach and six brave
horses : [weeks ;

Take the fresh air a month there, or five
And then return a bride up to the town,
For any husband ? the hemisphere
To chuck at, when she has dropt her tym-
pany.

Pol. Must she then drop it ?
Rut. Thence 'tis call'd a dropsy.

The tympanites is one spice of it ;
A toy, a thing of nothing, a mere vapour :
I'll blow't away.

Lad. Needle, get you the coach
Ready against to-morrow morning.

Nec. Yee, madam.

Lad. I'll down with her myself, and
thank the doctor.

Pol. We all shall thank him. But, dear
madam, think,
Resolve upon a man this day.

Lad. I ha' done't.
To tell you true (sweet gossip) here is none
But master doctor, he shall be o' the
council.

The man I have design'd her to, indeed,
Is master Practise ; he's a neat young man,
Forward, and growing up in a profession !
Like to be some body, if the hall stand,
And pleading hold ! A prime young lawyer's
wife,
Is a right happy fortune.

Rut. And she bringing
So plentiful a portion, they may live
Like king and queen at common law to-
gether ! [the clerks ;

Sway judges ; guide the courts ; command
And fright the evidence ; rule at their plea-
sures,

Like petty sovereigns in all cases !

Pol. O, that

Will be a work of time ; she may be old
Before her husband rise to a chief judge,
And all her flower be gone. No, no, a lady
O' the first head I'd have her ; and in court :
The lady Silk-worm, a Diaphanous lady :
And be a vi-countess, to carry all-
Before her (as we say) her gentleman-usher,
And cast-off pages, bare, to bid her aunt
Welcome unto her honour at her lodgings.

Rut. You say well, lady's gossip : if my
lady [cede her.

Could admit that, to have her niece pre-
Lad. For that, I must consult mine own
ambition,

My zealous gossip.

Pol. O, you shall precede her :
You shall be a countess ! sir Diaphanous
Shall get you made a countess ! here he
comes ;

H'as my voice certain : O fine courtier !
O blessed man ! the bravery pickt out,
To make my dainty charge a vi-countess :
And my good lady, her aunt, countess at
large !

SCENE IV.

[To them] *Diaphanous, Polate.*

Dia. I tell thee, parson, if I get her, reckon
Thou hast a friend in court ; and shalt com-
mand

A thousand pound, to go on any errand,
For any church-preferment thou hast a mind
to. [for you,

Pol. I thank your worship : I will so work
As you shall study all the ways to thank me :
I'll work my lady, and my lady's friends ;
Her gossip, and this doctor, and squire
Needle,

And Mr. Compass, who is all in all ;
The very Fly she moves by : he is one
That went to sea, with her husband, sir John
Loadstone, [wealth

And brought home the rich prizes ; all that
Is left her ; for which service she respects
him ;

A dainty scholar in the mathematics ;
And one she wholly employs. Now domi-
nus Practise

Is yet the man (appointed by her ladyship),
But there's a trick to set his cap awry,
If I know any thing : he hath confest
To me in private that he loves another,
My lady's woman, Mrs. Pleasance ; there-
fore

Secure you of rivalship ?

Dia. I thank thee,
My noble parson ; there's five hundred pound
Waits on thee more for that.

Pol. Accost the niece ;
Yonder she walks alone ; I'll move the aunt ;
But here's the gossip ; she expects a moriel.

² SECURE you of rivalship.] That is, be in no concern, or take no thought about it. The Latin *securus* is sometimes taken in that sense ; and from thence our poet hath formed his verb *secure*.

Ha' you ne'er a ring or toy to throw away ?

Dia. Yes, here's a diamond of some threescore pound,

I pray you give her that.

Pal. If she will take it. [tor too :

Dia. And there's an emerald for the doc- Thou parson, thou shalt coin me ; I am thine.

Pal. Here Mr. Compass comes : do you see my lady, [him ?

And all the rest, how they flutter about He is the oracle of the house and family.

Now is your time ; go nick it with the niece : I will walk by, and hearken how the chimes go.

SCENE V.

[To them] *Compass.*

Com. Nay, parson, stand not off ; you may approach :

This is no such hid point of state we handle, But you may hear it : for we are all of counsel.

The gentle Mr. Practise hath dealt clearly And nobly with you, madam.

Lad. Ha' you talk'd with him,

And made the overture ?

Com. Yes, first I mov'd

The business trusted to me by your ladyship, P your own words, almost your very syllables, [their elegance,

Save where my memory trespass'd 'gainst For which I hope your pardon. Then I en- larg'd,

In my own homely stile, the special goodness And greatness of your bounty in your choice, And free conferring of a benefit

So without ends, conditions, any tie

But his mere virtue, and the value of it, To call him to your kindred, to your veins,

Insert him in your family, and to make him A nephew by the offer of a niece,

With such a portion ; which when he had heard, [calling

And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his Tends all unto maturity) he return'd

A thanks as ample as the courtesy,

(In my opinion :) said it was a grace Too great to be rejected or accepted

By him ; but as the terms stood with his fortune, [ship,

He was not to prevaricate with your lady- But rather to require ingenuous leave,

He might with the same love that it was offer'd [nesty

Refuse it, since he could not with his in- (Being he was engag'd before) receive it.

Pal. The same he said to me.

Com. And nam'd the party ?

Pal. He did, and he did not.

Com. Come, leave your schemes,

And fine amphibolies, parson.

Pal. You'll hear more.

Pal. Why, now your ladyship is free to chuse

The courtier, sir Diaphanous : he shall do it, I'll move it to him myself.

Lad. What will you move to him ?

Pal. The making you a countess.

Lad. Stint, fond woman.

Know you the party Mr. Practise means ?

[To *Compass.*

Com. No, but your parson says he knows, madam.

Lad. I fear he fables ; parson, do you know

Where Mr. Practise is engag'd ?

Pal. I'll tell you ;

But under seal, her mother must not know : 'Tis with your ladyship's woman, Mrs. Pleasance.

Com. How !

Lad. He is not mad ?

Pal. O hide the hideous secret [hold From her : she'll trouble all else. You do A cricket by the wing ! *

Com. Did he name Pleasance ?

Are you sure, parson ?

Lad. O 'tis true, your mistress ! [pass : I find where your shoe wrings you, Mr. Com- But you'll look to him there.

Com. Yes, here's sir Moth,

Your brother, with his Bias, and the party Deep in discourse ; 'twill be a bargain and sale,

I see, by their close working of their heads, And running them together so in counsel.

Lad. Will Mr. Practise be of counsel against us ?

Com. He is a lawyer, and must speak for his fee,

Against his father and mother, all his kin- dred,

His brothers or his sisters ; no exception Lies at the common-law. He must not alter

Nature for form, but go on in his path— It may be he'll be for us. Do not you

Offer to meddle, let them take their course : Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband ;

Be not you scrupulous ; let who can, have her : [it ;

So he lay down the portion, though he geld It will maintain the suit against him ; some- what,

Something in hand is better than no birds ; He shall at last account for the utmost far- thing,

If you can keep your hand from a discharge.

Pal. Sir, do but make her worshipful aunt a countess,

And she is yours, her aunt has worlds to leave you !

* —————You do hold

A cricket by the wing.] A Greek proverbial expression ; our author has used it before in the *Apologetical* dialogue at the end of the *Postmaster* ; and again in the *For*, act 3. scene 3. where the reader will find it explained.

The wealth of six East-Indian fleets at least!
Her husband, sir John Loadstone, was the
governor

O' the company seven years.
Dia. And came there home

Six fleets in seven years?

Pol. I cannot tell,

I must attend my gossip, her good ladyship.

Pla. And will you make me a vi-countess
too? For,

How do they make a countess? in a chair?
Or 'pon a bed?

Dia. Both ways, sweet bird, I'll shew you.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Interest, Practise, Bias, Compass,
Palate, Rut, Ironside.*

Int. The truth is, Mr. Practise, now we
are sure [bolder:

That you are off, we dare come on the
The portion left was sixteen thousand pound,
I do confess it, as a just man should.

And call here Mr. Compass, with these gen-
tlemen,

To the relation; I will still be just.

Now for the profits every way arising,

It was the donor's wisdom, those should pay
Me for my watch, and breaking of my
sleeps;

It is no petty charge, you know that sum,
To keep a man awake for fourteen year.

Pra. But (as you knew to use it i' that
time)

It would reward your waking.

Int. That's my industry, [counsel;
As it might be your reading, study, and
And now your pleading, who denies it you?
I have my calling too. Well, sir, the con-
tract

Is with this gentleman, ten thousand pound.
(An ample portion for a younger brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of man's
flesh,

That he may work like wax, and print upon.)
He expects no more than that sum to be
tender'd,

And he receive it; these are the conditions.

Pra. A direct bargain, and sale in open
market*.

Int. And what I have furnish'd him withal
To appear or so; a matter of four hundred,
To be deduc'd upo' the payment—

Bia. Right.

You deal like a just man still.

Int. Draw up this,

Good Mr. Practise, for us, and be speedy.

Pra. But here's a mighty gain, sir, you
have made

Of this one stock! the principal first doubled,
In the first seven year; and that redoubled
I' the next seven! beside six thousand
pound, [year,

There's threescore thousand got in fourteen
After the usual rate of seven i' the hundred,
And the ten thousand paid.

Int. I think it be!

Pra. How will you 'scape the clamour
and the envy?

Int. Let 'em exclaim and envy, what
care I?

Their murmurings raise no blisters i' my flesh.
My monies are my blood, my parents, kin-
dred;

And he that loves not these, he is unnatural.
I am persuaded that the love of money
Is not a virtue only in a subject, [need)
But might befit a prince. And (were there
I find me able to make good the assertion,
To any reasonable man's understanding,
And make him to confess it.

Com. Gentlemen, [look for
Doctors, and scholars, you'll hear this, and
As much true secular wit, and deep lay-
sense,

As can be shown on such a common place.

Int. First, we all know the soul of man is
infinite

In what it covets. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely. Who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely. It will be then
No hard thing for a coveting man to prove,
Or to confess, he aims at infinite wealth.

Com. His soul lying that way.

Int. Next, every man

Is i' the hope or possibility
Of a whole world; this present world being
nothing,

But the dispersed issue o' th' first one*.
And therefore I cannot see, but a just man
May, with just reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himself—

Com. An infinite wealth!

I'll bear the burden: go you on, sir Moth.

Int. Thirdly, if we consider a man a
member

But of the body-politick, we know,
By just experience, that the prince hath need
More of one wealthy, than ten fighting men.

Com. There you went out of the road, a
little from us.

Int. And therefore, if the prince's aims be
infinite,

It must be in that, which makes all.

Com. Infinite wealth.

Int. Fourthly, 'tis natural to all good sub-
jects,

To set a price on money, more than fools.

* *A direct bargain, and in open sale market.*] The words are misplaced, read

"A direct bargain, and sale in open market."

* — *This present world being nothing,*

But the dispersed issue OF FIRST ONE.] Here seems to be something wanting to ex-
plain what is meant by the words *first one*. I correct the line in this manner;

"But the dispersed issue o' th' first one,

i. e. either the first man; or the first world, which subsisted before the deluge.

Ought on their mistress' picture; every piece,
 Fro' the penny to the twelve-pence, being
 the hieroglyphick,

And sacred sculpture of the sovereign.

Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe
 one. [ing voice]

Int. Fittily, wealth gives a man the lead-
 At all conventions; and displaceth worth,
 With general allowance to all parties:
 It makes a trade to take the wall of virtue,
 And the more issue of a shop right honour-
 a le.

Sixthly, it doth enable him that bath it,
 To the performance of all real actions, [ing
 * Referring him to himself still, and not bind-
 His will to any circumstance, without him.
 It gives him precise knowledge of himself;
 For, be he rich, he straight with evidence
 knows

Whether he have any compassion,
 Or inclination unto virtue, or no;
 Where the poor knave erroneously believes,
 If he were rich, he would build churches, or
 Do such mad things. Seventhly, your wise
 poor men

Have ever been contented to observe [them;
 Rich toons, and so to serve their turns upon
 Subjecting all their wit to the others' wealth,
 And become gentlemen parasites, squire
 hawks,

To feed their patron's honourable humours.
 Eighthly, 'tis certain that a man may leave
 His wealth, or to his children, or his friends;
 His wit he cannot so dispose by legacy,
 As they shall be a Harrington the better for't.

Com. He may entail a jest upon his house,
 Or leave a tale to his posterity,
 To be told after him.

Enter Ironside.

Iro. As you have done here?
 T' invite your friend and brother to a feast,
 Where all the guests are so mere heterogeneous,
 And strangers, no man knows another, or
 cares

If they be Christians, or Mahometans,
 That here are met.

Com. Is't any thing to you, brother,
 To know religions more than those you fight
 for? [dispute,

Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may
 And how shall I hold argument with such,
 I neither know their humours nor their he-
 resies;

Which are religions now, and so receiv'd?
 Here's no man among these that keeps a
 servant,

T' inquire his master of: yet i' the house
 I hear it buz'd there are a brace of doctors,
 A fool, and a physician; with a courtier,
 That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true
 silk-worm;

A lawyer, and a mighty money-hawd,

Sir Moth! has brought his politic Bias with
 him,

A man of a most ammadverting humour;
 Who, to endear himself unto his lord,
 Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
 That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
 And men of pestilent purpose, meanly af-
 fected

Unto the state we live in; and beget
 Himself a thanks with the great men o' the
 time,

By breeding jealousies in them of us,
 Shall cross our fortunes, frustrate our endea-
 vours, [call'd

Twice seven years after: and this trick he
 Cutting of throats, with a whispering, or a
 pen-knife. [honour,

I must cut his throat now: I am bound in
 And by the law of arms, to see it done:
 I dare to do it, and I dare profess
 The doing of it; being to such a rascal,
 Who is the common offence grown of man-
 kind,

And worthy to be torn up from society.

Com. You shall not do it here, sir.

Iro. Why? will you

Entreat yourself into a beating for him,
 My courteous brother? If you will, have at
 you.

No man deserves it better (now I think on't)
 Than you, that will keep consort with such
 fiddlers,

Pragmatic flies, fools, publicans, and moths,
 And leave your honest and adopted brother.

Int. Best raise the house upon him to se-
 cure us;

He'll kill us all!

Pal. I love no blades in belts.

Rat. Nor I.

Bia. Would I were at my shop again,
 In court, safe stow'd up with my politic bun-
 dles.

Com. How they are scatter'd!

Iro. Run away like cinici,
 Into the crannies of a rotten bed-sted.

Com. I told you, such a passage would
 disperse 'em, [law,
 Although the house were their fee-simple in
 And they possess of all the blessings in it.

Iro. Pray heaven they be not frighted
 from their stomachs,

That so my lady's table be disfurnish'd
 Of the provisions!

Com. No, the parson's calling,

By this time, all the coveys again, together.
 Here comes good tidings! dinner's o' the
 board.

SCENE VII.

Compass, Pleasance.

Com. Stay, Mrs. Pleasance, I must ask
 you a question:

Ha' you any suits in law?

* REFERRING him to himself still,] i. e. Reserving him to follow his own advice or incli-
 nation in the end: but no change of the words is necessary.

Ple. I, Mr. Compass?

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner-time. [*use*]

They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. Practicere, of your counsel; and are to be join'd A patentee with him.

Ple. In what? who says so?

You are dispos'd to jest.

Com. No, I am in earnest.

It is given out i' the house so, I assure you; But keep your right to yourself, and not acquaint

A common lawyer with your case. If he Once find the gap, a thousand will leap after. I'll tell you more anon.

Ple. This riddle shews

A little like a love-trick, o' one face, If I could understand it. I will study it.

CHORUS.

Dam. BUT whom doth your poet mean now by this Mr. Bias? what lord's secretary doth he purpose to personate or perstringe?

Boy. You might as well ask me, what alderman's mate, he meant by sir Moth Interest? or what eminent lawyer, by the ridiculous Mr. Practise? who hath rather his name invented for laughter, than any offence or injury it can stick on the reverend professors of the law: and so the wise ones will think.

Pro. It is an insidious question, brother Dampplay: iniquity itself would not have urg'd it. It is picking the lock of the scene, not opening it the fair way with a key. A play, though it apparel and present vices in general, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you ask of Plautus, and Terence (if they both liv'd now), who were Davus or Pseudolus in the scene? who Pygopolinices or Tiraso? who Euclio or Meneclemus?

Boy. Yes, he would: and inquire of Martial, or any other epigrammatist, who he meant by Titius or Sejus, (the common John a Noke, or John a Stile) under whom they note all vices and errors taxable to the times: as if there could not be a name for a folly fitted to the stage, but there must be a person in nature found out to own it.

Dam. Why, I can fancy a person to myself, boy, who shall hinder me?

Boy. And in not publishing him, you do no man an injury. But if you will utter your own ill meaning on that person, under the author's words, you make a libel of his comedy.

Dam. O, he told us that in a prologue, long since.

Boy. If you do the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore: they are his own words, I can invent no better, nor he.

Pro. It is the solemn vice of interpretation that deforms the figure of many a fair

scene, by drawing it awry; and, indeed, is the civil murder of most good plays: if I see a thing vividly presented on the stage, that the glass of custom (which is comedy) is so held up to me by the poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of men's lives, and images of truth, in their manners, so drawn for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them: and will I (rather than make that true use) hunt out the persons to defame, by my malice of misapplying? and imperil the innocence and candour of the author, by this calumny? It is an unjust way of hearing and beholding plays, this, and most unbecoming a gentleman to appear malignantly witty in another's work.

Boy. They are no other but narrow and shrunk natures, shrivel'd up, poor things, that cannot think well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That signature is upon them, and it will last. A half-witted barbarism! which no barber's art, or his balls, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, boy? this were a strange empire, or rather a tyranny, you would entitle your poet to, over gentlemen, that they should come to hear and see plays, and say nothing for their money.

Boy. O, yes, say what you will; so it be to purpose, and in place.

Dam. Can any thing be out of purpose at a play? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eighteen pence, or two shillings for my seat, but I should take it out in censure on the stage.

Boy. Your two-shilling-worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten-shilling-worth, and more: and teach others about you to do the like, that follow your leading face; as if you were to cry up and down every scene by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong, at a play?

Boy. If your own science cannot do it, or the love of modesty and truth; all other entreaties or attempts are vain. You are fitter spectators for the bears, than us, or the puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat better apparel'd in you, than the people; but a hard-hearted and stiff ignorance, worthy a trowel, or a hammerman; and not only fit to be scorn'd, but to be triumph'd o'er.

Dam. By whom, boy?

Boy. No particular, but the general neglect, and silence. Good Mr. Dampplay, be yourself still, without a second: few here are of your opinion to-day, I hope; to-morrow, I am sure there will be none, when they have ruminated this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the play, which will draw on the epitasis now.

⁷ By this calumny.] I apprehend it should be, "by this calumny," for the author is not meant, but the calumnious way of applying general satire to particular persons.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Item, Needle, Keep, Pleasance.

Item. **W**HERE'S Mr. Doctor?

Nec. O, Mr. Tim Item,
His learned 'pothecary, you are welcome:
He is within at dinner.

It. m. Dinner! death!
That he will eat now, having such a business,
That so concerns him!

Nec. Why, can any business
Concern a man like his meat?

Item. O, twenty millions,
To a physician that's in practice: I
Do bring him news from all the points o' the
compass,
(That's all the parts of the sublunary globe)
Of times, and double times.

Nec. In, in, sweet Item,
And furnish forth the table with your news:
Deserve your dinner: 'sow out your whole
bag full:
The guests will hear it.

Item. I heard they were out.

Nec. But they are piec'd, and put to-
gether again; [eating:
You may go in, you'll find them at high
The parson has an edifying stomach,
And a persuading palate (like his name:)
He hath begun three draughts of sack " in
doctrines,
" And four in uses."

Item. And they follow him?

Nec. No, sir Diaphanous is a recusant
In sack. He only takes it in French wine,
With an allay of water. In, in, Item,
And leave your peeping.

Keep. I have a month's mind
To peep a little too. Sweet mas' Needle,
How are they set?

Nec. At the board's end, my lady——

Keep. And my young mistress by her?

Nec. Yes, the parson,
On the right hand (as he'll not lose his
place

For thrusting) and 'gainst him Mrs. Polish:
Next, sir Diaphanous, against sir Moth;
Knights, one again another: then the soldier,
The man of war; and man of peace, the
lawyer;

Then the pert Doctor, and the politic Bias,
And Mr. Compass circumscribeth all.

Ple. Nurse Keep, nurse Keep!

[A noise within.]

Nec. What noise is that within?

Ple. Come to my mistress, all their wea-
pons are out. [hour is this?

Nec. Mischief of men! what day, what
Keep. Run for the cellar of strong waters,
quickly.

S C E N E II.

[To them after] *Compass, Ironside.*

Com. Were you a mad-man to do this at
table? [ladies,
And trouble all the guests, to affright the
And gentlewomen?

Iron. Pox upo' your women,
And your half-nan there, court-sir Amber-
gris, [wine
A perfum'd braggart: he must drink his
With three parts water; and have amber in
that too.

Com. And you must therefore break his
face with a glass,
And wash his nose in wine?

Iron. Cannot he drink
In orthodox, but he must have his gums,
And panyin drugs?

Com. You should have us'd the glass
Rather as balance, than the sword of Justice:
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come, you shall take your sanctuary with
me; [you else,
The whole house will be up in arms 'gainst
Within this half hour: this way to my
lodging.

*Rut, Lady, Polish, Keep, carrying Placentia
over the stage. Pleasance, Item.*

Rut. A most rude action! carry her to
her bed;
And use the fricace to her with those oils.
Keep your news, Item, now, and tend this
business.

Lad. Good gossip, look to her.

Pol. How do you, sweet charge?

Keep. She's in a sweat.

Pol. I, and a faint sweat, marry.

Rut. Let her alone to Tim; he has direc-
tions. [ha' done.

I'll bear your news, Tim Item, when you
Lad. Was ever such a guest brought to
my table? [breeding.

Rut. These boistrous soldiers ha' no better
Here Mr. Compass comes: where's your
captain,

¹ Sow out your whole bag full.] It was suggested to me, that *sow* might here be a cor-
ruption, and that the poet might have originally wrote,

"Sew out your whole bag full."

To *sew*, is to set out an entertainment in its proper order, and a *sewer* is a taster or carver.
The word is applicable enough to the occasion here; but I do not change the text, because
the present reading is consistent with the rest of the sentence. *Sow*, or spread out your
whole bag-full before the company.

Rudhudibrass de Ironside ?

Com. Gone out of doorgs.

Lad. Would he had ne'er come in them,
I may wish.

He has discredited my house, and board,
With his rude swaggering manners, and
endanger'd [pon]

My niece's health (by drawing of his wea-
God knows how far: for Mr. Doctor does
not. [say so]

Com. The doctor is an ass then, if he
And cannot with his conjuring names, Hip-
pocrates,

Galen, or Rasis, Avicen, Averroes,
Cure a poor wench's falling in a swoon :
Which a poor farthing chang'd in Rosa solis,
Or Cinnamon water would.

Lad. How now ? how does she ?

Keep. She's somewhat better: Mr. Item
has brought her

A little about.

Pol. But there's sir Moth, your brother,
Is fall'n into a fit o' the Happyplex ;
It were a happy place for him and us,
If he could steal to heaven thus: all the
house

Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.
The parson he has gi'n him gone, this half
hour ;

He's pale in the mouth already for the fear
O' the fierce captain.

Lad. Help me to my chamber,

Nurse Keep: would I could see the day no
more, [cloud ;

But might hung over me, like some dark
That, buried with this loss of my good name,
I and my house might perish thus forgot-
ten— [afflicts me

Com. Her taking it to heart thus more
Than all these accidents, for they'll blow
over.

SCENE III.

Practise, Silk-worm, Compass.

Pra. It was a barbarous injury, I confess:
But if you will be counsell'd, sir, by me,
The reverend law lies open to repair
Your reputation. That will gi' you dama-
ges ; [known
Five thousand pound for a finger, I have
Given in court ; and let me pack your jury.

* *And reputation it will make of credit.* Here is a tautology, in the words *reputation*
of credit, that Jonson could not be guilty of. The true reading seems to be,

And reparation it will make me of credit.

I have given it a place in the text: he said before,
The reverend law lies open to repair
Your reputation—

and this warrants the correction made above.

* *And servant to the study he hath taken,*

A pure APPRENTICE AT LAW ! An apprentice at law was an antient term, by which
barristers at law were formerly called.

* *There is a court above, or the Star-chamber.* I strike out the particle *of*. The Star-
chamber was the court in which such offences were then cognizable.

Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that
he has stain'd

My new white satten doublet, and bespatter'd
My spick and span silk-stockings o' the day
They were drawn on ; and here's a spot i'
my hose too.

Com. Shrewd maims! your clothes are
wounded desperately ;

And that (I think) troubles a courtier more,
An exact courtier, than a gash in his flesh.

Silk. My flesh? I swear had he giv'n me
twice so much,

I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my
clothes

To be defac'd and stigmatiz'd so foully !

I take it as a contumely done me,

Above the wisdom of our laws to right.

Com. Why, then you'll challenge him ?

Silk. I will advise, [law ;

Though Mr. Practise heré doth urge the

* And reparation it will make me of credit,

Beside great damages. (Let him pack my

jury.) [that is

Com. He speaks like Mr. Practise, one

The child of a profession he is vow'd to,

And servant to the study he hath taken,

* A pure apprentice at law! but you must
have

The counsel o' the sword, and square your

action

Unto their canons, and that brotherhood,

If you do right.

Pra. I tell you, Mr. Compass,

You speak not like a friend unto the laws,

Nor scarce a subject, to persuade him thus

Unto the breach o' the peace: sir, you for-
get

There is a court above, the Star-chamber *,

To punish routs and riots.

Com. No, young master, [term-time,

Although your name be Practise there in

I do remember it. But you'll not hear

What I was bound to say; but like a wild

Young haggard justice, fly at breach o' the
peace,

Before you know whether the amorous knight

Dares break the peace of conscience in a
duel. [my friend ;

Silk. Troth, Mr. Compass, I take you

You shall appoint of me in any matter

That's reasonable, so we may meet fair,
On even terms.

Com. I shall persuade no other,

(And take your learned council to advise you) [meet him]
I'll run along with him. You say you'll
On even terms. I do not see indeed
How that can be 'twixt Ironside and you,
Now I consider it. He is my brother.

(I do confess we ha' call'd so twenty year :)
But you are, sir, a knight in court, allied
there,

And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst success: he a known, noted,
bold [him ;

Boy o' the sword, hath all men's eyes upon
And there's no London-jury, but are led
In evidence, as far by common fame,
As they are by present deposition.

Then you have many brethren, and near
kinsmen.

If he kill you, it will be a lasting quarrel
'Twixt them and him. Whereas Rud.
Ironside,

Although he ha' got his head into a beaver,
With a huge feather, 's but a currier's son,
And has two old cordovan skins to leave
In leather caps to mourn him in, if he die.
Again, you are generally beloved, he hated
So much, that all the hearts and votes of men
Go with you, in the wishing all prosperity
Unto your purpose: he's a fat, corpulent,
Unwieldy fellow: you, a dieted spark,
Fit for the combat. He has kill'd so many,
As it is ten to one his turn is next.

You never fought with any; less, slew any:
And therefore have the better hopes before
you.

I hope these things, thus specified unto you,
Are fair advantages; you cannot encounter
Him upon equal terms. Beside, sir Silk-
worm,

He hath done you wrong in a most high
degree:

And sense of such an injury receiv'd
Should so exacuate, and whet your choler,
As you should count yourself an host of
men, [brave sir,

Compar'd to him. And therefore you,
Have no more reason to provoke, or chal-
lenge

Him than the huge great porter has to try
His strength upon an infant.

Silk. Mr. Compass,
You rather spur me on, than any way
Abate my courage to the enterprise.

Com. All counsel's as it's taken: if you
stand

On point of honour, not t'have any odds,

I have rather then dissuaded you, than
otherwise:

If upon terms of humour and revenge,
I have encourag'd you. So that I think,
I have done the part of a friend on either
side:

In furnishing your fear with matter first,
If you have any: or, if you dare fight,
To heighten and confirm your resolution.

Pra. I now do crave your pardon, Mr.
Compass:

I did not apprehend your way before,
The true perimenter of it: you have circles,
And such fine draughts about!

Silk. Sir, I do thank you,
I thank you, Mr. Compass, heartily.
I must confess, I never fought before,
And I'll be glad to do things orderly,
In the right-place: I pray you instruct me.
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously?

Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be
wary,

Trust not yourself too much.

Silk. Why? I assure you,
I'm very angry.

Com. Do not suffer, though,
The flatuous, windy choler of your heart,
To move the clapper of your understanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:
You know not, if you'll fight, or no, being
brought

Upo' the place.

Silk. O yes, I have imagin'd [furious
Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as
As Homer makes Achilles; and I find
Myself not frighted with his fame one jot.

Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights
imaginary, [drows :

Are less than skirmishes; the fight of sha-
For shadows have their figure, motion,
And their unbratill action, from the real
Posture and motion of the body's act:

Whereas (imaginarily) many times,
Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one
another,

And much less meet. But if there be no
help, [lenge.

Faith I would wish you, send him a fair chal-

Silk. I will go pen it presently.

Com. But word it

In the most generous terms.

Silk. Let me alone. [kind of quarrel.

Pra. And silken phrase; the courtliest

Com. He'll make it a petition for his
peace. [by law.

Pra. O, yes, of right, and he may do't

* *And therefore have the hopes before you.*] A word appears to be lost at the press; what stood originally in the poet's manuscript is difficult to say. Some epithet as *fairer*, *better*, or any other equivalent term, must be added to complete the sense and measure. I give the last a place, because *fair* occurs in the next sentence following.

* *Than the huge great porter.*] It may mean any great overgrown porter; but seems, as Dr. Grey observes, particularly to allude to the king's porter; who was very big and tall, near seven feet high.

Com. *He'll make it a petition for his peace.*

Pra. *O, yes, of right, and he may do't by law.*] There is no account to be found of

SCENE IV.

Rut, Palate, Bias, bringing out Interat in a chair: Item, Polish, following.

Rut. Come, bring him out into the air a little:

There, set him down. Bow him, yet bow him more,

Dash that same glass of water in his face: Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet:

If it but call the blood up from the heart, I ask no more. See, what a fear can do!

Pinch him in the nape of the neck now; nip him, nip him.

Itc. He feels, there's life in him.

Pal. He groans, and stirs.

Rut. Tell him the captain's gone.

Int. Ha!

Pal. He's gone, sir. [ear.

Rut. Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left

Int. O!

Rut. How do you feel yourself?

Int. Sore, sore.

Rut. But where?

Int. I' my neck.

Rut. I nipt him there.

Int. And i' my head. [those sinews.

Rut. I box'd him twice or thrice, to move

Bia. I swear you did.

Pol. What a brave man's a doctor, To beat one into health! I thought his blows

Would e'en ha' kill'd him; he did feel no Than a great horse.

Int. Is the wild captain gone?

That man of murder?

Bia. All is calm and quiet. [well.

Int. Say you so, cousin Bias? then all's

Pal. How quickly a man is lost!

Bia. And soon recover'd!

Pol. Where there are means, and doctors, learned men,

And their apothecaries, who are not now (As Chaucer says) their friendship to begin.

Well, could they teach each other how to win

I' their swath hands—

Rut. Leave your poetry, good gossip, Your Chaucer's clouts, and wash your dishes with 'em,

We must rub up the roots of his disease, And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.

Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace.

Rut. Then do it. [your pulse.

Gi', me your hand, sir Moth. Let's feel

It is a pursiness, a kind of stoppage,

Or humour o' the purse, for want of exercise,

That you are troubled with: some ligatures

I' th' neck of your vesica, or *marcupium*,

Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;

And therefore you must use relaxatives.

Beside, they say, you are so restive grown, You cannot but with trouble put your hand

Into your pocket to discharge a reckoning. And thus we sons of physick do call Chi-

ragra, A kind of cramp, or hand-gout. You shall purge for't.

Itc. Indeed your worship should do well t' advise him [ways;

To cleanse his body, all the three high- That is, by sweat, purge, and phlebotomy.

Rut. You say well, learned Tim; I'll first prescribe him [week

To give his purse a purge, once, twice a At dice, or cards: and when the weather is

open, Sweat at a bowling-alley; or be let blood I' the lending vein, and bleed a matter of

fifty Or threescore ounces at a time. Then put Your thumbs under your girdle, and have

somebody [more ease, Else pull out your purse for you, till with

And a good habit you can do it yourself. And then be sure always to keep good diet;

And ha' your table furnish'd from one end Unto the t'other: it is good for the eyes;

But feed you on one dish still, ha' your diet-drink

Ever in bottles ready, which must come From the King's-head: I will prescribe you

nothing, But what I'll take before you mine own self: That is my course with all my patients.

Pal. Very methodical, *secundum artem.*

Bia. And very safe *pro captu recipientia.*

Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latin!

Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great Rabbi, Who every morning cast his cup of White-

wine With sugar, and by the residence i' the bottom,

Would make report of any chronic malady, Such as sir Moth's is, being an oppliation

In that you call the neck o' the money-bladder,

Most anatomical, and by dissection.

Enter Nurse.

Keep. O, Mr. Doctor, and his 'pothecary! Good Mr. Item, and my mistress Polish!

We need you all above! she's fall'n again In a worse fit than ever.

Pol. Who?

Keep. Your charge.

Pol. Come away, gentlemen.

Int. This fit with the doctor Hath mended me past expectation.

of the time when this play was first represented: the above lines seem to refer to the *petition of right*, as it was called; and were probably added by the editor of the folio in 1640.

SCENE V.

*Compass, Diaphanous, Practise, Bias, Iron-
side.*

Com. O sir Diaphanous, ha' you done ?

Dia. I ha' brought it!

Pra. That's well.

Com. But who shall carry it now ?

Dia. A friend :

I'll find a friend to carry it ; Mr. Bias here
Will not deny me that.

Bia. What is't ?

Dia. To carry

A challenge I have writ unto the captain.

Bia. Faith, but I will, sir ; you shall
pardon me

For a two-reason of state : I'll bear no chal-
lenges ;

I will not hazard my lord's favour so ;

Or forfeit mine own judgment with
honour, [me

To turn a ruffian : I have to commend
Nought but his lordship's good opinion ;

And to it my Kallygraphy, a fair hand,

Fit for a secretary ; now you know, a man's
hand.

Being his executing part in fight,

Is more obnoxious to the common peril——

Dia. You shall not fight, sir, you shall
only search

My antagonist ; commit us fairly there

Upo' the ground in equal terms.

Bia. O, sir !

But if my lord should hear I stood at end

Of any quarrel, 'twere an end of me

In a state-course ! I ha' read the politicks ;

And heard th' opinions of our best divines.

Com. The gentleman has reason ! Where
was first [cradle

The birth of your acquaintance ? or the
Of your strict friendship made ?

Dia. We met in France, sir.

Com. In France ! that garden of humanity,
The very seed-plot of all courtesies :

I wonder that your friendship suck'd that
aliment,

The milk of France ; and see this sour effect
It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of
travel :

There, every gentleman professing arms,

Thinks he is bound in honour to embrace

The bearing of a challenge for another,

Without or questioning the cause, or asking
Least colour of a reason. There's no cow-
ardice, [fore ?

No poultrounery, like urging why ? where-
But carry a challenge, die, and do the thing.

Bia. Why, hear you, Mr. Compass, I
but crave [challenge,

Your ear in private : I would carry his
If I but hop'd your captain angry enough

To kill him, for (to tell you truth) this
knight

Is an impertinent in court, (we think him :)
And troubles my lord's lodgings, and his
table

With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
Which we (the better sort of servants) like
not :

Being his fellows in all other places,
But at our master's board ; and we disdain
To do those servile offices, oft-times,
His foolish pride and empire will exact,
Against the heart, or humour of a gentle-
man.

Com. Truth, Mr. Bias, I'd not ha' you
think

I speak to flatter you ; but you are one

O' the deepest politicks I ever met,

And the most subtly rational. I admire
you.

But do not you conceive in such a case,

That you are accessory to his death,
From whom you carry a challenge with
such purpose ?

Bia. Sir, the corruption of one thing in
nature,

Is held the generation of another ;

And therefore, I had as lieve be accessory
Unto his death, as to his life.

Com. A new

Moral philosophy too ! you'll carry't then.

Bia. If I were sure 'twould not incense
his chapter

To beat the messenger.

Com. O, I'll secure you.

You shall deliver it in my lodging, safely,
And do your friend a service worthy thanks.

Bia. I'll venture it upon so good induc-
tion,

To rid the court of an impediment,

This baggage knight.

Enter Ironside.

Ira. Peace to you all, gentlemen,
Save to this mushroom, who I hear is me-
nacing

Me with a challenge ; which I come to an-
ticipate, [fight, sir ?

And save the law a labour. Will you
Dia. Yes, in ray shirt.

Ira. O, that's to save your doublet ;

I know it a court-trick ; you had rather have
An ulcer in your body, than a pink

More 't your clothes.

Dia. Captain, you are a coward,

If you'll not fight i' your shirt.

Ira. Sir, I do not mean

To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet.

You've cause to call me coward, that more
fear [air,

The stroke of the common and life-giving
Than all your fury and the pawoply.

Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin linen
armour.)

I think a cup of generous wine were better,
Than fighting i' your shirts,

Dia. Sir, sir, my valour,

It is a valour of another nature,

Than to be mended by a cup of wine.

Com. I should be glad to hear of any
valours,

Differing in kind ; who have known hitherto,

Only one virtue they call fortitude,
Worthy the name of valour.

Iro. Which you hath not,
Is justly thought a coward: and he is such.

Dia. O, you ha' read the play there, the
New Inn,

Of Jonson's, that decries all other valour,
But what is for the publick.

Iro. I do that too,
But did not learn it there; I think no valour
Lies for a private cause.

Dia. Sir, I'll redargue you
By disputation.

Com. O let's hear this!
I long to hear a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawn in his hand.

Pra. His valour will take cold, put on
your doublet. [deceived;]

Com. His valour will keep cold, you are
And relish much the sweeter in our ears:
It may be too, if the ordinance of nature,
Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly antagonistic, as to fight,
But may admit to hear of some divisions
Of fortitude, may put 'em off their quarrel.

Dia. I would have no man think me so
ungovern'd,

Or subject to my passion, but I can
Read him a lecture 'twixt my undertakings
And executions: I do know all kinds
Of doing the business, which the town calls
valour. [top's his author!]

Com. Yes, he has read the town, Town-
Your first?

Dia. Is a rash head-long unexperience.

Com. Which is in children, fools, or your
street-gallants

O' the first head.

Pra. A pretty kind of valour!

Com. Commend him, he will spin it out
in's shirt,

Fine as that thread.

Dia. The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

Com. Or th' insufficiency of adversaries:
And this is in your common fighting brothers,

Your old Perdu's, who (after time) do think,
The one, that they are shot-free, the other
sword-free.

Your third?

Dia. Is nought but an excess of choler,
That reigns in testy old men—

Com. Noblemen's porters,
And self-conceited poets.

Dia. And is rather

A peevishness, than any part of valour.

Pra. He but rehearses, he concludes no
valour. [practis'd,

Com. A history of distempers, as they are
His harangue undertaketh, and no more.

Your next?

Dia. Is a dull desperate resolving. [or
Com. In case of some necessitous misery,
Incumbent mischief.

Pra. Narrowness of mind,

Or ignorance being the root of it.

Dia. Which you shall find in gamesters,
quite blown up. [traitors.

Com. Bankrupt merchants, undiscovered

Pra. Or your exemplified malefactors,
That have surviv'd their infamy and punish-
ment.

Com. One that hath lost his ears by a just
sentence

O' the Star-chamber, a right valiant knave—
And is a historical contempt

Of what a man fears most; it being a mis-
chief

In his own apprehension unavoidable.

Pra. Which is in cowards wounded mor-
tally,

Or thieves adjudg'd to die.

Com. This is a valour

I should desire much to see encourag'd;
As being a special entertainment [sport
For our rogue people, and make oft good
Unto 'em, from the gallows to the ground.

Dia. But mine is a judicial resolving,
Or liberal undertaking of a danger—

Com. That might be avoided.

Dia. I, and with assurance,
That it is found in noblemen and gentlemen
Of the best sheaf.

Com. Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of
honour

And public reputation to defend—

Dia. Which in the brave historified
Greeks,

And Romans, you shall read of.

Com. And (no doubt) [deputies,
May in our aldermen meet it, and their
The soldiers of the city, valiant blades,
Who (rather than their houses should be
ransack'd)

Would fight it out, like so many wild
beasts;

Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd
with, [tom

But the close manner of their fight and cus-
Of joining head to head, and foot to foot.

Iro. And which of these so well-prest
resolutions

Am I to encounter now? for commonly,
Men that have so much choice before 'em,
have

Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three valours yet, which
sir Diaphanous

Hath (with his leave) not touch'd.

Dia. Yea; which are those?

Pra. He perks at that!

Com. Nay, he does more, he chatters.

Bia. A philosophical contempt of death
Is one: then an infused kind of valour,

Wrought in us by our geni, or good spirits;
Of which the gallant Ethnicks had deep
sense, [man,

Who generally held, that no great states-
Scholar, or soldier, e'er did any thing

Sine divino aliquo affiatu.

Pra. But there's a christian valour 'bove these too'.

Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration
Of whatsoever the malicious world
With injury doth unto you; and consists
In passion more than action, sir Diaphanous.

Dia. Sure, I do take mine to be christian
valour— [justify,

Com. You may mistake tho'. Can you
On any cause, this seeking to deface
The divine image in man?

Bia. O sir!

Let 'em alone: is not Diaphanous
As much a divine image, as is Ironside?
Let images fight, if they will fight, a god's
name.

SCENE VI.

[To them intervening] *Keep, Needle,*
Interest.

Keep. Where's Mr. Needle? saw you Mr.
Needle?

We are undone.

Com. What ails the frantic nurse?

Keep. My mistress is undone, she's cry-
ing out!

Where is this man trow? Mr. Needle?

Nec. Here. [midwife.

Keep. Run for the party, Mrs. Chair, the
Nay, look how the man stands as he were
gok't!

She's lost if you not haste away the party.

Nec. Where's the doctor?

Keep. Where a scoffing man is,
And his apothecary little better; [patch,
They laugh and jeer at all: will you dis-
And fetch the party quickly to our mistress?
We are all undone! the tympany will out
else. [butter'd news!

Int. News, news, good news, better than
My niece is found with 'child, the doctor
tells me,
And fall'n in labour.

Com. How?

Int. The portion's paid!

The portion—O the captain! is he here?

[Exit.

Pra. H' has spy'd your swords out! put
'em up, put up,

You've driven him hence, and yet your
quarrel's ended.

Iro. In a most strange discovery.

Pra. Of light gold. [the omen

Dia. And crack'd within the ring. I take
As a good omen.

Pra. Then put up your sword,
And on your doublet. Give the captain
thanks. [noble captain;

Dia. I had been slur'd else. Thank you,
Your quarrelling caus'd all this.

Iro. Where's Compass?

Pra. Gone, [fear.
Shrunk hence, contracted to his centre, I

Iro. The slip is his then.

Dia. I had like t' have been [me,
Abus'd i' the business, had the slip slur'd on
A counterfeit.

Bia. Sir, we are all abus'd:

As many as were brought on to be suitors;
And we will join in thanks, all to the cap-
tain,

And to his fortune that so brought us off.

CHORUS.

Dam. THIS was a pitiful poor shift o'
your poet, boy, to make his prime woman
with child, and fall in labour, just to com-
pose a quarrel.

Boy. With whose borrowed ears have you
heard, sir, all this while, that you can mis-
take the current of our scenes? The stream
of the argument threatened her being with
child from the very beginning; for it pre-
sented her in the first of the second act with
some apparent note of infirmity or defect,
from knowledge of which the auditory were
rightly to be suspended by the author, till
the quarrel, which was but the accidental
cause, hastened on the discovery of it, in
occasioning her affright, which made her
fall into her throes presently, and within
that compass of time allowed to the comedy;
wherein the poet express his prime artifice,
rather than any error, that the detection
of her being with child should determine the
quarrel, which had produc'd it.

Pra. The boy is too hard for you, brother
Damplay; best mark the play, and let him
alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the play;
I'll damn it, talk, and do that I come for.
I will not have gentlemen lose their pri-
vilege, nor I myself my prerogative, for
ne'er an over-grown or superannuated poet
of 'em all. He shall not give me the law:
I will censure and be witty, and take my
tobacco, and enjoy my Magna Charta of
reprehension, as my predecessors have done
before me.

Boy. Even to licence and absurdity.

Pra. Not now, because the gentlewoman
is in travel, and the midwife may come on
the sooner, to put her and us out of our pain.

Dam. Well, look to your business after-
ward, boy, that all things be clear, and
come properly forth, suited and set to-
gether; for I will search what follows severely,
and to the nail.

Boy. Let your nail run smooth then, and
not scratch, lest the author be bold to pare
it to the quick, and make it smart: you'll
find him as severe as yourself.

Dam. A shrewd boy! and has me every
where. The midwife is come, she has
made haste.

* But there's a christian valour 'bove these too.] Perhaps it should be read 'bove these
two; though, as the former is sense, I make no alteration.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Chair, Needle, Keep.

Cha. **S**TAY, Mr. Needle, you do prick too fast
Upo' the business: I must take some breath:
Lend me my stool; you ha' drawn a stitch upon me,
In faith, son Needle, with your haste.

Nee. Good mother, [gown,
Piece up this breach: I'll give you a new
A new silk grogoran gown. I'll do it, mother.
[much already,

Keep. What'll you do? you ha' done too
With your prick-seam and through-stitch,
Mr. Needle.

I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,
Good mother Chair, the midwife, but come up.

S C E N E II.

Compass, Keep, Practise.

Com. How now, nurse? where's my lady?
Keep. In her chamber, [body.

Lock'd up, I think: she'll speak with no-

Com. Knows she o' this accident?

Keep. Alas, sir! no:

Would she might never know it.

Pra. I think her ladyship
Too virtuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a business.

Com. Your thought, sir, is a brave thought,
and a safe one:

The child now to be born is not more free
From the aspersion of all spot than she.
She have her hand in plot 'gainst Mr. Practise,

If there were nothing else, whom she so loves,
Cries up and values? knows to be a man
Mark'd out for a chief justice in his cradle,
Or a lord paramount, the head o' the hail,
The top, or the top-gallant of our law?
Assure yourself, she could not so deprave
The rectitude of her judgment, to wish you
Unto a wife might prove your infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the commonwealth,

And had up for honour to her blood.

Pra. I must confess a great beholdingness

Unto her ladyship's offer, and good wishes.
But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this niece of hers.

Com. You foresaw somewhat then?

Pra. I had my notes,

And my prognosticks.

Com. You read almanacks,

And study 'em to some purpose, I believe.

Pra. I do confess, I do believe, and pray too,

According to the planets, at some times.

Com. And do observe the sign in making love?

Pra. As in phlebotomy.

Com. And chuse your mistress

By the good days, and leave her by the bad?

Pra. I do, and I do not.

Com. A little more [tree¹.

Would fetch all his astronomy from Alless-

Pra. I tell you, Mr. Compass, as my friend,

And under seal, I cast my eyes long since
Upo' the other wench, my lady's woman,
Another manner of piece for handsomeness,
'Than is the niece, (but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid
And counsel in the business.

Com. You need counsel?

The only famous counsel o' the kingdom,
And in all courts? That is a jeer in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharp Mr. Practise.

Pra. No, upo' my law,
As I'm a benchor, and now double reader,
I meant in mere simplicity of request.

Com. If you meant so, th' affairs are now
perplex'd,
And full of trouble; give 'em breath and settling,

I'll do my best. But in the mean time do you

Prepare the parson. (I am glad to know
This; for myself lik'd the young maid
before,

And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a licence?

Pra. No;

But I can fetch one straight.

Com. Do, do, and mind [siness;

² The parson's pint t' engage him in the bu-
A knitting cup there must be.

Pra. I shall do it.

¹ ————A little more

Would fetch all his astronomy from ALLESTREE.] This was one Richard Allestree of Derby; and who was about this time a compiler of almanacks.

² ————And mind

The parson's pint, t' engage him——the business.] I see no necessity for this break in the verse; it looks as if the true word was dropt, and its place still kept open: I correct it, by reading,

“t'engage him in the business.”

SCENE III.

*Bias, Interest, Compass.**Bias.* 'Tis an affront from you, sir; you here brought meUnto my lady's, and to woo a wife,
Which since is prov'd a crackt commodity:
She hath broke bulk too soon.*Int.* No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in pieces, or broke round:
It was my sister's fault that owns the house,
Where she hath got her clp, makes all this noise.I keep her portion safe, that is not scatter'd;
The monies rattle not, nor are they thrown,
To make a muss yet 'mong the gamesome
suits. *[Mr. Bias,**Com.* Can you endure that flout, close
And have been so bred in the politicks?
The injury is done you, and by him only:
He lent you imprest-money, and upbraids it:
Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now
waves you. *[wrong**Bias.* That makes me to expostulate the
So with him, and resent it as I do.*Com.* But do it home then.*Bias.* Sir, my lord shall know it.*Com.* And all the lords o' the court too.*Bias.* What a Moth

You are, sir Interest!

Int. Wherein, I entreat you,
Sweet Mr. Bias?*Com.* To draw in young statesmen,
And heirs of policy into the noose
Of an infamous matrimony.*Bias.* Yes,Infamous, *quasi in communem famam*:
And matrimony, *quasi* matter of money.*Com.* Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr.
Bias. *[tuted niece.**Bias.* With his lewd, known, and prosti-*Int.* My known and prostitute! how you
mistake,And run upon a false ground, Mr. Bias!
(Your lords will do me right.) Now she is
prostitute, *[me]*And that I know it, (please you understand
I mean to keep the portion in my hands,
And pay no monies.*Com.* Mark you that, don Bias?
And you shall still remain in bonds to him,
For wooing furniture, and imprest charges.*Int.* Good Mr. Compass, for the sums he
has hadOf me, I do acquit him; they are his own.
Here, before you, I do release him.*Com.* Good!*Bias.* O sir!*Com.* 'Slid, take it: I do witness it:
He cannot hurl away his money better.*Int.* He shall get so much, sir, by my
acquaintance, *[lords]*
To be my friend; and now report to his

As I deserve, no otherwise.

Com. But well;And I will witness it, and to the value:
Four hundred is the price, if I mistake not,
Of your true friend in court. Take hands,
you ha' bought him,
And bought him cheap.*Bias.* I am his worship's servant.*Com.* And you his slave, sir Moth, seal'd
and deliver'd.Ha' you not studied the court-compliment?
Here are a pair of humours reconcil'd now,
That money held at distance, or their
thoughts,
Baser than money.

SCENE IV.

*Polish, Keep, Compass.**Pol.* Out, thou caitiff witch!Bawd, beggar, gipsy; any thing indeed,
But honest woman.*Keep.* What you please, dame Polish,
My lady's stroker.*Com.* What is here to do!

The gossips out!

Pol. Thou art a traitor to me,
An Eve, the apple, and the serpent too;
A viper, that hast eat a passage through me,
Through mine own bowels, by thy reckless-
ness! *[aside,**Com.* What frantic fit is this? I'll step
And hearken to it.*Pol.* Did I trust thee, wretch,
With such a secret of that consequence,
Did so concern me, and my child, our
livelihood,And reputation? and hast thou undone us,
By thy connivance, nodding in a corner,
And suffering her be got with child so
basely?Sleepy, unlucky hag! thou bird of night,
And all mischance to me.*Keep.* Good lady empress!Had I the keeping of your daughter's clicket
In charge? was that committed to my trust?*Com.* Her daughter!*Pol.* Softly, devil, not so loud:You'd ha' the house hear, and be witness,
would you? *[I'll]**Keep.* Let all the world be witness. Afore
Endure the tyranny of such a tongue—

And such a pride—

Pol. What will you do?*Keep.* Tell truth, *[sleeves;*
And shame the she-man-devil in puff'd
Run any hazard, by revealing all
Unto my lady; how you chang'd the cradles,
And chang'd the children in 'em.*Pol.* Not so high! *[there Placentia,**Keep.* Calling your daughter Pleasance
And my true mistress by the name of Plea-
sance.² By thy RECHLESSNESS.] i. e. negligence, want of care.

Com. A horrid secret this! worth the discovery.

Pol. And must you be thus loud?

Keep. I will be louder,
And cry it thro' the house, thro' every room,
And every office of the laundry-maids,
Till it be borne hot to my lady's ears.
Ere I will live in such a slavery,
I'll do away myself.

Pol. Didst thou not swear
To keep it secret? and upon what book?
(I do remember now,) The practice of piety.

Keep. It was a practice of impiety,
Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
My conscience tells me. First, against the
infants, [parents;
To rob them o' their names, and their true
T' abuse the neighbourhood, keep them in
error;

But most my lady: she has the main wrong:
And I will let her know it instantly.
Repentance, if it be true, ne'er comes too
late. [up,

Pol. What have I done? conjur'd a spirit
I sha' not lay again? drawn on a danger
And ruin on myself thus, by provoking
A peevish fool, whom nothing will pray off
Or satisfy, I fear? her patience stirr'd,
Is turn'd to fury. I have run my bark
On a sweet rock, by mine own arts and trust;
And must get off again, or dash in pieces.

Com. This was a business worth the listening after.

SCENE V.

Pleasance, Compass.

Ple. O Mr. Compass, did you see my mother?

Mistress Placentia, my lady's niece,
Is newly brought to bed o' the bravest boy!
Will you go see it?

Com. First I'll know the father,
Ere I approach these hazards.

Ple. Mistress midwife
Has promis'd to find out a father for it,
If there be need.

Com. She may the safelier do't,
By virtue of her place. But pretty Pleasance,
I have news for you, I think will please you.

Ple. What is it, Mr. Compass?

Com. Stay, you must [lady?
Deserve it, ere you know it. Where's my

Ple. Retir'd unto her chamber, and shut
up. [do you

Com. She hears o' none o' this yet? Well,
Command the coach, and fit yourself to
travel

A little way with me.

Ple. Whither, for god's sake?

Com. Where I'll entreat you, not to your
loss, believe it,

If you dare trust yourself.

Ple. With you the world o'er.

Com. The news will requite the pains, I
assure you, .

And if this tumult you will not be miss'd.
Command the coach, it is an instant business,
[late,
Wo' not be done without you. Parson Pa-
Most opportunely met: step to my cham-
ber;
I'll come to you presently: there is a friend
Or two will entertain you. Mr. Practise,
Ha' you the licence?

SCENE VI.

Practise, Compass, Pleasance, Palate.

Pra. Here it is.

Com. Let's see it:

Your name's not in't.

Pra. I'll fill that presently. [ter'd,
It has the seal, which is the main, and regis-
The clerk knows me, and trusts me.

Com. Ha' you the parson?

Pra. They say he's here, he 'pointed to
come hither. [world,

Com. I would not have him seen here for a
To breed suspicion. Do you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your licence
with you,

And fill the blank; or leave it here with me,
I'll do it for you; stay you for us at his
church, [coach,

Behind the Old Exchange, we'll come i' th'
And meet you there within this quarter at
least. [Compass;

Pra. I am much bound unto you, Mr.
You have all the law and parts of squire
Practise

Forever at your use. I'll tell you newstoo:
Sir, your reversion's fallen; Thin-wit's dead,
Surveyor of the projects general.

Com. When died he?

Pra. E'en this morning; I receiv'd it
From a right hand.

Com. Conceal it, Mr. Practise, [with.
And mind the main affair you are in hand

Ple. The coach is ready, sir.

Com. 'Tis well, fair Pleasance,
Though now we shall not use it; bid the
coachman [there,

Drive to the parish-church, and stay about
Till Mr. Practise come to him, and employ
him:

I have a licence now, which must have entry
Before my lawyer's. Noble parson Palate,
Thou shalt be a mark advanc'd; here's a
piece,

And do a feat for me.

Pal. What, Mr. Compass?

Com. But run the words of matrimony over
My head and Mrs. Pleasance's in my cham-
ber:

There's captain Ironside to be a witness:
And here's a licence to secure thee. Parson!
What do you stick at?

Pal. It is afternoon, sir;
Directly against the canon of the church:
You know it, Mr. Compass: and beside,
I am engag'd unto your worshipful friend,

The learned Mr. Practise, in that business.

Com. Come on, engage yourself; who shall be able

To say you married us, but in the morning,
The most canonical minute of the day,
If you affirm it? That's a spic'd excuse,
And shews you have set the canon law before
Any profession else, of love, or friendship.
Come, Mrs. Pleasance, we cannot prevail
With th' rigid parson here; but, sir, I'll keep
you [where,
Lock'd in my lodging, till't be done else-
And under fear of Ironside.

Pol. Do you hear, sir?

Com. No, no, it matters not.

Pol. Can you think, sir,

I would deny you any thing? not to loss
Of both my livings: I will do it for you;
Ha' you a wedding-ring?

Com. I, and a posie:

Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterque, dabit.

Pol. Good! [desire.

This ring will give you what you both
I'll make the whole house chant it, and the
parish. [my news,

Com. Why, well said, parson. Now, to you
That comprehend my reasons, Mrs. Pleasance.

SCENE VII.

Chair, Needle, Polish, Keep.

Cha. Go, get a nurse, procure her at what
rate

You can; and out o' th' house with it, son
Needle.

It is a bad commodity.

Nec. Good mother, [on't.

I know it, but the best would now be made

Cha. And shall. You should not fret so,

Mrs. Polish, [well,

Nor you, dame Keep; my daughter shall do
When she has ta'en my cawdle. I ha' known
Twenty such breaches piec'd up, and made
whole,

'Without a bum of noise. You two fall out?

And tear up one another?

Pol. Blessed woman!

"Blest be the peace-maker."

Keep. The pease-dresser!

I'll hear no peace from her. I have been
wrong'd,

So has my lady, my good lady's worship.

And I will right her, hoping she'll right me.

Pol. Good gentle Keep, I pray thee, mis-
tress nurse,

Pardon my passion, I was misadvis'd;

Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,

Who is the mother of matrons, and great
persons,

And knows the world.

Keep. I do confess, she knows

Something—and I know something—

Pol. Put your somethings

Together then.

Cha. I, here's a chance fall'n out

You cannot help; less can this gentlewoman;

I can, and will, for both. First, I have sent

By-chop away; the cause gone, the fame
ceaseth.

Then by my cawdle, and my cullis, I set

My daughter on her feet, about the house
here; [necessity,

She's young, and must stir somewhat for

Her youth will bear it out. She shall pre-
tend [all.

T' have had a fit o' the mother; there is

If you have but a secretary landress,

To blanch the linen—Take the former coun-
sels [breasts,

Into you: keep them safe f' your own

And make your market of 'em at the highest.

Will you go peach, and cry yourself a fool

At granam's cross? be laugh'd at, and de-
spis'd?

Betray a purpose, which the deputy

Of a double ward, or scarce his alderman,

With twelve of the wisest questmen could
find out,

Employed by the authority of the city?

Come, come, be friends; and keep these
women-matters,

Smock-secrets to ourselves, in our own verge.

We shall mar all, if once we ope the mys-
teries [within:

O' the tying-house, and tell what's done

No theatres are more cheated with ap-
pearances,

Or these shop-lights, than th' ages, and
folk in them,

That seem most curious.

Pol. Breath of an oracle!

You shall be my dear mother; wisest woman

That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of
reasons,

To turn her hearers! mistress Keep, relent,

I did abuse thee; I confess to penance:

And on my knees ask thee forgiveness.

Cha. Rise,

She doth begin to melt, I see it.—

Keep. Nothing

Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me
bawd:

Witch did not trouble me, nor gipsy; no,
Nor beggar. But a bawd was such a name!

Cha. No more rehearsals; repetitions

Make things the worse: the more we stir
(you know

The proverb, and it signifies) a stink.

What's done, and dead, let it be buried.

New hours will fit fresh handles to new
thoughts.

* *Without a bum of noise.*] It may be questioned whether the author did not write,

"Without a hum of noise."

But probably it should be *bomb*, from the Latin *bombus*, the buzzing of a fly or bee.

SCENE VIII.

Interest, with his foot-boy.[To them] *Compass, Iron-side, Silk-worm, Palace, Pleasance.*[To them] *The Lady; and after, Practise.**Int.* Run to the church, sirrah. Get all the drunkards

To ring the bells, and jangle them for joy
 My niece has brought an heir unto the house,
 A lusty boy. Where is my sister Loadstone?
 Asleep at afternoons! it is not wholesome;
 Against all rules of physick, lady sister.
 The little doctor will not like it. Our niece
 Is new deliver'd of a clopping child,
 Can call the father by the name already,
 If it but ope the mouth round. Mr. Com-

pass,

He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,
 Hath done that act of honour to our house,
 And friendship, to pump out a son and heir
 That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing
 From me, at least. I come t'invite your
 ladyship

To be a witness; I will be your partner,
 And give it a horn-spoon, and a green-dish,
 Bastard, and beggarsbadges, with a blanket
 For dame the doxey to march round the
 circuit,

With bag and baggage.

Com. Thou malicious knight,
 Envious sir Moth, that eats on that which
 feeds thee, [being;
 And frets her goodness that sustains t'ay
 What company of mankind would own thy
 brotherhood,

But as thou hast a title to her blood, [on,
 Whom thy ill-nature hath chose out t'insult
 And vex thus, for an accident in her house,
 As if it were her crime! good innocent lady.
 Thou shew'st thyself a true corroding ver-

mine,

Such as thou art.

Int. Why, gentle Mr. Compass?
 Because I wish you joy of your young son,
 And heir to the house you ha' sent us?

Com. I ha' sent you?
 I know not what I shall do. Come in, friends:
 Madam, I pray you, be pleas'd to trust
 yourself

Unto our company.

Lad. I did that too late,
 Which brought on this calamity upon me,
 With all the infancy I hear; your soldier,
 That swaggering guest.

Com. Who is return'd here to you,
 Your vowed friend and servant, comes to
 sup with you,
 So we do all; and 'll prove he hath deserv'd
 That special respect and favour from you,
 As not your fortunes, with yourself to boot,
 Cast on a feather-bed, and spread o' th'
 sheets

Under a brace of your best Persian carpets,

Were scarce a price to thank his happy merit.

Int. What impudence is this? can you endure

To hear it, sister?

Com. Yes, and you shall hear it;

Who will endure it worse. What deserves

he, [ment,
 In your opinion, madam, or weigh'd judg-
 That, things thus hanging (as they do) in
 doubt,

Suspended and suspected, all involv'd,
 And wrapt in error, can resolve the knot?

Redintegrate the fame, first of your house?

Restore your ladyship's quiet? render then

Your niece a virgin, and unviolate?

And make all plain, and perfect, (as it was)

A practice to betray you, and your name?

Int. He speaks impossibilities.*Com.* Here he stands,Whose fortune hath done this, and you
 must thank him.To what you call his swaggering, we owe
 all this.And that it may have credit with you, ma-
 dam,Here is your niece, whom I have married,
 witnessThese gentlemen, the knight, captain, and
 parson,

And this grave politic tell-troth of the court.

Lad. What's she that I call niece then?*Com.* Polish's daughter;

Her mother goodwy! Polish has confess'd it
 To grannum Keep, the nurse, how they did
 change

The children in their cradles.

Lad. To what purpose?

Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
 Which you must now disburse entire to me,
 sir,

If I but gain her ladyship's consent.

Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be
 true.*Com.* As true it is, lady, lady, 't' the song.
 The portion's mine, with interest, sir Moth;

I will not 'bate you a single Harrington,

Of interest upon interest. In mean time,

I do commit you to the guard of Ironside,

My brother here, captain Rud-hudbrass:

From whom I will expect you, or your
 ransom. [possibility,

Int. Sir, you must prove it, and the
 Ere I believe it.

Com. For the possibility,

I leave to trial. Truth shall speak itself.

O, Mr. Practise, did you meet the coach?

Pra. Yes, sir, but empty.*Com.* Why, I sent it for you.The business is dispatch'd here, ere you
 come: [man

Come in, I'll tell you how; you are a
 Will look for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So we do all, and long to hear the
 right.

CHORUS.

Dam. TROTH, I am one of those that labour with the same lounging, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot by your poet, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.

Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies itself, the more it is intangled, especially it, (as I told in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.

Pro. He hath said sufficient, brother Damplay; our parts that are the spectators, or should hear a comedy, are to wait the process and events of things, as the poet presents them, not as we would corruptly fashion them. We come here to behold plays, and censure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave our own thoughts, with censorious spittle tempering the poet's clay, as we were to mould every scene anew: that were a mere plastick or

potter's ambition, most unbecoming the name of a gentleman. No, let us mark, and not lose the business on foot, by talking. Follow the right thread, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his play might have ended, if he would ha' let it; and have spar'd us the vexation of a fifth act (yet to come, which every one here knows the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

Boy. That conjecture is a kind of figure-flinging, or throwing the dice, for a meaning was never in the poet's purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last act, his catastrophe, how he will perplex that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertain the spectators, with a convenient delight, till some unexpected and new encounter break out to rectify all, and make good the conclusion.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have shown dull, flat, and unpointed; without any shape or sharpness, brother Damplay.

Dam. Well, let us expect then: and wit be with us, o' the poet's part.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Needle, Item.

Nec. TROTH, Mr. Item, here's a house divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your doctor's engine.

H' has cast out such aspersions on my lady's Niece here, of having had a child; as hardly Will be wip'd off, I doubt.

It. Why, is't not true?

Nec. True! did you think it?

It. Was she not in labour?

The midwife sent for?

Nec. There's your error now!

You ha' drunk o' the same water.

It. I believ'd it,
And gave it out too.

Nec. More you wrong'd the party;
She had no such thing about her, innocent creature!

It. What had she then?

Nec. Only a fit o' the mother:

They burn'd old shoes, goose-feathers, assa-
fœtida,

A few horn-shavings, with a bone or two,
And she is well again, about the house.

It. Is't possible?

Nec. See it, and then report it.

It. Our doctor's urinal-judgment is half-
crack'd then.

Nec. Crack'd i' the case, most hugely, with
my lady,

And sad sir Moth, her brother; who is now
Under a cloud a little.

It. Of what? disgrace?

Nec. He is committed to Rud-hudibrass,
The captain Ironside, upon displeasure,
From Mr. Compass, but it will blow off.

It. The doctor shall reverse his instantly,
And set all right again; if you'll assist
Bd't in a toy, squire Needle comes i' my
noddle now.

Nec. Good, Needle and noddle? what
may't be? I long for't.

It. Why, but to go to bed; feign a dis-
temper

Of walking i' your sleep, or talking in't
A little idly, but so much, as on it
The doctor may have ground to raise a cure
For's reputation.

Nec. Any thing, to serve
The worship o' the man I love and honour.

SCENE II.

Polish, Pleasance, Chair, Placentia, Keep.

Pol. O! gi' you joy, mademoiselle Com-
pass,
You are his whirlpool now; all-to-be-married,
Against your mother's leave, and without
counsel!

H' has fish'd fair, and caught a frog. I fear it.
What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower?
You can tell stories now; you know a world
Of secrets to discover.

Plea. I know nothing
But what is told me; nor can I discover
Any thing.

Pol. No, you shall not, I'll take order.
Go, get you in there: it is Ember-week!
I'll keep you fasting from his flesh a-while.

Cha. See who is here? she has been with
my lady; [thrice.

Who kist her, all-to-be-kist her, twice or
Nee. And call'd her niece again, and
view'd her linen. [Chair.

Pol. You ha' done a miracle, mother

Cha. Not I,
My cawdle has done it. Thank my cawdle
heartily. [mother;

Pol. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest
You shall have a new, brave, four-pound
beaver-hat,

Set with enamel'd studs, as mine is here:
And a right pair of crystal spectacles,
Crystal o' th' rock, thou mighty mother of
dames,

Hung in an ivory case, at a gold belt,
And silver bells to gingle, as you pass
Before your fifty daughters in procession
To church, or from the church.

Cha. Thanks, Mrs. Polish.

Keep. She does deserve as many pensions
As there be pieces in a—mudden-head,
Were I a prince to give 'em.

Pol. Come, sweet charge,
You shall present yourself about the house;
Be confident, and bear up; you shall be
seen.

SCENE III.

Compass, Ironside, Practise.

Com. What? I can make you amends,
my learned counsel,

And satisfy a greater injury
To chafed Mr. Practise. Who would think
That you could be thus testy?

Iro. A grave head!
Giv'n over to the study of our laws.

Com. And the prime honours of the com-
monwealth.

Iro. And you to mind a wife.

Com. What should you do
With such a toy as a wife, that might dis-
tract you,
Or hinder you i' your course?

Iro. He shall not think on't.

Com. I will make over to you my pos-
session [satisfy,
Of that same place is fall'n, (you know) to
Surveyor of the projects general.

Iro. And that's an office you know how
to stir in.

Com. And make your profits of.

Iro. Which are (indeed) [tivity,
The ends of a gown'd man: shew your age
And how you are built for business.

Pra. I accept it
As a possession, be't but a reversion.

Com. You first told me 'twas a possession.

Pra. I, I told you that I heard so.

Iro. All is one,

He'll make a reversion a possession quickly.

Com. But I must have a general release
from you.

Pra. Do one, I'll do the other.

Com. It's a match,

Before my brother Ironside.

Pra. 'Tis done.

Com. We two are reconcil'd then.

Iro. To a lawyer,

That can make use of a place, any half title
Is better than a wife.

Com. And will save charges
Of coaches, vellute gowns, and cut-work
smocks.

Iro. He is to occupy an office wholly.

Com. True, I must talk with you nearer,

Mr. Practise,
About recovery o' my wife's portion,
What way I were best to take.

Pra. The plainest way.

Com. What's that, for plainness?

Pra. Sue him at common law:

Arrest him on an action of choke-bail,

Five hundred thousand pound; it will af-
fright him, [marriage?

And all his sureties. You can prove your
Com. Yes.

We'll talk of it within, and hear my lady.

SCENE IV.

Interest, Lady, Rut, Item.

Int. I'm sure the vogue o' the house went
all that way;

She was with child, and Mr. Compass got it.

Lad. Why, that you see is manifestly false,
H' has married the other; our true niece,
he says:

He would not woo 'em both: he is not
such

A stallion, to leap all. Again, no child
Appears, that I can find with all my search,
And strictest way of inquiry, I have made
Through all my family. A fit o' the mother,
The women say she had, which the midwife
cur'd

With burning bones and feathers: here's
the doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Int. O, noble doctor, did not you and
your Item

Tell me our niece was in labour?

Rut. If I did,

What follows?

Int. And that mother midnight
Was sent for?

Rat. So she was, and is i' the house still.

Int. But here has a noise been since, she was deliver'd

Of a brave boy, and Mr. Compass's getting.

Rat. I know no rattle of gossips, nor their noses.

I hope you take not me for a pimp-errant,
To deaf in smock affairs? where's the patient?

[Needle?]

The infirm man I was sent for, squire

Lad. Is Needle sick?

Rat. My 'pothecary tells me

He is in danger; how is't, Tim? where is he?

Enter Item.

Itc. I cannot hold him down. He's up and walks,

[shut,

And talks in his perfect sleep, with his eyes
As sensibly as he were broad awake.

See, here he comes; he's fast asleep, observe him.

Rht. He'll tell us wonders. What do these women here?

SCENE V.

Rat, Needle, Interest, Item, Lady, Polish, Chair, Keep, Placenta.

Rat. Hunting a man half naked? you are fine beagles!

You'd have his dousets.

Nec. I ha' linen breeks on.

Rat. He hears, but he sees nothing.

Nec. Yes, I see

Who hides the treasure yonder.

Int. Ha! what treasure?

Rat. If you ask questions, he wakes presently,

[sit.

And then you'll hear no more 'till his next

Nec. And whom she hides it for.

Rat. Do you mark, sir? list.

Nec. A fine she-spirit it is, an Indian mag-pye.

[love

She was an alderman's widow, and fell in
With our sir Moth, my lady's brother.

Rat. (Hear you?)

Nec. And she has hid an alderman's estate;

Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the garden,

[spy

And scrapes earth over 'em; where none can
But I, who see all by the glow-worm's light,

That creeps before.

Pol. I know the gentlewoman,
Alderman Parrot's widow, a fine speaker,

As any was i' the clothing, or the bevy;
She did become her scarlet and black velvet,

Her green and purple—

Rat. Save thy colours, rainbow,
Or she will run thee o'er, and all thy lights.

Pol. She dwelt in Do-little-lane, a top o'
the hill there;

I' the round cage, was after sir Chime Squirrel's.

[you.

She would eat nought but almonds, I assure

Rat. Hadst thou hadst a dose of pills, a
double dose,

O' the best purge, to make thee turn tail
i' other way.

Pol. You are a foul-mouth'd, purging,
absurd doctor;

I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.
You ha' spread a scandal i' my lady's house

here,
On her sweet niece you never can take off

With all your purges, or your plaister of
oaths;

[drop,

Though you distil your dam-me, drop by
i' your defence. That she hath bath a child,

Here she doth spit upon thee, and defy thee,
Or I do't for her.

Rat. Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour. I ye your gossip up,

Or send her unto Bet'lem.

Pol. Go thou thither,
That better hast deserv'd it, shame of
doctors:

Where could she be deliver'd? by what
charm,

[the father?

Restor'd to her strength so soon? who is
Or where the infant? ask your oracle,

That walks and talks in his sleep.

Rat. Where is he gone?

You ha' lost a fortune, list'ning to her tabor.
Good madam, lock her up.

Lad. You must give losers

Their leave to speak, good doctor.

Rat. Follow his footing
Before he get to his bed: this rest is lost else.

SCENE VI.

Compass, Practiser, Ironside, Polish, Lady.

Com. Where is my wife? what ha' you
done with my wife,

Gossip o' the counsels?

Pol. I, sweet Mr. Compass,

I honour you and your wife.

Com. Well, do so still.

I will not call you mother tho', but Polish.
Good gossip Polish, where ha' you hid my
wife?

Pol. I hide your wife?

Com. Or she is run away.

Lad. That would make all suspected, sir,
afresh.

Come, we will find her, if she be i' the house.

Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good
Mr. Compass?

Com. I know no cause, but that you are
goody Polish,

That's good at malice, good at mischief, all
That can perplex or trouble a business
thoroughly.

Pol. You may say what you will: you're
Mr. Compass,

And carry a large sweep, sir, i' your circle.

Lad. I'll sweep all corners, gossip, to
sweep this,

If't be above ground. I will have her cry'd
By the common-cryer, through all the ward,

But I will find her.

Iro. It will be an act

Worthy your justice, madam.

Pra. And become

The integrity and worship of her name.

SCENE VII.

Rut, Interest, Item, Needle.

Rut. 'Tis such a fly, this gossip, with her buz,

She blows on every thing, in every place !

Int. A busy woman is a fearful grievance !

Will he not sleep again ?

Rut. Yes, instantly,

As soon as he is warm. It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,
That are melancholic, to work at first,
Slow and insensibly in their ascent,
Till being got up, and then distilling down
Upo' the brain, they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restless rest, which we, the
sons

Of physick, call a walking in the sleep,
And telling mysteries, that must be heard
Softly, with art ; as we were sewing pillows
Under the patient's elbows, else they'd fly,
Into a phreasy, run into the woods,
Where there are noises, huntings, shoutings,
hallooings,

Amidst the brakes and furzes, over bridges
Fall into waters, scratch their flesh, some-
times

Drop down a precipice, and there be lost.

How now ! what does he ?

It. He is up again,

And 'gins to talk.

Int. O, the former matter, Item ?

It. The treasure and the lady, that's his
argument.

Int. O' me, happy man ! he cannot off-it :
I shall know all then.

Rut. With what appetite

Our own desires delude us ! hear you, Tim ?
Let no man interrupt us.

It. Sir Diaphanous,

And Mr. Bias, his court-friends, desire

To kiss his niece's hands, and gratulate

'The firm recovery of her good fame

And honour——

Int. Good, say to 'em, Mr. Item,

My niece is on my lady's side : they'll find
her there.

I pray to be but spar'd for half an hour :

I'll see 'em presently.

Rut. Do, put 'em off, Tim,

And tell 'em the importance of the business.

Here, he is come ! sooth ; and have all out
of him. [work, still ?

Nec. How do you, lady-bird ? so hard at
What's that you say ? do you bid me walk,
sweet bird ?

And tell our knight ? I will. How ? walk,
knaue, walk ?

I think you're angry with me, Pol. Fine
Pol !

Pol's a fine bird ! O fine, lady Pol !

Almond for Parrot ; Parrot's a brave bird :

Three hundred thousand pieces ha' you stuck
Edge-long into the ground, within the gar-
den ?

O bounteous bird !

Int. And nie, most happy creature.

Rut. Smother your joy.

Nec. How ? and dropp'd twice so many—

Int. Ha ! where ?

Rut. Contain yourself.

Nec. I' the old well ?

Int. I cannot, I am a man of flesh and
blood :

Who can contain himself, to hear the ghost
Of a dead lady do such works as these ?

And a city-lady too o' the strait waste ?

Rut. He's gone.

Nec. I will go try the truth of it.

Rut. Follow him, Tim : see what he does ;
if he bring you

A'ssay of it now.

Int. I'll say he's a rare fellow,

And has a rare disease.

Rut. And I will work

As rare a cure upon him.

Int. How, good doctor ?

Rut. When he hath utter'd all that you
would know of him,

I'll cleanse him with a pill, as small as a
pease, [lies,

And stop his mouth : for theré his issue
between the muscles o' the tongue.

Int. He's come.

Rut. What did he, Item ?

It. The first step he stept

Into the garden, he pull'd these five pieces

Up, in a finger's breadth one of another.

The dirt sticks on 'em still.

Int. I know enough.

Doctor, proceed with your cure, I'll make
these famous,

Famous among the sons of the physicians,

Machon, Podalirius, Esculapius.

Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as
he had ;

And thy 'Tim Item here, have one of silver ;

A livery beard ! And all thy 'pothecaries

Belong to thee. Where's squire Needle ?
gone ? [the work.

It. He's prick'd away, now he has done

Rut. Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore
supper. [to-morrow,

Int. I'll send for a dozen o' labourers

To turn the surface o' the garden up.

Rut. In mold ? bruise every clod ?

Int. And have all sifted ;

For I'll not lose a piece o' the bird's bounty,
And take an inventory of all.

Rut. And then,

I would go down into the well——

Int. My self ;

No trusting other hands : six hundred thou-
sand, [pound—

To the first three ; nine hundred thousand

Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole bench of
aldermanity,

Strip to their shirts.

Int. There never did accrue
So great a gift to man, and from a lady
I never saw but once; now I remember,
We met at Merchant-taylors-hall at dinner,
In Thread-needle-street.

Rut. Which was a sign squire Needle
Should have the threading of this thread.

Int. 'Tis true;
I shall love parrots better while I know him.

Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white
marble.

Int. And have it painted in most orient
colours. [Painted,

Rut. That's right! all city statues must be
Else they be worth nought i' their subtil
judgments'.

SCENE VIII.

Interest, Bias, Rut, Palate.

Int. My truest friend in court, dear Mr.
Bias;

You hear o' the recovery of our niece
In fame and credit?

Bias. Yes, I have been with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am sorry
To find the author o' the foul aspersion
Here i' your company, this insolent doctor.

Int. You do mistake him; he is clear got
off on't.

A gossip's jealousy first gave the hint.
He drives another way, now, as I would
have him.

He's a rare man, the doctor, in his way.
He's done the noblest cure here i' the
house,

On a poor squire, my sister's taylor, Needle,
That talk'd in's sleep; would walk to St.
John's wood,

And Waltham forest, scape by all the ponds
And pits i' the way; run over two inch
bridges,

With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night!
I'll ha' you better acquainted with him.
Doctor, [court,

Here is my dear, dear, dearest friend in
Wise, powerful Mr. Bias; pray you salute
Each other, not as strangers, but true friends.

Rut. This is the gentleman you brought
to-day,

A suitor to your niece.

Int. Yes.

Rut. You were

Agreed, I heard; the writings drawn be-
tween you?

Int. And seal'd.

Rut. What broke you off?

Int. This rumour of her:

Was it not, Mr. Bias?

Bias. Which I find

Now false, and therefore come to make
amends [tions.

I' the first place. I stand to the old condi-

Rut. Faith give 'em him, sir Moth, what-
e'er they were.

You have a brave occasion now to cross
The flanting Mr. Compass, who pretends

Right to the portion, by th' other intail.

Int. And claims it. You do hear he's
married? [him,

Bias. We hear his wife is run away from
Within: she is not to be found i' the house,

With all the hue and cry is made for her
Through every room; the larders ha' been

search'd, [ovens,

The bake-houses and boulting-tub, the
Wash-house and brew-house, nay the very

turnace,

And yet she is not heard of.

Int. Be she ne'er heard of,
The safety of Great Britain lies not on't.

You are content with the ten thousand pound,
Defalking the four hundred garnish-money?

That's the condition here, afore the doctor,
And your demand, friend Bias?

Bias. It is, sir Moth.

Enter Palate.

Rut. Here comes the parson then, shall
make all sure. [Palate,

Int. Go you with my friend Bias, parson
Unto my niece; assure them we are agreed.

Pal. And Mrs. Compass too is found
within.

Int. Where was she hid?

Pal. In an old bottle-house,
Where they scrap'd trenchers; there her

mother had thrust her.

Rut. You shall have time, sir, to triumph
on him,

When this fine feat is done, and his Rud-
Ironside.

SCENE IX.

*Compass, Pleasance, Lady, Ironside, Pra-
tize, Polish, Chair, Keep, &c.*

Com. Was ever any gentlewoman us'd
So barbarously by a malicious gossip,

Pretending to be mother to her too?

Pol. Pretending! sir, I am her mother,
and challenge

A right, and power for what I have done.

* ——— All city statues must be painted,

Else they be worth nought i' their subtil judgments.] This was probably designed
to ridicule the taste, which at that time might possibly prevail with the connoisseurs in the
fine arts, who directed the elegance and judgment of the city. Gaudy show, and profusion
of ornament are objects of admiration, with those who have no relish for the decent simpli-
city of nature. Thus the emperor Nero, with the true judgment of a citizen, ordered a
very beautiful statue to be gilt; and by augmenting, as he thought, the value, spoilt all the
grace and delicacy of the workmanship. *Pretio perit gratia artis*, says Pliny, who tells
the story of him, *Hist. l. 34. c. 8.*

Com. Out, hag;
Thou that hast put all nature off, and
woman, [mitted
For sordid gain, betray'd the trust com-
Unto thee by the dead, as from the living:
Chang'd the poor innocent infants in their
cradles:

Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd
their names, [Placentia.

Calling Placentia, Pleasance; Pleasance,
Pol. How knows he this?

Com. Abus'd the neighbourhood;
But most this lady. Didst enforce an oath
To this poor woman, on a pious book,
To keep close thy impiety.

Pol. Ha' you told this?

Keep. I told it? no, he knows it, and
much more,

As he's a cunning man.

Pol. A cunning fool,

If that be all.

Com. But now to your true daughter,
That had the child, and is the proper Plea-
sance,

We must have an account of that too,
gossip. [pass.

Pol. This is like all the rest of Mr. Com-

SCENE X.

Enter to them running, Rut.

Rut. Help, help, for charity; sir Moth
Interest
Is fall'n into the well.

Lad. Where? where?

Rut. I' the garden.

A rope to save his life.

Com. How came he there?

Rut. He thought to take possession of a
fortune [broke,

There newly dropt him, and the old chain
And down fell he i' the bucket.

Com. Is it deep?

Rut. We cannot tell. A rope; help with
a rope.

Enter Silk-worm, Ironside, Item, Needle,
and Interest.

Sil. He is got out again. The knight is
sav'd.

Iro. A little sows'd i' the water; Needle
sav'd him.

Ite. The water sav'd him, 'twas a fair es-
cape.

Nee. Ha' you no hurt?

Int. A little wet.

Nee. That's nothing.

Rut. I wish'd you stay, sir, till to-morrow;
and told you

It was no lucky hour: since six a clock

All stars were retrograde.

Lad. I' the name

Of fate, or folly, how came you i' the bucket?

Int. That is a querè of another time,
sister; [done

The doctor will resolve you—who hath
The admirablist cure upon your Needle!

Gi' me thy hand, good Needle; thou
can'st timely: [shake

Take off my hood and coat: and let me

My self a little. I have a world of business.

Where is my nephew Bias? and his wife?

Who bids God gi' 'em joy? here they both
stand,

As sure affianced, as the parson, or words,
Can tie 'em.

Rut. We all wish 'em joy and happiness.

Sil. I saw the contract, and can witness it.

Int. He shall receive ten thousand pounds
to-morrow.

You look'd for't, Compass, or a greater sum,

But 'tis dispos'd of, this, another way.

I have but one niece, verily, Compass.

Com. I'll find another. Varlet, do your
office. [rest,

Par. I do arrest your body, sir Moth Inte-
In the king's name; at suit of Mr. Compass,

And dame Placentia his wife. The action's
enter'd,

Five hundred thousand pound.

Int. Hear you this, sister?

And hath your house the ears to hear it too?

And to resound the affront?

Lad. I cannot stop

The laws, or hinder justice. I can be
Your bail, if't may be taken.

Com. With the captain's,

I ask no better.

Rut. Here are better men,

Will give their bail.

Com. But yours will not be taken,
Worshipful doctor; you are good security

For a suit of clothes, to th' taylor, that
dares trust you:

But not for such a sum as is this action.

Varlet, you know my mind.

Par. You must to prison, sir,
Unless you can find bail the creditor likes.

Int. I would fain find it, if you'd shew
me where.

Sil. It is a terrible action; more indeed
Than many a man is worth; and is call'd

Fright-bail.

Iro. Faith I will bail him, at mine own
appiril.

Varlet, be gone: I'll once ha' the reputation
To be security for such a sum.

Bear up, sir Moth.

Rut. He is not worth the buckles
About his belt, and yet this Ironside clashes.

Int. Peace, lest he hear you, doctor;
we'll make use of him.

What doth your brother Compass, captain
Ironside,

Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?

Iro. Your niece's portion; in the right
of his wife.

Int. I have assur'd one portion, to one niece,
And have no more t' account for, that I

know of:

What I may do in charity—if my sister
Will bid an offering for her maid, and him,

As a benevolence to 'em, after supper,

I'll spit into the bason, and entreat
My friends to do the like.

Com. Spit out thy gall,
And heart, thou viper: I will now no mercy,
No pity of thee, thy false niece, and Needle:
Bring forth your child, or I appeal you of
murder,

You, and this gossip here, and mother Chair.

Cha. The gentleman's fall'n mad!

[Pleasance steps out.]

Ple. No, mistress Midwife.

I saw the child, and you did give it me,
And put it i' my arms; by this ill token,
You wish'd me such another; and it cry'd.

Pra. The law is plain; if it were heard
to cry,

And you produce it not, he may indict
All that conceal't, of felony, and murder.

Com. And I will take the boldness, sir,
to do it:

Beginning with sir Moth here, and his doctor.

Sil. Good faith this same is like to turn a
business. *[start at it.]*

Pal. And a shrewd business, marry; they

Com. I ha' the right thread now, and I
will keep it. *[lady,*

You, goody Keep, confess the truth to my
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but
the truth.

Pol. I scorn to be prevented of my glories.
I plotted the deceit, and I will own it.

Love to my child, and lucre of the portion
Provok'd me; wherein though th' event
hath fail'd

In part, I will make use of the best side.

This is my daughter, and she hath had a
child

This day, unto her shame, (I now profess it)
By this mere false-stick, squire Needle; but
Since this wise knight hath thought it good
to change

The foolish father of it, by assuring
Her to his dear friend, Mr. Bias; and him
Again to her, by clapping of him on
With his free promise of ten thousand pound
Afore so many witnesses—

Sil. Whereof I

Am one.

Pal. And I another.

Pol. I should be unnatural

To my own flesh and blood, would I not
thank him.

I thank you, sir; and I have reason for it.
For here your true niece stands, fine Mrs.

Compass, *(from me.)*

(I'll tell you truth, you have deserv'd it
To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay
The sixteen thousand pound, which is her
portion,

Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.
I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Iro. You'll pay it now, sir Moth, with
interest? *[of you.]*

You see the truth breaks out on every side

Int. Into what nets of cou'snage am I
cast *[noose:]*

On every side? each thread is grown a
A very mesh: I have run myself into

A double break, of paying twice the money.

Bia. You shall be releas'd, of paying me
a penny.

With these conditions.

Pol. Will you leave her then?

Bia. Yes, and the sun, twice told, ere
take a wife, *[threads.]*

To pick out monsieur Needle's basting-

Com. Gossip, you are paid: tho' he be a
fit nature,

Worthy to have a whore justly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your daughter

On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the
portion?

Int. What will you bate?

Com. No penny the law gives.

Int. Yes, Bias's money.

Com. What, your friend in court?

I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your dear doctor here; stand all to-
gether,

Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.

Lad. Well, we are all now reconcil'd to
truth.

There rests yet a gratuity from me,

To be conferr'd upon this gentleman;

Who (as my nephew Compass says) was
cause *[amends.]*

First of th' offence, but since of all th'
The quarrel caus'd th' affright, that fright

brought on

The travail, which made peace; the peace
drew on

This new discovery, which endeth all
In reconciliation.

Com. When the portion

Is tender'd, and receiv'd.

Int. Well, you must have it;

As good at first as last.

Lad. 'Tis well said, brother.

And I, if this good captain will accept me,
Give him myself, endow him with my estate,
And make him lord of me, and all my for-
tunes: *[chance,*

He that hath sav'd my honour, though by
I'll really study his, and how to thank him.

Iro. And I embrace you, lady, and your
goodness,

And vow to quit all thought of war here-
after: *[dam.]*

Save what is fought under your colours, ma-

Pal. More work then for the parson, I
shall cap

The Loadstone with an Ironside, I see.

¹ Each thread is grown a noose.] The corruption is evident; and the sense leads us to an easy correction. There can be no doubt, but *noose* is the true reading. Mr. Theobald placed *woof* in the margin of his copy, as an emendation of the text: but the former seems to be the juster expression.

Iro. And take in these, the forlorn couple,
with us,
Needle, and's Thread, whose portion I will
think on;

As being a business waiting on my bounty:
Thus I do take possession of you, madam,
My true Magnetick mistress, and my
lady^c.

* *My true Magnetick mistress, and my lady.*] We have observed before, that our author seldom produced a play, but it created him enemies: whether it was really, as his antagonists gave out, that his satire was levelled at the foibles of some particular person, or whether it proceeded from that envy, which the other play-wrights of those days conceived against one so much their superior in genius and critical abilities. Langbain has preserved part of a satire wrote against this play, by Alexander Gill, with Jonson's answer. Gill was usher to his father in St. Paul's school; he was not void of learning, but of no great regularity in his manners, or his way of living. What was the occasion of their difference does not appear, but our poet treats him roughly enough in the following severe reply:

" Shall the prosperity of a pardon still
" Secure thy railing rhymes, infamous Gill
" At libelling? Shall no Star-chamber peers,
" Pillory, nor whip, nor want of ears,
" All which thou hast incurr'd deservedly,
" Nor degradation from the ministry,
" To be the Denis of thy father's school,
" Keep in thy bawling wit, thou bawling fool?
" Thinking to stir me, thou hast lost thy end,
" I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched tike: go send
" Thy blotant muse abroad, and teach it rather
" A tune to drown the ballads of thy father:
" For thou hast bought in thee, to cure his fame,
" But tune and noise, the echo of his shame.
" A rogue by statute, censur'd to be whipt,
" Cropt, branded, slit, neck-stockt; go, you are stript."

CHORUS changed into an EPILOGUE to the KING

" WELL, gentlemen, I now must under seal,
" And th' author's charge, wave you, and make my appeal
" To the supremest power, my lord the King;
" Who best can judge of what we humbly bring.
" He knows our weakness, and the poet's faults;
" Where he doth stand upright, go firm, or halts;
" And he will doom him. To which voice he stands,
" And prefers that, 'fore all the people's hands."

A TALE OF A TUB.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHAN. HUGH, *vicar of Pancras, and Captain THUMS.*

'SQUIRE TUB, *of Totten-Court, or 'SQUIRE TRIPOLY.*

BASKET-HILTS, *his man and governor.*

JUST. PREAMBLE, *of Maribone, alias BRAMBLE.*

MILES METAPHOR, *his clerk.*

LADY TUB, *of Totten, the SQUIRE's mother.*

POL-MARTEN, *her huisher.*

DIDO WISP, *her woman.*

TOBIE TURFE, *high constable of Kentish-town.*

DA. SIBIL TURFE, *his wife.*

MRS. AUDREY TURFE, *their daughter, the bride.*

JOHN CLAY, *of Kilborn, tile-maker, the appointed bridegroom.*

IN-AND-IN MEDIUM, *of Islington, cooper, and head-borough.*

RASI' CLENCH, *of Hamstead, farrier and petty constable.*

TO-PAN, *tinker, or metal-man of Belsise, third-borough.*

D'OG-SCRIBEN, *of Chalcot, the great writer.*

BALL PUFFY, *the high constable's man.*

FATHER ROSIN, *the minstrel, and his two boys.*

JONE, JOYCE, MADGE, PARNEL, GRISEL, KATE, *maids of the bridal.*

BLACK JACK, *the Lady Tub's butler.*
Two Grooms.

SCENE, *Finsbury-hundred.*

THE PROLOGUE.

NO state-affairs, nor any politick club,
Pretend we in our Tale, here, of a Tub:
But acts of clowns and constables to-day

Stuff out the scenes of our ridiculous
play.

A cooper's wit, or some such busy spark,
Illumining the high constable, and his
clerk,

And all the neighbourhood, from old records,
Of antique proverbs, drawn from Whitson-
lords.

And their authorities, at wakes and ales,
With country precedents, and old wives tales,
We bring you now, to shew what different
things

The cotes of clowns are from the courts of
kings.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sir Hugh, Tub, Hilts.

Hugh. **N**OW o' my faith, old bishop
Valentine,
You ha' brought us nipping weather: Fe-
bruere

Doth cut and shear; your day, and diocese
Are very cold. All your parishioners,
As well your laicks, as your quiristers,
Had need to keep to their warm feather beds
If they be sped of loves: this is no season,
To seek new makes in; though sir Hugh
of Pancras

Be hither come to Totten, on intelligence,
To the young lord o' the manor, 'squire
Tripoly,

On such an errand as a mistress is.

What, 'squire! I say? Tub I should call
him too: [man;

Sir Peter Tub was his father, a salt-petre
Who left his mother, lady Tub of Totten-
Court, here, to revel, and keep open house
in;

With the young 'squire her son, and's go-
vernor Basket-

Hilts, both by sword and dagger: Domine,
Armiger Tub, 'squire Tripoly, Expergis-
cere. [me;

I dare not call aloud, lest she should hear
And think I conjur'd up the spirit, her son,
In priests lack-Latin: O she is jealous
Of all mankind for him.

Tub. Chanon, is't you? [At the window.

Hugh. The vicar of Pancras, 'squire Tub!
wa' hoh!

Tub. I come, I stoop unto the call; sir
Hugh!

[He comes down in his night-gown.

Hugh. He knows my lure is from his
love: fair Awdrey,

Th' high constable's daughter of Kentish-
town, here, Mr.

Tobias Turfe.

Tub. What news of him?

Hugh. He has wak'd me
An hour before I would, sir; and my duty
To the young worship of Totten-Court,
'squire Tripoly;

Who hath my heart, as I have his: your
mistress

Is to be made away from you this morning,
St. Valentine's day: there are a knot of
clowns,

The council of Finsbury, so they are ystyl'd,
Met at her father's; all the wise o' th'
hundred; [stable;

Old Rasi' Clench of Hamstead, petty con-
in-and-in Medlay, cooper of Islington,
And headborough; with loud To-Pan the
tinker,

Or metal-man of Belsise, the thirdborough:
And D'ogenes Scriben, the great writer of
Chalcot.

Tub. And why all these?

Hugh. Sir, to conclude in council,
A husband, or a make for Mrs. Awdrey;
Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd down,
Clay of Kilborn,

A tough young fellow, and a tilemaker.

Tub. And what must he do?

Hugh. Cover her, they say;
And keep her warm, sir: Mrs. Awdrey
Turfe

Last night did draw him for her Valentine;
Which chance, it hath so taken her father
and mother, [eve

(Because themselves drew so on Valentine's
Was thirty year) as they will have her mar-
ried

To-day by any means; they have sent a
messenger [knew,
To Kilborn, post, for Clay; which when I
I posted with the like to worshipful Tripoly,
The 'squire of Totten: and my advice to
cross it.

Tub. What is't, sir Hugh?

Hugh. Where is your governor Hilts?

Basket must do it.

Tub. Basket shall be call'd:

Hilts, can you see to rise?

Hil. Cham not blind, sir,
With too much light.

Tub. Open your t'other eye,

And view if it be day.

Hil. Che can spy that [stone.

At's little a hole as another, through a mili-
Tub. He will ha' the last word, though he
talk lilke for't.

Hugh. Bilke, what's that?

Tub. Why, nothing, a word signifying
Nothing; and borrowed here to express no-
thing.

Hugh. A fine device!

Tub. Yes, till we hear a finer.

What's your device now, chanon Hugh?

Hugh. In private,

Lend it your ear; I will not trust the air
with it; [know it;

Or scarce my shirt; my cassock sha' not
If I thought it did, I'd burn it.

Tub. That's the way,

You ha' thought to get a new one, Hugh:
is't worth it?

Let's hear it first.

Hugh. Then hearken, and receive it.

This 'tis, sir, do you relish it?

[They whisper.

Tub. If Hilts

Be close enough to carry it; there's all.

[Hilts enters, and walks by, making him-
self ready.

Hilts. It i' no sand? nor butter-milk? it i'
be,

Ich'am no zive, or watring-pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'casious. If you trust me, zo:
If not, praform it yourzelves. Cham no
man's wife, [buttry.

But resolute Hilts: you'll vind me i' the
Tub. A testy clown: but a tender clown,
as wool:

And melting as the weather in a thaw:

He'll weep you, like all April: but he'll
roar you, [mellow,

Like middle March afore: he will be as
And tipsie too, as October: and as grave

And bound up like a frost (with the new
year)

In January; as rigid as he is rustic.

Hugh. You know his nature, and describe
it well;

I'll leave him to your fashioning.

Tub. Stay, sir Hugh;

Take a good angel with you, for your guide:
And let this guide you homeward, as the
blessing

To our device.

Hugh. I thank you, 'squire's worship,
Most humbly for the next (for this I am sure
of.) [*The 'squire goes off.*]

O for a quire of these voices, now,
To chime in a man's pocket, and cry chink!
One doth not chirp; it makes no harmony.
Grave justice Bramble next must contribute;
His charity must offer at this wedding:
I'll bid more to the bason, and the bride-ale;
Although but one can bear away the bride.
I smile to think how like a lottery

These weddings are. Clay hath her in possession;

The 'squire he hopes to circumvent the File-
And now if justice Bramble do come off,
'Tis two to one but Tub may lose his bottom.

SCENE II.

Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Pan, Puppy.

Cle. Why, 'tis thirty year, e'en as this day
now, [*look you;*
Zin Valentine's day, of all days kursin'd!
And the zanie day o' the month, as this zin
Valentine,

Or I am vow'd deceiv'd.

Med. That our high constable,
Mr. Tobias Turfe, and his dame were married.

[*Valentine?*
I think you are right. But what was that zin
Did you ever know 'um, Goodman Clench?

Cle. Zin Valentine,
He was a deadly zin, and dwelt at Highgate,
As I have heard; but 'twas avore my time:
He was a cooper too, as you are, Medlay,
An In-and-In: A woundy brag young vel-
low: [*days.*

As the port went o' hun then, and i' those
Scri. Did he not write his name, Sim Valentine?

Vor I have met no Sin in Finsbury books;
And yet I have writ 'em six or seven times
over.

Pan. O you mun look for the nine deadly
Sims,

I' the church-books, D'oge; not the high
constable's; [*lentine,*
Nor i' the counties: zure, that same zin Va-
He was a stately zin: an' he were a zin,
And kept brave house.

Cle. At the Cock-and-Hen in Highgate.
You ha' 'fresh'd my remem'ry well in't!
neighbour Pan:

He had a place in last king Harry's time,
Of sorting all the young couples; joining
em,

And putting 'em together; which is yet
Praform'd, as on his day—zin Valentine;
As being the zin o' the shire, or the whole
county:

I am old rivet still, and bear a brain,
The Clench, the Varrier, and true Leach of
Hamstead!

Pan. You are a shrewd antiquity, neigh-
bour Clench!

And a great guide to all the parishes!
The very bell-weather of the hundred, here,
As I may zay. Mr. Tobias Turfe,
High constable, would not miss you, for a
score on us, [*us.*

When he doe 'scourse of the great charity to
Pup. What's that, a horse? can 'scourse
nought but a horse?

I ne'er read o' hun, and that in Smith-veld
charity:

I' the old Fabians chronicles: nor I think
In any new. He may be a giant there,
For aught I know.

Scri. You should do well to study
Records, fellow Ball, both law and poetry.

Pup. Why, all's but writing, and reading,
is it Scriben?

An't be any more, it's mere cheating zure,
Vlat cheating: all your law and poets too.

Pan. Mr. high constable comes.

Pup. I'll zay't avore 'hun.

SCENE III.

Turfe, Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Puppy, Pan.

Tur. What's that makes you ail so merry
and loud, sirs, ha?

I could ha' heard you to my privy walk.

Cle. A contrevencie'twixt your two learn-
ed men here:

Annibal Puppy says, that law and poetry
Are both flat cheating: all's but writing and
reading.

He says, be't verse or prose.

Tur. I think in conscience,

He do zay true: who is't do thwart 'un, ha?

Med. Why, my friend Scriben, an't please
your worship.

Tur. Who, D'oge? my D'ogenes? a
great writer, marry!

"He'll vace me down, me my self some
times, [*I do:*

"That verse goes upon veet, as you and
"Put I can gi' un the hearing; zit me
down, [*clude,*

"And laugh at 'un; and to myself con-
"The greatest clerks are not the wisest
men, [*disputing,*

"Ever." Here they are both! what, sirs,
And holding arguments of verse and prose?
And no green thing afore the door, that
shews,

Or speaks a wedding.

Scri. Those were verses now,

Your worship spake, and run upon vive veet.

Tur. Feet, vrom my mouth, D'oge?
leave your 'zurd uppinions;

¹ Of all days KURSIN'D i. e. christen'd.

² And true LEACH of Hamstead.] Leach is an old word, signifying a physician; and it is now applied to those who undertake the cure of cows and horses. So that in some parts of the kingdom, those doctors and farriers are still called cow-leaches, horse-leaches, &c.

And get me in some boughs.

Scrl. Let 'em ha' leaves first. [*mary.*]

Get some nothing green but bays and rose-
Pup. And they're too good for strewings,
your maids say.

Tur. You take up ¹dority still to vouch
against me. [*your authors.*]

All the twelve smocks i' the house, zur, are
Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot;
Some holly and ivy to make vine the posts;
Is't not son Valentine's day? and Mrs. Aw-
drey, [*Clay*]

Your young dame to be married? I wonder
Should be so tedious: he's to play son Va-
lentine! [*born yet!*]

And the clown sluggard's not come fro' Kil-
Med. Do you call your son i' law clown,
an't please your worship?

Tur. Yes and vor worship too, my neigh-
bour Medlay.

A Middlesex clown, and one of Finsbury.
They were the first colons o' the kingdom
here:

The primitory colons, my D'ogenes says.
Where's D'ogenes, my writer, now? what
were those

You told me, D'ogenes, were the first colons
O' the country, that the Romans brought in
here?

Scrl. The coloni. Sir, colonus is an in-
habitant:

A clown original: as you'd say a farmer, a
tiller o' th' earth,
E'er sin the Romans planted their colony
first;

Which was in Middlesex.

Tur. Why so? I thank you heartily, good
D'ogenes, yo ha' zertified me.

I had rather be an antient colon, (as they
say) a clown of Middlesex,

A good rich farmer, a high constable.
I'd play hun 'gain a knight, or a good
'squire,

Or gentleman of any other county
I' the kingdom.

Pan. Out-cept Kent, for there they landed
All gentlemen, and came in with the con-
queror,

Mad Julius Cæsar, who built Dover-castle:
My ancestor To-Pan, beat the first kettle-
drum

Avore 'hun, here vrom Dover on the march.
Which piece of monumental copper hangs
Up, scour'd, at Hammersmith yet; for there
they came

Over the Thames, at a low water-mark;

Vore either London, I, or Kingston-bridge—
I doubt were kursin'd.

Tur. Zee, who is here: John Clay!
Zon Valentine, and bridegroom! ha' you
zeen [*John Clay?*]

Your Valentine-bride yet, sin' you came,

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] *Clay.*

Clay. No wusse. Che lighted, I, but now
i' the yard:

Puppy has scarce unwaddled my legs yet.

Tur. What? wisps o' your wedding-day,
zon? this

Originous Clay: and Clay o' Kilborn too!
I would ha' had boots o' this day, zure, zon
John.

Clay. I did it to save charges: we mun
dance, [*boots?*]

O' this day, zure: and who can dance in
No, I got on my best straw-colour'd stock-
ings,

And swaddled 'em over to zave charges; I.

Tur. And his new shamois doublet too
with points:

I like that yet: and his long sausidge-hose,
Like the commander of four smoking tile-
kills,

Which he is captain of: captain of Kilborn:
Clay with his hat turn'd up o' the leer side
too: [*night,*]

As if he would leap my daughter yet ere
And spring a new Turfe to the old house.

Look, and the wenches ha' not found 'un out,
And do parzent 'un with a vun of rosemary,

And bays, to vill a bow-pot, trim the head
Of my best vore-horse; we shall all ha'

bride-laces, [*liant,*]
Or points, I zee; my daughter will be va-
And prove a very Mary Ambry i' the bu-
siness.*

Cle. They zaid, your worship had 'sur'd
her to 'squire Tub [*on't.*]

Of Totten-Court here; 'all the hundred rings

Tur. A tale of a Tub, sir, a mere Tale of
a Tub.

Lend it no' ear, I pray you: the 'squire Tub
is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,

And has a lady Tnb too to his mother:
I'll deal with none o' these vine silken Tubs.

John Clay, and cloth-breech for my money
and daughter. [*colours,*]

Here comes another old boy too, vor his
[*Enter father Robin.*]

Will stroke down my wife's udder of purses,
empty

* You take up DORITY still to vouch against me.] The word *dority* is here given as a proper name: the folio reads 'dority, which I suppose is a blunder in the speaker for *authority*; for we have no woman of the name of *Dorothy* either in the *Dramatis Personæ*, or alluded to in any part of the play.

My daughter will be valiant,
And prove a very MARY AMBRY in the business.] *Ambry* is a corruption; the true name is *Mary Ambry*, or *Ambree*: we have this heroine mentioned more than once before.

They zaid, your worship had FURD HER to 'squire Tub.] This has no meaning. I read had 'sur'd her, i. e. assured or promised.

Of all her milk-money, this winter-quarter:
Old father Rosin, the chief minstrel here;
Chief minstrel too of Highgate: she has
hir'd him

And all his two boys, for a day and a half;
And now they come for ribbarding, and
rosemary: [take it

Give 'em enough, girls, gi' 'em enough, and
Out in his tunes anon.

Cle. I'll ha' Tom Tiler, [sure.

For our John Clay's sake, and the til-kills,
Med. And I the jolly joiner for mine own
sake.

Pan. I'll ha' the jovial tinker for To-Pan's
sake.

Tur. We'll all be jovy this day, vor son
Valentine,

My sweet son John's sake.

Seri. There's another reading now:

My master reads it Son, and not Sin Valen-
tine.

Pup. Nor Zim: and he's i' the right. He
is high constable. [hun?

And who should read above 'un, or avor
Tur. Son John shall bid us welcome all,
this day;

We'll zerve under his colours: lead the
troop John, [noises

And Puppy, see the bells ring. Press all
Of Finsbury, in our name: D'ogenes Scriben

Shall draw a score of warrants vor the busi-
ness.

Does any wight perzent his majesty's person,
This hundred, 'bove the high constable?

All. No, no.

Tur. Use our authority then, to the ut-
most on't.

SCENE V

Hugh, Preamble, Metaphor.

Hugh. So, you are sure, sir, to prevent
'hem all; [John Clay,

And throw a block i' the bridegroom's way,
That he will hardly leap o'er.

Pre. I conceive you,
Sir Hugh; as if your rhetoric would say,

Whereas the father of her is a Turfe,
A very superficies of the earth;

He aims no higher than to match in clay;
And there hath pitch'd his rest.

Hugh. Right, justice Bramble:
You ha' the winding wit, compassing all

Pre. Subtile Sir Hugh, you now are i' the
wrong, [must tell you.

And err with the whole neighbourhood, I
For you mistake my name. Justice Pre-

amble [clowns here
I write myself; which with the ignorant

(Because of my profession of the law,
And place o' the peace) is taken to be

Bramble.

But all my warrants, sir, do run Preamble;
Richard Preamble.

Hugh. Sir, I thank you for't,
That your good worship would not let me
run thus—

Longer in error, but would take me up
Pre. You are my learned and canonic
neighbour: [rigible

I would not have you stray; but the incor-
Knot-headed beast, the clowns, or con-
stables, [cud:

Still let them graze; eat sallads; chew the
All the town music will not move a log.

Hugh. The beetle and wedges will where
you will have 'hem.

Pre. True, true, sir Hugh, here comes
Miles Metaphor

My clerk: he is the man shall carry it, canon,
By my instructions.

Hugh. He will do't *ad unguem*:
Miles Metaphor! he is a pretty fellow.

Pre. I love not to keep shadows, or half-
wits;

To foil a business. Metaphor! you ha' seen
A king ride forth in state*.

Met. Sir, that I have:
King Edward, our late liege, and sovereign
lord:

And have set down the pomp.
Pre. Therefore I ask'd you, [chamber,

Ha' you observ'd the messengers o' the
What habits they were in?

Met. Yes, minor coats.
Unto the guard, a dragon, and a grey-hound,

For the supporters of the arms.
Pre. Well mark'd;

You know not any of 'em?
Met. Here's one dwells
In Maribone.

Pre. Ha' you acquaintance with him,
To borrow his coat an hour?

Hugh. Or but his badge, [breast.
'Twill serve: a little thing he wears on his

Pre. His coat, I say, is of more authority:
Borrow his coat for an hour. I do love

To do all things completely, canon Hugh;
Borrow his coat, Miles Metaphor, or nothing.

Met. The taberd of his office, I will call it,
Or the coat-armour of his place: and so

Insinuate with him by that trope—
Pre. I knew your powers of rhetoric,
Metaphor. [say.

Fetch him off in a fine figure for his coat, I
[Metaphor goes out.

Hugh. I'll take my leave, sir, of your
worship too:

Because I may expect the issue anon.
Pre. Stay, my diviner counsel, take your
fee; [sal;

We that take fees, allow 'hem to our coun-
And our prime learned counsel, double fees.

* ————Metaphor! you ha' seen
A king ride forth in state.] Our old chronicles and historians are very large in their de-
scriptions of such pageants: and Stow, in his *Surrey*, gives us many instances of the sove-
reigns riding in great state through the city, attended by his guards and nobles.

There are a brace of angels to support you
I' your foot-walk this frost, for fear of falling,
Or spraying of a point of matrimony,
When you come at it.

Hugh. I' your worship's service:
That the exploit is done, and you possess
Of Mrs. Awdrey Turf. —

Pre. I like your project.

[*Preamble goes out.*]

Hugh. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh i' my pocket, 'gainst the 'squire,
And his half bottom here, of half a piece:
Which was not worth the stepping o'er the
stile for:

His mother has quite marr'd him: lady Tub,
She's such a vessel of faeces; all dry'd earth!
Terra damnata! not a drop of salt,
Or petre in her! all her nitre is gone.

SCENE VI.

Lady Tub, Pol-Martin.

Lady. Is the nag ready, Martin? call the
'squire.

This frosty morning we will take the air,
About the fields: for I do mean to be.
Somebody's Valentine, i' my velvet gown,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-
man.

Why stand you still, and do not call my son?

Pol. Madam, if he *had* couched with the
lamb,

He had no doubt been stirring with the lark:
But he sat up at play, and watch'd the cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.
Late watchers are no early wakers, madam:
But if your ladyship will have him call'd.

Lady. Will have him call'd? wherefore
did I, sir, bid him

Be call'd, you weazel, vermin of an huisher?
You will return your wit to your first style
Of Martin Polecat, by these stinking tricks,
If you do use 'em: I shall no more call you
Pol-Martin, by the title of a gentleman,
If you go on thus—

Pol. I am gone. [*Pol-Martin goes out.*]

Lady. Be quick then, [stote!]
I' your come off: and make amends, you
Was ever such a full-mart for an huisher^a,

^a ————— *Not a drop of salt,*

Or *PETRE* in her! The quibble, such as it is, may possibly escape the reader; we
must let him know then, he means, she had nothing of her husband's temper, who was sir
Peter Tub.

^a *Was ever such a FULL-MART.* One of the names for a polecat.

^a ————— *And not to be pronounc'd*

[without a reverence.

In any lady's presence; my very heart e'en earn'd, seeing the fellow.

The text is given very oddly; part of it is got into the margin, and the verses are disjointed:
but the whole should be read thus;

————— *And not to be pronounc'd*

Without a rev'rence, in any lady's presence;

My very heart e'en yearn'd, seeing the fellow

Young, pretty——

¹⁰ *We mothers bear our sons, we ha' BOUGHT with pain.* The mistake was easily made,
and the reader, I imagine, has prevented me by substituting the right word, *brought*.

To a great worshipful lady, as myself;

Who, when I heard his name first, *Martia*
Polecat,

A stinking name, and not to be pronounc'd^a
Without a rev'rence, in any lady's presence;
My very heart e'en yearn'd, seeing the fel-
low [I say,

Young, pretty and handsome; being then,
A basket-carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the salt-petre works; made it my suit
To Mr. Peter Tub, that I might change it;
And call him as I do now, by *Pol-Martin*,
To have it sound like a gentleman in an of-
fice, [waiter.

And made him mine own foreman, daily
And he to serve me thus! ingratitude!
Beyond the coarseness yet of any clownage,
Shewn to a lady! what now, is he stirring?
[*He returns.*]

Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and
ready.

Lady. And comes he then?

Pol. No, madam, he is gone.

Lady. Gone? whither? ask the porter:
where's he gone?

Pol. I met the porter, and have ask'd him
for him;

He says, he let him forth an hour ago.

Lady. An hour ago! what business could
he have [hiltz?]

So early? where is his man, grave Basket-
His guide and governor?

Pol. Gone with his master.

Lady. Is he gone too? O that same surly
knave,

Is his right-hand; and leads my son amiss.
He has carried him to some drinking match
or other:

Pol-Martin, I will call you so again:
I am friends with you now. Go, get your
horse and ride [are;

To all the towns about here, where his haunts
And cross the fields to meet, and bring me
word:

He cannot be gone far, being a-foot.
Be curious to inquire him: and bid Wispe,
My woman, come, and wait on me. The
love [with pain¹⁰,

We mothers bear our sons, we ha' brought

Makes us oft view them, with too careful
eyes,
And overlook 'em with a jealous fear,
Out fitting mothers.

SCENE VII.

Lady Tub, Wispe.

Lady. How now, Wispe? ha' you [one.
A Valentine yet? I'm taking th' air to chuse
Wis. Fate send your ladyship a fit one
then.

Lady. What kind of one is that?

Wis. A proper man

To please your ladyship.

Lady. Out o' that vanity [ture,
That takes the foolish eye: any poor crea-
Whose want may need my alms or courtesie,
I rather wish; so bishop Valentine
Left us example to do deeds of charity;
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit
The weak and sick; to entertain the poor,
And give the dead a christian funeral:
These were the works of piety he did prac-
tise,

And bade us imitate; not look for lovers,
Or handsome images to please our senses.
I pray thee, Wispe, deal freely with me now:
We are alone, and may be merry a little:
Thou art none o' the court glories, nor the
wonders

For wit or beauty i' the city: tell me,
What man would satisfy thy present fancy?

"As all their husbands jealous of them."] I have put in the monosyllable too, which helps
out the measure, and makes the sentiment rather clearer than before.

Had thy ambition leave to chuse a Valentine,
Within the queen's dominion, so a subject?

Wis. You ha' gi' me a large scope, ma-
dam, I confess,

And I will deal with your ladyship sincerely:
I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would
have him

The bravest, richest, and the properest man
A taylor could make up; or all the poets,
With the perfumers: I would have him such,
As not another woman, but should spite me:
Three city ladies should run mad for him;
And country madams infinite.

Lady. You'd spare me,

And let me hold my wits?

Wis. I should with you [pense
For the young 'squire, my master's sake, dis-
A little, but it should be very little. [me,
Then all the court-wives I'd ha' jealous of
As all their husbands jealous too of them":
And not a lawyer's puss of any quality,
But lick her lips for a snatch in the term-
time.

Lady. Come,

Let's walk: we'll hear the rest as we go on:
You are this morning in a good vein, Dido:
Would I could be as merry. My son's ab-
sence

Troubles me not a little: though I seek
These ways to put it off; which will not
help:

Care that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Turfe, Clay, Medlay, Clench, To-Pan, Scri-
ben, Puppy.*

Tur. **Z**ON Clay, cheer up, the better
leg avore:

This is a veat is once done, and no more.

Clay. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they
say.

Med. Right! vor a man ha' his hour, and
a dog his day.

Tur. True, neighbour Medlay, you are
still in-and-in.

Med. I would be Mr. constable, if ch'
could win.

Pan. I zay, John Clay keep still on his
old gate:

Wedding and hanging both go at a rate.

Tur. Well said, To-Pan; you ha' still
the hap to hit

The nail o' the head at a close: I think
there never

Marriage was managed with a more avise-
ment, [should not;

Than was this marriage, tho' I say't that
Especially 'gain mine own flesh and blood,

My wedded wife. Indeed my wife would
ha' had [sooth,

All the young batchelors, and maids for-
O' the six parishes hereabouts: but I

Cry'd none, sweet Sybil; none of that gear, I:
It would lick salt, I told her, by her leave.

No, three or your our wise, choice, honest
neighbours:

Upstantial persons; men that ha' borne office;
And mine own family would be enough

To eat our dinner. What? dear meat's a thief: [volk;
I know it by the butchers and the market-
Hum drum I cry. No half ox in a pye:
A man that's bid to bride-ale, if he ha' cake
And drink enough, he need not wear his
stake.

Cle. 'Tis right: he has spoke as true as a
gun: believe it.

Tur. Come, Sybil, come: did not I tell
you o' this?

This pride and muster of women would
mar all?

Six women to one daughter, and a mother!
The queen (God save her) ha' no more
herself.

D. Tur. Why, if you keep so many, Mr.
Turfe,

Why should not all present our service to her?

Tur. Your service? good! I think you'll
write to her shortly,

Your very loving and obedient mother.

Come, send your maids off, I will have 'em
sent

Home again, wife: I love no trains o' Kent,
Or Christendom, as they say.

Scri. We will not back,

And leave our dame.

Mad. Why should her worship lack
Her tail of maids, more than you do of men?

Tur. What, mutining, Madge?

Jo. Zend back your c'lons agen,
And we will vollow.

All. Else we'll guard our dame.

Tur. I ha' zet the nest of wasps all on a
flame.

D. Tur. Come, you are such another,
Mr. Turfe: [stable:

A clod (you should be call'd) of a high con-
To let no music go afore your child

To church, to cheer her heart up this
cold morning.

Tur. You are for father Rosin and his
consort [less:

Of fiddling boys, the great Feates and the
Because you have entertain'd them all from
Highgate.

To shew your pomp, you'd have your
daughters and maids

Dance o'er the field like faies to church,
this frost?

I'll ha' no rondels, I, i' the queen's paths;
Let 'un scrape the gut at home, where they
ha' fill'd it

At afternoon.

D. Tur. I'll ha' em play at dinner.

Cle. She is i' th' right, sir: vor your
wedding-dinner

Is starv'd without the music.

Med. If the pic

Come not in piping hot, you ha' lost that
proverb.

Tur. I yield to truth: wife, are you sus-
sified?

Pan. A right good man! when he knows
right, he loves it.

Scri. And he will know't and shew't too
by his place

Of being high constable, if no where else.

SCENE II.

Hills bearded, booted, and spurr'd. [To
them.]

Hil. Well overtaken, gentlemen! I pray
you, [you?

Which is the queen's high constable among

Pup. The tallest man: who should be
else, do you think?

Hil. It is no matter what I think, young
clown:

Your answer savours of the cart.

Pup. How? cart?

And clown? do you know whose team you
speak to?

Hil. No, nor I care not: whose jade
may you be?

Pup. Jade? cart, and clown? O for a
lash of whip-cord!

Three knotted cord!

Hil. Do you mutter! sir, snore this way,
That I may hear, and answer what you say,

With my school-dagger 'bout your costard,
sir. [sure:

Look to't, young growse: I'll lay it on, and
Take't off who's will.

Cle. 'Pray you gentleman—

Hil. Go to: I will not bate him an ace
on't. [lows?

What rowle-powle? maple face? all fel-
Pup. Do you hear, friend? I would wish
you, for your good,

Tie up your brended bitch there, your dun
rusty [youth

Pannier-hilt poinard: and not vex the
With shewing the teeth of it. We now are
going [us.

To church, in way of matrimony, some on
Th' a' rung all in a' ready. If it had not,

All the horn-beasts are grazing i' this close

* *Dance o'er the fields like FAIRIES.* The folio much better,

Dance o'er the fields like faies—

Faies is the more grotesque expression, and *fairies* spoils the measure of the verse. What
follows in the next line,

I'll ha' no rondels, I, i' the queen's paths,

alludes to rings or circles made in the grass, as the country superstition used to say, by the
dancing of *fairies*.

* *ITE. She is i' the right, sir.* It does not appear who this speaker is, for the initial
letters *ite.* are applicable to none now on the stage. I have therefore given it to *Clench*, as
the error was easy from the similitude of those letters to *Cle.*

Should not ha' pull'd me hence, till this
ash-plant [beard.]

Had rung noon o' your pate, Mr. Broom-

Hil. That I would fain see, quoth the

blind George

Of Holloway: come, sir.

Awd. O their naked weapons!

Pan. For the passion of man, hold gentle-
man and Puppy.

Cla. Murder, O murder!

Awd. O my father and mother!

D. Tur. Husband, what do you mean?
son Clay, for god's sake—

Tur. I charge you in the queen's name,
keep the peace.

Hil. Tell, me o' no queen or keysar: I
must have

A leg, or a hanch of him, ere I go.

Med. But, zir,

You must obey the queen's high officers.

Hil. Why must I, Goodman Must?

Med. You must an' you wull.

Tur. Gentleman, I'm here for fault, high
constable—

Hil. Are you so? what then?

Tur. I pray yod, sir, put up

Your weapons; do, at my request: for him,
On my authority, he shall lie by the heels,
Verbatim continente, an' I live.

D. Tur. Out on him for a knave: what a
dead fright

He has put me into: come, Awdrey, do not
shake.

Awd. But is not Puppy hurt? nor the
t'other man?

Cla. No bun; but had not I cry'd mur-
der, I wuss—

Pup. Sweet Goodman Clench, I pray you
revise my master,

I may not zit i' the stocks till the wedding
be past,

Dame, Mrs. Awdrey: I shall break the
bride-cake else.

Cle. Something must be to save authority,
Puppy.

D. Tur. Husband—

Cle. And gossip—

Awd. Father—

Tur. Treat me not,

It is i' vain. If he lie not by the heels,
I'll lie there for 'un, I'll teach the hine

To carry a tongue in his head to his supe-
rious.

Hil. This's a wise constable! where
keeps he school?

Cle. In Kentish-town; a very survere
man.

Hil. But as survere as he is, let me, sir,
tell him, [this]

He sha' not lay his man by the heels for

This was my quarrel: and by his office
leave,

If't carry un' for this, it shall carry double;
Vor he shall carry me too.

Tur. Breath of man!

He is my chattel, mine own hired goods:

An' if you do abet un' in this matter,

I'll clap you both by the heels, ankle to
ankle.

Hil. You'll clap a dog of wax as soon,
old Blurt.

Come, spare not me, sir, I am no man's
wife: [for you,

I care not I, sir, not three skips of a louse
An' you were ten tall constables, not I.

Tur. Nay, pray you, sir, be not angry,
but content; [ask 'un.

My man shall make you what amends you'll

Hil. Let 'hun spend his manners then,
and know his betters;

It's all I ask 'un: and 'twill be his own,
And master's too another day. Che vore

'hun. [angry man

Med. As right as a club still. Zure this
Speaks very near the mark when he is

pleas'd.

Pup. I thank you, sir, an' I meet you at
Kentish-town,

I ha' the courtesie o' th' hundred for you.

Hil. Gramercy, good high constable's
hine. But hear you?

Mass constable, I have other manner o'
matter

To bring you about than this. And so it is,
I do belong to one o' the queen's captains;

A gent'man o' the field, one captain I hums,
I know not whether you know 'un, or no: it

may be

You do, and 't may be you do not again.

Tur. No, I assure you on my constable-
ship

I do not know 'un.

Hil. Nor I neither, I' faith.

It skills not much; my captain and my self
Having occasion to come riding by here

This morning, at the corner of St. John's
wood,

Some mile o' this town, we were set upon²

By a sort of country-fellows, that not only

Beat us, but robb'd us most sufficiently,
And bound us to our behaviour hand and

foot;

And so they left us. Now, don constable,
I am to charge you in her majesty's name,

As you will answer it at your apperil,
That forthwith you raise hue and cry i' the

hundred,
For all such persons as you can despect
By the length and breadth o' your office:

for I tell you,

² Some mile o' this town, were set upon

By a sort of country fellows, that not only

Beat us, but robb'd us sufficiently.] In the first and third of these verses a syllable

is wanting; I have supplied them by conjecture, as they stand in the text, and have likewise

the concurrence of the folio in 1640, for reading most sufficiently.

The loss is of some value; therefore look to't. [office]

Tur. As fortune mend me now, or any Of a thousand pound, if I know what to say; Would I were dead, or vaire hang'd up at Tyburn,

If I do know what course to take, or how To turn my self just at this time too, now My daughter is to be married: I'll but go To Pancridge-church, hard by, and return instantly,

And all my neighbourhood shall go about it.

Hil. Tut, Pancridge, me no Pancridge; if you let it

Slip, you will answer it, an' your cap be of wool;

Therefore take heed, you'll feel the smart else, constable.

Tur. Nay, good sir, stay. Neighbours! what think you o' this?

D. Tur. Faith, man—

Tur. Odd precious, woman, hold your tongue!

And mind your pigs o' the spit at home; you must

Have oar in every thing. Pray you, sir, what kind

Of fellows were they?

Hil. Thieves-kind I ha' told you.

Tur. I mean, what kind of men?

Hil. Men of our make.

Tur. Nay, but with patience, sir; we that are officers [tokens

Must 'quire the special marks, and all the Of the despected parties; or perhaps else Be ne'er the near of our purpose in 'prehending 'em.

Can you tell what 'parrel any of them wore?

Hil. Troth no: there were so many o' un all like

So one another: now I remember me, There was one busy fellow was their leader; A blunt squat swad, but lower than your self, [points,

He had on a leather doublet with long And a pair of pinn'd-up breeches, like pudding-bags;

With yellow stockings, and his hat turn'd up With a silver clasp on his leer-side.

D. Tur. By these [the man!

Marks it should be John Clay, now bless

Tur. Peace, and be nought: I think the woman be phrensick.

Hil. John Clay? what's he, good mistress?

Awd. He that shall be

My husband—

Hil. How! your husband, pretty one?

Awd. Yes, I shall anon be married: that's he.

Tur. Passion o' me, undone!

Pup. Bless master's son!

Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me, sir?

Clay. No's my record: I never zaw you avore.

Hil. You did not? where were your eyes then? out at washing?

Tur. What should a man say? who should be trust

In these days? Hark you, John Clay, if you have

Done any such thing, tell troth, and shame the devil.

Cle. Vaith do: my gossip Turfe zays well to you, John.

Med. Speak, man, but do not convess, nor be avraid.

Pan. A man is a man; and a beast's a beast, look to't.

D. Tur. I' the name of men or beasts! what do you do?

Hare the poor fellow out on his five wits, And seven senses? do not weep, John Clay. I swear the poor wretch is as guilty from it, As the child was, was born this very morning.

Cla. No, as I am a kyrsin soul, would I were hang'd

If ever I—alas, I! would I were out Of my life, so I would I were, and in again—

Pup. Nay, Mrs. Awdrey will say nay to that. [life,

No, in-and-out? an' you were out o' your How should she do for a husband? who should fall

Aboard o' her then, Ball? he's a puppy? No Hannibal has no breeding: well! I say

little; [better,

But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove so *Awd.* Come, father; I would we were married: I am a-cold,

Hil. Well, Mr. constable, this your fine groom here,

Bridegroom, or what groom else soe'er he be, I charge him with the felony; and charge

you

To carry him back forthwith to Paddington Unto my captain, who stays my return there:

I am to go to the next justice of peace, To get a warrant to raise hue and cry,

And bring him and his fellows all afore 'un. Fare you well, sir, and look to 'un, I charge

you, [ness

As you will answer it. Take heed, the busi- If you defer, may prejudicial you

More than you think for; zay I told you so. [Hilts goes out.

Tur. Here's a bride-ale indeed! ah zon John, zon Clay!

I little thought you would ha' prov'd a piece Of such false metal.

Cla. Father, will you believe me?

* *D. Tur.* Faith man—

[*Odd precious, woman, hold your tongue.*] The speaker's name is wanting: it appears that old *Turfe* is the person to whom the speech belongs, and I have set his name at the beginning of it.

Would I might never stir i' my new shoes,
If ever I would do so vould a fact.

Tur. Well, neighbours, I do charge you
to assist me [so:]
With 'un to Paddington. Be he a true man,
The better for 'un. I will do mine office,
An' he were mine own begotten a thousand
times.

D. Tur. Why, do you hear man? husband,
Mr. Turle?

What shall my daughter do? Puppy, stay
here.

[She follows her husband and neighbours.]

Awd. Mother, I'll go with you, and with
my father.'

SCENE III.

Puppy, Awdrey, Hills.

Pup. Nay, stay sweet Mrs. Awdrey:
here are none

But one friend (as they say) desires to speak
A word or two, cold with you: how do you
veel

Yourself this frosty morning?

Awd. What ha' you

To do to ask, I pray you? I am a cold.

Pup. It seems you are hot, good Mrs.
Awdrey. [else.]

Awd. You lie: I am as cold as ice is, feel

Pup. Nay, you ha' cool'd my courage:
I am past it,

I ha' don e feeling with you.

Awd. Done with me?

I do defy you. So I do, to say,

You ha' done with me: you are a sawcy
Puppy. [mean.]

Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you

Awd. Meant you not knavery^a, Puppy?

Pup. No, not I.

Clay meant you all the knavery, it seems,
Who rather than he would be married to
you,

Chose to be wedded to the gallows first.

Awd. I thought he was a dissembler; he
would prove

A slippery merchant i' the frost. He might
Have married one first, and have been
hang'd after,

If he had had a mind to't. But you men,
Fie on you!

Pup. Mrs. Awdrey, can you vind
I' your heart to fancy Puppy? me poor
Ball?

Awd. You are dispos'd to jeer one, Mr.
Hannibal.

Pity o' me! the angry man with the beard!

Enter Hills.

Hil. Put on thy hat, I look for no respect.
Where is thy master?

Pup. Marry, he is gone

With the picture of despair to Paddington.

Hil. Pr'y thee run alter 'un, and tell 'un
he shall

Find out my captain lodg'd at the Red-Lyon
In Paddington; that's the inn. Let 'un ask
Vor captain Thums; and take that for thy
pains:

He may seek long enough else. Hie thee
again.

Pup. Yes, sir; you'll look to Mrs. bride
the while?

Hil. That I will: prethee haste.

Awd. What, Puppy? Puppy?

Hil. Sweet Mrs. bride, he'll come again
presently.

Here was no subtle device to get a wench.^a
'This Chanon has a brave pate of his own,
A shaven pate! and a right monger, y'vaith!
This was his plot! I follow captain Thums?
We robb'd in St. John's wood? I' my
t'other hose!

I laugh to think what a fine fool's finger
they have

O' this wise constable, in pricking out

This captain Thums to his neighbours: you
shall see

The tile-man too set fire on his own kill,
And leap into it to save himself from hanging.
You talk of a bride-ale, here was a bride-
ale broke

I' the nick. Well: I must yet dispatch
this bride

To mine own master, the young 'squire,
and then [sort]

My task is done. Gen'woman, I have in
Done you some wrong, but now I'll do you
what right

I can: it's true, you are a proper woman;
But to be cast away on such a clown-pipe

As Clay; methinks your friends are not so
wise

As nature might have made 'em; well,
go to:

There's better fortune coming towards you,
An' you do not deject it. Take a vool's
Counsel, and do not stand i' your own light.
It may prove better than you think for:
look you.

Awd. Alas, sir, what is't you would ha'
me do?

I'd fain do all for the best, if I knew how.

Hil. Forsake not a good turn when 'tis
offered you;

^a *Awd.* Meant you not knavery? *PUPPY.* No, not I.] The name *Puppy* being mentioned, occasioned the mistake of its not being set before his Reply: the line should be printed thus;

Meant you not knavery, *Puppy?* *PUPPY.* No, not I.

^b *Here was no subtle device to get a wench.*] The negative in this line means just the reverse of what it stands for, and that the device was extremely subtle: and it is so used by our author's contemporaries. So in *Shakespeare*,

"Here's no knavery."——— *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1. scene 6.

Fair mistress Awdrey, that's your name,
I take it.

Awd. No mistress, sir, my name is Awdrey.

Hil. Well, so it is; there is a bold young
'squire,

The blood of Totten, Tub, and Tripoly—

Awd. 'Squire Tub, you mean? I know
him: he knows me too.

Hil. He is in love with you: and more,
he's mad for you.

Awd. I, so he told me; in his wits, I
think.

But he's too fine for me; and has a lady
Tub to his mother. Here he comes himself.

SCENE IV.

Tub, Hilts, Awdrey.

Tub. O you are a trusty governour!

Hil. What ails you?

You do not know when yo' are well, I think:
You'd ha' the calf with the white face, sir,
would you? [more?]

I have her for you here; what would you
Tub. Quietness, Hilts, and hear no more
of it. [care]

Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I do not
If some on us had not heard so much of't,
I tell you true; a man must carry and vetch
Like Bungy's dog for you.

Tub. What's he?

Hil. A spaniel.

And scarce be spit i' the mouth for't. A
good dog

Deserves, sir, a good bone, of a free master:
But, an' your tunis be serv'd, the devil a
bit [you].

You care for a man after, e'er a lard of
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scabb'd
'squire

To th' mangy knight, when both met in a
dish [good:]

Of butter'd vish. One bad, there's ne'er a
And not a barrel better herring among you.

Tub. Nay, Hilts! I pray thee grow not
fram-pull now.

Turn not the bad cow after thy good soap.
Our plot hath hitherto ta'en good effect:
And should it now be troubled or stopp'd up,
'Twould prove the utter ruin of my hopes.
I pray thee haste to Pancras, to the chanon;
And gi' him notice of our good success:
Will him that all things be in readiness.

Fair Awdrey, and myself will cross the fields
The nearest path. Good Hilts, make thou
some haste,

And meet us on the way. Come, gentle
Awdrey.

Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more
geances on't*:

An' you say the word, send me to Jericho.
Out-cept a man were a post-horse, I ha' not
known

The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,
'Twould never irke 'un. But a man may
break

His heart out 'i these days, and get a flap
With a fox-tail when he's done. And there
is all.

Tub. Nay, say not so, Hilts: hold there;
there are crowns—

My love bestows on thee for thy reward,
If gold will please thee, all my land shall
drop

In bounty thus, to recompense thy merit.

Hil. Tut, keep your land, and your gold
too, sir, I

Seek neither—nother of 'un. Learn to get
More: you will know to spend that zurn
you have

Early enough: you are assur'd of me.
I love you too well to live o' the spoil*:
For your own sake, would there were no
worse than I.

All is not gold that glisters. I'll to Pancras.

Tub. See how his love does melt him into
tears!

An honest faithful servant is a jewel.
Now the adventrous 'squire hath time and
leisure

To ask his Awdrey how she does, and hear
A grateful answer from her. She not speaks:
Hath the proud tyrant frost usurp'd the seat
Of former beauty, in my love's fair cheek;

Staining the roseate tincture of her blood
With the dull dye of blue congealing cold:
No, sure the weather dares not so presume

To hurt an object of her brightness. Yet,
The more I view her, she but looks so, so.
Ha! gi' me leave to search this mystery;

O now I have it: bride, I know your grief:
The last night's cold hath bred in you such
horror

Of the assigned bridegroom's constitution,
The Kilborn clay-pit; that frost-bitten marle;
That 'lump in courage; melting cake of
ice; [thee.]

That the conceit thereof hath almost kill'd
But I must do thee good, wench, and
refresh thee. [of Totten]

Awd. You are a merry man, 'squire Tub
I have heard much o' your words, but not
o' your deeds!

* *Would I had a few more GEANCES on't.*] i.e. *Jaunts, or Errands.*

* *I love you too well to live o' the spoil.*] The repetition here is from the folio of 1640,
and 'tis elegant, as well as necessary to the measure of the verse. In the next line,

For your own sake, were there were no worse than I,
we must either strike out the last *were*, or, which I have done, alter it to, *Would there were
no worse than I.*

* *That LUMP in courage.*] Perhaps the poet's word was *lumping*, though I have not
placed it in the text.

Tub. Thou sayest true, sweet; I ha' been too slack in deeds.

Awd. Yet I was never so strait laced to you, 'squire.

Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle Awdrey?

Awd. Love you? I cannot tell: I must hate no body,

My father says.

Tub. Yes, Clay and Kilborn, Awdrey, You must hate them.

Awd. It shall be for your sake then.

Tub. And for my sake shall yield you that gratuity. [*He offers to kiss her.*]

Awd. Soft and fair, 'squire, there go two words to a bargain.

[*She puts him back.*]

Tub. What are those, Awdrey?

Awd. Nay, I cannot tell.

My mother zaid, zure, if you married me, You'd make me a lady the first week: and put me

In, I know not what, the very day.

Tub. What was it?

Speak, gentle Awdrey, thou shalt have it yet.

Awd. A velvet dressing for my head, it is, They say, will make one brave; I will not know

[*will look*]

Beesse Moale, nor Margery Turne-up: I Another way upon 'em, and be proud.

Tub. Troth, I could wish my wepch a better wit,

[*plies.*]

But what she wanteth there, her face sup- There is a pointed lustre in her eye

Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:

And thence it is I first receiv'd the wound, That rankles now, which only she can cure.

Fain would I work myself from this conceit; But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,

The naked truth is: and I will go on, Were it for nothing but to cross my rivals.

Come, Awdrey, I am now resolv'd to ha' thee!

SCENE V.

Preamble, Metaphor, Tub, Awdrey.

Pre. Nay, do it quickly, Miles; why shak'st thou, man?

Speak but his name: I'll second thee myself.

Met. What is his name?

Pre. 'Squire Tripoly, or Tub;

Any thing—

Met. 'Squire Tub, I do arrest you

I' the queen's majesty's name, and all the councils.

Tub. Arrest me, varlet?

Pre. Keep the peace, I charge you.

Tub. Are you there, justice Bramble? where's your warrant?

Pre. The warrant is directed here to me, From the whole table; wherefore I would pray you Be patient, 'squire, and make good the peace.

Tub. Well, at your pleasure, justice. I am wrong'd:

Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?

Pre. He is a purs'vant at arms, 'squire Tub. [*clse.*]

Met. I am a purs'vant; see by my coat

Tub. Well, purs'vant, go with me: I'll give you bail. [*warrant,*]

Pre. Sir, he may take no bail. It is a In special from the council, and commands Your personal appearance. Sir, your wea- pon

I must require: and then deliver you

A prisoner to this officer, 'squire Tub.

I pray you to conceive of me no other,

'I han as your friend and neighbour. Let my person

Be sever'd from my office in the fact,

And I am clear. Here, purs'vant, receive him [*man.*]

Into your hands, and use him like a gentle-

Tub. I thank you, sir: but whither must I go now? [*you come*]

Pre. Nay, that must not be told you till Unto the place assign'd by his instructions.

I'll be the maiden's convoy to her father

For this time, 'squire.

Tub. I thank you, Mr. Bramble.

I doubt or fear you will make her the balance To weigh your justice in. Pray you do me

right,

And lead not her, at least, out of the way.

Justice is blind, and having a blind guide,

She may be apt to slip aside.

Pre. I'll see to her. [*rested*]

Tub. I see my wooing will not thrive. As As I had set my rest up for a wife!

And being so fair for it as I was—Well, fortune,

Thou art a blind bawd and a beggar too,

To cross me thus; and let my only rival To get her from me: that's the spight of

sights.

But most I muse at, is, that I, being none O' the court, am sent for thither by the

council. [*ing.*]

My heart is not so light as't was i' the morn-

SCENE VI.

Hilts, Tub, Metaphor.

Hil. You mean to make a hoiden or a hare [*doubles:*]

O' me, t' hunt counter thus, and make these And you mean no such thing as you send

about.

Where's your sweet-heart now, I marle?

Tub. Oh, Hilts! [*a cripple.*]

Hil. I know you of old! ne'er halt afore Will you have a cawdle? where's your

grief, sir, speak?

Met. Do you hear, friend? do you serve this gentleman? [*adventure yea,*]

Hil. How then, sir? what if I do? per- Peradventure nay; what's that to you, sir, say?

Met. Nay, pray you, sir, I meant no harm in truth.

But this good gentleman is arrested.

Hil. How!

Say not that again.

Tub. Nay, Basket, never storm; I am arrested here, upon command From the queen's council; and I must obey.

Met. You say, sir, very true, you must obey.

An honest gentleman, in faith!

Hil. He must.

[is this,

Tub. But that which most tormenteth me That justice Bramble hath got hence my Awdrey.

[you

Hil. How? how? stand by a little, sirrah, With the badge o' your breast. Let's know, sir, what you are.

Met. I am, sir, (pray you do not look so terribly)

A purs'vyant.

Hil. A purs'vyant? your name, sir?

Met. My name, sir—

Hil. What is't? speak?

Met. Miles Metaphor; And justice Preamble's clerk.

Tub. What says he?

Hil. Pray you,

Let us alone. You are a purs'vyant?

Met. No, faith, sir, would I might never stir from you,

I is made a purs'vyant against my will.

Hil. Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my will

Shall make you nothing instantly.

Met. Put up

[look,

Your frightful blade, and your dead-doing And I shall tell you all.

Hil. Speak then the truth,

[truth.

And the whole truth, and nothing but the

Met. My master, justice Bramble, hearing your master,

The 'squire Tub, was coming on this way, With Mrs. Awdrey, the high constable's daughter,

[rant

Made me a purs'vyant, and gave me warrant To arrest him; so that he might get the lady,

[vicar,

With whom he is gone to Pancras to the Not to her father's. This was the device, Which I beseech you do not tell my master.

Tub. O wonderful! well, Basket, let him rise:

And for my free escape forge some excuse. I'll post to Paddington to acquaint old Turf With the whole business, and so stop the marriage.

[grace to keep

Hil. Well, bless thee: I do wish that Thy master's secrets better, or be hang'd.

Met. I thank you for your gentle admonition.

[after.

Pray you, let me call you god-father here. And as your godson Metaphor, I promise To keep my master's privities seal'd up I'll the vallies o' my trust, lock'd close for ever, Or let me be truss'd up at Tyburn shortly.

Hil. Thine own wish save or choke thee: come away.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Turf, Clench, Medlay, To-Pan, Scriben, Clay.

Tur. **P**ASSION of me, was ever a man thus cross'd?

All things run arse-verse, up-side down. High constable! now by our lady o' Walsingham,

I had rather be mark'd out Tom Scavenger, And with a shovel make clean the highways, Than have this office of a constable, And a high constable! the higher charge, It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.

[what to do:

Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vize me How we shall bear us in this hue and cry. We cannot find the captain of such man

Lodg'd at the Lion, nor came thither hither. The morning we ha' spent in privy search; And by that means the bride-ale is deferred;

The bride, she's left alone in Puppy's charge: The bridegroom goes under a pair of sureties, And held of all as a respected person.

How should we bustle forward? gi' some counsel

How to bestir our stumps i' these cross ways.

Cle. Faith, gossip Turf, you have, you say, remission

To comprehend all such as are despected: Now would I make another privy search Thorough this town, and then you have search'd two towns.

Med. Masters, take heed, let us not wind too many:

One is enough to stay the hangman's stomach.

There is John Clay, who is yround already,¹
A proper man; a tile-man by his trade:
A man, as one would zay, moulded in clay;
As spruce as any neighbour's child among
you:

And he (you zee) is taken on conspition,
And two or three (they zay) what call you
'em?

Zuch as the justices of *coram nobis*

Grant—(I forget their names, you ha' many
on 'em,

Mr. high constable, they come to you.)

I ha' it at my tongue's ends—Conney-
boroughs,

To bring him strait avore the zessions-house.

Tur. O, you mean warrens, neighbour, do
you not? [enough]

Med. I, I, thick same! you know 'un well

Tur. Too well, too well; wou'd I had
never known 'em.

We good vreeholders cannot live in quiet,
But every hour new purcepts, hues and cries,
Put us to requisitions night and day:

What shud a man zay, shud we leave the
z-arch?

I am in danger to reburse as much

As he was robb'd on; I, and pay his hurts.

If I should vollow it, all the good cheer
That was provided for the wedding-dinner

Is spoil'd and lost. O, there are two vat
pigs

A zindging by the vire: now by St. 'Tony,
Too good to eat, but on a wedding-day;

And then a goose will bid you all, come cut
me. [so]

Zun Clay, zun Clay, (for I must call thee
Be of good comfort; take my muckinder

And dry thine eyes. If thou beest true and
honest; [vrom it,

And if thou find'st thy conscience clear
Pluck up a good heart, we'll do well enough.

If not, confess a-truth's name. But in faith,
I durst be sworn upon all holy books,

John Clay would ne'er commit a robbery
On his own head.

Clay. No, truth is my rightful judge;
I have kept my hands here-hence fro' evil
speaking, [stealing.

Lying and slandering; and my tongue from
He do not live this day, can say, John Clay,

I ha' zeen thee, but in the way of honesty.

Pan. Faith, neighbour Medlay, I durst
be his burrough²,

He would not look a true man in the vace.

Clay. I take the town to concord, where
I dwell,

All Kilborn be my witness, if I were not

Begot in bashfulness, brought up in shame-
fac'dness;

Let 'un bring a dog but to my vace that can
Zay I ha' beat un', and without a vault:

Or but a cat will swear upon a book,
I have as much as zet a vire her tail,

And I'll give him or her a crown for 'mends.
But to give out, and zay, I have robb'd a

captain!

Receive me at the latter day, if I
E'er thought of any such matter, or could
mind it— [personage;

Med. No, John, you are come o' too good
I think my gossip Clench, and Mr. Turie,

Both think you would ra'tempt no such
voul matter.

Tur. But how unhappily it comes to pass
Just on the wedding-day! I cry me mercy:

I had almost forgot the hue and cry:
Good neighbour Pan, you are the third-

burrow, [writer,

And D'ogenes Scriben, you my learned
Make out a new purcept—Lord for thy

goodness,

I had forgot my daughter all this while;
The idle knave hath brought no news from
her. [news?

Here comes the sneaking puppy; what's the
My heart! my heart! I fear all is not well,

Something's mishap'd, that he is come with-
out her.

SCENE II.

Puppy, D. Turfe. [To them.]

Pap. Oh, where's my master? my mas-
ter? my master?

D. Tur. Thy master? what would'st have
with thy master, man?

There is thy master.

Tur. What's the matter, Puppy?

Pap. O master! oh dame! oh dame!
oh master!

D. Tur. What say'st thou to thy master
or thy dame?

Pap. Oh, John Clay! John Clay! John
Clay!

Tur. What of John Clay?

Med. Luck grant he bring not news, he
shall be hang'd. [well.

Cle. The world torend, I hope it is not so
Clay. O Lord! oh me! what shall I do?

poor John! [Clay!

Pap. Oh John Clay! John Clay! John
Clay. Alas,

That ever I was born! I will not stay by't
For all the tiles in Kilborn.

¹ *There is John Clay, who is yround already.*] This play is in the western dialect, as the *Sad Shepherd* is a specimen of the Lowland Scottish: the letter *y* is commonly prefixed to participles passive, as well as a poetical augmentation: *Zun minus micris*, says Mr. Davis in *Junius*, *B. Jonsonum in fabula cui titulus Tale of a Tub, inter alia istius (scilicet occidentalibus) idiomatis exempla, hæc verba protulisse*,

There is John Clay, who is yround already. Etymol. Liter. Y.

² *Faith, neighbour Medlay, I durst be his burrough.*] Or *Borrow*, i. e. his pledge or security: from the Saxon *Borþe*, or *Borþoe*, word of the same signification.

D. Tur. What of Clay?
Speak, Puppy; what of him?
Pup. He hath lost, he hath lost—
Tur. For luck sake speak, Puppy, what hath he lost?
Pup. Oh, Awdrey, Awdrey, Awdrey!
D. Tur. What of my daughter Awdrey?
Pup. I tell you, Awdrey—do you understand me? [dame—
Awdrey, sweet master; Awdrey, my dear
Tur. Where is she? what's become of her, I pray thee?
Pup. Oh, the serving-man! the serving-man! the serving-man!
Tur. What talk'st thou of the serving-man? where's Awdrey?
Pup. Gone with the serving-man, gone with the serving-man.
D. Tur. Good Puppy, whither is she gone with him? [word
Pup. I cannot tell: he bad me bring you The captain lay at the Lion, and before I came again, Awdrey was gone with the serving-man; [serving-man.
I tell you, Awdrey's run away with the
Tur. 'Od'socks, my woman, what shall we do now? [know not, I.
D. Tur. Now, so you help not, man, I
Tur. This was your pomp of maids: I told you on't.

Six maids to vallow you, and not leave one To wait upo' your daughter! I zaid pride Would be paid one day her old vi'pence, wife.

Med. What of John Clay, Ball Puppy?

Pup. He hath lost—

Med. His life for velony.

Pup. No, his wife by villainy.

Tur. Now villains both! oh that same hue and cry!

O! neighbours! oh that cursed serving-man! O maids! O wife! but John Clay, where is he? [Clay first mist.

How! fled for fear, zay ye? will he slip us now?

We that are sureties must require 'un out. How shall we do to find the serving-man? Cocks bodikins, we must not lose John Clay: Awdrey, my daughter Awdrey too! let us zend

'To all the towns, and zeek her; but alas, The hue and cry, that must be look'd unto.

SCENE III.

Tub. [To them].

Tub. What, in a passion, Turfe?

Tur. I, good 'squire Tub.

Were never honest varmers thus perplext.

Tub. Turfe, I am privy to thy deep unrest: [plot,

The ground of which springs from an idle Cast by a suitor to your daughter Awdrey— And thus much, Turfe, let me advertise you;

Your daughter Awdrey met I on the way,

With justice Bramble in her company; Who means to marry her at Pancras-church. And there is canon Hugh to meet them ready:

Which to prevent, you must not trust delay; But winged speed must cross their sly intent! [banes.

Then hie thee, Turfe, haste to forbid the
Tur. Hath justice Bramble got my daughter Awdrey?

A little while shall he enjoy her, zure. But O, the hue and cry! that hinders me: I must pursue that, or neglect my journey: I'll e'en leave all, and with the patient ass, The over-laden ass, throw off my burden, And cast mine office; pluck in my large ears

Betimes, lest some dis-judge 'em to be horns: I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoof, And ease my pasterns. I'll no more high constables. [troubled

Tub. I cannot chuse but smile to see thee With such a bald half-hatched circumstance! The captain was not robb'd, as is reported; That trick the justice craftily devis'd To break the marriage with the tileman Clay.

The hue and cry was merely counterfeit: The rather may you judge it to be such, Because the bridegroom was describ'd to be One of the thieves first in the velony. Which, how far 'tis from him, yourselves may guess:

'Twas justice Bramble's vetch to get the wench.

Tur. And is this true, 'squire Tub?

Tub. Believe me, Turfe,

As I am a 'squire: or less, a gentleman.

Tur. I take my office back, and my authority,

Upon your worship's words. Neighbours, I am [Clay!

High constable again: where's my zon He shall be zon yet, wife, your meat by leisure:

Draw back the spits.

D. Tur. That's done already, man.

Tur. I'll break this marriage off: and afterward,

She shall be given to her first betroth'd. Look to the meat, wife, look well to the roast.

Tub. I'll follow him aloof to see the event.

Pup. Dame, mistress, though I do not turn the spit,

I hope yet the pig's head.

D. Tur. Come up, Jack sauce: It shall be serv'd in to you.

Pup. No, no service;

But a reward for service.

D. Tur. I still took you

For an unmannerly Puppy: will you come, And vetch more wood to the vire, Mr. Ball!

Pup. I wood to the vire; I shall piss it out first:

You think to make me e'en your ox or sn-

Or any thing. Though I cannot right myself
On you, I'll sure revenge me on your meat.

SCENE IV.

Lady Tub, Pol-Martin, Wispe, Puppy.

Pol. Madam, to Kentish-town we are got at length;

But by the way we cannot meet the 'squire:
Nor by inquiry can we hear of him.

Here is Turfe's house, the father of the maid.

Lady. Pol-Martin, see, the streets are
strew'd with herbs: [seems!

And here hath been a wedding, Wispe, it
Pray heaven this hride-ale be not for my son! [for Turfe.

Good Martin, knock: knock quickly: ask
My thoughts misgive me, I'm in such a doubt—

Pol. Who keeps the house here?

Pup. Why the door and walls
Do keep the house.

Pol. I ask then, who's within?

Pup. Not you that are without.

Pol. Look forth, and speak

Into the street here. Come before my lady.

Pup. Before my lady! Lord have mercy
upon me:

If I do come before her, she will see
The handson'st man in all the town, pardee!

Now stand I vore her, what zaith velvet
she?

Lady. Sirrah, whose man are you?

Pup. Madam, my master's.

Lady. And who's thy master?

Pup. What you tread on, madam.

Lady. I tread on an old Turfe.

Pup. That Turfe's my master.

Lady. A merry fellow! what's thy name?

Pup. Ball Puppy [Puppy.

They call me at home: abroad Hannibal

Lady. Come hither, I must kiss thee,
valentine Puppy.

Wispe, ha' you got a valentine?

Wis. None, madam:

He's the first stranger that I saw.

Lady. To me

He is so, and such. Let's share him equally.

Pup. Help, help, good dame. A rescue,
and in time.

Instead of bills, with colstaves come; instead
of spears, with spits;

Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save
me and my wits: [eke by side,

A lady and her woman here, their huisher
(But he stands mute) have plotted how your
Puppy to divide.

SCENE V.

D. Turfe, Maids. [To them.]

D. Tur. How now, what noise is this
with you, Ball Puppy?

Pup. Oh dame! and fellows o' the kitchen! arm,

Arm, for my safety; if you love your Ball:
Here is a strange thing call'd a lady, a mad-
dame:

And a device of hers, vclept her woman;
Have plotted on me in the king's highway,
To steal me from my self, and cut me in
halfe,

To make one valentine to serve 'em both;
This for my right-side, that my left-hand
love.

D. Tur. So saucy, Puppy? to use no more
reverence

Unto my lady and her velvet-gown?

Lady. Turfe's wife, rebuke him not:
your man doth please me [nobles,
With his conceit. Hold: there are ten old
To make thee merrier yet, half-valentine.

Pup. I thank you, right-side: could my
left as much,

'Twould make me a man of mark: young
Hannibal!

Lady. Dido shall make that good, or I
will for her. [bal:

Here Dido Wispe, there's for your Hanni-
He is your countryman as well as valentine.

Wis. Here, Mr. Hannibal, my lady's
bounty

For her poor woman Wispe.

Pup. Brave Carthage queen!

And such was Dido: I will ever be
Champion to her, who Juno is to thee.

D. Tur. Your ladyship is very welcome
here. [house.

Please you, good madam, to go near the
Lady. Turfe's wife, I come thus far to seek
thy husband,

Having some business to impart unto him.
Is he at home?

D. Tur. O no, an' it shall please you:
He is posted hence to Pancras, with a wit-
ness.

Young justice Bramble has kept level coyl
Here in our quarters, stole away our daugh-
ter,

And Mr. Turfe's run after, as he can,

To stop the marriage, if it will be stopp'd:

Pol. Madam, thesetidings are not much
amiss.

For if the justice have the maid in keep,
You need not fear the marriage of your son.

Lady. That somewhat easeth my suspi-
cious breast. [Awdrey?

Tell me, Turfe's wife, when was my son with
How long is't since you saw him at your
house? [your mouth.

Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of
D. Tur. What mean you by that, sir?

Pup. Rump and Tale's all one.

But I would use a reverence for my lady:
I would not zay sur-reverence, the tale

Out o' your mouth, but rather take the
rump. [favour you are.

D. Tur. A well-bred youth! and vull of
Pup. What might they zay, when I were
gone, if I [vool!

Not weigh'd my words? This Puppy is a

Great Hannibal's an ass ; he bath no breeding :

No, lady gay, you shall not zay
That your Val. Puppy was so unlucky,
In speech to fail, as t' name a tail,
Be as he may be, 'vore a fair lady.

Lady. Leave jesting ; tell us when you saw your son.

Pup. Marry, it is two hours ago.

Lady. Sin' you saw him ?

Pup. You might have seen him too, if you had look'd up ;

For it shin'd as bright as day.

Lady. I mean my son. [all one ?]

Pup. Your sun, and our sun, are they not

Lady. Fool, thou mistak'st ; I ask'd thee for my son !

Pup. I had thought there had been no more suns than one. [have.]

I know not what you ladies have, or may

Pol. Didst thou ne'er hear my lady hail a son ? [unless]

Pup. She may have twenty ! but for a son,
She mean precisely, 'squire Tub, her zon,
He was here now, and brought my master word,

That justice Bramble had got Mrs. Awdrey.
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.

Lady. Martin, I wonder at this strange discourse : [squire]

The fool it seems tells true ; my son the
Was doubtless here this morning. For the match,

I'll smother what I think, and, staying here,
Attend the sequel of this strange beginning.
Turf's wife, my people and I will trouble thee

Until we hear some tidings of thy husband.
The rather for my party valentine.

SCENE VI.

Turf, Awdrey, Clench, Medlay, Pan, Scriben.

Tur. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph

Over this justice as becomes a constable ;
And a high constable : next our St. George,
Who rescued the king's daughter, I will ride ;
Above prince Arthur.

Cle. Or our Shoreditch duke.

Med. Or Pancras earl.

Pan. Or Bevis, or sir Guy,
Who were high constables both.

Cle. One of Southampton—

Med. The t' other of Warwick castle.

Tur. You shall work it

Into a story for me, neighbour Medlay,
Over my chimney.

Scri. I can give you, sir,

A Roman story of a petty-constable,

That had a daughter that was call'd Virginia
Like Mrs. Awdrey, and as young as she ;
And how her father bare him in the lussness,
'Gainst justice Appius, a Decemvir in Rome,
And justice of assize.

Tur. That, that good D'ogenes !

A learned man is a chronicle !

Scri. I can tell you

A thousand of great Pompey, Cæsar, Trajan,
All the high constables there.

Tur. That was their place :

They were no more.

Scri. Dictator and high constable

Were both the same.

Med. High constable was more though !

He had Dick Tator by the heels.¹

Pan. Dick t'oter ! [read o' 'un :

H' was one o' the weights o' the city ; I ha'
He was a fellow would be drunk, de-
bauch'd—

And he did zet 'un i' the stocks indeed :

His name was Vadian, and a cunning toter.

Awd. Was ever silly maid thus posted off !

That should have had three husbands in one

day ;

Yet (by bad fortune) am possess of none ?
I went to church to have been wed to Clay ;

Then 'squire Tub he seiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me ; but he mist

his aim :

And justice Bramble (nearest of the three)
Was well nigh married to me ; when by

chance, [done.]

In rush'd my father, and broke off that

Tur. I, girl, there's ne'er a justice on 'em

all

Shall teach the constable to guard his own :
Let's back to Kentish-town, and there make

merry ;

These news will be glad tidings to my wife :
Thou shalt have Clay, my wench. That

word shall stand. [drawn'd :

He's found by this time, sure, or else he's
The wedding-dinner will be spoil'd : make

haste.

Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick ;

but thin are sown,
I care not who it be, so I have one.

Tur. I? zay you zo? perhaps you shall
ha' none for that.

Awd. None, out on me ! what shall I do
then ? [per men.]

Med. Sleep, Mrs. Awdrey, dream on pro-

SCENE VII.

Hugh, Preamble, Metaphor.

Hugh. O Bonc Deus ! have you seen the
like ? [I strike.]

Here was, I lodge hold thine ear fair, whilst
Body o' me, how came this geer about ?

¹ He laid Dick TATOR by the heels.] Low as the joke is, we find Butler has borrowed it in his speech of Colonel Pride ; " They talk indeed of a Roman general, who came from ' the plough ; Dick Tator, I think they call him, who having beat the enemy went home ' to the country rich, and renowned for a very wise man."—*Last Speech of Colonel Pride.*

Pre. I know not, Chanon, but it falls out cross.

Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance of these events; it was impossible, being so close and politically carried,

To come so quickly to the ears of Turfe. O priest! had but thy slow delivery been nimble, and thy lazy Latin tongue But run the forms o'er with that swift dispatch

As had been requisite, all had been well!

Hugh. What should have been, that never lov'd the friar;

But thus you see the old adage verified, *Multa cadunt inter*—you can guess the rest.

Many things fall between the cup and lip: And though they touch, you are not sure to drink.

You lack'd good fortune, we had done our Give a man fortune, throw him i' the sea. The properer man, the worse luck: stay a time;

Tempus edax—In time the stately ox, &c.

Good counsels lightly never come too late.

Pre. You, sir, will run your counsels out of breath.

Hugh. Spur a free horse, he'll run himself *Sancti Evangeliste*! here comes Miles:

Pre. What news, man, with our new-made purs'vant?

Met. A purs'vant? would I were, or more pursie,

And had more store of money; or less And had more store of breath: you call me purs'vant?

But I could never vaunt of any purse I had, sin' yo' were my godfathers and god-mothers,

And ga' me that nick-name.

Pre. What's now the matter?

Met. Nay, 'tis no matter, I ha' been simply beaten.

Hugh. What is become o' the squire, and thy prisoner?

Met. The lines of blood run streaming from my head,

Can speak what rule the 'squire hath kept

Pre. I pray thee, Miles, relate the manner how?

Met. Be't known unto you by these pre-That I Miles Metaphor your worship's clerk Have e'en been beaten to an allegory, By multitude of hands. Had they been but Some five or six, I had whip'd 'em all, like tops

In Lent, and hurl'd 'em into Hoblers-hole: Or the next ditch: I had crack'd all their costards

As nimbly as a squirrel will crack nuts:

And flourished like to Hercules the porter Among the pages. But when they came ou Like bees about a hive, crows about carrion, Flies about sweetmeats; nay, like watermen About a fare: then was poor Metaphor Glad to give up the honour of the day, To quit his charge to them, and run away To save his life, only to tell this news.

Hugh. How indirectly all things have fall'n out!

I cannot chuse but wonder what they were Rescued your rival from the keep of Miles: But most of all, I cannot well digest

The manner how our purpose came to Turfe.

Pre. Miles, I will see that all thy hurts As for the 'squire's escape, it matters not: We have by this means disappointed him; And that was all the main I aimed at.

But chanon Hugh, now muster up thy wits, And call thy thoughts into the consistory.

Search all the secret corners of thy cap, To find another quaint devised drift,

To disappoint her marriage with this Clay: Do that, and I'll reward thee jovially.

Hugh. Well said, magister justice. If I fit you not

With such a new and well-laid stratagem, As never yet your ears did hear a finer,

Call me with Lilly, Bos, Fur, Sus, atq. *Sacerdos.*

Pre. I hear there's comfort in thy words I'll trust thy regulars, and say no more.

Met. I'll follow too. And if the dapper priest

* Be but as cunning, point in his device, As I was in my lie, my master Preamble

Will stalk, as led by the nose with these new promises,

And fatted with supposes of fine hopes.

SCENE VIII.

Turfe, D. Turfe, Lady Tub, Pol-Martia, Awdrey, Puppy.

Tur. Well, madam, I may thank the 'squire your son:

For, but for him, I had been over-reach'd.

D. Tur. Now heaven's blessing light upon his heart:

We are beholden to him, indeed, madam.

Lady. But can you not resolve me where he is?

Nor about what his purposes were bent?

Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me:

And therefore was I less inquisitive.

Lady. Fair maid, in faith speak truth, and not dissemble:

Do's he not often come and visit you?

* *Be but as cunning, point in his device.* That is, be as exact and clever in his plot as I was in mine. It is an allusion, or rather a corruption from the French phrase *a point devisez*, which the reader may find explained in the *Alchemist*, act 5. not 3.—Perhaps a transposition of the words here may be right, and we ought to read,

Be but as cunning in his point device—

And. His worship now and then, please you, takes pains
To see my father and mother: but, for me,
I know my self too mean for his high thoughts

To stoop at, more than asking a light question,
To make him merry, or to pass his time.

Lad. A sober maid! call for my woman, Martin.

Pol. The maids and her half valentine have ply'd her
With courties of the bride cake and the bowl,

As she is laid a-while.

Lady. O let her rest!

We will cross o'er to Canterbury in the interim;

And so make home. Farewel, good Turfe, and thy wife.

I wish your daughter joy.

Tur. Thanks to your ladyship:

Where is John Clay now? have you seen him yet?

D. Tur. No, he has hid himself out of the For fear of the hue and cry.

Tur. What walks that shadow

Avore 'un still? Puppy, go seek 'un out, Search all the corners that he haunts unto, And call 'un forth. We'll once more to the church,

And try our fortunes. Luck, son Valentine, Where are the wise men all of Finsbury?

Pup. Where wise men should be; at the ale and bride-cake.

I would this couple had their destiny, Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:

Enter the Neighbours to Turfe.

Man cannot get the mount'nance of an egg-shell

To stay his stomach. Vaith, for mine own I have zup'd up so much broth as would have cover'd

A leg o' beef o'er head and ears i' the porridge-pot:

And yet I cannot sussifie wild nature.

Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner.

I am with child of a huge stomach, and Till by some honest midwife-piece of beef

I be deliver'd of it: I must go now, And hunt out for this Kilborn calf, John Clay:

Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.

SCENE IX.

Chanon Hugh, like captain Thums, [To them.]

Hugh. Thus as a beggar in a king's disguise,

Or an old cross well sided with a may-pole, Comes Chanon Hugh accoutred as you see, Disguis'd, Soldado like. Mark his device: The chanon is that captain Thums was robb'd:

These bloody scars upon my face are wounds: This scarf upon mine arm shews my late hurts:

And thus am I to gull the constable.

Now have among you for a man at arms; Friends, by your leave, which of you is one Turfe?

Tur. Sir, I am Turfe, if you would speak with me.

Hugh. With thee, Turfe, if thou beest high constable.

Tur. I am both Turfe, sir, and high constable.

Hugh. Then, Turfe or Scurfe, high or low constable,

Know, I was once a captain at St. Quintins, And passing cross the ways over the country This morning betwixt this and Hamstead-heath,

Was by a crew of clowns robb'd, bobbi'd, and hurt.

No sooner had I got my wounds bound up, But with much pain I went to the next justice,

One Mr. Bramble, here at Maribone:

And here a warrant is, which he hath directed

[Turfe; For you, one Turfe; if your name be Toby Who have let fall (they say) the hue and cry: And you shall answer it afore the justice.

Tur. Heaven and hell, dogs, devils, what is this?

Neighbours, was ever constable thus cross'd? What shall we do?

Med. Faith, all go hang ourselves:

I know no other way to 'scape the law.

Pup. News, news, O news——

Tur. What, hast thou found out Clay?

Pup. No, sir, the news is, that I cannot find him.

Hugh. Why do you dally, you damn'd russet-coat?

You peasant, nay, you clown, you constable;

See that you bring forth the suspected party, Or by mine honour (which I won in field) I'll make you pay for it afore the justice.

Tur. Fie, fie: O wife, I'm now in a fine pickle.

He that was most suspected is not found: And which now makes me think he did the deed,

He thus absents him, and dares not be seen. Captain, my innocence will plead for me.

Wife, I must go, needs, whom the devil drives:

* We will cross o'er to CANTERBURY in the interim.] Canterbury, or as it is more usually called *Canberry-house*, is in the parish and neighbourhood of *Istington*. The true name of it is *Cannon-berry*; it was antiently a farm or grange belonging to the monks of the priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield.

Pray for me, wife and daughter; pray for me. [put off.]

Hugh. I'll lead the way: thus is the match
And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it,
My captainship shall cost him many a
crown. [They go out.]

D. Tur. So, we have brought our eggs to
a fair market.

Out on that villain Clay; would he do a
robbery?

I'll ne'er trust smooth-fac'd tileman for his
sake. [draff.]

Awd. Mother, the still sow eats up all the
[They go out.]

Pap. This is my master, Toby Turfe,
the pattern

Of all the painful a'ventures now in print.
I never could hope better of this match;

This bride-ale: for the night before to-day,
(Which is within man's memory, I take it)

At the report of it an ox did speak,
Who dy'd soon after: a cow lost her calf;

The bell-weather was flea'd for it: a fat
hog

Was sing'd, and wash'd, and shaven all [over; to

Look ugly 'gainst this day: the ducks
they quack'd;

The hens too cackled: at the noise whereof
A drake was seen to dance a headless round:

The goose was cut i' the head to hear it too:
Brave chant-it-clear, his noble heart was

done;

His comb was cut: and two or three o' his
wives,

Or fairest concubines, had their necks broke
Ere they would zee this day; to mark the

verven

Heart of a beast, the very pig, the pig,
This very morning, as he was a roasting,

Cry'd out his eyes, and made a shew, as he
would

Ha' bit in two the spit; as he would say,
There shall no roast-meat be this dismal day.

And zure, I think, if I had not got his
tongue [it.

Between my teeth and eat it, he had spoke
Well, I will in and cry too; never leave

Crying until our maids may drive a buck
With my salt tears at the next washing-day.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Preamble, Hugh, Turfe, Metaphor.

Pre. **K**EEP out those fellows; I'll ha'
none come in

But the high constable, the man of peace,
And the queen's captain, the brave man of
war.

Now, neighbour Turfe, the cause why you
are call'd

Before me by my warrant, but unspecified,
Is this; and pray you mark it thoroughly!

Here is a gentleman, and, as it seems,
Both of good birth, fair speech, and peace-
able; [wood:]

Who was this morning robb'd here in the
You, for your part, a man of good report,

Of credit, landed, and of fair demeanors,
And by authority, high constable;

Are, notwithstanding, touch'd in this com-
plaint,

Of being careless in the hue and cry.
I cannot chuse but grieve a soldier's loss;

And I am sorry too for your neglect,
Being my neighbour: this is all I object.

Hugh. This is not all: I can alledge far
more,

And almost urge him for an accessory.
Good Mr. justice, gi' me leave to speak,

For I am plaintiff. Let not neighbourhood
Make him secure, or stand on privilege.

Pre. Sir, I dare use no partiality:
Object then what you please, so it be truth.

Hugh. This more: and which is more
than he can answer,

Besides his letting fall the hue and cry,
He doth protect the man charg'd with the
felony.

And keeps him hid, I hear, within his house,
Because he is affied unto his daughter.

Tur. I do defy 'un, so shall she do too.
I pray your worship's favour le' me have
hearing.

I do confess, 'twas told me such a felony,
And't not disgreiv'd me a little, when 'twas
told me,

Vor I was going to church to marry Awdrey:
And who should marry her but this very
Clay, [un all.

Who was charg'd to be the chief thief o'
Now I (the halter stick me if I tell

Your worships any leazins) did fore-think 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away.

I thought I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-
pit,

Or i' mine oven: nay, i' the town-pound,
I was za sure o' 'un, I'd ha' gi'n my life
for 'un,

Till he did start. But now I see 'un guilty,
 Az var as I can look at 'un. We,uld you
 ha' more?

Hugh. Yes, I will have, sir, what the
 law will give me.

You gave your word to see him safe forth-
 coming;

I challenge that: but that is forfeited;
 Beside, your carelessness in the pursuit,
 Argues your slackness, and neglect of duty,
 Which ought be punish'd with severity.

Pre. He speaks but reason, Turfe. Bring
 forth the man

And you are quit: but otherwise your word
 Binds you to make amends for all his loss,
 And think yourself befriended, if he take it,
 Without a farther suit or going to law.

Come to a composition with him, Turfe;
 The law is costly, and will draw on charge.

Turf. Yes, I do know, I vurst mun vee a
 Returney,

And then make legs to my great man o' law,
 To be o' my counsel, and take trouble-
 vees,

And yet say nothing for me, but devise
 All the strict means, to ransack me o' my
 money.

A pest'lence prick the throats o' 'un. I do
 know 'un

As well az I was i' their bellies, and brought
 up there.

What would you ha' me do? what would
 you ask of me?

Hugh. I ask the restitution of my money;
 And will not bate one penny o' the sum:
 Fourscore and five pound: I ask, besides,
 Amendment for my hurts; my pain and
 suffering

Are loss enough for me, sir, to sit down with;
 I'll put it to your worship; what you
 award me,

I'll take; and gi' him a general release.

Pre. And what say you now, neighbour
 Turfe?

Turf. I put it [nab.
 'Ev'n to your worship's: bitterment, bab,
 I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I
 hope, let 'em e'en run: and—

Pre. Faith, then I'll pray you, 'cause he
 is my neighbour,

To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

Hugh. Saint Valentine's day, I will, this
 very day,

Before sun-set: my bond is forfeit else.

Turf. Where will you ha' it paid?

Hugh. Faith, I am a stranger

Here i' the country: know you chanon
 Hugh,

The vicar of Pancras?

Turf. Yes, who knows not him?

Hugh. I'll make him my attorney to re-
 ceive it,

And give you a discharge.

Turf. Whom shall I send for?

Pre. Why, if you please, send Metaphor
 my clerk. [new;

And Turfe, I much commend thy willing-
 It's argument of thy integrity.

Turf. But my integrity shall be my self
 still:

Good Mr. Metaphor, give my wife this key;

And do but whisper it into her hand:

(She knows it well enough) bid her, by that,

Deliver you the two zeal'd bags o' silver,

That lie i' the corner o' the cupboard, stands

At my bed-side, they're fifty pound a piece;

And bring 'em to your master.

Met. If I prove not

As just a carrier as my friend Tom Long was,

'Then call me his curtall, change my name
 of Miles, [name

To Guiles, Wiles, Piles, Biles, or the foulest
 You can devise, to crambo with for ale.

Hugh. Come hither, Miles, bring by that
 token too

Fair Awdrey; say, her father sent for her:
 Say, Clay is found, and waits at Pancras

church,

Where I attend to marry them in haste.

For, (by this means) Miles, I may say't to
 thee,

'Thy master must to Awdrey married be.

But not a word but mum: go get thee gone;

Be wary of thy charge, and keep it close.

Met. O super-dainty chanon! vicar in
 coney!

Make no delay, Miles, but away;

And bring the wench, and money.

Hugh. Now, sir, I see you meant but ho-
 nestly;

And, but that business calls me hence away,

I would not leave you till the sun were lower.

But, Mr. justice, one word, sir, with you.

By the same token, is your mistress sent for

By Metaphor, your clerk, as from her father.

Who, when she comes, I'll marry her to you.

Unwitting to this Turfe, who shall attend

Me at the parsonage: this was my plot

¹ *Ev'n to your worship's BITTERMENT.*] i.e. *Arbitrement, Arbitration.*

² *Know you chanon Hugh,
 The vicar of Pancras?*

Turf. Yes, we who not him? *We* is superfluous, and the necessary word
 is wanting; but the reader will find it in the text.

³ *Then call me his CURTAL.*] i.e. his *Horse*. It seems to have been a proverbial phrase;
 and so Falstaff, in *Shakespeare*,

"Call me horse—"

⁴ *O super dainty chanon! vicar in coney.*] These two last words should probably be
 joined in one; the sense of it is *fine* or *curious*: a *conny* thing is an expression yet used in
 the North, to signify what is nice and delicate.

Which I must now make good; turn chanon again,

In my square cap. I humbly take my leave.

Pre. Adieu, good captain. Trust me, neighbour Turle,

He seems to be a sober gentleman:

But this distress hath somewhat stirr'd his patience.

And men, you know, in such extremities,
Apt not themselves to points of courtesie;
I'm glad you ha' made this end.

Tur. You stood my friend:

I thank your justice-worship; pray you be
Present anon at tendring o' the money,
And zee me have a discharge: vor I ha' no craft

I' your law quibblins.

Pre. I'll secure you, neighbour.

The SCENE interloping.

Medlay, Clench, Pan, Scriben.

Med. Indeed there is a woundy luck in names, sirs,

And a main mystery, an' a man knew where
To vind it. My godsire's name, I'll tell you,
Was In-and-Inn Shittle, and a weaver he was,
And it did fit his craft: for so his shittle
Went in, and in still; this way, and then
that way.

And he nam'd me In-and-Inn Medlay: which
serves

A joiner's craft, because that we do lay
Things in and in, in our work. But I am
truly

Architectonicus professor rather:

That is (as one would zay) an architect.

Cle. As I am a varrier and a visicary;
Horse-smith of Hamstead, and the whole
town leach—

Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy cures,
gossip Clench.

Cle. An' I can zee the stale once through
a urine-hole,

I'll give a shrewd guess, be it man or beast.
I cur'd an ale-wife once that had the stag-
gers

Worse than five horses, without rowelling.

My god-phere was a Rabian or a Jew;

(You can tell, D'oge!) they call'd 'un doctor Rasi.

Scri. One Rasi was a great Arabic doctor.

Cle. He was king Harry's doctor, and my
god-phere.

Pan. Mine was a merry Greek, To-Pan
of Twiford,

A jovial tinker, and a stopper of holes;
Who left 'em metal-man of Belsise, his heir.

Med. But what was yours, D'oge?

Scri. Vaith, I cannot tell, [had
If mine were kyrsin'd or no. But zure he

A kyrsin name, that he left me, Diogenes.

A mighty learned man, but pest'lence poor.

Vor h' had no house, save an old tub, to
dwell in,

(I vind that in records) and still he turn'd it
I' the wind's teeth, as't blew on his backside,
And there they would lie routing one at
other,

A week sometimes.

Med. Thence came, *A Tale of a Tub*;

And the first *Tale of a Tub*, old D'ogenes
Tub.

Scri. That was avore sir Peter Tub or his

Pan. I, or the 'squire their son, Tripoly
Tub.

Cle. The 'squire is a fine gentleman!

Med. He is more:

A gentleman and a half; almost a knight;
Within six inches: that's his true measure.

Cle. Zure you can gage 'un.

Med. To a streak, or less:

I know his d'ameters and circumference:

A knight is six diameters, and a 'squire
is vive, and somewhat more: I know't by
compass

And scale of man. I have upo' my rule here
The just perportions of a knight, a 'squire;
With a tame justice, or an officer rampant,
Upo' the bench, from the high constable
Down to the headborough, or tithing-man;
Or meane minister o' the peace, God save
'un.

Pan. Why you can tell us by the square,
neighbour,

Whence he is call'd a constable, and whaf-
fore. [do that.

Med. No, that's a book-case: Scriben can
That's writing and reading, and records.

Scri. Two words,

Cyning and staple, make a constable:

As we'd say, a hold or stay for the king.

Cle. All constables are truly John's for
the king, [Roger.

Whate'er their names are, be they Tony or

Med. And all are sworn as vingars o' the
one hand,

To hold together 'gainst the breach o' peace;
The high constable is the thumb, as one
would zay,

The hold-fast o' the rest.

Pan. Pray luck he speed

Well i' the business between captain Thums
And him.

Med. I'll warrant 'un for a groat;

I have his measures here in rithmetique,
How he should bear 'un self in all the lines
Of's place and office: let us zeek 'un out.

SCENE II.

Tub, Hilts, Metaphor.

Tub. Hilts, how do'st thou like o' this
our good day's work?

Hilt. As good e'en ne'er a whit, as ne'er
the better.

* *Why you can tell us by the SQUIRE, neighbour.*] It should be square, an instrument or kind of rule used by carpenters.

Tub. Shall we to Pancras or to Kentish-town, Hilts? [to us,

Hil. Let Kentish-town or Pancras come If either will: I will go home again.

Tub. Faith, Basket, our success hath been but bad,

And nothing prospers that we undertake; For we can neither meet with Clay nor Awdrey,

The chanon Hugh, nor Turfe the constable: We are like men that wander in strange woods, [seek.

And lose our selves in search of them we
Hil. This was because we rose on the wrong side:

But as I am now here, just in the mid-way, I'll zet my sword on the pummel, and that line

The point valls to, we'll take, whether it be To Kentish-town, the church, or home again.

Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's justice Bramble's clerk,

Enter Metaphor.

Th' unlucky hare hath crost us all this day. I'll stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him

His business, Hilts; and how he's now employed.

Hil. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.

Met. Oh for a pad-horse, pack-horse, or a post-horse, [crup!

To bear me on his neck, his back, or his I am as weary with running as a mill-horse That hath led the mill once, twice, thrice about,

After the breath hath been out of his body. I could get up upon a pannier, a pummel,

Or, to say truth, a very pack-saddle, Till all my honey were turn'd into gall,

And I could sit in the seat no longer: Oh the legs of a lackey now, or a footman,

Who's the surbater of a clerk-current, And the confounder of his trestles dormant!

But who have we here, just in the nick? *Hil.* I'm neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore

You lie, sir Metaphor.

Met. Lie? how?

Hil. Lie so, sir. [He strikes up his heels.

Met. I lie not yet I'm my throat.

Hil. Thou ly'st o' the ground.

Doest thou know me?

Met. Yes, I did know you too late.

Hil. What is my name, then?

Met. Basket.

Hil. Basket? what?

Met. Basket, the great—

Hil. The great what?

Met. Lubber—

I should say, lover, of the squire his master.

Hil. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,

Thou scrape-hill, scoundrel, and thou scum of man;

Uncivil, orange-tawny-coated clerk:

Thou cam'st but half a thing into the world,

And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds:

Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,

Travell'dst to Hamstead-heat/ on an Ash-We'nesday,

Where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent,

For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee, To make thee a purse: seest thou this bold

bright blade? [grave

This sword shall shred thee as small unto the As mine'd meat for a pie. I'll set thee in earth

All, save thy head and thy right-arm at liberty,

To keep thy hat off while I question thee What? why? and whither thou wert going now,

With a face ready to break out with business? And tell me truly, lest I dash't in pieces.

Met. Then, Basket, put thy smiter up, and bear;

I dare not tell the truth to a drawn sword.

Hil. 'Tis sheaf'd, stand up, speak without fear or wit.

Met. I know not what they mean; but constable Turfe

Sends here his key for moneys in his cupboard, Which he must pay the captain that was robb'd

This morning. Smell you nothing?

Hil. No, not I: Thy breeches yet are honest.

Met. As my mouth. Do you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,

I think all's knavery: for the chanon whisper'd [key,

Me in the ear, when Turfe had gi'n me his By the same token to bring Mrs. Awdrey,

Assent for thither; and to say, John Clay Is found, which is indeed to get the wench

Forth for my master, who is to be married When she comes there: the chanon has his rules

Ready, and all there, to dispatch the matter.

Tub. Now, on my life, this is the chanon's plot! [Basket.

Miles, I have heard all thy discourse to Wilt thou be true, and I'll reward thee well,

To make me happy in my mistress Awdrey?

Met. Your worship shall dispose of Metaphor, [head

Thro' all his parts, e'en from the sole o' the To the crown o' the foot, to manage of your service. [Turfe,

Tub. Then do thy message to the mistress Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,

And likewise take young Awdrey to thy charge:

Which done, here, Metaphor, we will attend And intercept thee. And for thy reward

You two shall share the money, I the maid: If any take offence, I'll make all good.

Met. But shall I have half the money, sir, in faith?

Tub. I, on my 'squireship shalt thou ;
and my land.

Met. Then, if I make not, sir, the clean-
liest 'scuse

To get her hither, and be then as careful
To keep her for you, as 'twere for myself,
Down o' your knees, and pray that honest
Miles

May break his neck ere he get o'er two stiles.

SCENE III.

Tub, Hilts.

Tub. Make haste, then : we will wait
here thy return. [hopes,
This luck unlook'd for hath reviv'd my
Which were oppress with a dark melan-
choly.

In happy time we linger'd on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound,
Which are the essence of my soul's content.

Hil. This heartless fellow ; shame to
serving-men ; [do !

Stain of all liveries ; what fear makes him
How sordid, wretched and unworthy things ;
Betray his master's secrets, ope' the closet
Of his devices, force the foolish justice
Make way for your love, plotting of his
own :

Like him that digs a trap to catch another,
And falls into't himself !

Tub. So would I have it ;
And hope 'twill prove a jest to twit the
justice with.

Hil. But that this poor white-liver'd rogue
should do't ?

And merely out of fear ?

Tub. And hope of money, Hilts.
A valiant man will nibble at that bait.

Hil. Who, but a fool, will refuse money
pooffer'd ?

Tub. And sent by so good chance. Pray
heaven he speed. [count

Hil. If he come empty-handed, let him
To go back empty-headed ; I'll not leave him
So much of brain in's pate, with pepper and
vinegar,

To be serv'd in for sauce to a calf's-head.

Tub. Thou serv'd him rightly, Hilts.

Hil. I'll seal as much
With my hand, as I dare say now with my
tongue ;

* But if you get the lass from Dargison,
What will you do with her ?

Tub. We'll think o' that
When once we have her in possession, go-
vernor.

SCENE IV.

Puppy, Metaphor, Awdrey.

Pup. You see we trust you, Mr. Meta-
phor,

With Mrs. Awdrey : 'pray you, use her well,
As a gentlewoman should be us'd. For my
part,

I do incline a little to the serving-man ;
We have been of a coat—I had one like
yours ;

Till it did play me such a sleeveless errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine arms in,
And then I threw it off. 'Pray you go be-
fore her,

Serving-man like, and see that your nose
drop not.

As for example, you shall see me : mark,
How I go afore her : so do you. Sweet
Miles,

She for her own part, is a woman cares not
What man can do unto her in the way
Of honesty and good manners. So farewell
Fair Mrs. Awdrey : farewell Mr. Miles.

I have brought you thus far onward o' your
way :

I must go back now to make clean the rooms,
Where my good lady has been. Pray you
commend me [stiff,

To bridegroom Clay ; and bid him bear up

Met. I thank you, good Hannibal Puppy ;
I shall fit [buskins

The leg of your commands with the strait
Of dispatch presently.

Pup. Farewell, fine Metaphor.

Met. Come, gentle mistress, will you
please to walk ?

Awd. I loze not to be led : I'd go alone.

Met. Let not the mouse of my good
meaning, lady,

Be snap'd up in the trap of your suspicion,
To lose the tail there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the cat of misconstruction.

Awd. You are too finical for me ; speak
plain, sir.

SCENE V.

*Tub, Awdrey, Hilts, Metaphor, Lady, Pol-
Martin.* [To them.]

Tub. Welcome again, my Awdrey : wel-
come, love :

You shall with me ; in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the second hazard, mistress.

Awd. Forbear, squire Tub, as mine own
mother says,

I am not for your mowing. You'll be flown
Ere I be fleg'd.

Hil. Hast thou the money, Miles ?

Met. Here are two bags, there's fifty
pound in each. [time :

Tub. Nay, Awdrey, I possess you for this
Sirs, take that coin between you, and di-
vide it.

My pretty sweeting, give me now the leave
To challenge love and marriage at your
hands.

* But if you get the lass from DARGISON.] The meaning of this last term is unknown to me ; whether it be a proper name, taken from some romance, and how applied, I know not ; or whether a corruption from *Kentish-town*, which is not improbable.

Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not ashamed?

What will my lady say? In faith, I think She was at our house: and I think she ask'd for you:

And I think she hit me i' th' teeth with you, I thank her ladyship: and I think she means Not to go hence till she has found you.

Tub. How say you?

Was then my lady mother at your house? Let's have a word aside.

Awd. Yes, twenty words.

Lad. 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not what, [Totten,

Comes in my mind, to leave the way to And turn to Kentish-town again my journey: And see my son, Pol-Martin, with his Awdrey.

Ere while we left her at her father's house: And hath he thence remov'd her in such haste!

What shall I do? shall I speak fair, or chide?

Pol. Madam, your worthy son with dutious care

Can govern his affections: rather then Break off their conference some other way, Pretending ignorance of what you know.

Tub. An' this be all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.*

Lad. Mine you were once, though scarcely now your own.

Hil. 'Shid, my lady! my lady!

Met. Is this my lady bright?

Tub. Madam, you took me now a little tardy. [d.vout

Lad. At prayers I think you were: what, so Of late, that you will shrieve you to all confessors

You meet by chance! come, go with me, good squire,

And leave your linen*: I have now a business,

And of importance, to impart unto you.

Tub. Madam, I pray you, spare me but an hour:

Please you to walk before, I follow you.

Lad. It must be now, my business lies this way. [cuse me!

Tub. Will not an hour hence, madam, ex-

Lad. 'Squire, these excuses argue more your guilt.

You have some new device now to project, Which the poor tileman scarce will thank you for.

What? will you go?

Tub. I ha' ta'en a charge upon me, To see this maid conducted to her father, Who, with the chanon Hugh, stays her at Pancras,

To see her married to the same John Clay.

Lad. 'Tis very well: but, 'squire, take you no care,

I'll send Pol-Martin with her for that office: You shall along with me; it is decreed.

Tub. I have a little business with a friend, madam.

Lad. That friend shall stay for you, or you for him.

Pol-Martin, take the maiden to your care: Command me to her father.

Tub. I will follow you.

Lad. Tut, tell not me of following.

Tub. I'll but speak a word.

Lad. No whispering: you forget yourself, And make your love too palpable: a squire! And think so meanly? fall upon a cow-shard! You know my mind. Come, I'll to Turle's house,

And see for Dido and our Valentine.

Pol-Martin, look to your charge, I'll look to mine.

[They all go out but Pol-Martin and Awdrey.

Pol. I smile to think, after so many profen This maid hath had, she now should fall to me:

That I should have her in my custody:

'Twere but a mad trick to make the essay, And jump a match with her immediately: She's fair and handsome; and she's rich enough:

Both time and place minister fair occasion.

* ————— She means

Not to go hence till she has found you. How say you?

Tub. Was then my lady mother at your house? If the reader thinks with me, he will be disposed to alter the present ordination of these speeches: for I must own, that I think Tub's part here should begin with the question, *How say you?* which is expressive of his surprize at what Awdrey had just been telling him. We ought to read then, if the case be so, as follows:

————— She means

Not to go hence till she has found you. *Tub.* How say you?

Was then my lady mother at your house?

* *Tub.* An' this all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.] We must supply something to give meaning to the first part of this verse. I suppose it stood originally thus;

An' this be all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.

'Tis probable she was clearing some suspicions he had entertained; and as he was now satisfied, he had no scruple remaining, but was wholly hers.

* ————— Come, go with me, good squire,

And leave your linen.] The words are spoke of Awdrey, and so perhaps there may be no difficulty in applying the last word; but Mr. Theobald queries the expression, and has wrote in his margin *Linen*, that is, mistress.

Have at it then: fair lady, can you love?

Awd. No, sir; what's that?

Pol. A toy which women use.

Awd. If't be a toy, it's good to play withal.

Pol. We will not stand discoursing o' the toy:

The way is short, please you to prove it, mis-
Awd. If you do mean to stand so long upon it,

I pray you let me give it a short cut, sir.

Pol. It's thus, fair maid; are you dispos'd to marry?

Awd. You are dispos'd to ask.

Pol. Are you to grant?

Awd. Nay, now I see you are dispos'd indeed.

Pol. I see the wench wants but a little wit; And that defect her wealth may well supply: In plain terms, tell me, will you have me, Awdrey?

Awd. In as plain terms, I tell you who would ha' me.

John Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands;

I like not him: besides, he is a thief.

And justice Bramble, he would fain ha' catch'd me:

But the young 'squire, he, rather than his Would ha' me yet; and make me a lady,

And be my knight, to do me true knight's Before his lady mother. Can you make me A lady, would I ha' you?

Pol. I can gi' you

A silken gown, and a rich petticoat, And a French hood. All fools love to be brave:

I find her humour, and I will pursue it.

SCENE VI.

Lady, D. Turfe, Squire Tub, Hilts, Puppy, Clay.

Lad. And, as I told thee, she was inter-
cepted

By the 'squire, here, my son, and this bold His man; who safely would have carried her Unto her father, and the chanon Hlugh;

But for more care of the security, My huisher hath her now in his grave charge.

D. Tur. Now on my faith and holy-don, Beholden to your worship. She's a girl, A foolish girl, and soon may tempted be: But if this day pass well once o'er her head, I'll wish her trust to herself. For I have been A very mother to her, though I say it.

Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and Pancras is i' your way:

I think your ladyship forgets yourself.

Lad. Your mind runs much on Pancras.

Well, young squire,

The black ox never trod yet o' your foot: These idle phant'sies will forsake you one day.

Come, Mrs. Turfe, will you go take a walk

Over the fields to Pancras, to your husband?

D. Tur. Madam, I had been there an hour ago,

But that I waited on my man Ball Puppy.

What, Ball, I say, I think the idle slouch Be fal'n asleep i' the barn, he stays so long.

Pup. Sattin, i' the name of velvet-sattin, dame!

The devil! O the devil is in the barn:

Help, a legion——spirit-legion

Is in the barn! in every straw a devil.

D. Tur. Why dost thou bawl so, Puppy? speak, what ails thee?

Pup. My name's Ball Puppy, I ha' seen the devil.

Among the straw: O for a cross! a collop

Of friar Bacon, or a conjuring stick

Of doctor Faustus! spirits are in the barn.

Tub. How! spirits in the barn? Basket, go see.

Hil. Sir, an' you were my master ten times And 'squire to boot; I know, and you shall

pardon me: Send me 'mong devils? I zee you love me

Hell be at their game: I'll not trouble them.

Tub. Go see; I warrant thee there's no such matter.

Hil. An' they were giants, 'twere another But devils! no, if I be torn in pieces,

What is your warrant worth? I'll see the fiend

Set fire o' the barn, ere I come there.

D. Tur. Now all zaints bless us, and if he be there,

He is an ugly spright I warrant.

Pup. As ever Held-flesh-hook, dame, or handled fire-fork

They have put me in a sweet pickle, dame; But that my lady Valentine smells of musk,

I should be asham'd to press into this pre-
sence.

Lad. Basket, I pray thee see what is the

Tub. Come, go with me: I'll lead. Why stand'st thou, man?

Hil. Cocks precious, master, you are not mad indeed?

You will not go to hell before your time?

Tub. Why art thou thus afraid?

Hil. No, not afraid:

But, by your leave, I'll come no near the

D. Tur. Puppy, wilt thou go with me?

Pup. How! go with you?

Whither, into the barn? to whom, the devil? Or to do what there? to be torn amongst

'um? Stay for my master, the high constable,

Or In-and-in the headborough; let them go Into the barn with warrant; seize the fiend;

And set him in the stocks for his ill rule: 'Tis not for me, that am but flesh and blood,

To meddle with 'un. Vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.

Lad. I pray thee, Tripoly, look what is the

Tub. That shall I, madam.

Hil. Heaven protect my master.

I tremble every joint till he be back.

Pup. Now, now, even now, they are tearing him in pieces;
Now are they tossing of his legs and arms
Like loggets at a pear-tree¹⁰: I'll to the hole,
Peep in, and look whether he lives or dies.

Hil. I would not be in my master's coat
for thousands. [away.]

Pup. Then pluck it off, and turn thyself
O the devil! the devil! the devil!

Hil. Where, man, where?

D. Tur. Alas, that ever we were born.
So near too?

Pup. The 'squire hath him in his hand,
and leads him

Out by the collar.

D. Tur. O this is John Clay.

Lad. John Clay at Pancras, is there to be
married.

Tub. This was the spirit revell'd i' the barn.

Pup. The devil he was: was this he was
crawling [barley,

Among the wheat-straw? had it been the
I should ha' tane him for the devil in drink;
The spirit of the bride-ale: but poor John,
Tame John of Clay, that sticks about the
bung-hole—

Hil. If this be all your devil, I would take
In hand to conjure him: but hell take me,
If e'er I come in a right devil's walk,
If I can keep me out on't.

Tub. Well meant, Hilts.

Lad. But how came Clay thus hid here i'
the straw. [at Pancras,
When news was brought to you all he was
And you believ'd it?

D. Tur. Justice Bramble's man
Told me so, madam: and by that same token

And other things, he had away my daughter,
And two seal'd bags of money.

Lad. Where's the 'squire?

Is he gone hence?

D. Tur. He was here, madam, but now.

Clay. Is the hue and cry past by?

Pup. I, I, John Clay. [hang'd?

Clay. And am I out of danger to be

Pup. Hang'd, John! yes sure; unless as
with the proverb,

You mean to make the choice of your own
galloes.

Clay. Nay, then all's well: hearing your
news, Ball Puppy,

You ha' brought from Paddington, I e'en
stole home here, [since,

And thought to hide me in the barn e'er

Pup. O wonderful! and news was brought
us here,

You were at Pancras ready to be married.

Clay. No, faith, I ne'er was further than
the barn. [Dido Wispe,

D. Tur. Haste, Puppy. Call forth Mrs.
My lady's gentlewoman, to her lady;

And call yourself forth, and a couple of
maids,

To wait upon me: we are all undone!

My lady is undone, her fine young son,

The 'squire, is got away.

Lady. Haste, haste, good Valentine.

D. Tur. And you, John Clay; you are
undone too! all!

My husband is undone, by a true key,

But a false token; and my self's undone,

By parting with my daughter, who'll be
married [not.

To some body that she should not, if we haste

¹⁰ Like LOGGETS at a pear-tree.] The word *loggets* occurs in Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, act 5. sc. 1. "Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at *loggets* with 'em?" Sir Thomas Hanmer, in the glossary to his edition, says, it is in the number of unlawful games enumerated 33 Hen. VIII. and is the same with what is now called *kittling*. But *loggets* here signifies no more than a billet or small chump of wood, and is probably a diminutive from the word *log*: the game itself was so called from the *loggets* or wooden pins made use of in the play.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Tub, Pol-Martin.

Tub. I PRAY thee, good Pol-Martin,
shew thy diligence,
And faith in both: get her but so disguis'd
The chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest: I will expect thee here.

Pol. You shall, 'squire. I'll perform it
with all care,

If all my lady's wardrobe will disguise her.

Come, mistress Awdrey.

Awd. Is the 'squire gone?

Pol. He'll meet us by-and-by, where he
appointed;

You shall be brave anon, as none shall know
you.

S C E N E II.

*Clench, Medlay, Pan, Scriben.**[Tub, Hilts, to them.]*

Cle. I wonder where the queen's high constable is!

I fear they ha' made 'un away.

Med. No zure: the justice

Dare not consent to that. He'll zee 'un forth-coming. *[lent oath]*

Pan. He must, vor we can all take corpus. We zaw 'un go in there.

Scri. I, upon record!

The clock dropt twelve at Maribone.

Med. You are right, D'oge!

Zet down to a minute, now 'tis a most vowre.

Cle. Here comes 'squire Tub.

Scri. And's governour, Mr. Basket—
Hilts, do you know 'un, a valiant wise yellow!

As tall a man on his hands, as goes on vect. Bless you, mass' Basket.

Hil. 'I thank you, good D'oge.

Tub. Who's that?

Hil. D'oge Scriben the great writer, sir, of Chalcot.

Tub. And who the rest?

Hil. The wisest heads o' the hundred.

Medlay the joiner, headborough of Islington, Pan o' Belsize, and Clench the leach of Hamstead, *[bury.]*

The high constable's counsel here of Finsbury. *Tub.* Prezent me to 'em, Hilts, 'squire Tub of Totten.

Hil. Wise men of Finsbury, make place for a 'squire

I bring to your acquaintance, Tub of Totten. 'Squire Tub, my master, loves all men of virtue, *[on you.]*

And longs (as one would zay) till he be one

Cle. His worship's wel' cum to our company: Would 't were wiser for 'un.

Pan. Here be some on us

Are call'd the witty men over a hundred.

Scri. And zome a thousand, when the muster-day comes.

Tub. I long (as my man Hilts said, and my governor)

To be adopt in your society.

Can any man make a masque here? this company?

Pan. A masque! what's that?

Scri. A mumming or a shew,

With vizards and fine clothes.

Cle. A disguise, neighbour, Is the true word: there stands the man can do't, sir:

Medlay the joiner, In-and-in of Islington,

The only man at a disguise in Middlesex.

Tub. But who shall write it?

Hil. Scriben the great writer.

Scri. He'll do't alone, sir; he will join with no man:

Though he be a joiner, in design he calls it, He must be sole inventer. In-and-in

Draws with no other in's project, he'll tell you,

It cannot else be feasible, or conduce:

Those are his ruling words? please you to hear 'un? *[you.]*

Tub. Yes, Mr. In-and-in, I have heard of

Med. I can do nothing, I.

Cle. He can do all, sir.

Med. They'll tell you so.

Tub. I'd have a toy presented,

A Tale of a Tub, a story of myself,

You can express a Tub.

Med. If it conduce

To the design, whate'er is feasible:

I can express a wash-house (if need be)

With a whole pedigree of Tubs.

Tub. No, one

Will be enough to note our name and family;

'Squire Tub of Totten, and to shew my adventures

This very day. I'd have it in Tubs Hall,

At Totten-Court, my lady mother's house;

My house indeed, for I am heir to it.

Med. If I might see the place, and had survey'd it,

I could say more; for all invention, sir,

Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature,

A world of things concur to the design,

Which makes it feasible, if art conduce.

Tub. You say well, witty Mr. In-and-in.

How long ha' you studied ingine?

Med. Since I first *[year.]*

Join'd, or did in-lay in wit, some vorty

Tub. A pretty time! Basket, go you and wait

On master In-and-in to Totten-Court, And all the other wise masters, shew 'em

the hall,

And taste the language of the buttery to 'em.

Let 'em see all the tubs about the house,

That can raise matter, till I come—which shall be

Within an hour at least.

Cle. It will be glorious,

If In-and-in will undertake it, sir:

He has a monstrous Medlay-wit o' his own.

Tub. Spare for no cost, either in boards or hoops, *[cooper,*

To architect your tub: ha' you ne'er a

At London, call'd Vitruvius? send for him;

Or old John Haywood, call him to you, to help. *[alone.]*

Scri. He scorns the motion, trust to him

S C E N E III.

Lady Tub, D. Turfe, Clay, Puppy, Wispie, Preamble, Turfe.

Lad. O here's the 'squire! you slip'd us finely, son! *[mend you;]*

These manners to your mother will com-

But in another age, not this: well, Tripoly,

Your father, good sir Peter, (rest his bones)

Would not ha' done this; where's my huisher, Martin?

And your fair Mrs. Awdrey?

Tub. I not see 'em,
No creature but the four wise masters here,
Of Finsbury hundred, came to cry their
constable,

Who, they do say, is lost,

D. Tur. My husband lost,
And my fond daughter lost! I fear me too.
Where is your gentleman, madam? poor
John Clay,

Thou hast lost thy Awdrey.

Clay. I ha' lost my wits,
My little wits, good mother; I'm distracted.

Pup. And I have lost my mistress Dido
Wispe,

Who frowns upon her Puppy, Hannibal.
Loss! loss on every side! a public loss!
Loss o' my master! loss of his daughter! loss
Of favour, friends, my mistress! loss of all!

Pre. What cry is this?

Tur. My man speaks of some loss.

Pup. My master's found: good luck,
and't be thy will,

Light on us all.

D. Tur. O husband, are you alive?

They said you were lost.

Tur. Where's justice Bramble's clerk?

Had he the money that I sent for?

D. Tur. Yes,

Two hours ago, two fifty pounds in silver,
And Awdrey too.

Tur. Why, Awdrey? who sent for her?

D. Tur. You, master Turfe, the fellow
said.

Tur. He lied.

I am cozen'd, robb'd, undone, your man's
a thief, [ble,

And run away with my daughter, Mr. Bram-
And with my money.

Lady. Neighbour Turfe, have patience;
I can assure you that your daughter's safe,
But for the monies, I know nothing of.

Tur. My money is my daughter, and my
daughter

She is my money, madam.

Pre. I do wonder

Your ladyship comes to know any thing
In these affairs.

Lady. Yes, justice Bramble,
I met the maiden i' the fields by chance,
I' the 'squire's company, my son: how he
Lighted upon her, himself best can tell.

Tub. I intercepted her as coming hither,
To her father, who sent for her by Miles
Metaphor, [dyslip

Justice Bramble's clerk. And had your la-
Not binder'd it, I had paid fine Mr. justice
For his young warrant, and new purs'vant,
He serv'd it by this morning.

Pre. Know you that, sir?

Lady. You told me, 'squire, a quite other
tale;

But I believ'd you not, which made me
send

Awdrey another way by my Pol-Martin:
And take my journey back to Kentish-town,

Where we found John Clay hidden i' the
barn,

To 'scape the hue and cry: and here he is.

Tur. John Clay agen! nay, then—set
cock-a-boop:

I ha' lost no daughter, nor no money, justice.
John Clay shall pay. I'll look to you now,

John. [ing.

Vaith, out it must, as good as night at morn-
I am e'en as vull as a piper's bag with joy,

Or a great gun upon carnation-day!

I could weep lions tears to see you, John.

'Tis but two fifty pounds I ha' ventur'd for
you: [dred.

But now I ha' you, you shall pay whole hun-
Run from your burrows, son! faith, e'en be
hang'd.

An' you once earth yourself, John, i' the
barn, ['un?

I ha' no daughter vor you: who did verret

D. Tur. My lady's son, the 'squire here,
vetch'd 'un out.

Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
We thought the devil was i' the barn; and
nobody

Durst venture o' 'un.

Tur. I am now resolv'd

Who shall ha' my daughter.

D. Tur. Who?

Tur. He best deserves her. [vound

Here comes the vicar. Chan Hugh, we ha'

John Clay agen! the matter's all come
round.

SCENE IV.

Chanon Hugh. [To them.]

Hugh. Is Metaphor return'd yet?

Pre. All is turn'd

Here to confusion: we ha' lost our plot:

I fear my man is run away with the money,
And Clay is found, in whom old Turfe is
sure

To save his stake.

Hug. What shall we do then, justice?

Pre. The bride was met i' the young
'squire's hands.

Hug. And what's become of her?

Pre. None here can tell.

Tub. Was not my mother's man, Pol-
Martin, with you?

And a strange gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, chanon?

Hug. Yes, and I dispatch'd 'em.

Tub. Dispatch'd 'em! how do you mean?

Hug. Why married 'em,

As they desir'd but now.

Tub. And do you know

What you ha' done, sir Hugh?

Hug. No harm, I hope.

Tub. You have ended all the quarrel:
Awdrey is married.

Lady. Married! to whom?

Tur. My daughter Awdrey married,

And she not know of it!

D. Tur. Nor her father or mother!

Lady. Whom hath she married?
Tub. Your Pol-Martin, madam.
 A groom was never dreamt of.
Tur. Is he a man?
Lady. That he is, Turfe, and a gentleman I ha' made him.
D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a gentleman, let her shift.
Hug. She was so brave, I knew her not, I swear;
 And yet I married her by her own name. But she was so disguis'd, so lady-like, I think she did not know herself the while! I married 'em as a mere pair of strangers: And they gave out themselves for such.
Lady. I wish 'em
 Much joy, as they have given me hearts ease.
Tub. Then, madam, I'll entreat you now remit
 Your jealousy of me; and please to take
 All this good company home with you to supper:
 We'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.
Lady. A right good motion, 'squire; which I yield to: [Turfe,
 And thank them to accept it. Neighbour I'll have you merry, and your wife: and you, [ror,
 Sir Hugh, be pardon'd this your happy er-By justice Preamble your friend and patron.
Pre. If the young 'squire can pardon it, I do.

SCENE V.

Puppy, Dido, Hugh, [tarry behind.]
Pup. Stay, my dear Dido, and good vicar Hugh,
 We have a business with you: in short, this, If you dare knit another pair of strangers, Dido of Carthage, and her countryman, Stout Hannibal stands to't. I have ask'd consent,
 And she hath granted.
Hug. But saith Dido so?
Dido. From what Ball Hanny hath said I dare not go.
Hug. Come in then, I'll dispatch you. A good supper [course;
 Would not be lost, good company, good dis-But above all, where wit hath any source.

SCENE VI.

Pol-Martin, Audrey, Tub, Lady, Preamble, Turfe, D. Turfe, Clay.
Pol. After the hoping of your pardon, madam,
 For many faults committed, here my wife And I do stand expecting your mild doom.
Lady. I wish thee joy, Pol-Martin; and thy wife [trick'd her
 As much, Mrs. Pol-Martin. Thou hast Up very fine, methinks.
Pol. For that I made [have trespass'd
 Bold with your ladyship's wardrobe, but

Within the limits of your leave—I hope.
Lady. I give her what she wears. I know all women [me:
 Love to be fine. Thou hast deserv'd it of I am extremely pleas'd with thy good fortune.
 Welcome good justice Preamble; and Turfe Look merrily on your daughter: she has married
 A gentleman.
Tur. So methinks. I dare not touch her. She is so fine: yet I will say, God bless her.
D. Tur. And I too, my fine daughter. I could love her
 Now twice as well as if Clay had her.
Tub. Come, come, my mother is pleas'd; I pardon all.
 Pol-Martin, in and wait upon my lady. Welcome good guests: see supper be serv'd in, [ship.
 With all the plenty of the house and wor-I must confer with Mr. In-and-In
 About some alterations in my masque: Send Hilts out to me; bid him bring the council
 Of Finsbury hither. I'll have such a night Shall make the name of Totten-court immortal:
 And be recorded to posterity.

SCENE VII.

Tub, Medlay, Clench, Pan, Scriben, Hilts.
Tub. O Mr. In-and-In, what ha' you done?
Med. Survey'd the place, sir, and design'd the ground,
 Or stand-still of the work: and this it is. First, I have fixed in the earth a tub;
 And an old tub, like a saltpetre-tub, Preluding by your father's name, sir Peter, And the antiquity of your house and family, Original from salt-petre.
Tub. Good, y-faith, [sir.
 You ha' shewn reading and antiquity here,
Med. I have a little knowledge in design, Which I can vary, sir, to *infinito*.
Tub. *Ad infinitum*, sir, you mean.
Med. I do.
 I stand not on my Latin, I'll invent: But I must be alone then, join'd with no man.
 This we do call the stand-still of our work.
Tub. Who are those we you now join'd to yourself?
Med. I mean myself still in the plural number,
 And out of this we raise our Tale of a Tub.
Tub. No, Mr. In-and-In, my Tale of a Tub,
 By your leave, I am Tub, the Tale's of me; And my adventures! I am 'squire Tub, *Subiectum fabulae*.
Med. But I the author.
Tub. The workman, sir! the artificer! I grant you.

So Skelton-laurent was of Elinour Rumming;
But she the subject of the rout and tuning.

Cle. He has put you to it, neighbour in-
and-in.

Pan. Do not dispute with him, he still
will win
That pays for all.

Seri. Are you revis'd o' that?

A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.

Med. Now, sir, this Tub I will have capt
with paper:

A fine oil'd lanthorn paper that we use.

Pan. Yes, every barber, every cutler has
it.

Med. Which in it doth contain the light
to the business;

And shall with the very vapour of the candle
Drive all the motions of our matter about:

As we present 'em. For example, first,

The worshipful lady Tub.

Tub. Right worshipful,

I pray you, I am worshipful myself.

Med. Your 'squireship's mother passeth
by (her huisher,

Mr. Pol-Martin, bare-headed before her)
In her velvet gown.

Tub. But how shall the spectators,

As it might be I, or Hilts, know 'tis my mother?

Or that Pol-Martin, there, that walks before

Med. O we do nothing, if we clear not
that.

Cle. You ha' seen none of his works, sir?

Pan. All the postures
Of the train'd bands o' the country.

Seri. All their colours.

Pan. And all their captains.

Cle. All the cries o' the city:

And all the trades i' their habits.

Seri. He has his whistle

Of command, seat of authority!

And virge to interpret, tipt with silver, sir,
You know not him.

Tub. Well, I will leave all to him.

Med. Give me the brief o' your subject.

Leave the whole

State o' the thing to me.

Hil. Supper is ready, sir,

My lady calls for you.

Tub. I'll send it you in writing.

Med. Sir, I will render feasible and facile
What you expect.

Tub. Hilts, be't your care,

To see the wise of Finsbury made welcome:
Let 'em want nothing. Is old Rosin sent for?

[The 'squire goes out.]

Hil. He's come within.

Seri. Lord, what a world of business
The 'squire dispatches!

Med. He's a learned man!

I think there are but vew o' the inns o' court,
Or the inns o' chancery like him.

Cle. Care to fit 'un then. [The rest follow.]

SCENE VIII.

Jack, Hilts.

Jac. Yonder's another wedding, master
Basket,

Brought in by vicar Hugh.

Hil. What are they, Jack?

Jac. The high constable's man, Ball Han-
ny; and Mrs. Wispe,

Our lady's woman.

Hil. And are the table merry?

Jac. There's a young tilemaker makes all
laugh; [board,

He will not eat his meat, but cries at the
He shall be hang'd.

Hil. He has lost his wench already.

As good be hang'd.

Jack. Was she that is Pol-Martin,

Our fellow's mistress, wench to that sneak-
John?

Hil. I faith, Black Jack, he should ha'
been her bridegroom:

But I must go to wait o' my wise masters.

Jack. You shall wait on me, and see the mask
anon: [absence.

I am half lord-chamberlain i' my master's
Jac. Shall we have a mask? who makes it?

Hil. In-and-in,

'The maker of Islington: come go with me
To the sage sentences of Finsbury.

SCENE IX.

Two Grooms.

Gro. 1. Come, give us in the great chair
for my lady, [ble.

And set it there! and this for justice Bram-
Gro. 2. This for the 'squire my master, on
the right hand.

Gro. 1. And this for the high constable.

Gro. 2. This his wife.

Gro. 1. Then for the bride and bride-
groom here, Pol-Martin.

Gro. 2. And She-Pol-Martin at my lady's
feet.

Gro. 1. Right.

Gro. 2. And beside them Mr Hannibal
Puppy.

Gro. 1. And his She-Puppy, Mrs. Wispe
that was:

Here's all are in the note.

Gro. 2. No, Mr. vicar;

The petty chanon Hugh.

Gro. 1. And east-by Clay:

There they are all.

Tub. Then cry a hall, a hall!

'Tis merry in Tottenham-hall, when beards
wag all:

Come, father Rosin, with your fiddle now,
And two tall-toters: flourish to the masque.

[Loud music.]

¹ The MASTER of Islington.] So edit. of 1716: but the folio of 1640 more justly the
maker, i. e. poet of Islington.

SCENE X.

Lady, (Preamble before her,) Tub, Turfe, D. Turfe, Pol-Martin, Awdrey, Puppy, Wispe, Hugh, Clay; all take their seats. Hilts waits on the by.

Lady. Neighbours all welcome: now doth Totten-hall [call'd so] Shew like a court: and hence shall first be Your witty short confession, Mr. Vicar, Within, hath been the prologue, and hath open'd

Much to my son's device, his Tale of a Tub.

Tub. Let my masque shew itself: and In-and-In,

The architect appear: I hear the whistle. [Hil. Peace.]

[Medley appears above the curtain.]
Med. Thus rise I first in my light linen breeches,

To run the meaning over in short speeches. Here is a Tub, a Tub of Totten-court; An ancient Tub has call'd you to this sport: His father was a knight, the rich sir Peter; Who got his wealth by a Tub, and by salt-petre:

And left all to his lady Tub, the mother Of this bold 'squire Tub, and to no other. Now of this Tub and's deeds, not done in ale,

Observe, and you shall see the very Tale.
[He draws the curtain, and discovers the top of the Tub.]

The first Motion.

[Hil. Ha' peace. Loud music.]

Med. Here chanon Hugh first brings to Totten-hall [all]; The high constable's council, tells the 'squire Which, though discover'd, (give the devil his due)

The wise of Finsbury do still pursue. Then with the justice doth he counterplot, And his clerk Metaphor, to cut that knot: Whilst lady Tub, in her sad velvet gown, Missing her son, doth seek him up and down.

Tub. With her Poi-Martin bare before her.

Med. Yes, I have express it here in figure, and Mistress Wispe, her woman, holding up her train.

Tub. I'll next page report your second strain.

The second Motion.

[Hil. Ha' peace. Loud music.]

Med. Here the high constable and sages walk [maids talk] To church; the dame, the daughter, bride-Of wedding-business; till a fellow in comes, Relates the robbery of one captain Thums: Chargeth the bridegroom with it: troubles all, [fall]

And gets the bride; who in the hands doth Of the bold 'squire; but thence soon is ta'en By the sly justice and his clerk profane, In shape of purs'vant; which he not long

Holds, but betrays all with his trembling tongue:

As truth will break out and shew, &c.

Tub. O thou hast made him kneel there in a corner,

I see now: there's a simple honour for you, Hilts! [you?]

Hil. Did I not make him to confess all to

Tub. True, In-and-In hath done you right, you see.

Thy third, I pray thee, witty In-and-In.

Cle. The 'squire commends 'un: he doth like all well.

Pan. He cannot chuse. This is gear made to sell.

The third Motion.

[Hil. Ha' peace. Loud music.]

Med. The careful constable here drooping comes

In his deluded search of captain Thums. Puppy brings word his daughter's run away With the tall serving-man. He frights groom Clay

Out of his wits. Returneth then the 'squire, Mocks all their pains, and gives fame out a liar,

For falsely charging Clay, when 'twas the plot

Of subtle Bramble, who had Awdrey got Into his hand by this winding device.

The father makes a rescue in a trice: And with his daughter, like St. George on foot,

Comes home triumphing to his dear heart- root; [there,

And tells the lady Tub, whom he meets Of her son's courtesies, the bachelor.

Whose words had made 'em fall the hue and cry. [why

When captain Thums coming to ask him, He hadso done? he cannot yield him cause: But so he runs his neck into the laws.

The fourth Motion.

[Hil. Ha' peace. Loud music.]

Med. The laws, who have a noose to crack his neck,

As justice Bramble tells him, who doth peck A hundred pound out of his purse, that comes [Thums.

Like his teeth from him, unto captain Thums is the vicar in a false disguise;

And employs Metaphor to fetch this prize. Who tells the secret unto Basket Hilts,

For fear of beating. This the 'squire quilts Within his cap; and bids him but perloin

The wench for him: they two shall share the coin.

Which the sage lady in her 'foresaid gown, Breaks off returning unto Kentish-town,

To seek her Wispe: taking the 'squire along, Who finds Clay John, as hidden in straw throng.

Hil. O how am I beholden to th' inventor

That would not, on record, against me
enter!

My slackness here to enter in the barn:

Well, In-and-In, I see thou canst discern!

Tub. On with your last, and come to a
conclusion.

The fifth Motion.

[*Ill. Ha' peace. Loud music.*

Med. The last is known, and needs but
small infusion

Into your memories, by leaving in

These figures as you sit. I, In-and-In,

Present you with the show: first, of a lady

Tub, and her son, of whom this masque
here made I.

Then bridegroom Pol, and Mrs. Pol the
bride:

With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.

Tub. That only verse I alter'd for the
better, *euphonia gratid.*

Med. Then justice Bramble, with sir
Hugh the chanon:

And the bride's parents, which I will not
stan' on,

Or the lost Clay, with the recovered Miles:

Who thus unto his master him 'conciles,

On the 'squire's word, to pay old Turfe his
club,

And so doth end our Tale here of a Tub.

THE EPILOGUE, by 'Squire Tub.

This tale of me, the Tub of Totten-court,
A poet first invented for your sport.

Wherein the fortune of most empty tubs,

Rolling in love, are shewn; and with what
rubs [wit

W' are commonly encountered: when the

Of the whole hundred so opposeth it.

Our petty Chanon's forked plot in chief,

Sly justice' arts, with the high constable's
brief

And brag commands; my lady mother's
care,

And her Pol-Martin's fortune; with the rare

Fate of poor John, thus tumbled in the cask;

Got In-and-In to gi't you in a masque:

That you be pleas'd, who come to see a
play. [we say.

With those that hear, and mark not what

Wherein the poet's fortune is, I fear,

Still to be early up, but ne'er the near.

THE SAD SHEPHERD:

OR, A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ROBIN HOOD,	<i>The chief Woodman, Master of the Feast.</i>
MARIAN,	<i>His Lady, the Mistress.</i>
		<i>Their Family.</i>
FRIAR TUCK,	<i>The Chaplain and Steward.</i>
LITTLE JOHN,	<i>Bow-bearer.</i>
SCARLET,	} <i>Two Brothers, Huntsmen.</i>
SCATHLOCK,	
GEORGE A GREEN,	<i>Huisher of the Bower.</i>
MUCH,	<i>Robin Hood's Bailiff, or Acatel.</i>
		<i>The Guests invited.</i>
CLARION,	<i>The Rich</i>
LIONEL,	<i>The Courteous</i>
ALKEN,	<i>The Sage</i>
ÆGLAMOUR,	<i>The Sad</i>
KAROLIN,	<i>The Kind</i>
MELLIFLEUR,	<i>The Sweet</i>
AMIE,	<i>The Gentle</i>
EARINE,	<i>The Beautiful</i>
		} <i>Shepherds.</i>
		} <i>Shepherdesses.</i>
		<i>The Troubles unexpected.</i>
MAUDLIN,	<i>The Envious, the Witch of Papplewick.</i>
DOUCE,	<i>The Proud, her Daughter.</i>
LORELL,	<i>The Rude, a Swin'ard, the Witch's Son.</i>
PUCK HAIKY,	<i>Or, Robin Goodfellow, their Hind.</i>
		<i>The Reconciler.</i>
REUBEN,	<i>A Devout Hermit.</i>

The SCENE—Sherwood;

Consisting of a landscape of a forest, hills, valleys, cottages, a castle, a river, pastures, herds, flocks, all full of country simplicity; Robin Hood's bower, his well, the witch's dimble, the swine'ard's oak, the hermit's cell.

THE PROLOGUE.

HE that hath feasted you these forty years,
And fitted fables for your finer ears,
Although at first he scarce could hit the
bore;
Yet you, with patience hearkning more and
more,
At length have grown up to him and made
known,
The working of his pen is now your own:

He prays you would vouchsafe, for your
own sake,
To hear him this once more, but sit awake.
And though he now present you with such
wool,
As from mere English flocks his muse can
pull,
He hopes when it is made up into cloth,
Not the most curious head here will be loth

To wear a hood of it, it being a fleece,
To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece.
His scene is Sherwood, and his play a Tale,
Of Robin Hood's inviting from the vale
Of Be'voir, all the shepherds to a feast:
Where, by the casual absence of one guest,
The mirth is troubled much, and in one
man

As much of sadness shewn as passion can:
The sad young shepherd, whom we here
present,

Like his woe's figure, dark and discontent,
[*The sad shepherd passeth silently over the stage.*]

For his lost love, who in the Trent is said
To have miscarried; 'las! what knows the
head

Of a calm river, whom the feet have drown'd?
Hear what his sorrows are; and if they wound
Your gentle breasts, so that the end crown
all, [fall:]

Which in the scope of one day's chance may
Old Trent will send you more such tales as
these,

And shall grow young again as one doth
please.

[*Here the Prologue thinking to end, returns upon a new purpose, and speaks on.*]

But here's an heresy of late let fall,
That mirth by no means fits a pastoral:
Such say so, who can make none, he pre-
sumes:

Else there's no scene more properly as-
sumes

The sock. For whence can sport in kind
arise,

But from the rural routs and families?

Safe on this ground then, we not fear to-day
To tempt your laughter by our rustic
play.

'Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd down,
We think we therefore shall not leave the
town; [rest

Nor that the fore-wits that would draw the
Unto their liking, always like the best.

The wise and knowing critick will not say,
This worst, or better is, before he weigh
Wher every piece be perfect in the kind:
And then, though in themselves he diffe-
rence find,

Yet if the place require it where they stood,
The equal fitting makes them equal good.

You shall have love and hate, and jealousy,
As well as mirth, and rage, and melancholy:
Or whatsoever else may either move,
Or stir affections, and your likings prove.

But that no stile for pastoral should go
current, but what is stamp'd with Ah
and O:

Who judgeth so, may singularly err;

As if all poesie had one character:

In which what were not written, were not
right,

Or that the man who made such one poor
flight,

In his whole life, had with his winged skill-
Advanc'd him upmost on the muses' hill.

When he like poet yet remains, as those
Are painters who can only make a rose.

From such your wits redeem you, or your
chance,

Lest to a greater height you do advance
Of folly, to contemn those that are known
Artificers, and trust such as are none.

¹ *Wherein if we DISTASTE, or be cry'd down.*] *Distate* hath no meaning; we must restore a single letter to give it one. *Distaste* is the true reading; the sense *displease, disgust*, common to the writers of this age.

The Argument of the First Act.

"ROBIN HOOD, having invited all the shepherds and shepherdesses of the vale of
"Be'voir to a feast in the forest of Sherwood, and trusting to his mistress, maid
"Marian, with her woodmen, to kill him venison against the day: having left the like
"charge with friar Tuck his chaplain and steward, to command the rest of his merry men
"to see the bower made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment: meeting
"with his guests at their entrance into the wood, welcomes and conducts them to his
"bower. Where, by the way, he receives the relation of the sad shepherd Æglamour,
"who is fallen into a deep melancholy for the loss of his beloved Earine, reported to have
"been drowned in passing over the Trent, some few days before. They endeavour in
"what they can to comfort him: but his disease having taken such strong root, all is in
"vain, and they are forced to leave him. In the mean time, Marian is come from hunting
"with the huntsmen, where the lovers interchangeably express their loves. Robin Hood
"enquires if she hunted the deer at force, and what sport he made? how long he stood?
"and what head he bore? All which is briefly answered, with a relation of breaking him
"up, and the raven, and her bone. The suspect had of that raven to be Maudlin the

"witch of Papplewick, whom one of the huntsmen met i' the morning at the rousing of the deer, and is confirmed, by her being then in Robin Hood's kitchen, i' the chimney-corner, broiling the same bit which was thrown to the raven at the quarry or fall of the deer. Marian being gone in to shew the deer to some of the shepherdesses, returns instantly to the scene, discontented; sends away the venison she had killed, to her they call the witch; quarrels with her love Robin Hood, abuseth him, and his guests the shepherds; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexity."

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Æglamour.

HERE she was wont to go! and here!
and here! [grow:
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets
The world may find the spring by following
her:

For other print her airy steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of
grass!

Or shake the downy Blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft West wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took
thickest root, [foot.

As she had sow'd 'em with her odorous

SCENE II.

Marian, Tuck, John, Woodmen, &c.

Mar. Know you, or can you guess, my
merry men, [Hood,
What 'tis that keeps your master, Robin
So long, both from his Marian, and the
wood?

Tuc. Forsooth, madam, he will be here
by noon,

And prays it of your bounty, as a boon,
That you by then have kill'd him venison
some,

To feast his jolly friends, who hither come

In threaves to frolick with him, and make
cheer; [deer,

Here's Little John hath harbour'd you a
I see by his tackling.

John. And a hart of ten!
I trow he be, madam, or blame your men:
For by his slot, his entries, and his port,
His frayings, fewmets, he doth promise sport,
And standing 'fore the dogs, he bears a head
Large and well-beam'd; with all rights
somm'd and spread.

Mar. Let's rouse him quickly, and lay on
the hounds.

John. Scathlock is ready with them on the
grounds: [found
So is his brother Scarlet: now they 'ave
His layre, they have him sure within the
pound.

Mar. Away then, when my Robin bids a
feast,

'Twere sin in Marian to defraud a guest.

SCENE III.

Tuck, George a Green, Much, Æglamour.

Tuc. And I, the chaplain, here am left to
be

Steward to-day, and charge you all in fee,
'To d'on your liveries, see the bower drest,
And fit the fine devices for the feast:

And a HART OF TEN

I trow he be——] Mr. Warburton, in his note on Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, act 2. scene 6. hath interpreted this phrase, to signify only an extraordinary good one: but with submission to so judicious an authority, the expression is taken from the forest, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart, says Manwood, is past his sixth year, he is generally to be called a *hart of ten*; and afterwards according to the increase of his head, whether he be croched, palmed, or crowned. *Of the forest laws*, p. 23. edit. 4to. 1598. So likewise in the sixth scene we have the expression again, *forked! a hart of ten*.

² *For by his SLOT, his ENTRIES, &c.*] These are all terms of the chase, and should be explained to a common reader. The *slot* is the print of a stag's foot upon the ground; *entries* are places through which deer have lately passed, by which their size is guessed at; *frayings* are the pillings of their horns; and a deer is said to *fray her head*, when she rubs it against a tree to renew it, or to cause the outward coat of her new horns to fall off; the *fewmets* are the dung of a deer. Whether all these terms are still in use amongst modern sportsmen, or whether the application of them is right, I know not: for the last the poet is answerable.

You, George, must care to make the bald-
rick 'trim,
And garland that must crown, or her, or him,
Whose flock this year hath brought the ear-
liest lamb.

Geo. Good father Tuck, at your com-
mands I am

To cut the table out o' the green sward,
Or any other service for my lord;
To carve the guests large seats; and these
lain in (skin:)
With turfe (as soft and smooth as the mole's
And hang the bulled nosegays 'bove their
heads*.

The piper's bank, whereon to sit and play,
And a fair dial to mete out the day†.
Our master's feast shall want no just delights:
His entertainments must have all the rites.

Muc. I, and all choice that plenty can
send in;

Bread, wine, acates, fowl, feather, fish or fin,
For which my father's nets have swept the
Trent.

[Æglamour falls in with them.

Æg. And ha' you found her?

Muc. Whom?

Æg. My drowned love,
Earine! the sweet Earine!
The bright and beautiful Earine!
Have you not heard of my Earine?
Just by your father's mill (I think I'm right)
Are not you Much the miller's son?

Muc. I am.

Æg. And bailiff to brave Robin Hood?

Muc. The same.

Æg. Close by your father's mills, Earine!
Earine was drown'd! O my Earine!
(Old Maudlin tells me so, and Douce her
daughter) [found her?

Ha' you swept the river, say you? and not
Muc. For fowl and fish we have.

Æg. O, not for her?

You're goodly friends! right charitable men!
Nay, keep your way; and leave me: make
your toys, [all

Your tales, your posies, that you talk'd of;
Your entertainments: you not injure me:
Only if I may enjoy my cypress wreath!
And you will let me weep! ('tis all I ask;)
Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!
And troth, what less suit can you g ant a
man?

Tuc. His phantasie is hurt, let us now
leave him: [ing.

The wound is yet too fresh to admit search-
Æg. Searching? where should I search?
or on what track?

Can my slow drop of tears, or this dark shade
About my brows, enough describe her loss!
Earine! O my Earine's loss!

No, no, no, no; this heart will break first.

Geo. How will this sad disaster strike the
ears [master!

Of bounteous Robin Hood, our gentle
Muc. How will it mar his mirth, abate his
feast;

And strike a horror into every guest!

Æg. If I could knit whole clouds about
my brows,

And weep like Swithin, or those wat'ry signs,
The kids that rise then, and drown all the
flocks

Of those rich shepherds, dwelling in this vale;
Those careless shepherds that did let her
drown; [Trent

Then I did something: or could make old
Drunk with my sorrow, to start out in
breaches, [corn;

To drown their herds, their cattle, and their
Break down their mills, their dams, o'turn
their wears*.

And see their houses and whole livelihood
Wrought into water with her, all were good:
I'd kiss the torrent, and those whirls of
Trent,

That suck'd her in, my sweet Earine!
When they have cast her 'body on the shore,
And it comes up as tainted as themselves,
All pale and bloodless, I will love it still,
For all that they can do, and make 'em mad,
To see how I will hug it in mine arms!
And hang upon her looks, dwell on her eyes,
Feed round about her lips, and eat her
kisses!

Suck off her drowned flesh! and where's
their malice?

Not all their envious sousing can change
that:

But I will study some revenge past this!
I pray you give me leave, for I will study,
Though all the bells, pipes, tabors, timbu-
rines ring,

That you can plant about me: I will study.

* To make the BALDRICK trim.] The scarf, belt, or sash.

† And hang the BULLED nosegays 'bove their heads.] Bulled, or bolled, signifies a thing swelled, and ready to break its inclosure; and is properly applied to corn, when it is just bursting into ear. Thus it is said in Exodus, ix. 31, "The barley was in the ear, and the flax was bolled." The learned editor of Junius tells us it is derived from the *Cambro-Briton* boll folliculus; and the bulled nosegays seem to mean a nosegay of flowers that are full blown.

‡ To MEET out the day.] The letters must here change places; the true word is *mete*.

§ O'turn their WARES.] Not goods, or merchandise; but wears, or as the folio reads *weeres*, heads or sluices of water.

¶ When they have cast THEIR body.] It should evidently be read *her* body: and five lines lower, the looks should be *her* looks.

SCENE IV.

[To him] *Robin Hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alken, Tuck, Servants, with musick of all sorts.*

Rob. Welcome, bright Clarion, and sweet Mellifleur,

The courteous Lionel, and * fair Amie: all My friends and neighbours, to the jolly bower

[walks:] Of Robin Hood, and to the green-wood Now that the shearing of your sheep is done, And the wash'd flocks are lighted of their wool¹,

The smoother ewes are ready to receive The mounting rams again; and both do feed,

As either promis'd to increase your breed At eaning-time, and bring you lusty twins. Why should or you or we so much forget The season in ourselves, as not to make

Use of our youth and spirits to awake The nimble horn-pipe, and the timburrine, And mix our songs and dances in the wood, And each of us cut down a triumph-bough? Such were the rites the youthful June allow¹².

Clia. They were, gay Robin, but the sower sort

Of shepherds now disclaim in all such sport: And say, our flock the while are poorly fed, When with such vanities the swains are led.

Tuc. Would they, wise Clarion, were not hurried more

With covetise and rage, when to their store They add the poor man's eauling, and dare sell

Both fleece and carcass, not gi'ing him the fell.

[weed,] When to one goat they reach that prickly Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed; Or strew Tod's hairs¹¹, or with their tails do sweep

The dewy grass, to do'ff the simpler sheep; Or dig deep pits their neighbours' neat to vex, To drown the calves, and crack the heifers' necks;

[brock¹³,] Or with pretence of chasing thence the Send in a cur to worry the whole flock.

Lio. O friar, those are faults that are not seen,

Ours open, and of worst example been. They call ours Pagan pastimes, that infect Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect;

Our tongues with wantonness, our thoughts with lust;

And what they censure ill, all others must.

Rob. I do not know what their sharp sight may see, Of late, but I should think it still might be (As 'twas) an happy age, when on the plains The woodmen met the damsels, and the swains

[loud,] The neat-herds, plowmen, and the pipers And each did dance, some to the kit or crowd,

Some to the bag-pipe, some the tabret mov'd, And all did either love, or were belov'd.

Lio. The dextrous shepherd then would try his sling, [sing:] Then dart his hook at daisies, then would Sometimes would wrestle.

Clia. I, and with a lass: And give her a new garment on the grass; After a course at barley-break, or base.

Lio. And all these deeds were seen without offence, Or the least hazard of their innocence.

Rob. Those charitable times had no mistrust:

Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

Clia. Each minute that we lose thus, I confess,

Deserves a censure on us, more or less; But that a sadder chance hath given allay Both to the mirth and musick of this day.

Our fairest shepherdess we had of late, Here upon Trent, is drown'd; for whom

ber mate, [tread] Young Eglamour, a swain, who best could Our country dances, and our games did lead,

Lives like the melancholy turtle, drown'd Deeper in woe, than she in water: crown'd With yew and cypress¹⁴, and will scarce admit

The physick of our presence to his fit.

* AND fair Amie:] The folio of 1640 leaves out and.

¹ ARE LIGHTED of their wool.] This is either a corruption, or *lighted*, in Jonson's age, was what we now call *lighten'd*.

¹² Such were the rites the youthful June allow.

Clia. They were, gay Robin, but the sower sort Of shepherds, now disclaim in all such sport.] In these, and the following verses, the author particularly alludes to the censures and ill-humour of the Puritans. They had a strange aversion to wakes and may-games, which they considered as remains of Paganism; and the dislike was greatly increased by the indulgence granted to the country-people, in the exercise of their rural sports on holidays, and Sunday afternoons. The expression *disclaim in*, which I once thought a corruption for *disclaimen*, I have shewn, in a note upon the *For*, to be the diction of that age.

¹¹ Or strew Tod's hairs.] Tod is a Scotch word for a fox.

¹³ Or with pretence of chasing thence the brock.] i. e. The badger.

¹⁴ Lives like the melancholy turtle, drown'd deeper

In woe than she in water: crown'd

With yew, cypress.] The reader will easily perceive the corruption of these lines, and the

Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinks all day, then walks,
Then thinks again, and sighs, weeps, laughs and talks;

And 'twixt his pleasing frenzy, and sad grief,
Is so distracted, as no sought relief
By all our studies can procure his peace.

Cla. The passion finds in him that large increase,

As we doubt hourly we shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not cross him then, whate'er you do. [and burn
For phant'sie stopp'd, will soon take fire,
Into an anger, or t' a phrensie turn.

Cla. Nay, so we are advis'd by Alken here,

A good sage shepherd, who, altho' he wear
An old worn hat and cloke, can tell us more
Than all the forward fry that boast their lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the maid,

Young Karolin! how curious and afraid
He is at once! willing to find him out,
And loth t' offend him.

Alken. Sure he's here about.

SCENE V.

Robin Hood, Clarian, Melifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alken, Karolin; Æglamour, sitting upon a bank by.

Cla. See where he sits.

Æg. It will be rare, rare, rare!

An exquisite revenge; but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock:
If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
I'll carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,
On every greensworth, and in every path,
Just to the margin of the cruel Trent;
There will I knock the story in the ground,
In smooth great pebble, and moss fill it round, [drown'd 14.

Till the whole country read how she was
And with the plenty of salt tears there shed,
Quite alter the complexion of the spring.

Or I will get some old, old grandam thither,
"Whose rigid foot but dipp'd into the water, [throughout,

Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold
As it shall lose all virtue; and those nymphs,

Those treacherous nymphs pull'd in Earine,
Shall stand curl'd up like images of ice,
And never thaw! mark, never! a sharp justice!

Or stay, a better! when the year's at hottest,
And that the dog-star foams, and the stream boils, [sparkle;

And curls, and works, and swells ready to
To fling a fellow with a fever in,
To set it all on fire, till it burn
Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,
When Vulcan leap'd in to him to consume him.

Rob. A deep hurt phant'sie.

Æg. Do you not approve it?

Rob. Yes, gentle Æglamour, we all approve,

And come to gratulate your just revenge:
Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope
You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,

In all the proper'd solace of the spring.

Æg. A spring, now she is dead: of what, of thorns? [docks?

Briars and brambles? thistles, burs and
Cold hemlock? yew? the mandrake, or the box? [beside?

These may grow still; but what can spring
Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?

As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any stalk
Did bear a flower! or any branch a bloom,
After her wreath was made! in faith, in faith,
You do not fair to put these things upon me,

Which can in no sort be: Earine,
Who had her very being, and her name",
With the first knots or buddings of the spring,

Born with the primrose or the violet,
Or earliest roses blown: when Cupid smil'd,
And Venus led the graces out to dance,
And all the flowers and sweets in nature's lap [tion,

Leap'd out, and made their solemn conjura-
To last but while she liv'd: do not I know,
How the vale wither'd the same day? how Dove, [Soare,

Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite and

the obvious emendation of them. The word *deeper* should begin the following verse; and the particle *and* must be inserted between *yew* and *cypress*.

"Till the whole country read she was drown'd."] The folio of 1640, gives us the word *how*, which completes the measure.

"Whose rigid foot but dipp'd into the water."] Mr. Theobald, disliking *rigid*, gives us the epithet *frigid*, in his margin, and quotes Shakspeare's authority in *Hamlet*; but he surely forgot that *rigid* is the more expressive term, and much more agreeable to the latinized phraseology of Jonson.

"EARINE,

Who had her very being, and her name,

With the first knots or buddings of the spring, &c.] The English reader will perhaps require to be told, that *Earine* is derived from a Greek word signifying the spring, which is the allusion of these lines; but I hope his sagacity does not want a monitor, to point out the exquisite delicacy of the following lines, and indeed of the whole speech. The sentiments are wonderfully pleasing, the verses harmonious and soft.

Each broke his urn, and twenty waters more,
That swell'd proud Trent, shrunk themselves dry; that since
No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,
Look'd out of heaven! but all the cope was dark,

As it were hung so for her exequies!
And not a voice or sound to ring her knell;
But of that dismal pair, the scritch owl,
And buzzing hornet! Hark! hark! hark!
the foul

Bird!¹⁷ how she flutters with her wicker wings!

Peace! you shall hear her scritch!¹⁸

Cl. Good Karolin, sing,
Help to divert this phant'sie.

Kar. All I can.

THE SONG.

Which while Karolin sings, Æglamour reads.

" Though I am young and cannot tell
" Either what death or love is well,
" Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
" And both do aim at human hearts;
" And then again, I have been told,
" Love wounds with heat, as death with cold;
" So that I fear they do but bring
" Extrems to touch, and mean one thing.

" As in a ruin we it call,
" One thing to be blown up, or fall;
" Or to our end, like way may have,
" By a flash of lightning, or a wave:
" So love's inflamed shaft or brand,
" May kill as soon as death's cold hand;
" Except love's fires the virtue have
" To fight the frost out of the grave."

¹⁷ ————Hark, hark, hark, the foul

Bird! Jonson does not appear to have had much conception of those breaks and rests, or of adapting the sound of his verse to the sense, which are the chief beauty of our best modern poets; but in the words above, there is an excellence of this kind, and as it seems by design too, which is extremely striking. The three long syllables preceding the iambic foot at the close of the one verse, which is immediately connected with the beginning of the other, and the pause placed upon the first syllable, are as fully repressive of the sentiment as can possibly be imagined.

—————Hark! hark! hark! the foul

Bird!

There is nothing finer in all Shakspeare or Milton.

¹⁸ PEACE, you shall hear her scritch.] This should be printed with a note of silence after the word peace.

Peace! you shall hear her scritch.

¹⁹ The lover's scriptures Helidores, or Tatii!

Longii! &c.] These are writers of pastoral romances in the Greek language. Had this knowledge of books and learning been shewn in the characters of Robin Hood, or any of his men, every reader must have condemned it at first sight; but the shepherds of the vale were above the common rank, and may be supposed to amuse themselves in authors of this species, so agreeable to their own way of living.

²⁰ *Cl.* ————And TOLD

Here every day with wonder on the world.] Both the expression and the rhyme are improper. If Clarion meant they were the general astonishment, he should have said, with wonder of the world; and then it would have chimed in not very musically with told. But the true reading is world, a plain, or downs; a word common enough in that age and our author's contemporaries.

Æg. Do you think so? are you in that good heresy?

I mean opinion? if you be, say nothing:

I'll study it as a new philosophy,

But by myself alone: now you shall leave me. [this,

Some of these nymphs here will reward you;

This pretty maid, although but with a kiss.

[*He forces Amie to kiss him.*

Liv'd my Earine, you should have twenty:

For every line here one I would allow 'em

From mine own store, the treasure I had in her:

Now I am poor as you.

Kar. And I a wretch!

Cl. Yet keep an eye upon him, Karolin.

[*Æglamour goes out, and Karolin follows him.*

Mel. Alas! that ever such a generous spirit

As Æglamour's should sink by such a loss!

Cl. The truest lovers are least fortunate:

Look all their lives and legends, what they call

The lovers scriptures, Helidores or Tatii!

Longi! Eustathii! Prodomi! you'll find it!

What think you, father?

Alk. I have known some few,

And read of more, who have had their dose, and deep,

Of these sharp bitter-sweets.

Lio. But what is this

To jolly Robin, who the story is

Of all beatitude in love?

Cl. And told

Here every day with wonder on the World!²⁰

Lio. And with fame's voice.

Alk. Save that some folk delight

To blend all good of others with some sight,

Cl. He and his Marian are the sun and talk [walk.
Of all that breathe here in the green-wood
Mel. Or Be'voir vale.
Kar. The turtles of the wood.
Cl. The billing pair.
Alk. And so are understood
For simple loves, and sampled lives beside.
Mel. Faith, so much virtue should not be
envy'd.
Alk. Better be so than pitied, Mellifleur!
For 'gainst all envy, virtue is a cure;
But wretched pity ever calls on scorns.
The deer's brought home: I hear it by their
horns.

SCENE VI.

[To Robin, &c.] *Marian, John, Scarlet,
Scathlock.*

Rob. My Marian, and my mistress!
Mar. My lov'd Robin! [are met!
Mel. The moon's at full, the happy pair
Mar. How hath this morning paid me for
my rising! [ing you!
First, with my sports; but most with meet-
I did not half so well reward my hounds,
As she hath me to-day: for though I gave
them [and dowcets!
All the sweet morsels call'd, tongue, ears
Rob. What? and the inch-pin?
Mar. Yes.
Rob. Your sports then pleas'd you?
Mar. You are a wanton.
Rob. One, I do confess,
I wanted till you came; but now I have you,
I'll grow to your embraces, till two souls
Distilled into kisses through our lips,
Do make one spirit of love.
Mar. O Robin! Robin!
Rob. Breathe, breathe awhile, what says
my gentle Marian?
Mar. Could you so long be absent?
Rob. What, a week?
Was that so long?
Mar. How long are lovers weeks,
Do you think, Robin, when they are asun-
der?
Are they not pris'ners years?
Rob. To some they seem so; [hours.
But being met again, they are school-boys
Mar. That have got leave to play, and
so we use them. [to-day?
Rob. Had you good sport i' your chase
John. O prime!
Mar. A lusty stag!
Rob. And hunted ye at force?

Mar. In a full cry.
John. "And never hunted change!
Rob. You had stanch hounds then?
Mar. Old and sure: I love
No young rash dogs, no more than changing
friends.
Rob. What relays set you?
John. None at all; we laid not
in one fresh dog.
Rob. He stood not long then?
Scar. Yes,
Five hours and more. A great large deer!
Rob. What head?
John. Forked! a hart of ten.
Mar. He is good venison,
According to the season! the blood,
I'll promise all your friends, for whom he
fell.
John. But at his fall there hapt a chance.
Mar. Worth mark.
Rob. I! what was that, sweet Marian?
[He kisses her.
Mar. You'll not hear?
Rob. I love these interruptions in a story;
[He kisses her again.
They make it sweeter.
Mar. You do know as soon
As the assay is taken".
[He kisses her again.
Rob. On, my Marian.
I did but take the assay.
Mar. You stop one's mouth,
And yet you bid 'em speak—when the
arbor's made.
Rob. Pull'd down, and paunch turn'd out.
Mar. He that undoes him, [spon
Doth cleave the brisket-bone, upon the
Of which a little gristle grows, you call it—
Rob. The raven's bone.
Mar. Now o'er head sat a raven,
On a sere bough, a grown great bird, and
hoarse!
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So croak'd and cry'd for't, as all the hunte-
men [nous!
(Especially old Scathlock) thought it emi-
swore it was mother Maudlin, whom he
met
At the day-dawn, just as he rows'd the deer
Out of his laire: but we made shift to run
him
Off his four legs, and sunk him 'ere we left.
Is the deer come?
Scar. He lies within o' the dresser.
Mar. Will you go see him, Mellifleur?
Mel. I attend you.
Mar. Come, Amie, you'll go with us?

²¹ *And never hunted CHANGE!*] Hounds are said to hunt change, when they take a fresh scent, and follow another chase.

²² *Mar.—You do know as soon*

As the assay is taken.] To take assay or say, is to draw a knife along the belly of the deer, beginning at the brisket, to discover how fat he is. The poet has given us infinitely too much of this hunting jargon, which, like most other cant terms, is hardly explicable, and not worth the knowing.

Am. I'm not well. [bekist her.
Lio. She's sick o' the young shep'erd that
Mar. Friend, cheer your friends up, we
 will eat him merrily.
Alk. Saw you the raven, friend?
Scat. I, qu'ha suld let me²¹?
I suld be afraid o' you, sir, suld I?
Cla. Huntsman,
 A dram more of civility would not hurt you.
Rob. Nay, you must give them all their
 rudenesses;
 They are not else themselves without their
 language.
Alk. And what do you think of her?
Scat. As of a witch.
 They call her a wise woman, but I think her
 An arrant witch.
Clar. And wherefore think you so?
Scat. Because I saw her since broiling the
 bone
 Was cast her at the quarry²².
Alk. Where saw you her? [there now.
Scat. P' the chimney-nuik, within: she's
Rob. Marian.

SCENE VII.

Marian. [To them.]

Rob. Your hunt holds in his tale still;
 and tells more!
Mar. My hunt? what tale?
Rob. How! cloudy, Marian!
 What look is this?
Mar. A fit one, sir, for you.
 Hand off, rude ranger! sirrah, get you in,
 [To Scathlock.
 And bear the venison hence: it is too good
 For these coarse rustic mouths, that cannot
 open,
 Or spend a thank for't. A starv'd mutton's
 carcase
 Would better fit their palates. See it car-
 ried [witch, sir.
 To mother Maudlin's, whom you call the
 Tell her I sent it to make merry with,

She'll turn us thanks at least! why stands't
 thou, groom?

Rob. I wonder he can move! that he's
 not fix'd!

If that his feeling be the same with mine!
 I dare not trust the faith of mine own senses,
 I fear mine eyes and ears: this is not Ma-
 rian!

Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her!
 Ask her, good shepherds! ask her all for
 me;

Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;
 Or I be I.

Mar. Yes, and you are the spy:
 And the spy'd spy that watch upon my
 walks,

To inform what deer I kill or give away!
 Where! when! to whom! but spy your
 worst, good spy!

I will dispose of this where least you like!
 Fall to your cheese-cakes, curds, and clawted
 cream, [stream²³

Your fool, your flaunes; and of ale a
 To wash it from your livers: strain ewes
 milk

Into your cyder syllabubs, and be drunk
 To him whose fleece hath brought the
 earliest lamb [bord!

This year; and wears the baudrick at your
 Where you may all go whistle and record
 This i' your dance: and foot it lustily.

[She leaves them.
Rob. I pray you, friends, do you hear
 and see as I do? [objects

Did the same accents strike your ears? and
 Your eyes, as mine?

Alk. We taste the same reproaches!

Lio. Have seen the changes!

Rob. Are we not all chang'd,

Transformed from ourselves?

Lio. I do not know!

The best is silence!

Alk. And to await the issue.

Rob. The dead or lazy wait for't: I will
 find it.

²¹ *I, qu'ha suld let me?* Ay, what shou'd hinder me?

²² *At the quarry.* The death of the deer.

²³ *Your fool, your flaunes, and of ale a stream.* The folio give us *fools* in the plural number; the thing meant is scalded gooseberries and cream, usually called *goose-berry-fool*. The next word is more uncommon; but *flaunes* are tarts or cheese-cakes: and I must refer the reader to my ingenious friend, the learned editor of *Junius*, for its etymology and meaning. The verse however is deficient by a foot, unless we preserve the old method of spelling *flaunes*, or *flaunes*, and divide it into two syllables, a common practice with our old poets; or possibly some epithet to *ale* may be wanting to fill up the measure; but I rather incline to the former opinion.

The Argument of the Second Act.

"THE witch Maudlin having taken the shape of Marian to abuse Robin Hood, and perplex his guests, cometh forth with her daughter Douce, reporting in what confusion she had left them; defrauded them of their venison, made them suspicious each of the other; but most of all, Robin Hood so jealous of his Marian, as she hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them; glorying so far in the extent of her mischief, as she confesseth to have surpriz'd Earine, stripp'd her of her garments, to make her daughter appear fine at this feast in them; and to have shut the maiden up in a tree, as her son's prize, if he could win her; or his prey, if he would force her. Her son, a rude bragging swineherd, comes to the tree to woo her, (his mother and sister stepping aside to over-hear him) and first boasts his wealth to her, and his possessions; which move not. Then he presents her gifts, such as himself is taken with, but she utterly shows a scorn and loathing both of him and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to do the next time, and persuades her daughter to show herself about the bower: tells how she shall know her mother, when she is transform'd, by her broidered belt. Meanwhile the young shepherdess Amie, being kist by Karolin, Earine's brother, before, falls in love; but knows not what love is: but describes her disease so innocently, that Marian pities her. When Robin Hood and the rest of his guests invited, enter to Marian, upbraiding her with sending away their venison to mother Maudlin by Scathlock, which she denies; Scathlock affirms it; but seeing his mistress weep, and to forswear it, begins to doubt his own understanding, rather than affront her father; which makes Robin Hood and the rest to examine themselves better. But Maudlin entering like herself, the witch comes to thank her for her bounty: at which Marian is more angry, and more denies the deed. Scathlock enters, tells he has brought it again, and delivered it to the cook. The witch is inwardly vext the venison is so recovered from her by the rude huntsman, and murmurs and curses; bewitches the cook, mocks poor Amie and the rest; discovereth her ill nature, and is a means of reconciling them all. For the sage shepherd suspecteth her mischief, if she be not prevented: and so persuadeth to seize on her. Whereupon Robin Hood dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt and take her. Which ends the act."

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Maudlin, Douce.

Mau. HAVE I not left 'em in a brave confusion?

Amaz'd their expectation? got their venison?
Troubled their mirth and meeting? made them doubtful

And jealous of each other! all distracted!
And, if the close, uncertain of themselves?

This can your mother do, my dainty Douce!
Take any shape upon her! and delude

The senses best acquainted with their owners!
The jolly Robin, who hath bid this feast,

And made this solemn invitation,
I ha' possessed so with syke dislikes

Of his own Marian, that all-be he know her,
As doth the vaulting hart his venting hind,

He ne'er fra' hence sall neis her i' the wind,
To his first liking.

Dou. Did you so distaste him?

Mau. As far as her proud scorning him could 'bate

Or blunt the edge of any lover's temper.

Dou. But were you like her, mother?

Mau. So like, Douce,
As had she seen me her sel', her sel' had doubted

Whether had been the liker of the twa!
This can your mother do, I tell you, daughter!

I ha' but dight ye yet, i' the out-dress,
And 'parel of Earine! but this raiment,
These very weeds sall make ye, as but coming

In view or ken of Æglamour, your form
Shall show too slippery to be look'd upon!

And all the forest swear you to be she!
They shall rin after ye, and wage the odds,

Upo' their own deceived sights, ye are her!
Whilst she (poor lass) is stock'd up in a tree:

Your brother Lorel's prize! For so my largess

Hath lotted her to be your brother's mistress,

Gif she can be reclaim'd: gif not, his prey!
And here he comes new clai'd, like a

prince [spoils]
Of swineherd's syke he seems! dight i' the

Of those he feeds! a mighty lord of swine!

¹ Did you so DISTASTE him? We have here the same corruption as in the prologue; the true reading is *distaste*.

He's command now to woo. Let's step
aside, [door!
And hear his love-craft! see, he opes her
And takes her by the hand, and helps her
forth!

This is true courtship, and becomes his ray¹.

SCENE II.

Lorel, Earine, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. Ye kind to others, but ye coy to me,
Deft mistress! whiter than the cheese new
prest! [curd!

Smoothen than cream! and softer than the
Why start ye from me ere ye hear me tell
My wooing errand, and what rents I have?
Large herds and pastures! swine and kye
mine own!

* And though my na'se be camus'd, my lips
thick, [such!

And my chin bristled! Pan, great Pan, was
Who was the chief of herdsmen, and our sire!
I am na' fay! na' incubus! na' changlin!
But a good man, that lives o' my awn geer.
This house! these grounds! this stock is
all my awn!

Ear. How better 'twere to me, this were
not known!

Mau. She likes it not: but it is boasted
well!

Lor. An hundred udders for the pail I have,
That gi' me milk and curds, that make me
cheese

To cloy the markets! twenty swarm of bees,
Whilk (all the summer) hum about the hive,
And bring me wax and honey in belive².

An aged oak, the king of all the field,
With a broad beech there grows before my
dur,

That mickle mast unto the ferm doth yield.
A chestnut, whilk hath larded mony a swine,
Whose skins I wear to fend me fra' the cold.

A poplar green, and with a kerved seat,
Under whose shade I solace in the heat;
And thence can see gang out and in my
neat. [doth meet,

Twa trilland brooks, each (from his spring)
And make a river to refresh my feet:

In which each morning, ere the sun doth
rise,

I look myself, and clear my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe; for therein I have skill

'Bove other swincherds. Bid me, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melody.

Ear. By no means. Ah! to me all min-
strelsie

¹ *This is true courtship, and becomes his ray.*] All the copies give us the line as it stands above; but it is difficult to know what is the acceptation of the word *ray*. I can assign it two senses, both which comport well enough with the place it stands in. The first conjecture is, that the poet might possibly have written *ra*, for *rank*, or *station*, and this abbreviation of the word agrees with the rest of the dialect used in the play. The other, which I think most preferable, is this: that *ray* should be marked with an apostrophe at the beginning, *'ray*; as the abbreviation of *array*, *dress*. The word occurs in Chaucer, and the glossary interprets it by *array*, *order*:

"With ladies faire, in carolling to gone,

"And se ther roiale renkis in their *raie*."

Testament of Cresside, v. 26.

² *Lor.* Ye kind to others, but ye coy to me,

Deft mistress! whiter than the cheese new prest!] There is much natural beauty in these speeches of Lorel; and the rustic cast of the imagery is entirely conformable to the grotesque character of the speaker. I must not omit observing that the whole is sketch'd out from the song of Polyphemus to his mistress Galatea, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. 13. but Jonson hath with great judgment omitted many of the turns of wit which occur in Ovid, and preserved that Doric simplicity which appears in Theocritus, from whom the subject is taken. *Mollior & cygni plumis, & lacte coacto*, says the Latin poet; but Jonson's *whiter than the cheese new prest*, is borrowed from the Greek, *Λευκότερα τυγάς ὀσίδου*. Theocr. idyll. xi. And in general, he seems more taken with the description in Theocritus, than with the fancies of Ovid.

* *And though my na'se be camus'd, my lips thick,*

And my chin bristled.] Ovid has selected part of these circumstances, but given a very puerile turn to them at the end:

Nec, mea quod duris horrent densissima setis

Corpora, turpe puta; turpis sine frondibus arbor.

The flatness of his nose is wholly from Theocritus:

Πλάτος δὲ πρὸς τὸν ὄφθαλμον

What follows of his likeness to the god Pan, is inserted with great art; and what Virgil himself, if we may judge from his Alexis, would probably have mentioned, had he touched upon the same subject. The ostentation of his wealth, and number of his cattle, are in both the Latin and the Greek poets.

* *And bring me wax and honey in BY LIVE.*] The two last words have no meaning, and are corrupted from an expression common in the old English and Scotch poets. The real word is *belive*, or *bilive*, for it is variously spelt; the meaning, *directly*, *immediately*, or *without any more ado*.

Is irksome, as are you.

Lor. Why scorn you me ?

Because I am a herdsman, and feed swine !

[*He draws out other presents.*]

I am a lord of other geer ! this fine

Smooth bawson's cub, the young grice of a gray * ;

Twa tyn urshins, and this ferret gay.

Ear. Out on 'em ! what are these ?

Lor. I give 'em ye,

As presents, mistress.

Ear. O the fiend and thee !

Gar take them hence : they fewmand all the claithes, [mer lown ' ,

And prick my coats : hence with 'em, lim-

Thy vermin and thyself, thyself art one ;

I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

SCENE III.

Lorel, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. Did you hear this ? she wish'd me at the fiend,

With all my presents !

Mau. A tu lucky end

She wishend thee, foul limmer ! drity lown !

Gud faith, it duills me that I am thy mother !

And see, thy sister scornis thee for her brother !

[*hedgehogs ?*]

Thou woo thy love, thy mistress, with twa

A stinkand brock, a polecat ? out thou houlet !

Thou should'st ha' given her a madge-owl !

and then [spiegle !]

* Th' hadst made a present o' thyself, owl-

Dou. Why, mother, I have heard ye bid to give :

And often as the cause calls.

Mau. I know well,

It is a witty part sometimes to give.

But what ? to whom ? no monsters ! nor to maidens !

He sould present them with mare pleasant things,

Things natural, and what all women covet To see, the common parent of us all !

Which maids will twire at 'tween their fingers thus ! [ther !

With which his sire gat him ! he's get ano- And so beget posterity upon her !

This he should do ! (*false gelden*) gang thy gait,

And do thy turns betimes : or I's gar take Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy dublet tu.

The talleur and the sowter sall undu' All they ha' made ; except thou manlier woo ! [*Lorel goes out.*

Dou. Gud mother, gif you chide him, he'll do wairs. [*devil's eir.*

Mau. Hang him : I geif him to the But ye, my Douce, I charge ye, shew your sell [*'em,*

Tu all the shepherds bauldly : gaing amang Be mickel i' their eye, frequent and fugeand.

And gif they ask ye of Earine, Or of these claithes, say, that I ga' 'em ye,

And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand, That web upo' the luime, shall gar 'em think

By then, they feeling their own frights and fears,

I's pu' the world or nature 'bout their ears. But, hear ye, Douce, because ye may meet me

In many shapes to-day, where-e'er you spy This browdred belt with characters, 'tis I.

A Gypsan lady, and a right beldame Wrought it by moon-shine, for me, and star-light,

Upo' your grannam's grave, that very night We earth'd her in the shades ; when our dame Hecate

Made it her gaing night over the kirk-yard, With all the barkand parish-tikes set at her,

* ———— *This fine*

Smooth BAWSON'S CUB, the young GRICE of a gray.] A bear's cub, and the young ones of a badger. So likewise Ovid from Theocritus,

Inveni geminos qui tecum ludere possint

Villosa catulos in summis montibus ursæ.

A grice is properly a sucking pig, and so used by the Scotch poets ; for thus bishop Douglas translates the following lines of Virgil :

Littoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus urs,

Triginta caput fatus enixa jaccbit.

[ÆN. 3. ver. 389.]

" And under ane aik fyndis into that stede,

" Ane grete sow ferryit of grices thretty hede."

— hence with 'em, LIMMER LOWN.] i. e. *mungral clown*. So Junius interprets the word *limmer* : but the etymology assigned from Skinner, seems to be wrong. A *limmer*, or *liemer*, is a dog for the chase, so called from the *leam*, or leash, in which he was held, till let loose upon the game. A *loro*, *lyemmer* appellatur *is, quem levinarium & lorarium latine nominavimus*. Nam *lyemne nostra lingua lorum significat*. Caius de Canibus Britan. *Limmer lown* is common in the Scotch poets.

* Th' hadst made a present of thyself, OWL-SPIEGLE.] The same with *wlen-spiegle*, or owl-glass. The original of the expression is explained in the *Portaster*.

* With all the BARK AND parish-tikes set at her.] The corruption in this verse, which runs through all the editions, is very easily removed. *Bark* and *parish tikes*, should be *barkand*, the participle with a Saxon termination, for *barking*. We have several instances in this play, where the author hath chose the old ending in *and*, for the modern one in *ing*. The very next line supplies us with one ; and it is done with judgment ; to throw an anti-

While I sat whyrland of my brazen spindle :
At every twisted thrif my rock let fly
Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,
Under the town turnpike ; which ran each
spell
She stitched in the work, and knit it well.
See ye take tent to this", and ken your
mother.

S C E N E IV.

Marian, Mellifleur, Amie.

Mar. How do you, sweet Amie, yet ?

Mel. She cannot tell ;

If she could sleep, she says, she should do well.

She feels a hurt, but where, she cannot show
Any least sign, that she is hurt or no.
Her pain's not doubtful to her ; but the seat
Of her pain is. Her thoughts too work and
beat,

Opprest with cares : but why she cannot say,
All matter of her care is quite away.

Mar. Hath any vermin broke into your
fold ?

Or any rot seiz'd on your flock ? or cold ?

" Or hath your feiting ram burst his hard
horn ?

Or any ewe her fleecce ? or bag hath torn,

My gentle Amie ?

Am. Marian, none of these.

tique air upon the piece : especially in this romantic description of the embroidered girdle. Our old authors are frequent in the use of this Saxon ending ; and it is generally corrupted at the press. Thus we read in Spenser,

" His glitter and armour shined far away ;"

where we have the same mistake with that above, in dividing the participle *glitterand*. Another of the same nature occurs in the last scene of Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. As this was pointed out to me by my friend Mr. Sympton, I beg leave to communicate it, with his remarks and correction. The line is,

" Make wells and Niobes of our maids and wives."

Mr. Warburton reads *welling* Niobes ; but he has overlooked the true word, though he has hit the sense. For certainly the old reading was, make *welland* Niobes. Some ignorant transcriber had wrote, make *well* and *Niobes*, which, when it came to the press, not being sense, had an *s* put to *well* ; and thence came *wells* and *Niobes*, &c. The word *tike* signifies a *dog*, and is yet used in Yorkshire, and the northern parts of England : indeed all the rustic speeches in this play, are a specimen of the northern dialect. The progress of Hecate over new-made graves, and the barking of the dogs, are taken from the superstitions of antiquity ; Theocritus describes her in the same manner :

Εκάλη, τὰν καὶ σκυλάκει τρομακοῖ

Ερχομένης νεκυῖν ἀνὰ πρῖν, καὶ μελαμῖν Idyll. 2.

" Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,

Under the town turn-pike ; which ran each spell

She stitched in the work, and knit it well.

See that you take tent to this.]

There is a difficulty in these lines, which at first much perplexed me ; but the reader, I hope, will think the following interpretation in some measure gets rid of it. The *sew'ster*, or *spinster*, is said to sit under the *town turn-pike* : but what is that ? the same with what is now more usually called a *turn-stile*, often placed at the end of towns, for preventing horses from coming into the foot-way. In this sense it occurs in our author's *Staple of News*,

" I move upon my axle like a turnpike." Act 3.

And so it is at this day used in the neighbouring county, where part of the scene lies. What follows leads us to imagine, that this turnpike, by its whirling motion, served to knit the spell more firmly into the work they were about ; just as we see the wheel commonly made use of in twisting the several cords which compose a rope or piece of twine ; though we may suppose likewise that the *turnpike* only ran, or *turned round*, as the spell was repeating ; and served in the nature of the antient Rhombus, which was of constant use in magical incantations. Jonson seems to have alluded likewise to the story of the antient Destinies or Parcae, one of which held the distaff, whilst another spun the thread. The expressions he here uses are classical, and what the old poets employ, when speaking of these fatal sisters ;

— which ran each spell,

She stitched in the work, and knit it well.

In this view the words, *ran each spell*, which would appear otherwise obscure, are pertinent and clear. Catullus uses the same phrase in the chorus line, where they are singing the future birth and fortunes of Achilles, at the wedding of Peleus :

Currite, ducentes subtemina, currite fusi.

And to this Virgil seems to allude in his Eclogue to Pollio ;

Talia secuta suis dicebant, currite, fusi

Concordes stabili futurum numine parcae.

In the last line, the participle that is superfluous ; take tent, is take notice, take heed to it.

" Or hath your feiting ram.] i. e. butting, fighting ram.

Mar. Ha' you been stung by wasps, or angry bees? [briar?]
Or ras'd with some rude bramble or rough

Am. No, Marian, my disease is somewhat higher.

I weep, and boil away myself in tears;
And then my panting heart would dry those fears:

I burn, though all the forest lend a shade;
And freeze, though the whole wood one fire were made.

Mar. Alas! [briar,

Am. I often have been torn with thorn and Both in the leg and foot, and somewhat higher:

Yet gave not then such fearful shrieks as these. Ah!

I often have been stung too with curst bees,
Yet not remember that I then did quit
Either my company or mirth for it. Ah!

And therefore what it is that I feel now,
And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,

It enter'd in me, nor least print can see,
I feel, afflicts me more than briar or bee.
Oh! [birth,

How often, when the sun, heaven's brightest
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,
Under a spreading elm or oak, hard by

A cool clear fountain, could I sleeping lie
Safe from the heat? but now no shady tree,
Nor purling brook, can my refreshing be.

Oft when the meadows were grown rough
with frost,

The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
My thick warm fleece I wore, was my
defence; [thence,

Or large good fires I made, drove winter
But now my whole flocks tells, nor this thick
grove,

Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.
It is a cold and heat that does out-go

All sense of winters, and of summers so.

SCENE V.

Robin Hood, Clarion, Lionel, Alken.

Rob. O, are you here, my mistress?

Mar. I, my love!

[She seeing him, runs to embrace him.

Where should I be but in my Robin's arms?
The sphere which I delight in so to move!

Rob. What, the rude ranger? and spied
spy? hand off!

You are for no such rusticks.
[He puts her back.

Mar. What means this, [know ye?
Thrice worthy Clarion? or wise Alken?

Rob. 'Las, no not they! a poor starv'd
mutton's carcase

Would better fit their palates, than your
venison.

Mar. What riddle's this? unfold your-
self, dear Robin.

Rob. You ha' not sent your venison
hence by Scathlock,

To mother Maudlin?

Mar. I, to mother Maudlin?

Will Scathlock say so?

Rob. Nay, we will all swear so. [so,

For all did hear it when you gave the charge
Both Clarion, Alken, Lionel, and myself.

Mar. Good honest shepherds, masters of
your flocks, [lings;

Simple and virtuous men, no others hire-
lie not you made to speak against your con-
science, [venison

That which may soil the truth. I send the
Away by Scathlock? and to mother Maud-
lin?

I came to shew it here to Mellifleur,
I do confess; but Amie's falling ill

Did put us off it: since we employ'd our-
selves

In comforting of her. O, here he is!
[Scathlock enters.

Did I, sir, bid you bear away the venison
To mother Maudlin?

Sea. I, god faith, madam,

Did you, and I ha' done it.

Mar. What ha' you done?

Sea. Obey'd your hests, madam; done
your commands.

Mar. Done my commands, dull groom!
fetch it again, [arts,

Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the
Robin, you read¹² your rude ones o' the
wood, [ings?

To countenance your quarrels and mistak-
Or are the sports to entertain your friends

Those formed jealousies? ask of Mellifleur,
If I were ever from her, here, or Amie,

Since I came in with them; or saw this
Scathlock

Since I related to you his tale o' the raven?

Sea. I, say you so?
[Scathlock goes out.

Mel. She never left my side
Since I came here, nor I hers.

Cl. This is strange! [then!

Our best of senses were deceiv'd, our eyes,
Lio. And ears too.

Mar. What you have concluded on,
Make good, I pray you.

Am. O my heart, my heart! [Amie;

Mar. My heart it is, is wounded, pretty
Report not you your griefs: I'll tell for all.

Mel. Somebody is to blame, there is a
fault.

¹² ————Are these the arts

YOU READ YOUR RUDE ONES? Read is an old English word signifying to teach, or advise. Hence the substantive read, or rede, for counsel. Thus in the first Psalm by Hopkins,

"The man is blest that hath not lent

"To wicked read his ear."

Mar. Try if you can take rest. A little
slumber
Will much refresh you, *Amie*.
Alk. What's her grief? [is happy.
Mar. She does not know : and therein she

SCENE VI.

[To them.] *John, Maudlin, and Scathlock*
after.

John. Here's mother Maudlin come to
give you thanks, [receiv'd—
Madam, for some late gift she hath re-
Which she's not worthy of, she says, but
cracks,

And wonders of it ; hops about the house,
Transported with the joy. [*She dances.*

Maud. Send me a stag !
A whole stag, madam, and so fat a deer !
So fairly hunted, and at such a time too !
When all your friends were here !

Rob. Do you mark this, *Clarion* ?
Her own acknowledgment ?

Maud. "I was such a bounty
And honour done to your poor beads woman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thank you ;
And that I come to do : I shall go round,
And giddy with the toy of the good turn.

[*She turns round till she falls.*

" Look out, look out, gay folk about,
" And see me spin the ring I'm in
" Of mirth and glee, with thanks for fee
" The heart puts on, for th' venison
" My lady sent, which shall be spent
" In draughts of wine, to fume up fine
" Into the brain, and down again
" Fall in a swoon, upo' the grown."

Rob. Look to her, she is mad.

Maud. My son hath sent you
A pot of strawberries, gather'd i' the wood
[His hogs would else have rooted up, or
trod"]

With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald
And mingle with your cream.

Mar. Thank you, good Maudlin,
And thank your son. Go, bear 'em in to
Much [mother,

Th' acater, let him thank her. Surely,
You were mistaken, or my woodmen more,
Or most myself, to send you all our store
Of venison, hunted for ourselves this day !
You will not take it, mother, I dare say,
If we'll entreat you, when you know our
guests :

Red deer is head still of the forest feasts.

Maud. But I know ye, a right free-hearted
lady,

Can spare it out of superfluity : [bours,
I have departit it 'mong my poor neigh-
To speak your largess.

Mar. I not gave it, mother. [place
You have done wrong then : I know how to
My gifts, and where ; and when to find my
seasons

To give, not throw away my courtesies.

Maud. Count you this thrown away ?

Mar. What's ravish'd from me
I count it worse, as stol'n : I lose my thanks.
But leave this quest : they fit not you nor
me,

Maudlin, contentions of this quality.

How now ? [*Scathlock enters.*

Sea. Your stag's return'd upon my
shoulders,

He has found his way into the kitchen again
With his two legs ; if now your cook can
dress him. [beat me,

'Slid, I thought the swineherd would ha'
He looks so big ! the sturdy karl, lewd
Lorel !

Mar. There, Scathlock, for thy pains,
thou hast deserv'd it.

[*Marian gives him gold.*

Maud. Do you give a thing, and take a
thing, madam ?

Mar. No, Maudlin, you had imparted to
your neighbours ; [wrong.
As much good do't them : I ha' done no

The First CHARM.

Maud. " The spit stand still, no broches
turn "

" Before the fire, but let it burn
" Both sides and hanches, till the
whole
" Converted be into one cole."

Cla. What devil's pater-noster mumbles
she ? [witchery.

Alk. Stay, you will hear more of her

II.

Maud. " The swilland dropsie enter in
" The lazy cuke, and swell his
skin ;

" And the old mort-mal on his shin
" Now prick, and itch, withouten
blin "

" His hogs would else have rooted up, or trod."] This reminds us of the Calabrian host's
civility in Horace, from whom it seems to be copied.

Ut libet, hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.

" No BROCHES turn.] A broche is explained to signify a spit.

" And the old MORT-MAL on his shin

Now prick, and itch, WITHOUTEN BLIN.] Mort-mal is an old sore, or gangrene :
withouten blin is without ceasing ; from the A. S. *blinnan*, to cease, leave off. And Jouson
seems to have had Chaucer's character of the cook in his eye ;

" But great harme was it, as it thought me,

" That on his shyne a mor-mal had he."—Chaucer.

Cla. Speak out, hag, we may hear your devil's mattins.

III.

Maud. "The pæne we call St. Anton's fire,

"The gout, or what we can desire,

"To cramp a cuke, in every limb,

"Before they dine, yet seize on

Alk. A foul ill spirit hath possessed her.

Am. O Karol, Karol, call him back again.

Lio. Her thoughts do work upon her in her slumber,

And may express some part of her disease:

Rob. Observe, and mark, but trouble not her ease.

Am. O, O.

Mar. How is't, Amie?

Mel. Wherefore start you?

Am. O, Karrol, he is fair and sweet.

Maud. What then? [men?]

Are there not flowers as sweet and fair as The lily is fair, and rose is sweet!

Am. I, so!

Let all the roses and the lilies go:

Karol is only fair to me!

Mar. And why?

Am. Alas, for Karol, Marian, I could die.

Karol, he singeth sweetly too!

Maud. What then? [men?]

Are there not birds sing sweeter far than

Am. I grant the linct, lark, and bull-finch sing,

But best the dear good angel of the spring, The nightingale¹⁴.

Maud. Then why? then why, alone, Should his notes please you?

Am. I not long ago

Took a delight with wanton kids to play, And sport with little lambs a summer's-day!

And view their frisks! methought it was a sight

Of joy to see my two brave rams to fight!

Now Karol only all delight doth move,

All that is Karrol, Karrol I approve!¹⁵

This very morning but—I did bestow

(It was a little 'gainst my will I know)

A single kiss upon the silly swain,

And now I wish that very kiss again.

His lip is softer, sweeter than the rose;

His mouth and tongue with dropping honey flows.

The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Maud. Yet, like the bees, it had a little sting.

Am. And sunk, and sticks yet in my mar-

And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keep.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her story is!

Am. I do remember, Marian, I have oft With pleasure kist my lambs and puppies

soft:

And once a dainty fine roe-fawn I had, Of whose out-skipping bounds, I was as glad

As of my health: and him I oft would kiss: Yet had his no such sting or pain as this.

They never prick'd or hurt my heart. And, for

They were so blunt and dull, I wish no more.

But this, that hurts and pricks, doth please; Mingled with sowre, I wish again to meet:

And that delay, methinks, most tedious is, That keeps or hinders me of Karol's kiss.

Mar. We'll send for him, sweet Amie, to come to you.

Maud. But I will keep him off, if charms will do it.

Cla. Do you mark the murmuring 'hag, how she doth mutter?

Rob. I like her not. And less her manners now.

Alk. She is a shrewd deformed piece, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her body.

Rob. I believe

She can take any shape, as Scathlock says.

Alk. She may deceive the sense, but really She cannot change herself.

Rob. Would I could see her Once more in Marian's form! for I am certain

Now, it was she abus'd us; as I think My Marian, and my love, now innocent:

Which faith I seal unto her with this kiss, And call you all to witness of my penance.

Alk. It was believ'd before, but now confirm'd,

That we have seen the monster.

SCENE VII.

[To them.] *Tuck, John, Much, Scarlet.*

Tuck. Hear you how

Poor Tom the cook is taken! all his joints

¹⁴ But best, the dear good angel of the spring, The nightingale.] This exquisitely poetical description of the nightingale, is a literal translation from the Greek of Sappho: angel is used in its original signification of a messenger, or harbinger;

Ἡρὸς ἀγγελὸς ἱμεροφάνης Ἀνδῶν

¹⁵ All that is Karol, Karol I approve.] We cannot help observing the repetition of the name of Karol, in this and the preceding verses, which Amie seems to dwell on with a singular delight. This is an effect of the poet's art; and a beauty of the same kind with that in Horace,

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi

Cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi

Laudas brachia, &c. Lib. 1. od. 13.

Do crack, as if his limbs were tied with points: [rack

His whole frame slackens; and a kind of
Runs down along the spondils of his back;
A gout or cramp now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stir his either hand no more
Than a dead stump, to his office, as before.

Alk. He is bewitched.

Cla. This is an argument

Both of her malice and her power, we see.

Alk. She must by some device restrained
be,

Or she'll go far in mischief.

Rob. Advise how,
Sage shepherd, we shall put it straight in
practice.

Alk. Send forth your woodmen then, into
the walks,

Or let 'em prick her footing hence; a witch
Is sure a creature of melancholy,
And will be found or sitting in her fourm,
Or else, at relief, like a hare.

Cla. You speak,
Alken, as if you knew the sport of witch-
hunting,
Or starting of a hag.

[Enter George to the huntsmen; who by
themselves continue the scene; the rest
going off.]

Rob. Go, sirs, about it,
Take George, here, with you, he can help
to find her;

Leave Tuck and Much behind to dress the
dinner,
I' the cook's stead.

Muc. We'll care to get that done.

Rob. Come, Marian, let's withdraw into
the bower.

SCENE VIII.

John, Scarlet, Scathlock, George, Alken.

John. Rare sport, I swear, this hunting of
the witch

Will make us.

Scar. Let's advise upon't like huntsmen.

Geo. An' we can spy her once, she is our
own.

Scar. First, think which way she fourmeth,
on what wind;

Or north, or south.

Geo. For as the shepherd said,
A witch is a kind of hare.

Scar. And marks the weather,
As the hare does.

John. Where shall we hope to find her?

[Alken returns.]

Alk. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jolly
huntsmen, [you;

If an old shepherd may be heard among
Nor jear'd or laught at.

John. Father, you will see

Robin Hood's household know more courtesy.

Scar. Who scorns at eld, peels off his own
young hairs.

Alk. Ye say right well: know ye the
witches dell?

Scar. No more than I do know the walks
of hell.

Alk. Within a gloomy dingle "she doth
dwell, [briers,

Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,

Torn with an earthquake down unto the
ground, [nel-house,

'Mongst graves and grots, near an old char-
Where you shall find her sitting in her

fourm,
As fearful and melancholique as that

She is about; with caterpillar's kells,
And knotty cob-webs, rounded in with

spells:
Thence she steals forth to relief in the fogs

And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drowned lands of Lincolnshire;

To make ewes cast their lambs! swine eat
their farrow!

The house-wives tun not work! nor the milk
churn!

Writhe children's wrists! and suck their
breath in sleep!

Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
Casts up his slimy owze, search for a weed

To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat

Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.
John. I wonder such a story could be told

Of her dire deeds.
Geo. I thought a witch's banks

Had inclos'd nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.

Scar. Yes, her malice more!

Scar. As it would quickly appear had we
the store

Of his collects.
Geo. I, this gud learned man

Can speak her right.
Scar. He knows her shifts and haunts!

Alk. And all her wiles and turns. The
venom'd plants

Wherewith she kills! where the sad man-
drake grows,

Whose groans are deathful! the dead-num-
ming night-shade!

The stupifying hemlock! adders tongue!

"Within a gloomy DIMBLE she doth dwell."] *Dimble* is the reading of all the copies, but Mr. Symonds suspects it a corruption; the word he would substitute in its room is *dingle*, which hath the authority of Milton in his *Comus*:

"I know each alley,

"Dingle, and bushy dell of this dark wood."

We have the same mistake in the account of the scenery; where the witches *dimble* should be *dingle*.

"not recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old arts, which she calls her daughter to assist in. The shepherds, content with this discovery, go home triumphing, make the relation to Marian. Amie is gladdened with the sight of Karol, &c. In the mean time, enters Lorel, with purpose to ravish Earine, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of Clarion's footing is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree again; where Clarion coming by, and hearing a voice singing, draws near unto it; but Æglamour hearing it also, and knowing it to be Earine's, falls into a superstitious commendation of it; as being an angel's, and in the air; when Clarion espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving Æglamour to his wild phant'sie, who quitteth the place: and Clarion beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist suddenly, which darkening all the place, Clarion loseth himself, and the tree where Earine is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknown nymph's misery. The air clearing, enters the witch, with her son and daughter, tells them how she had caused that late darkness, to free Lorel from surprisal, and his prey from being rescued from him: bids him look to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work she hath in hand of recovering her lost girdle; which she laments the loss of with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast and meeting, sends her son and daughter to gather certain simples for her purpose, and bring them to her dell. This Puck hearing, prevents, and shews her error still. The huntsmen having found her footing, follow the track, and prick after her. She gets to her dell, and takes her form. Enter, Aiken has spied her sitting with her spindle, threads, and images. They are eager to seize her presently, but Aiken persuades them to let her begin her charms, which they do. Her son and daughter come to her; the huntsmen are affrighted as they see her work go forward. And, over-hasty to apprehend her, she escapeth them all, by the help and delusions of Puck."

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Puck-hairy.

THE fiend hath much to do, that keeps
a school;
Or is the father of a family;
Or governs but a country academy:
His labours must be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turns, and cast how to prevent
'em. [in evil,
This dame of mine here, Maud, grows high
And thinks she does all, when 'tis I, her
devil, [her;
That both delude her, and must yet protect
She's confident in mischief, and presumes
The changing of her shape will still secure
her.
But that may fail, and divers hazards meet
Of other consequence, which I must look to:
Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
I must go dance about the forest now,
And firke it like a goblin, till I find her.
Then will my service come worth accepta-
tion:
When not expected of her, when the help

Meets the necessity, and both do kiss:
'Tis call'd the timing of a duty, this.

S C E N E II.

Karol, Douce. [To them Æglamour.]

Kar. Sure, you are very like her! I con-
ceiv'd

You had been she, seeing you run afore me:
For such a suit she made her 'gainst this
feast,

In all resemblance, or the very same;
I saw her in it; had she liv'd t' enjoy it,
She had been there an acceptable guest
To Marian, and the gentle Robin Hood,
Who are the crown and ghirland¹ of the
wood.

Dou. I cannot tell, my mother gave it
me,
And bade me wear it.

Kar. Who, the wise good woman,
Old Maud of Papplewick?

Dou. Yes, this sullen man
I cannot like him, I must take my leave.

[Æglamour enters, and Douce goes out.

¹ *Who are the crown, and GARLAND of the wood.] I have chose to give the old manner of spelling garland, as it is used by Spenser, and as the first copies exhibit it in this manner.*

Æg. What said she to you?

Kar. Who?

Æg. Earine.

I saw her talking with you, or her ghost;
For she indeed is drown'd in old Trent's
bottom.

Did she not tell who would ha' pull'd her in,
And had her maiden-head upon the place,
The river's brim, the margin of the flood?
No ground is holy enough, (you know my
meaning)

Lust is committed in king's palaces,
And yet their majesties not violated!
No words!

Kar. How sad and wild his thoughts are!
gone?

[*Æglamour goes out, but comes in again.*]

Æg. But she, as chaste as was her name,
Earine,

Dy'd undeflower'd: and now her sweet soul
Here in the air above us; and doth haste
To get up to the moon, and Mercury:

And whisper Venus in her orb; then spring
Up to old Saturn, and come down by Mars,
Consulting Jupiter, and seat herself

Just in the midst with Phœbus, temp'ring all
The jarring spheres, and giving to the world
Again his first and tuneful planetting!

O what an age will here be of new concords!
Delightful harmony! to rock old sages,
Twice infants, in the cradle o' speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures!

[*He goes out again, but returns as soon as before.*]

Kar. A cogitation of the highest rapture!

Æg. The loudest seas, and most enraged
winds, [hoarse,
Shall lose their clangor; tempests shall grow
Loud thunder dumb; and every speece of
storm²

Laid in the lap of list'ning nature hush'd,
To hear the changed chime of this eighth
sphere.¹

Take tent, and hearken for it, lose it not.

[*Æglamour departs.*]

SCENE III.

Clarion, Lionel, Karol.

Cl. O here is Karol! was not that the sad
Shepherd slipt from him?

Lio. Yes, I guess it was:

Who was that left you, Karol?

Kar. The last man.

Whom we shall never see himself again;

Or ours, I fear! he starts away from hand so,
And all the touches or soft strokes of reason
Ye can apply! no colt is so unbroken!
Or hawk yet half so haggard or unman'd!
He takes all toys that his wild phant'sie pro-
fers, [ceives

And flies away with them. He now con-
That my lost sister, his Earine,
Is lately turn'd a sphere amid the seven;
And reads a musick-lecture to the planets!
And with this thought he's run to call 'em
hearers!

Cl. Alas, this is a strain'd, but innocent
phant'sie!

I'll follow him, and find him if I can:

Meantime, go you with Lionel, sweet Karol:
He will acquaint you with an accident,
Which much desires your presence on the
place.

SCENE IV.

Karol, Lionel.

Kar. What is it, Lionel, wherein I may
serve you? [me?

Why do you so survey and circumscribe
As if you stuck one eye into my breast,
And with the other took my whole dimen-
sions¹.

Lio. I wish you had a window i' your bo-
som,

Or i' your back, I might look thorough you,
And see your in-parts, Karol, liver, heart
For there the seat of love is: whence the boy
(The winged archer) hath shot home a shaft
Into my sister's breast, the innocent Amie,
Who now cries out, upon her bed, on Karol,
Sweet-singing Karol! the delicious Karol,
That kiss'd her like a Cupid! in your eyes,
She says, his stand is! and between your
lips

He runs forth his divisions to her ears,
But will not 'bide there, 'less your self do
bring him.

Go with me, Karol, and bestow a visit,
In charity, upon the afflicted maid,
Who pineth with the languor of your love.

Maud. Whither intend you? Amie is re-
cover'd, [lately.

Feels no such grief as she complain'd of
[*To them Maudlin and Douce, but Maud-
lin appearing like Marian.*]

This maiden hath been with her from her
mother [sent her

Maudlin, the cunning woman, who hath

¹ ————TEMPEST shall grow hoarse,

Loud thunder dumb, and every SPEECH of storm.] Tempest should be evidently tem-
pests: the *s* was dropt as the next word began with that letter. Every speece of storm, i. e.
every kind or appearance; speece from the Latin species.

² *To hear the changed chime of his eighth sphere.*] His should be this, which hath also the
authority of the folio.

³ *As if you stuck one eye into my breast,*

And with the other took my whole dimensions.] The metaphor borrowed from met-
asuring things with a compass, which hath one foot fixed, and the other extended to form
the circle.

Herbs for her head, and simples of that nature,
Have wrought upon her a miraculous cure!
Settled her brain to all our wish and wonder!

Lio. So instantly? you know I now but left her,

Possess'd with such a fit almost t' a phrensie:
Yourself too fear'd her, Marian, and did urge

My haste to seek out Karol, and to bring
Maud. I did so. But the skill of that wise woman,

And her great charity of doing good,
Hath by the ready hand of this deft lass
Her daughter, wrought effects beyond belief,

And to astonishment; we can but thank,
And praise, and be amazed, while we tell it.

[*They go out.*]

Lio. 'Tis strange, that any art should so help nature

In her extremes.

Kar. Then it appears most real,
When th' other is deficient.

Enter Robin Hood.

Rob. Wherefore stay you [succours
Discouraging here, and haste not with your
To poor afflicted Amie, that so needs them?

Lio. She is recovered well, your Marian told us [it!

But now here: see, she is return'd t' affirm

Enter Maudlin like Marian: Maudlin spying Robin Hood, would run out, but he stays her by the girdle, and runs in with her: he returns with the girdle broken, and she in her own shape.

Rob. My Marian?

Maud. Robin Hood? is he here!

Rob. Stay;

What was't you ha' told my friend?

Maud. Help, murder, help!

You will not rob me, out-law? thief, restore
My belt that ye have broken!

Rob. Yes, come near.

Maud. Not i' your gripe.

Rob. Was this the charmed circle?

The copen that so cozen'd and deceiv'd us?
I'll carry hence the trophy of your spoils.
My men shall hunt you too upon the start,
And course you soundly.

Maud. I shall make 'em sport,
And send some home without their legs or arms.

I'll teach 'em to climb stiles, leap ditches,
And lie i' the waters, if they follow me.

Rob. Out, murmuring hag.

Maud. I must use all my powers,
Lay all my wits to piecing of this loss.
Things run unluckily: where's my Puck-hairy?

SCENE V.

Maudlin, Puck-hairy.

Maud. Hath he forsook me?

Puck. At your beck, madam.

Maud. O Puck, my goblin! I have lost my belt, [from me.

The strong thief, Robin Out law, forc'd it
Puck. They are other clouds and blacker threat you, dame;

You must be wary, and pull in your sails,
And yield unto the weather of the tempest.

You think your power's infinite as your malice; [to;

And would do all your anger prompts you
But you must wait occasions, and obey them:

Sail in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast,
A cobweb all your cloth, and pass unseen,

Till you have 'scap'd the rocks that are about you.

Maud. What rocks about me?

Puck. I do love, madam,

To shew you all your dangers, when you are past 'em. [pilot,

Come, follow me, I'll once more be your
And you shall thank me.

Maud. Lucky, my lov'd goblin!

Where are you gaing now?

Lor. Unto my tree, [*Lorel meets her.*
To see my mistress.

Maud. Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turns with better luck, or hang thy self.*

* I cannot but lament with the reader, the loss of the remaining parts of this play, which we could have borne with the greater patience, had even this act been fortunately completed. We have no account how it came down to us in this mutilated condition; and conjectures can be at best but precarious. Possibly it might have been in the number of those pieces, which were accidentally burnt; though indeed there is no particular mention of it in the *Execration upon Fulcan*: or Jonson might have undertaken it in the decline of his Gays, and did not live to finish it; as was the case with his tragedy of *Mortimer*; and to this conjecture we are induced by the first line of the prologue,

"He that hath feasted you these forty years."

There is indeed one reason, which might lead us to believe, that the poet left it unfinished by design. He beheld with great indignation the ungenerous treatment which Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* met with from the people, at its first appearance; and he was witness also to the small encouragement that was shewn to its revival, under the patronage of Charles I. Possibly these circumstances deterred him from going through with the performance. As his composition was of a kindred nature with that of Fletcher, he might presage the same unfortunate event, should he ever introduce it on the stage. So that

posterity can only bewail the perversity of taste, in their injudicious ancestors, whose discouragement of the first, contributed to deprive us of the second pastoral drama, that would do honour to the nation. What we now have, serveth only to increase our regret ; like the remains of some ancient master, which beget in us the most inexpressible desire of a perfect statue by the same hand. When a work is not completed by its author, or maimed by the hand of time, one would either wish the remains to be inconsiderable, or the beauties less exquisite and charming. In the former case the deficiency is not so much deplored, from our inability to judge of the perfection of the whole ; and in the latter, we are very little anxious for what appears to be hardly worth preserving ; but when a piece is so far advanced, as to convince us of the excellence of the artist, and of its own superior delicacy, we are naturally touched with concern for what is lost, and set a proper value on the parts which still subsist.

MORTIMER'S FALL.

A TRAGEDY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
ISABEL, *Queen Mother.*
ADAM D'ORLTON, *Bishop of Worcester.*
CHORUS, *of Ladies, Knights, and Esquires.*
EDWARD III. *King of England.*
JOHN, *the King's Brother, Earl of Cornwall.*

HENRY, *the King's Cousin, E. of Lancaster.*
W. MOUNTACUTE, *King's Servant.*
ROB. D'ELAND, *Constable of Nottingham Castle.*
NUNCIUS, *or a Herald.*

ARGUMENTS.

"THE FIRST ACT comprehends Mortimer's pride and security, raised to the degree of an earl, by the queen's favour and love; with the counsels of Adam d'Orlton, the politic bishop of Worcester, against Lancaster."

The Chorus of ladies, celebrating the worthiness of the queen, in rewarding Mortimer's services, and the bishop's.

"THE SECOND ACT shews the king's love and respect to his mother, that will hear nothing against Mortimer's greatness, or believe any report of her extraordinary favours to him; but imputes all to his cousin Lancaster's envy, and commands thereafter an utter silence of those matters."

The Chorus of courtiers celebrating the king's worthiness of nature, and affection to his mother, who will hear nothing that may trench upon her honour, though delivered by his kinsman, of such nearness; and thereby take occasion to extol the king's piety, and their own happiness under such a king.

"THE THIRD ACT relates (by the occasion of a vision the blind earl of Lancaster had) to the king's brother, earl of Cornwall, the horror of their father's death, and the cunning making away with their uncle, the earl of Kent, by Mortimer's hired practice."

The Chorus of country-justices, and their wives, telling how they were deluded, and made believe the old king lived, by the shew of him in Corfe-castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife like the old king, &c. with the description of the feigned lights and masques there, that deceived 'em, all which came from the court.

"THE FOURTH ACT expresseth, by conference between the king and his brother, a change, and intention to explore the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Mountacute to get the keys of the castle of Nottingham into the king's power, and draw the constable, sir Robert d'Eland, to their party."

Mortimer's security, scorn of the nobility, too much familiarity with the queen, related by the Chorus. The report of the king's surprizing him in his mother's bed-chamber: a general gladness. His being sent to execution.

"THE FIFTH ACT, the earl of Lancaster's following the cry, and meeting the report. The celebration of the king's justice."

ACT I.

Mor. **T**HIS rise is made yet! and we now stand rank'd
To view about us, all that were above us! | Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
We walk upon a level. Mortimer

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing¹ —
A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king.
At what a divers price, do divers men
Act the same things! another might have had

Perhaps the hurdle, or at least the axe,
For what I have this crownet, robes, and wax. [spirits]

There is a fate, that flies with tow'ring
Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience. [may make]

Poor plodding priests, and preaching friars
Their hollow pulpits, and the empty-oles
Of churches ring with that round word:
but we [air,

That draw the subtle and more piercing
In that sublimed region of a court,
Know all is good, we make so, and go on
Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.
To-day is Mortimer made earl of March.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a citizen start! some politic
tradesman

Curl with the caution of a constable!
But I, who am no common-council-man,
Knew injuries of that dark nature done
Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left

To fear of a revenge. They are light offences
Which admit that. The great ones get
above it.

Man doth not nurse a deadlier piece of folly
To his high temper, and brave soul, than that

Of fancying goodness, and a seal to live by
So differing from man's life. As if with lions, [of prey,

Bears, tygers, wolves, and all those beasts
He would affect to be a sheep! Can man
Neglect what is so, to attain what should be,
As rather he will call on his own ruin,
Than work t' assure his safety? I should
think [good,

When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be

(I mean, so absolutely good and perfect,
As our religious confessors would have us)
It is enough we do decline the rumour
Of doing monstrous things: and yet, if those

Were of emolument, unto our ends,
Even of those, the wise man will make friends

For all the brand, and safely do the ill,
As usurers rob, or our physicians kill.

Isabel, Mortimer.

Isab. My lord! sweet Mortimer!

Mor. My queen! my mistress!

My sovereign! nay, my goddess! and my Juno!

What name or title, as a mark of power
Upon me, should I give you?

Isa. Isabel,

Your Isabel, and you my Mortimer:

Which are the marks of parity, not power,
And these are titles best become our love.

Mor. Can you fall under those?

Isa. Yes, and be happy.

Walk forth, my lov'd and gentle Mortimer,
And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
And fill of thee, my fair-shap'd, god-like man:

Thou art a banquet unto all my senses:

Thy form doth feast mine eye, thy voice
mine ear, [taste,

Thy breath my smell, thy every kiss my
And softness of thy skin, my very touch,
As if I felt it ductile through my blood.

I ne'er was reconciled to these robes,
This garb of England, till I saw thee in them. [rude,

Thou mak'st, they seem not boisterous nor
Like my rough haughty lords *de Engleterre*,
With whom I have so many years been
troubled. [liberty,

Mor. But now redeem'd, and set at
Queen of yourself and them!

He died, and left it unfinished.

¹ ————— *Mortimer*

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing! At this line we have a marginal annotation, which being a verse, and rhiming to the other, as well as explanatory of the sentiment, was probably designed by the poet as a part of his work. If we admit it in the text, the whole will run thus;

————— *Mortimer*

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!

A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king.

This last verse has stood, in all preceding editions, as a note only.

² *As if I felt it DACTILE through my blood.* Ductile is a word of no meaning; and though all the editions concur in the reading, the present text will probably be thought the least erroneous.

³ Had the poet lived to have completed this poem with the same spirit in which he began it, we should have been able to boast of one perfect tragedy at least, formed upon the Grecian model, and giving us the happiest imitation of the ancient drama.

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

A COMEDY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

COUNT FERNEZE.
LORD PAULO FERNEZE.
CAMILLO FERNEZE.
MAXIMILIAN,
CHAMONT.
SIGNIOR ANGELO.
FRANCISCO COLONNIA.
JAQUES DE PRIE.
CHRISTOPHERO, *the Steward.*
JUNIPER, *a Cobler.*

ANTONIO BALLADINO, SEBASTIAN, MARTINO, VINCENTIO, VALENTINE, BALTHASAR, ONION, MONS. PACUE. FINIO, <i>a Page.</i> BOY.	}	<i>Servants.</i>
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WOMEN.

AURELIA.
PHOENIXELLA.
RACHEL DE PRIE.

SCENE. Milan.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Sound, after a flourish: Juniper a cobbler is discovered, sitting at work in his shop, and singing.

Juniper, Onion, Antony Balladino.

Junip. **Y**OU woful wights, give ear a while,

And mark the tenor of my stile,

Enter Onion in haste.

Which shall such trembling hairs unfold,

As seldom hath to fore been told.

Such chances are, and doleful news,—

Oni. Fellow Juniper! peace a god's name.

Junip. *As may attempt your wits to muse.*

Oni. Godso, hear, man! a pox a god on you.

Junip. *And cause such trickling tears to pass,*

Except your hearts be flint or brass:—

Oni. Juniper! Juniper!

Junip. *To hear the news which I shall tell,
That in Custella once befel.*

'Sblood, where didst thou learn to corrupt
a man in the midst of a verse, ha?

Oni. Godslid, man, service is ready to
go up, man: you must slip on your coat,
and come in; we lack waiters pitifully.

Junip. A pitiful bearing; for now must I
of a merry cobbler become mourning crea-
ture.

Oni. Well, you'll come. *[Exit Onion.]*

Junip. Presto. Go to, a word to the wise,
away, fly, vanish:

Lie there the weeds that I disdain to wear.

Ant. God save you, master Juniper.

Junip. What signior Antonio Balladino!
welcome sweet Ingle.

Ant. And how do you, sir?

Junip. Faith you see, put to my shifts
here, as poor retainers be oft-times. Sirrah,
Antony, there's one of my fellows mightily
enamoured of thee; and I faith, you slave,
now you're come, I'll bring you together!

it's Peter Onion, the groom of the hall; do you know him?

Ant. No, not yet, I assure you.

Junip. O he is one as right of thy humour as may be, a plain simple rascal, a true dunce; marry he hath been a notable villain in his time: he is in love, sirrah, with a wench, and I have preferred thee to him; thou shalt make him some pretty paradox, or some allegory. How does my coat sit?

Ant. I, very well.

Enter Onion.

Oni. Nay, godso, fellow Juniper, come away.

Junip. Art thou there, mad slave? I come with a powder. Sirrah, fellow Onion, I must have you peruse this gentleman well, and do him good offices of respect and kindnesses, as instances shall be given.

Ant. Nay, good master Onion, what do you mean, I pray you, sir? you are too respective, in good faith.

Oni. I would not you should think so, sir; for though I have no learning, yet I honour a scholar in any ground of the earth, sir. Shall I request your name, sir?

Ant. My name is Antonio Balladino.

Oni. Balladino! you are not pageant poet to the city of Milan, sir, are you?

Ant. I supply the place, sir, when a worse cannot be had, sir.

Oni. I cry you mercy, sir; I love you the better for that, sir; by Jesu, you must pardon me, I knew you not; but I'll pray to be better acquainted with you, sir, I have seen of your works.

Ant. I am at your service, good master Onion; but concerning this maiden that you love, sir, what is she?

Oni. O did my fellow Juniper tell you? marry, sir, she is, as one may say, but a poor man's child indeed, and for mine own part, I am no gentleman born, I must confess; but my mind to me a kingdom is truly.

Ant. Truly a very good saying.

Oni. 'Tis somewhat stale; but that's no matter.

Ant. O 'tis the better; such things ever are like bread, which the staler it is, the more wholesome.

Oni. 'Tis but a hungry comparison, in my judgment.

Ant. Why I'll tell you, master Onion, I do use as much stale stuff, though I say it myself, as any man does in that kind, I am sure. Did you see the last pageant I set forth?

Oni. No faith, sir; but there goes a huge report on't.

Ant. Why you shall be one of my Mæcenasses; I'll give you one of the books; O you'll like it admirably.

Oni. Nay that's certain, I'll get my fellow Juniper to read it.

Ant. Read it, sir! I'll read it to you.

Oni. Tut, then I shall not chuse but like it.

Ant. Why look you, sir, I write so plain, and keep that odd decorum, that you must of necessity like it; marry, you shall have some now (as for example, in plays) that will have every day new tricks, and write you nothing but humours; indeed this pleases the gentlemen, but the common sort they care not for't; they know not what to make on't; they look for good matter they, and are not edified with such toys.

Oni. You are in the right, I'll not give a halfpenny to see a thousand on 'em. I was at one the last term; but and ever I see a more roguish thing, I am a piece of cheese, and no Onion: nothing but kings and princes in it, the fool came not out a jot.

Ant. True, sir, they would have me make such plays; but as I tell 'em, and they'll give me twenty pounds a play, I'll not raise my vein.

Oni. No, it were a vain thing and you should, sir.

Ant. Tut, give me the penny, I care not for the gentlemen I; let me have a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it.

Oni. Indeed that's right, you are in print already for the best plotter.

Ant. I, I might as well have been put in for a dumb shew too.

Oni. I, marry, sir, I marle you were not. Stand aside, sir, a while.

Enter an armed server, some half dozen in mourning coats following, and pass by with service. Enter Valentine.

Oni. How now, friend, what are you there? be uncovered. Would you speak with any man here?

Fal. I, or else I must have returned you no answer.

Oni. Friend, you are somewhat too peremptory, let's crave your absence; nay, never scorn it, I am a little your better in this place.

Fal. I do acknowledge it.

Oni. Do you acknowledge it? nay, then you shall go forth; I'll teach you how you shall acknowledge it another time; go, void, I must have the hall purged; no setting up of a rest here, pack, begone.

Fal. I pray you, sir, is not your name Onion?

Oni. Your friend as you may use him, and master Onion; say on.

Fal. Master Onion with a murrain; come, come, put off this lion's hide, your ears have discovered you. Why Peter! do not I know you, Peter?

Oni. Godso, Valentine?

Fal. O can you take knowledge of me now, sir?

Oni. Good lord, sirrah, how thou art altered with thy travel!

Val. Nothing so much as thou art with thine office : but sirrah, Onion, is the count Ferneze at home ? [*Exit Antony.*]

Oni. I, bully, he is above, and the lord Paulo Ferneze his son, and madam Aurelia and madam Phoenixella his daughters ; but O Valentine !

Val. How now, man ! how dost thou ?

Oni. Faith, sad, heavy, as a man of my coat ought to be.

Val. Why, man, thou wert merry enough even now.

Oni. True ; but thou knowest

All creatures here sojourning upon this wretched earth,

Sometimes have a fit of mourning, as well as a fit of mirth.

O Valentine, mine old lady is dead, man.

Val. Dead ?

Oni. Faith.

Val. When died she ?

Oni. Marry, to-morrow shall be three months ; she was seen going to heaven, they say, about some five weeks ago : how now ? trickling tears ! ha !

Val. Faith thou hast made me weep with this news.

Oni. Why I have done but the part of an Onion : you must pardon me.

SCENE II.

Enter the sower, pass by with service again, the serving-men take knowledge of Valentine as they go. Juniper salutes him.

Junip. What, Valentine ! fellow Onion, take my dish, I prithee. You rogue, sirrah, tell me how thou dost, sweet Ingle.

Val. Faith, Juniper, the better to see thee thus frolick. [*Exit Onion.*]

Junip. Nay, slid I am no changling, I am Juniper still. I keep the pristinat¹ ; ha, you mad hieroglyphick, when shall we swagge ?

Val. Hieroglyphick ? what meanest thou by that ?

Junip. Mean ! Godso, is't not a good word, man ? what, stand upon the meaning with your friends. Puh, abscond.

Val. Why but stay, stay ; how long has this sprightly humour haunted thee ?

Junip. Foh, humour, a foolish natural gift we have in the *Æquinoxial*.

Val. Natural, 'slid it may be supernatural all this.

Junip. Valentine, I prithee ruminat¹ thyself welcome. What *fortuna de la guerra*.

Val. O how pitifully are these words forc'd.

As though they were pump't out on's belly.

Junip. Sirrah, Ingle, I think thou hast

seen all the strange countries in Christendom since thou went'st.

Val. I have seen some, Juniper.

Junip. You have seen Constantinople ?

Val. I, that I have.

Junip. And Jerusalem, and the Indies, and Goodwin-sands, and the tower of Babylon, and Venice, and all ?

Val. I, all : no, marie, and he have a nimble tongue, if he practise to vault thus from one side of the world to another.

Junip. O it's a most heavenly thing to travel, and see countries, especially at sea, and a man had a patent not to be sick.

Val. O sea-sick jost, and fust of the scurvey.

SCENE III.

Enter Juniper, Antonio, Sebastian, Martino, Vincentio, Balthazar and Christophero.

Seb. Valentine ! welcome I faith ; how dost, sirrah ?

Mart. How do you, good Valentine ?

Vinc. Troth, Valentine, I am glad to see you.

Balth. Welcome, sweet rogue.

Seb. Before god he never lookt better in his life.

Balth. And how is't, man ? what *alla coragio* ?

Val. Never better, gentlemen, I faith.

Junip. 'Swill, here comes the steward.

Chr. Why how now, fellows ! all here, and nobody to wait above, now they are ready to rise ? look up, one or two ; signior Francisco Colonia's man, how does your good master ?

[*Exit Juniper, Martino, Vincentio.*]

Val. In health, sir ; he will be here anon.

Chr. Is he come home then ?

Val. I, sir, he is not past six miles hence ; he sent me before to learn if count Ferneze were here, and return him word.

Chr. Yes, my lord is here, and you may tell your master, he shall come very happily to take his leave of lord Paulo Ferneze, who is now instantly to depart, with other noble gentlemen, upon special service.

Val. I will tell him, sir.

Chr. I pray you do ; fellows, make him drink.

Val. Sirs, what service is't they are employed in ?

Seb. Why, against the French ; they mean to have a fling at Milain again, they say.

Val. Who leads our forces, can you tell ?

Seb. Marry, that does signior Maximilian, he is above now.

Val. Who ! Maximilian of Vicenza ?

¹ *I keep the PRISTINATE.*] Juniper was not designed to blunder in the expression ; *pristinat* appears to be the true reading, and it means that he keeps his old humour and disposition, alluding to *antiquum oblectat*, in Terence.

Balt. I, he; do you know him?

Fal. Know him! O yes, he's an excellent brave soldier.

Balt. I, so they say; but one of the most vain-glorious men in Europe.

Fal. He is indeed marry exceeding valiant.

Seb. And that is rare.

Balth. What?

Seb. Why, to see a vain-glorious man valiant.

Fal. Well, he is so, I assure you.

Enter Junip.

Junip. What no farther yet! come on, you precious rascal, Sir Valentine, I'll give you a health & faith; for the heavens, you mad Capriccio, hold hook and line.

SCENE IV.

Enter lord Paulo Fernex, his boy following him.

Pau. Boy.

Boy. My lord.

Pau. Surraia, go up to signior Angelo, And pray him, if he can, devise some means To leave my father, and come speak with me.

Boy. I will, my lord. [event,

Pau. Well, heaven be auspicious in the For I do this against my genius, And yet my thoughts cannot propose a reason,

Why I should fear or faint thus in my hopes, Of one so much endeared to my love. Some spark it is, kindled within the soul, Whose light yet breaks not to the outer sense,

That propagates this timorous suspect; His actions never carried any face Of change, or weakness; then I injure him In being thus cold conceited of his faith. O, here he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. How now, sweet lord, what's the matter?

Pau. Good faith his presence makes me half asham'd [self.

Of my stray'd thoughts. Boy, bestow your- [Exit Boy.

Where is my father, signior Angelo?

Ang. Murry in the gallery, where your lordship left him.

Pau. That's well. Then, Angelo, I will be brief,

Since time forbids the use of circumstance. How well you are receiv'd in my affection, Let it appear by this one instance only, That now I will deliver to your trust The dearest secrets, treasure'd in my bosom. Dear Angelo, you are not every man, But one, whom my election hath design'd, As the true proper object of my soul. I urge not this t' insinuate my desert,

Or supple your try'd temper with soft phrases; [ment;

True friendship lothes such o'ly compli- But from the abundance of that love that flows [forc'd.

Through all my spirits, is my speech en- Ang. Before your lordship do proceed too far,

Let me be bold to intimate thus much, That whatsoe'er your wisdom hath t' expose, Be it the weightiest and most rich affair That ever was included in your breast, My faith shall poise it, if not—

Pau. O no more. [sweet effects,

Those words have wrapt me with their So freely breath'd, and so responsible To that which I endeavour'd to extract, Arguing a happy mixture of our souls.

Ang. Why, were there no such sympathy, sweet lord,

Yet the impressure of those ample favours I have deriv'd from your unmatched spirit, Would bind my faith to all observances.

Pau. How! favours, Angelo! O speak not of them, [merc;

They are mere paintings, and import no Looks my love well; thereon my hopes are plac'd; [last.

Faith, that is bought with favours, cannot

Enter Boy.

Boy. My lord.

Pau. How now? [house within;

Boy. You are sought for all about the The count your father calls for you.

Pau. God!

What cross events do meet my purposes? Now will he violently fret and grieve That I am absent. Boy, say I come presently. [Exit Boy.

Sweet Angelo, I cannot now insist Upon particulars, I must serve the time, The main of all this is, I am in love.

Ang. Why starts your lordship?

Pau. I thought I heard my father coming hitherward, list, ha?

Ang. I hear not any thing, it was but your imagination sure.

Pau. No?

Ang. No, I assure your lordship.

Pau. I would work safely. [then?

Ang. Why has he no knowledge of it?

Pau. O no;

No creature yet partakes it but yourself In a third person, and believe me, friend, The world contains not now another spirit, To whom I would reveal it. Hark! hark! [servants within.] Signior Paulo! lord Fernex! [slaves,

Ang. A pox upon those brazen-throated What are they mad, trow?

Pau. Alas, blame not them, Their services are (clock-like) to be set Backward and forward, at their lord's command. [humour

You know my father's wayward, and his

Must not receive a check; for then all objects
Feed both his grief and his impatience.

And those affections in him are like powder,
Apt to enflame with every little spark,
And blow up reason; therefore, Angelo,
peace. [in the garden?]

Count. Why this is rare, is he not
Within. { *Chr.* I know not, my lord.

{ *Count.* See, call him.

Pau. He is coming this way, let's with-
draw a little. [Exit.

Servants within.

Signior Paulo! lord Ferneze! lord Paulo!

SCENE V.

*Enter count Ferneze, Maximilian, Aurelia,
Phenizella, Sebastian, Balthazar.*

Count. Where should he be, trow? did
you look in the armory?

Seb. No, my lord.

Count. No, why there; O who would
keep such drones?

[Exit Sebastian and Balthazar.

Enter Martino.

How now, have you found him?

Mart. No, my lord.

Count. No, my lord! I shall have shortly
all my family

Speak nought but, No, my lord. Where
is Christophero?

Enter Christophero.

Look how he stands! you sleepy knave,
[Exit Martino.

What is he not in the garden?

Chr. No, my good lord.

Count. Your good lord? O how this
smells of fennel;

You have been in the garden it appears:
well, well.

Enter Sebastian, Balthazar.

Balth. We cannot find him, my lord.

Seb. He is not in the armory.

Count. He is not, he is no where, is he?

Max. Count Ferneze.

Count. Signior.

Max. Preserve your patience, honourable
count.

Count. Patience!

A saint would lose his patience, to be crost
As I am, with a sort of motly brains,
See, see, how like a nest of rooks they stand

Enter Onion.

Gaping at one another! Now, Diligence,
what news bring you?

Oni. An't please your honour.

Count. Tut, tut, leave pleasing of my
honour, Diligence, you double with me,
come.

Oni. How! does he find fault with please
his honour? 'Swounds it has begun a ser-
ving-man's speech ever since I belonged to

the blue order': I know not how it may
shew now I am in black; but—

Count. What's that you mutter, sir? will
you proceed?

Oni. An't like your good lordship.

Count. Yet more; god's precious!

Oni. What, do not this like him neither?

Count. What say you, sir knave?

Oni. Marry I say your lordship were best
to set me to school again, to learn how to
deliver a message.

Count. What do you take exceptions at
me then?

Oni. Exception! I take no exceptions;
but by god's so your humours—

Count. Go to, you are a rascal, hold your
tongue.

Oni. Your lordship's poor servant, I.

Count. Tempt not my patience.

Oni. Why I hope I am no spirit, am I?

Mar. My lord, command your steward
to correct the slave.

Oni. Correct him! 'sblood come you and
correct him, and you have a mind to it.
Correct him! that's a good jest, 'faith: the
steward and you both come and correct
him.

Count. Nay, see, away with him; pull
his cloth over his ears.

Oni. Cloth! tell me of your cloth, here's
your cloth; nay, and I mourn a minute
longer, I am the rottenest Onion that ever
spake with a tongue. [They thrust him out.

Max. What call you your hind, count
Ferneze?

Count. His name is Onion, signior.

Max. I thought him some such saucy
companion.

Count. Signior Maximilian.

Max. Sweet lord.

Count. Let me intreat you, you would
not regard

Any contempt flowing from such a spirit,
So rude, so barbarous.

Max. Most noble count, under your
favour—

Count. Why I'll tell you, signior,
He'll bandy with me word for word; nay
more,

Put me to silence, strike me perfect dumb,
And so amaze me, that oft-time I know not
Whether to check or cherish his presump-
tion;

Therefore, good signior—

Max. Sweet lord, satisfy yourself, I am
not now to learn how to manage my affec-
tions; I have observed and know the dif-
ference between a base wretch and a true
man; I can distinguish them; the property
of the wretch is, he would hurt, and can-
not; of the man, he can hurt, and will
not.

* Ever since I belonged to the blue order.] i. e. Ever since I have been a servant.
Blue coats were the usual livery of servants, and anciently a blue hood was the customary
mark of guilt.

Count. Go to my merry daughter; O these looks

Agree well with your habit, do they not?

Enter Juniper.

Junip. Tut, let me alone. By your favour, this is the gentleman, I think: sir, you appear to be an honourable gentleman, I understand, and could wish (for mine own part) that things were condon'd otherwise than they are; but (the world knows) a foolish fellow, somewhat proclive and hasty, he did it in a prejudicate humour; marry now, upon better computation, he wanes, he melts, his poor eyes are in a cold sweat. Right noble signior, you can have but compunction; I love the man, tender your compassion.

Max. Doth any man here understand this fellow?

Junip. O god, sir, I may say *frustra* to the comprehension of your intellection.

Max. Before the lord, he speaks all riddle, I think.

I must have a comment, ere I can conceive him.

Count. Why he sues to have his fellow Onion pardon'd,

And you must grant it, signior.

Max. O with all my soul, my lord; is that his motion?

Junip. I, sir, and we shall retort these kind favours with all alacrity of spirit we can, sir, as may be most expedient, as well for the quality as the cause; till when, in spite of this compliment, I rest a poor cobbler, servant to my honourable lord here, your friend and Juniper. *[Exit.]*

Max. How, Juniper!

Count. I, signior.

Max. He is a sweet youth, his tongue has a happy turn when he sleeps.

Enter Paulo Fernese, Francisco Colonia, Angelo, Valentine.

Count. I, for then it rests. O, sir, you're welcome:

Why God be thanked, you are found at Signior Colonia, truly you are welcome, I am glad to see you, sir, so well return'd.

Franc. I gladly thank your honour;

Yet indeed I'm sorry for such cause of heaviness

As has possess'd your lordship in my absence.

Count. O Francisco, you knew her what she was.

Franc. She was a wise and honourable lady.

Count. I, was she not? well, weep not, she is gone. *[of one.]*

Passion's dull'd eye can make two griefs Whom death marks out, virtue nor blood can save;

Princes, as beggars, all must feed the grave.

Max. Are your horse ready, lord Paulo?

Paul. I, signior, they stay for us at the gate.

Max. Well, 'tis good. Ladies, I will take my leave of you,

Be your fortunes, as yourselves, fair. Come, let us to horse,

Count Fernese, I bear a spirit full of thanks for all your honourable courtesies.

Count. Sir, I could wish the number and value of them more, in respect of your deservings. But, signior Maximilian, I pray you a word in private.

Aur. I faith, brother, you are fitted for a general yonder. Beshrew my heart (if I had Fortunatus' hat here) and I would not wish myself a man, and go with you, only t'enjoy his presence.

Paul. Why do you love him so well, sister?

Aur. No, by my troth; but I have such an odd pretty apprehension of his humour, methinks, that I am e'en tickled with the conceit of it.

O he is a fine man.

Ang. And methinks another may be as fine as he.

Aur. O Angelo! do you think I do urge my comparison against you? no, I am not so ill bred as to be a depraver of your worthiness: believe me, if I had not some hope of your abiding with us, I should never desire to go out of black whilst I lived; but learn to speak i' the nose, and turn puritan presently.

Ang. I thank you, lady, I know you can flout.

Aur. Come, do you take it so? I faith you wrong me.

Franc. I, but madam, Thus to disclaim in all the effects of pleasure, May make your sadness seem so much affected,

And then the proper grace of it is lost.

Phan. Indeed, sir, if I did put on this sadness

Only abroad, and in society, And were in private merry, and quick humour'd,

Then might it seem affected, and abhor'd; But as my looks appear, such is my spirit, Drown'd up with confluence of grief and melancholy,

That, like to rivers, run through all my veins,

Quenching the pride and fervour of my blood.

Max. My honourable lord, no more. There is the honour of my blood engag'd For your son's safety.

Count. Signior, blame me not For tending his security so much; He is mine only son, and that word only Hath, with its strong and repercussive sound, Struck my heart cold, and given it a deep wound.

Max. Why but stay, I beseech you, had your lordship ever any more sons than this?

Count. Why have not you known it, Maximilian?

Max. Let my sword fail me then.

Count. I had one other, younger born than this,

By twice so many hours as would fill
The circle of a year, his name Camillo,
Whom in that black and fearful night I lost,
(Tis now a nineteen years ago at least,
And yet the memory of it sits as fresh
Within my brain as 'twere but yesterday)
It was the night wherein the great Chamont,
The general for France, surpriz'd Vicenza;
Methinks the horror of that clamorous shout
His soldiers gave when they attain'd the wall,

Yet tingles in mine ears: methinks I see
With what amazed looks, distracted thoughts,
And minds confus'd, we, that were citizens,
Confronted one another; every street
Was fill'd with bitter self-tormenting cries,
And happy was that foot that first could press

The flow'ry champain, bordering on Verona.
Here I (employ'd about my dear wife's safety,

Whose soul is now in peace) lost my Camillo,
Who sure was murder'd by the barbarous soldiers, [great,
Or else I should have heard—my heart is
Sorrow is faint, and passion makes me sweat.

Max. Grieve not, sweet Count, comfort your spirits, you have a son, a noble gentleman, he stands in the face of honour; for his safety let that be no question; I am master of my fortune, and he shall share with me. Farewell, my honourable lord; ladies, once more adieu. For yourself, madam, you are a most rare creature, I tell you so, be not proud of it, I love you. Come, lord Paulo, to horse.

Paul. Adieu, good signior Francisco; farewell, sister.

Sound a tucket, and as they pass every one severally departs; Maximilian, Paulo Fernex, and Angelo remain.

Ang. How shall we rid him hence?

Paul. Why well enough. Sweet signior Maximilian,

I have some small occasion to stay,
If it may please you but take horse afore,
I'll overtake you ere your troops be rang'd.

Max. Your motion doth taste well; lord Fernex, I go. [Exit Maximilian.

Paul. Now if my love, fair Rachel, were so happy
As to look forth. See fortune doth me grace

Enter Rachel,

Before I can demand. How now, love? Where is your father?

Rach. Gone abroad, my lord.

Paul. That's well.

Rach. I, but I fear he'll presently return. Are you now going, my most honour'd lord?

Paul. I, my sweet Rachel,

Ang. Before god she is a sweet wench.

Paul. Rachel, I hope I shall not need to urge

The sacred purity of our affects,
As if it hung in trial or suspense;
Since in our hearts, and by our mutual vows,
It is confirm'd and seal'd in sight of heaven.
Nay, do not weep; why stare you? fear not, love,

Your father cannot be return'd so soon.

I prithee do not look so heavily;

Thou shalt want nothing.

Rach. No! is your presence nothing?

I shall want that, and wanting that, want all;

For that is all to me.

Paul. Content thee, sweet,

I have made choice here of a constant friend,
This gentleman; on whose zealous love
I do repose more, than on all the world,
Thy beauteous self excepted; and to him
Have I committed my dear care of thee,
As to my genius, or my other soul.

Receive him, gentle love, and what defects
My absence proves, his presence shall supply.

The time is envious of our longer stay.

Farewell, dear Rachel.

Rach. Most dear lord, adieu,

Heaven and honour crown your deeds and you. [Exit Rachel.

Paul. Faith tell me, Angelo, how dost thou like her?

Ang. Troth, well, my lord; but shall I speak my mind?

Paul. I prithee do.

Ang. She is deriv'd too meanly to be wife

To such a noble person in my judgment.

Paul. Nay, then thy judgment is too mean, I fear:

Didst thou ne'er read, in difference of good,

'Tis more to shine in virtue than in blood.

Ang. Come, you are so sententious, my lord.

Enter Jaques.

Paul. Here comes her father. How dost thou, good Jaques?

Ang. God save thee, Jaques.

Jaq. What should this mean? Rachel, open the door. [Exit Jaques.

Ang. 'Sblood how the poor slave looks, as though

He had been haunted by the spirit Lar,
Or seen the ghost of some great Satrapas
In an unsavory sheet.

Paul. I muse he spake not, belike he was amaz'd,

Coming so suddenly, and unprepared.

Well, let's go. [Exit.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Jaques, solus.

SO now enough, my heart, beat now no more,
At least for this affright. What a cold sweat
Flow'd o'er my brows, and over all my bosom!

Had I not reason? to behold my door
Beset with unthrifths, and myself abroad?
Why, Jaques? was there nothing in the house

Worth a continual eye, a vigilant thought,
Whose head should never nod, nor eyes once wink?

Look on my coat, my thoughts, worn quite
That time could never cover with a nap,
And by it learn, never with knaps of sleep
To smother your conceits of that you keep.
But yet I marvel why these gallant youths
Spoke me so fair, and I esteem'd a beggar?

The end of flattery is gain or lechery:
If they seek gain of me, they think me rich;
But that they do not. For their other object,
'Tis in my handsome daughter, if it be:
And, by your leave, her handsomeness may tell them

My beggary counterfeits, and that her neat-
Flows from some store of wealth, that breaks my coffers

With this same engine, love to mine own
But this is answer'd: Beggars will keep fine
Their daughters, being fair, though themselves pine.

Well, then it is for her: I, 'tis sure for her,
And I make her so brisk for one of them,
That I might live alone once with my gold.
O 'tis a sweet companion, kind and true;

A man may trust it when his father cheats him,

Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous
That which makes all men false, is true itself.

But now this maid is but suppos'd my
For I being steward to a lord of France
Of great estate and wealth, call'd lord Chamont,

He gone into the wars, I stole his treasure;
(But hear not any thing) I stole his treasure,
And this his daughter, being but two years old,

Because it lov'd me so, that it would leave
The nurse herself, to come into mine arms,
And had I left it, it would sure have dy'd.
Now herein I was kind, and had a conscience;

And since her lady-mother, that did die
In child-bed of her, lov'd me passing well,

It may be nature fashion'd this affection,
Both in the child and her: but he's ill bred

That ransacks tombs, and doth deface the
I'll therefore say no more, suppose the rest:
Here have I chang'd my form, my name and hers,

And live obscurely, to enjoy more safe

Enter Rachel.

My dearest treasure: but I must abroad.
Rachel!

Rach. What is your pleasure, sir?

Jaq. Rachel, I must abroad.

Lock thyself in, but yet take out the key,
That whosoever peeps in at the key-hole,
May yet imagine there is none at home.

Rach. I will, sir.

Jaq. But hark thee, Rachel, say a thief should come,

And miss the key, he would resolve indeed
None were at home, and so break in the rather:

Ope the door, Rachel; set it open, daugh-
But sit in it thyself, and talk aloud,
As if there were some more in house with thee:

Put out the fire, kill the chimney's heart,
That it may breathe no more than a dead man;

The more we spare, my child, the more we
[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Christophero, Juniper, and Onion.

Chr. What says my fellow Onion? come on.

Oni. All of a house, sir, but not fellows;
you are my lord's steward: but I pray you
what think you of love, sir?

Chr. Of love, Onion! why it's a very honourable humour.

Oni. Nay, if it be but worshipful, I care not.

Junip. Go to, it's honourable, check not at the conceit of the gentleman.

Oni. But in truth, sir, you shall do well to think well of love: for it thinks well of you, in me, I assure you.

Chr. Gramercy, fellow Onion; I do think well, thou art in love, art thou?

Oni. Partly, sir; but I am asham'd to say wholly.

Chr. Well, I will further it in thee to any honest woman, or maiden, the best I can.

Junip. Why now you come near him, sir, he doth vaile, he doth remunerate, he doth

chew the cud in the kindness of an honest imperfection to your worship.

Chr. But who is it thou lovest, fellow Onion?

Oni. Marry, a poor man's daughter; but none of the honestest, I hope.

Chr. Why, wouldst thou not have her honest?

Oni. O no, for then I am sure she would not have me.

'Tis Rachel de Prie.

Chr. Why she hath the name of a very virtuous maiden.

Junip. So she is, sir; but the fellow talks in quiddities, he.

Chr. What wouldst thou have me do in the matter?

Oni. Do nothing, sir, I pray you, but speak for me.

Chr. In what manner?

Oni. My fellow Juniper can tell you, sir.

Junip. Why as thus, sir: your worship may commend him for a fellow fit for consanguinity, and that he shaketh with desire of procreation, or so.

Chr. That were not so good, methinks.

Junip. No, sir! why so, sir? what if you should say to her, corroborate thyself, sweet soul, let me distinguish thy paps with my fingers, divine mumps, pretty Pastorella! lookest thou so sweet and bounteous? comfort my friend here.

Chr. Well I perceive you wish I should say something may do him grace, and further his desires, and that be sure I will.

Oni. I thank you, sir; God save your life, I pray God, sir.

Junip. Your worship is too good to live long; you'll contaminate me no service.

Chr. Command thou wouldst say; no, good Juniper.

Junip. Health and wealth, sir.

[*Exeunt Onion and Juniper.*]

Chr. This wench will I solicit for myself, Making my lord and master privy to it; And if he second me with his consent, I will proceed, as having long ere this Thought her a worthy choice to make my wife.

SCENE III.

Enter Aurelia, Phœnixella.

Aur. Room for a case of matrons, colour'd black; [us!]

How motherly my mother's death hath made I would I had some girls now to bring up;
O I could make a wench so virtuous,
She should say grace to every bit of meat,
And gape no wider than a wafer's thickness;

And she should make French curt'sies so most low, [ward.

That every touch should turn her over back.

Phæn. Sister, these words become not your attire, [death

Nor your estate; our virtuous mother's Should print more deep effects of sorrow in us,

Than may be worn out in so little time.

Aur. Sister, I' faith you take too much tobacco,

It makes you black within, as y' are without. What true-stitch sister, both your sides alike!

Be of a slighter work; for of my word,

You shall be sold as dear, or rather dearer:

Will you be bound to customs and to rites,

Shed profitable tears, weep for advantage,

Or else do all things as you are inclin'd?

Eat when your stomach serves (saith the physician)

Not at eleven and six. So, if your humour

Be now affected with this heaviness,

' Give it the reins, and spare not, as I do

In this my pleasurable appetite.

It is precisianism to alter that

With austere judgment, that is given by nature.

I wept, you saw too, when my mother dy'd;

For then I found it easier to do so,

And fitter with my mode, than not to weep.

But now 'tis otherwise; another time

Perhaps I shall have such deep thoughts of

her, [hence;

That I shall weep afresh some twelve month

And I will weep, if I be so dispos'd,

And put on black as grimly then as now.

Let the mind go still with the body's stature,

Judgment is fit for judges, give me nature.

SCENE IV.

Enter Aurelia, Phœnixella, Francisco, Angelo.

Franc. See, signior Angelo, here are the ladies;

Go you and comfort one, I'll to the other.

Ang. Therefore I come, sir; I'll to the eldest.

God save you, ladies; these sad modes of yours,

That make you choose these solitary walks, Are hurtful for your beauties.

Aur. If we had them.

Ang. Come, that condition might be for your hearts, [them.

When you protest faith, since we cannot see

But this same heart of beauty, your sweet face,

Is in mine eye still.

¹ Give me the reins, and spare not, as I do.] She is saying, it is best to follow one's humour, and not to check it by art and rule: and she means, that if Phœnixella is really afflicted, she should indulge her heaviness, as long as her nature prompted her so to do; and this sense leads us to read it, instead of me.

Give it the reins—that is, the heaviness you are now affected with.

Aur. O you cut my heart
With your sharp eye.

Ang. Nay, lady, that's not so,
Your heart's too hard.

Aur. My beauty's heart?

Ang. O no.

I mean that regent of affection, madam,
That tramples on all love with such contempt

In this fair breast.

Aur. No more, your drift is savour'd;

I had rather seem hard-hearted——

Ang. Than hard-favour'd;

Is that your meaning, lady?

Aur. Go to, sir; [spur.]

Your wits are fresh I know, they need no

Ang. And therefore you will ride them.

Aur. Say, I do,

They will not tire, I hope?

Ang. No, not with you.

Hark you, sweet lady.

Franc. 'Tis much pity, madam,
You should have any reason to retain
This sign of grief, much less the thing design'd.

Phæ. Grievs are more fit for ladies than
their pleasures.

Franc. That is for such as follow nought
but pleasures. [tues.]

But you that temper them so well with vir-
Using your griefs so, it would prove them
pleasures; [pleasures.]

And you would seem, in cause of griefs and
Equally pleasant.

Phæ. Sir, so I do now.

It is the excess of either that I strive
So much to shun, in all my prov'd endea-
vours,

Although perhaps, unto a general eye,
I may appear most wedded to my griefs;
Yet doth my mind forsake no taste of plea-
sure,

I mean that happy pleasure of the soul,
Divine and sacred contemplation
Of that eternal and most glorious bliss,
Proposed as the crown unto our souls.

Franc. I will be silent; yet that I may
serve

But as a decade in the art of memory,
To put you still in mind of your own virtues,
When your too serious thoughts make you
too sad,

Accept me for your servant, honour'd lady.
Phæ. Those ceremonies are too common,
signior Francis,

For your uncommon gravity and judgment,
And fits them only that are nought but cere-
mony.

Ang. Come, I will not sue stately to be
your servant,

But a new term, will you be my refuge?

Aur. Your refuge! why, sir?

Ang. That I might fly to you when all
else fail me.

Aur. An' you be good at flying, be my
plover.

Ang. Nay, take away the p.

Aur. Tut, then you cannot fly.

Ang. I'll warrant you: I'll borrow Cu-
pid's wings.

Aur. Mass, then I fear me you will do
strange things.

I pray you blame me not, if I suspect you;
Your own confession simply doth detect you.
Nay, and you be so great in Cupid's books,
'Twill make me jealous. You can with your
looks

(I'll warrant you) enflame a woman's heart,
And at your pleasure take love's golden dart,
And wound the breast of any virtuous maid.
Would I were hence! good faith, I am
afraid

You can constrain one, ere they be aware,
To run mad for your love.

Ang. O this is rare.

SCENE V.

*Aurelia, Phœnixella, Francisco, Angelo,
Count.*

Count. Close with my daughters, gentle-
men! well done,

'Tis like yourselves: nay, lusty Angelo,
Let not my presence make you baulk your
sport;

I will not break a minute of discourse
'Twixt you and one of your fair mistresses.

Ang. One of my mistresses? why thinks
your lordship

I have so many?

Count. Many! no, Angelo,

I do not think th'ast many, some fourteen
I hear thou hast, even of our worthiest
dames

Of any note in Milan.

Ang. Nay, good my lord, fourteen! it is
not so.

Count. By th' mass that is't; here are
their names to shew,
Fourteen, or fifteen to one. Good Angelo,
You need not be ashamed of any of them,
They are gallants all.

Ang. 'Sblood you are such a lord.

Count. Nay stay, sweet Angelo, I am dis-
pos'd [Exit Angelo.]

A little to be pleasant past my custom.
He's gone, he's gone, I have disgrac'd him
shrewdly. [youth:]

Daughters, take heed of him, he's a wild
Look what he says to you, believe him not,
He will swear love to every one he sees.

Francisco, give them counsel, good Fran-
cisco, [neither.]

I dare trust thee with both, but him with
Franc. Your lordship yet may trust both
them with him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Count, Christophero.

Count. Well, go your ways, away. How
now, Christophero,
What news with you?

Chr. I have an humble suit to your good lordship.

Count. A suit, Christophero! what suit, I prithee?

Chr. I would crave pardon at your lordship's hands,

If it seem vain or simple in your sight.

Count. I'll pardon all simplicity, Christophero;

What is thy suit?

Chr. Perhaps, being now so old a bachelor,

I shall seem half unwise, to bend myself in strict affection to a poor young maid.

Count. What! is it touching love, Christophero?

Art thou dispos'd to marry? why 'tis well.

Chr. I, but your lordship may imagine now, [house,

That I, being steward of your honour's If I be married once, will more regard

The maintenance of my wife, and of my charge, [fice,

Than the due discharge of my place and of-

Count. No, no, Christophero, I know thee honest.

Chr. Good faith, my lord, your honour may suspect it;

But—

Count. Then I should wrong thee; thou hast ever been

Honest and true, and will be still I know.

Chr. I, but this marriage alters many men,

And you may fear it will do me, my lord;

But ere it do so, I will undergo

Ten thousand several deaths.

Count. I know it, man.

Who wouldst thou have, I prithee?

Chr. Rachel de Prie,

If your good lordship grant me your consent.

Count. Rachel de Prie! what the poor beggar's daughter? [ever,

She's a right handsome maid, how poor so—And thou hast my consent with all my heart.

Chr. I humbly thank your honour; I'll now ask

Her father. [Exit.

Count. Do so, Christophero; thou shalt do well.

'Tis strange (she being so poor) he should affect her!

But this is more strange that myself should love her.

I spy'd her lately at her father's door, And if I did not see in her sweet face

Gentry and nobleness, ne'er trust me more; But this persuasion fancy wrought in me,

That fancy being created with her looks; For where love is, he thinks his basest ob-

ject

Gentle and noble: I am far in love, And shall be forc'd to wrong my honest

steward,

For I must sue and seek her for myself.

How much my duty to my late dead wife,

And my own dear renown, soe'er it sways, I'll to her father straight, love hates delays.

SCENE VII.

Enter Onion, Juniper, Valentine, Sebastian, Balihusar, Martino.

Oni. Come on, i'faith, let's to some exercise or other, my hearts.

Fetch the hilts; fellow Juniper, wilt thou play? [Exit Martino.

Junip. I cannot resolve you; 'tis as I am fitted with the ingenuity, quantity, or quality of the cudgel.

Fal. How dost thou bastinado the poor cudgel with terms!

Junip. O Ingle, I have the phrases, man, and the anagrams, and the epitaphs, fitting the mystery of the noble science.

Oni. I'll be hang'd an' he were not misbegotten of some fencer.

Seb. Sirrah, Valentine, you can resolve me now, have they their masters of defence in other countries, as we have here in Italy?

Fal. O lord, I; especially they in Utopia: there they perform their prizes and challenges with as great ceremony as the Italian, or any nation else.

Balt. Indeed! how is the manner of it, for god's love, good Valentine?

Junip. Ingle, I prithee make recourse unto us; we are thy friends and familiars, sweet Ingle.

Fal. Why thus, sir.

Oni. God a mercy, good Valentine; nay, go on.

Junip. *Silentium bonus socius Onionus*, good fellow Onion, be not so ingenious and turbulent. So, sir; and how? how, sweet Ingle?

Fal. Marry, first they are brought to the public theatre.

Junip. What! ha' they theatres there?

Fal. Theatres! I, and plays too, both tragedy and comedy, and set forth with as much state as can be imagined.

Junip. By god's so, a man is nobody till he has travell'd.

Seb. And how are their plays? as ours are? extemporal?

Fal. O no; all premeditated things, and some of them very good, i'faith; my master used to visit them often when he was there.

Balt. Why how, are they in a place where any man may see them?

Fal. I, in the common theatres, I tell you. But the sport is at a new play, to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confus'd mixture of judgment, pour'd out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing; and sometimes a fellow, that comes not there past once in five years, at a

parliament time, or so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear by god's foot he would never stir his foot to see a hundred such as that is.

Oni. I must travel to see these things, I shall never think well of myself else.

Junip. Fellow Onion, I'll bear thy charges, and thou wilt but pilgrimize it along with me to the land of Utopia.

Seb. Why but methinks such rooks as these should be ashamed to judge.

Fal. Not a whit; the rankest stinkard of them all will take upon him as peremptory, as if he had writ himself *in artibus magister*.

Seb. And do they stand to a popular censure for any thing they present?

Fal. I, ever, ever; and the people generally are very acceptive, and apt to applaud any meritable work; but there are two sorts of persons that most commonly are infectious to a whole auditory.

Balt. What be they?

Junip. I, come, let's know them.

Oni. It were good they were noted.

Fal. Marry, one is the rude barbarous crew, a people that have no brains, and yet grounded judgments; these will hiss any thing that mounts above their grounded capacities; but the other are worth the observation,² faith.

Omnes. Where be they? where be they?

Fal. Faith, a few capricious gallants.

Junip. Capricious! stay, that word's for me.

Fal. And they have taken such a habit of dislike in all things, that they will approve nothing, be it never so conceited or elaborate; but sit dispersed, making faces and spitting, wagging their upright ears, and cry, filthy, filthy; simply uttering their own condition, and³ using their wryed countenances instead of a vice, to turn the good aspects of all that shall sit near them, from what they behold.

Enter Martino with cudgels.

Oni. O that's well said; lay them down; come, sirs, [thasar?

Who plays, fellow Juniper, Sebastian, Bal- Somebody take them up, come.

Junip. Ingle, Valentine?

Fal. Not I, sir, I profess it not.

Junip. Sebastian.

Seb. Balthasar.

Balt. Who? I?

Oni. Come, but one bout; I'll give 'em thee, I' faith.

Balt. Why here's Martino.

Oni. Foh, he! alas! he cannot play a whit, mah.

Junip. That's all one; no more could you *in statu quo prius*.

Martino, play with him; every man has his beginning and conduction.

Mart. Will you not hurt me, fellow Onion?

Oni. Hurt thee? no; and I do, put me among pot-herbs,

And chop me to pieces. Come on.

Junip. By your favour, sweet bullies, give them room, back, so. [ter.

Martino, do not look so thin upon the mat-

Oni. Ha! well play'd, fall over to my leg now: so, to your guard again: excellent! to my head now: make home your blow: spare not me; make it home, good, good again.

Seb. Why how now, Peter!

Fal. Godso, Onion has caught a bruise.

Junip. Couragio! be not capricious; what!

Oni. Capricious! not I, I scorn to be capricious for a scratch,

Martino must have another bout; come.

Fal. *Seb.* *Balt.* No, no, play no more, play no more.

Oni. Foh, 'tis nothing, a fillip, a devise; fellow Juniper, prithee get me a plantan; I had rather play with one that had skill by half.

Mart. By my troth, fellow Onion, 'twas against my will.

Oni. Nay, that's not so, 'twas against my head;

But come, we'll ha' one bout more.

Junip. Not a bout, not a stroke.

Omnes. No more, no more.

Junip. Why I'll give you demonstration how it came,

Thou open'dst thy dagger to falsify over with the backword trick, and he interrupted before he could fall to the close.

Oni. No, no, I know best how it was, better than any man here. I felt his play presently; for look you, I gathered upon him thus, thus, do you see? for the double lock, and took it single on the head.

Fal. He says very true, he took it single on the head.

Seb. Come, let's go.

Enter Martino with a cobweb.

Mart. Here, fellow Onion, here's a cobweb.

² Using their wryed countenances instead of a vice.] We have this sentiment again, expressed in the same words, in the induction to *Every man out of his humour*:

“Using his wryed looks,

“In nature of a vice, to wrest and turn

“The good aspect of those that shall sit near him.”

And this shews *The case is altered* to have been in the number of Jonson's earliest productions; for we often find him repeating a thought or expression in his later plays, which he had before made use of, in some former piece.

Oni. How! a cobweb, Martino! I will have another bout with you. 'Sbloods, do you first break my head, and then give me a plaster in scorn? Come, to it, I will have a bout.

Mart. God's my witness.

Oni. Tut, your witness cannot serve.

Junip. 'Sblood, why what! thou art not lunatic, art thou? and thou be'st, avoid, Mephistophilus. Say the sign should be in

Aries now, as it may be for all us, where were your life? answer me that?

Seb. He says well, Onion.

Val. Indeed does he.

Junip. Come, come, you are a foolish naturalist; go, get a white of an egg, and a little flax, and close the breach of the head, it is the most conducive thing that can be.

Martino, do not insinuate upon your good fortune, but play an honest part, and bear away the bucklers. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, solus.

MY young and simple friend, Paulo Ferneze, Bound me with mighty solemn conjurations To be true to him, in his love to Rachel, And to solicit his remembrance still 'In his enforced absence. Much, i' faith! True to my friend in cases of affection! In women's cases! what a jest it is! How silly he is that imagines it! He is an ass that will keep promise strictly In any thing that checks his private pleasure, Chiefly in love. 'Sblood am not I a man? Have I not eyes that are as free to look, And blood to be inflam'd as well as his? And when it is so, shall I not pursue Mine own love's longings, but prefer my friend's?

I, 'tis a good fool, do so; hang me then. Because I swore? alas, who does not know That lover's perjuries are ridiculous? Have at thee, Rachel; I'll go court her sure, For now I know her father is abroad.

Enter Jaques.

'Sblood see, he's here. O what damn'd luck is this?

This labour's lost, I must by no means see him. *Tau, dery, dery. [Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Jaques, Christophero.

Jaq. Mischief and hell, what is this man a spirit?

Haunts he, my house's ghost? still at my door?

He has been at my door, he has been in, In my dear door: pray god my gold be safe.

Enter Christophero.

God's pity, here's another. Rachel! ho, Rachel!

Chr. God save you, honest father.

Jaq. Rachel! God's light come to me; Rachel! Rachel! *[Exit.]*

Chr. Now in god's name what ails he? this is strange!

He loves his daughter so, I'll lay my life That he's afraid, having been now abroad, I come to seek her love unlawfully.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. 'Tis safe, 'tis safe, they have not robb'd my treasure.

Chr. Let it not seem offensive to you, sir.

Jaq. Sir! God's my life, sir! sir! call me sir!

Chr. Good father hear me.

Jaq. You are most welcome, sir;

¹ In his enforced absence much i' faith.] It should be printed thus:

In his enforced absence. Much, i' faith!

This ironical use of the word much, as a term of disdain, hath been remarked before.

* *Jaq. Sir! God's my life, sir! sir! call me sir!* The character of Jaques is formed upon that of Euclio in the *Aulularia* of Plautus: and is drawn with that masterly expression which distinguisheth the works of Jonson. The scene here between Christophero and Jaques, and what follows between the count and him, is copied from what passes between Euclio and Megadorus; but with so high an improvement, as determines the palm of applause in favour of our author. The original here is,

Non temerarium est, ubi dives blandè appellat pauperem.

I meant almost: and would your worship speak?

Would you abase yourself to speak to me?

Chr. 'Tis no abusing, father: my intent

Is to do further honour to you, sir,

Than only speak; which is to be your son.

Jaq. My gold is in his nostrils, he has smelt it; [my entrails,

Break breast, break heart, fall on the earth With this same bursting admiration!

He knows my gold, he knows of all my treasure. [guess?

How do you know, sir? whereby do you

Chr. At what, sir? what is't you mean?

Jaq. I ask, an't please your gentle worship, how you know?

I mean, how I should make your worship know

That I have nothing—— [nothing:

To give with my poor daughter? I have The very air, bounteous to every man,

Is scant to me, sir.

Chr. I do think, good father, you are but poor.

Jaq. He thinks so; harke! but thinks so: He thinks not so, he knows of all my treasure. [Exit.

Chr. Poor man, he is so overjoy'd to hear His daughter may be past his hopes bestow'd, [ply)

That betwixt fear and hope, (if I mean sim- He is thus passionate.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Yet all is safe within, is none without? Nobody break my walls?

Chr. What say you, father, shall I have your daughter?

Jaq. I have no dowry to bestow upon her.

Chr. I do expect none, father.

Jaq. That is well.

Then I beseech your worship make no question [me.

Of that you wish; 'tis too much favour to

Chr. I'll leave him now to give his passions breath, [ter;

Which being settled I will fetch his daughter I shall but move too much, to speak now to him. [Exit Christopher.

Jaq. So, he is gone; would all were dead and gone,

That I might live with my dear gold alone.

SCENE III.

Jaques, Count.

Count. Here is the poor old man.

Jaq. Out of my soul, another! comes he hither?

Count. He not dismay'd, old man, I come to cheer you.

Jaq. To me, by heaven.

Turn ribs to brass, turn voice into a trumpet, To rattle out the battles of my thoughts;

One comes to hold me talk, while t'other robs me. [Exit.

Count. He has forgot me sure; what should this mean?

He fears authority, and my want of wife Will take his daughter from him to defame her:

He that hath nought on earth but one poor daughter,

May take this extasy of care to keep her.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. And yet 'tis safe: they mean not to use force,

But fawning coming. I shall easily know, By his next question, if he think me rich.

Whom see I? my good lord?

Count. Stand up, good father, I call thee not good father for thy age,

But that I gladly wish to be thy son, In honour'd marriage with thy beauteous daughter.

Jaq. O, so, so, so, so, so this is for gold. Now it is sure this is my daughter's neat-

ness [lord,

Makes them believe me rich. No, my good I'll tell you all, how my poor hapless daughter

Got that attire she wears from top to toe.

Count. Why, father, this is nothing.

Jaq. O yes, good my lord.

Count. Indeed it is not.

Jaq. Nay, sweet lord, pardon me, do not dissemble;

Hear your poor headsmen speak: 'tis requisite

That I (so huge a beggar) make account Of things that pass my calling. She was born

To enjoy nothing underneath the sun; But that, if she had more than other beggars,

She should be envied: I will tell you then How she had all she wears. Her warm shoes (God wot)

A kind maid gave her, seeing her go bare-foot

In a cold frosty morning; God requite her. Her homely stockings——

Count. Father, I'll hear no more, thou mov'st too much

With thy too curious answer for thy daughter, That doth deserve a thousand times as much.

I'll be thy son-in-law, and she shall wear Th' attire of countesses.

Jaq. O, good my lord,

Mock not the poor; remembers not your lordship

That poverty is the precious gift of God, As well as riches? tread upon me, rather

Than mock my poorness.

Count. Rise, I say;

When I mock poorness, then heaven make me poor.

SCENE IV.

Nuntius, Count.

Nun. See, here's the count Fernese, I will tell him

The hapless accident of his brave son,
That he may seek the sooner to redeem
him. [Exit Jaques.]

God save your lordship.

Count. You are right welcome, sir.

Nun. I would I brought such news as
might deserve it.

Count. What! bring you me ill news?

Nun. 'Tis ill, my lord,

Yet such as usual chance of war affords,
And for which all men are prepar'd that
use it,

And those that use it not but in their friends,
Or in their children.

Count. Ill news of my son,
My dear and only son, I'll lay my soul!
Ah me accurs'd! thought of his death doth
wound me,

And the report of it will kill me quite.

Nun. 'Tis not so ill, my lord.

Count. How then?

Nun. He's taken prisoner, and that's all.

Count. That's enough, enough;

I set my thoughts on love, on servile love,
Forget my virtuous wife, feel not the
dangers,

The bands and wounds of my own flesh and
blood,

And therein am a madman; therein plagu'd
With the most just affliction under heaven.

Is Maximilian taken prisoner too?

Nun. No, good my lord; he is return'd
with prisoners.

Count. Is't possible! can Maximilian
Return and view my face without my son,
For whom he swore such care as for himself?

Nun. My lord, no care can change the
events of war.

Count. O in what tempests do my for-
tunes sail!

Still wrack'd with winds more foul and con-
trary

'Than any northern gust, or southern flawe,
That ever yet inforc'd the sea to gape,

And swallow the poor merchant's traffick up.
First in Vicenza lost I my first son,

Next here in Milan my most dear lov'd
lady,

And now my Paulo prisoner to the French;
Which last being prioted with my other

griefs,
Doth make so huge a volume, that my

breast
Cannot contain them. But this is my love;

I must make love to Rachel: heaven hath
thrown

This vengeance on me most deservedly,

Were it for nought but wronging of my
steward. [redress]

Nun. My lord, since only money may
The worst of this misfortune, be not griev'd;
Prepare his ransom, and your noble son
Shall greet your cheared eyes with the
more honour.

Count. I will prepare his ransom; gra-
cious heaven

Grant his imprisonment may be his worst,
Honour'd and soldier-like imprisonment,
And that he be not manacled and made
A drudge to his proud foe. And here I
vow,

Never to dream of seamless amorous toys,
Nor aim at other joy on earth,
But the fruition of mine only son. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Jaques with his gold, and a scuttle full
of horse-dung.

Jag. He's gone: I knew it; this is our hot
lover.

I will believe them, I: they may come in
Like simple wooers, and be arrant thieves,
And I not know them. 'Tis not to be told
What servile villainies men will do for gold.
O it began to have a huge strong smell,
With lying so long together in a place;
I'll give it vent, it shall ha' shift enough;
And if the devil, that envies all goodness,
Have told them of my gold, and where I
kept it,

I'll set his burning nose once more a work,
To smell where I remov'd it. Here it is;
I'll hide, and cover it with this horse-dung.
Who will suppose that such a precious nest
Is crown'd with such a dunghill excrement?
In, my dear life, sleep sweetly, my dear
child,

"Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
"And that's enough." Rot all hands that
come near thee,

Except mine own. Burn out all eyes that
see thee, [poison]

Except mine own. All thoughts of thee be
To their enamour'd hearts, except mine own.
I'll take no leave, sweet prince, great em-
peror,

But see thee every minute: king of kings,
I'll not be rude to thee, and turn my back
In going from thee, but go backward out,
With my face toward thee, with humble
courtesies.

None is within, none overlooks my wall;
To have gold, and to have it safe, is all.

[Exit.]

² *Than any northern gust or southern flawe.* Common sense here tells us, that *gust* is a corruption from *gust*. The only copy of this play is a very erroneous one, of 1609; and faults of the press, like the preceding one, occur in every page: but as these are easily set right, it would be impertinent to trouble the reader with a note, for every such alteration.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter Maximilian with soldiers, Chamont, Camillo, Ferneze, Pacue.

Mar. **L**ORD Chamont, and your valiant friend there, I cannot say, welcome to Milan; your thoughts and that word are not musical; but I can say, you are come to Milan.

Pac. Mort dieu.

Cha. Garçon!

Mar. Gentlemen (I would call an emperor so) you are now my prisoners; I am sorry, marry this, spit in the face of your fortunes, for your usage shall be honourable.

Cam. We know it, signior Maximilian; The fame of all your actions sounds nought else

But perfect honour from her swelling cheeks.

Mar. It shall do so still, I assure you, and I will give you reason: there is in this last action (you know) a noble gentleman of our party, and a right valiant, seemingly prisoner to your general, as your honour'd selves to me, for whose safety this tongue has given warrant to his honourable father, the count Ferneze. You conceive me.

Cam. I, signior.

Mar. Well, then I must tell you your ransoms be to redeem him. What think you? your answer.

Cam. Marry, with my lord's leave, here I say, signior,

This free and ample offer you have made Agrees well with your honour, but not ours; For I think not but Chamont is as well born As is Ferneze; then, if I mistake not, He scorns to have his worth so underprised, That it should need an adjunct in exchange Of any equal fortune. Noble signior, I am a soldier, and I love Chamont; Ere I would bruise his estimation With the least ruin of mine own respect In this vile kind, these legs should rot with irons,

This body pine in prison, till the flesh Drop from my bones in flakes, like wither'd leaves,

In heart of autumn, from a stubborn oak.

Mar. Monsieur Gasper, (I take it so is your name) misprize me not; I will trample on the heart, on the soul of him that shall say I will wrong you: what I purpose you cannot now know, but you shall know, and doubt not to your contentment. Lord Chamont, I will leave you, whilst I go in and present myself to the honourable count; till my regression, so please you, your noble feet may measure this private, pleasant, and

most princely walk. Soldiers, regard them and respect them.

Pac. O ver bon! excellent! a gull, he tak'a my lord Chamont for monsieur Gaspra, and monsieur Gaspra for my lord Chamont. O dis be brave for make a me laugh'e, ha, ha, ha; O my heart tickle.

Cam. I, but your lordship knows not what hard fate

Might have pursu'd us, therefore howsoever The changing of our names was necessary, And we must now be careful to maintain This error strongly, which our own device Hath thrust into their ignorant conceits; For should we (on the taste of this good fortune)

Appear ourselves, 'twould both create in them

A kind of jealousy, and perchance invert Those honourable courses they intend.

Cha. True, my dear Gasper; but this hang-by here

Will (at one time or other) on my soul, Discover us. A secret in his mouth Is like a wild bird put into a cage, Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out. But, sirrah, if I may but know Thou utter'st it.

Pac. Utteria vat, monsieur?

Cha. That he is Jasper, and I true Chamont.

Pac. O pardonne moy, fore my tongue shall put out de secreta, Shall breed de canker in thy mouth.

Cam. Speak not so loud, Pacue.

Pac. Foe, you shall hear fool, for all your long ear, regard monsieur: you be de Chamont, Chamont be Gaspra.

Enter Count Ferneze, Maximilian, Francisco, Aurelia, Phœnixella, Finio.

Cha. Peace, here comes Maximilian.

Cam. O be like that's the count Ferneze, that old man.

Cha. Are those his daughters, trow?

Cam. I sure, I think they are.

Cha. Fore god, the taller is a gallant lady.

Cam. So are they both, believe me.

Mar. True, my honourable lord, that Chamont was the father of this man.

Count. O that may be, for when I lost my son,

This was but young, it seems.

Fran. Faith, had Camillo liv'd, He had seen much about his years, my lord.

Count. He had indeed. Well, speak no more of him.

Mar. Signior, perceive you the error? 'twas no good office in us to stretch the re-

membrance of so dear a loss. Count Ferneze, let summer sit in your eye; look cheerfully, sweet count; will you do me the honour to confine this noble spirit within the circle of your arms?

Count. Honour'd Chamont, reach me your valiant hand;
I could have wish'd some happier accident
Had made the way unto this mutual knowledge

Which either of us now must take of other;
But sure it is the pleasure of our fates,
That we should thus be rack'd on fortune's wheel.

Let us prepare with steeld patience
To tread on torment, and with minds confirm'd,

Welcome the worst of envy.

Max. Noble lord, 'tis thus. I have here (in mine honour) set this gentleman free, without ransom; he is now himself, his valour hath deserved it, in the eye of my judgment. Monsieur Gasper, you are dear to me: *fortuna non mutat genus*. But to the main, if it may square with your lordship's liking, his love, I could desire that he were now instantly employed to your noble general in the exchange of Ferneze for yourself, it is the business that requires the tender hand of a friend.

Count. I, and it would be with more speed effected, if he would undertake it.

Max. True, my lord. Monsieur Gasper, how stand you affected to this motion?

Cha. My duty must attend his lordship's will.

Max. What says the lord Chamont?

Cam. My will doth then approve what these have urg'd.

Max. Why there is good harmony, good musick in this. Monsieur Gasper, you shall protract no time, only I will give you a bowl of rich wine to the health of your general, another to the success of your journey, and a third to the love of my sword. Pass.

[*Exeunt all but Aurelia and Phœnisella.*]

Aur. Why how now, sister, in a motly muse?

Go to, there's somewhat in the wind, I see.
Faith, this brown study suits not with your black;

Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours.

Phœ. Good faith, methinks that this young lord Chamont

Favours my mother, sister, does he not?

Aur. A motherly conceit; O blind excuse,

Blinder than love himself. Well, sister, Cupid has ta'en his stand in both your eyes, 'The case is alter'd'.

Phœ. And what of that?

Aur. Nay, nothing but a saint.

Another Bridget, one that for a face
Would put down Vesta, in whose looks doth swim

The very sweetest cream of modesty.

You to turn tippet! fie, fie; will you give
A packing penny to virginity.

I thought you'd dwell so long in Cyprus
Isle,

You'd worship madam Venus at the length:
But come, the strongest fall, and why not you?

Nay, do not frown.

Phœ. Go, go, you fool.

Aur. Well, I may jest, or so; but Cupid knows

My taking is as bad, or worse than hers.

O, monsieur Gasper, if thou be'st a man,
Be not afraid to court me; do but speak,

Challenge thy right, and wear it; for I swear,
Till thou arriv'st, ne'er came affection

here. [*Exit.*]

Enter Pacue, Finio.

Fin. Come on, my sweet finical Pacue,
the very prime

Of pages, here's an excellent place for us
to practise in;

Nobody sees us here; come, let's to it.

Enter Onion.

Pac. Contenta; reguarde vous le premier.

Oni. Sirrah, Finio.

Pac. Mort dieu le pesant.

Oni. Didst thou see Valentine?

Fin. Valentine! no,

Oni. No!

Fin. No. Sirrah, Onion, whither goest?

Oni. O I am vext; he that would trust
any of those lying travellers.

Fin. I prithee stay, good Onion.

Pac. Monsieur Onion, vœux ca, come hidera, je vous prie. By gar, me ha see two, tree, four hundred thousand of your cousin hang. Lend me your hand, shall pray for know you bettra.

Oni. I thank you, good signior Parla vous. O that I were in another world, in the Indies, or somewhere, that I might have room to laugh.

Pac. A we fort boon; stand, you be deere now, me come, Under the arm.
Bon jour, monsieur.

Fin. Good morrow, good signior.

Pac. By gar, be mush glad for see you.

Fin. I return you most kind thanks, sir.

Oni. How, how! 'sblood this is rare.

Pac. Nay, shall make you say rare, by and by; regard Monsienr Fidio,

The shoulder.

Fin. Signior Pacue.

Pac. Dieu vous gard, monsieur.

Fin. God save you, sweet signior.

Pac. Monsieur Onion, is not fort boon.

Oni. Beane, quoth he! would I were in debt of a pottle of beans, I could do as much.

Fin. Welcome, signior; what's next?

Pac. O here; voy de grand admiration, as should meet perchance monsieur Finio.

Fin. Monsieur Pacue.

Pac. Jesu! by g3, who think we shall meete here?

Fin. By this hand, I am not a little proud of it, sir.

Oni. This trick is only for the chamber, it cannot be cleverly done abroad.

Pac. Well, what say you for dis den, monsieur?

Fin. Nay, pray, sir.

Pac. Par may foy you bein encounters.

Fin. What do you mean, sir? let your glove alone.

Pac. Comen se porte la sante?

Fin. Faith, exceeding well, sir.

Pac. Trot, be mushjoy for hear heire.

Fin. And how is it with you, sweet signior Pacue?

Pac. Fat comme vous voyez.

Oni. Young gentlemen, spirits of blood, if ever you'll taste of a sweet piece of mutton, do Onion a good turn now.

Pac. Que que, parla monsieur, what ist?

Oni. Faith, teach me one of these tricks.

Pac. O me shall do presently; stand you deere, you signior deer, myself is here; so, fort bein: now I parle to monsieur Onion, Onion pratla to you, you speaka to me, so, and as you parle, change the bonet. Monsieur Onion.

Oni. Monsieur Pacue.

Pac. Pray be covera.

Oni. Nay, I beseech you, sir.

Fin. What do you mean?

Pac. Pardon moy, shall be so.

Oni. O god, sir.

Fin. Not I, in good faith, sir.

Pac. By gar, you must.

Oni. It shall be yours.

Fin. Nay, then you wrong me.

Oni. Well, and ever I come to be great—

Pac. You be big enough for de Onion already.

Oni. I mean a great man.

Fin. Then thou'dst be a monster.

Oni. Well, god knows not what fortune may do, command me, use me from the soul to the crown, and the crown to the soul; meaning not only from the crown of the head, and the sole of the foot, but also the foot of, the mind and the crowns of the purse. I cannot stay now, young gentlemen, but—time was, time is, and time shall be. [Exeunt.]

Enter Chamont, Camillo.

Cha. Sweet Gasper, I am sorry we must part;

But strong necessity enforces it.

Let not the time seem long unto my friend, Till my return; for by our love I swear

(The sacred sphere wherein our souls are knit)

I will endeavour to effect this business

With all industrious care and happy speed.

Cam. My lord, these circumstances would come well

To one less capable of your desert

Than I, in whom your merit is confirm'd With such authentical and groundred proofs.

Cha. Well, I will use no more. Gasper, adieu.

Cam. Farewell, my honour'd lord.

Cha. Commend me to the lady, my good Gasper.

Cam. I had remember'd that, had not you urg'd it.

Cha. Once more adieu, sweet Gasper.

Cam. My good lord. [Exit Camillo.]

Cha. Thy virtues are more precious than thy name;

Kind gentleman, I would not sell thy love For all the earthly objects that mine eyes Have ever tasted. Sure thou art nobly born,

However fortune hath obscur'd thy birth; For native honour sparkles in thine eyes.

How may I bless the time wherein Chamont,

My honour'd father, did surprize Vicenza, Where this my friend (known by no name) was found,

Being then a child, and scarce of power to speak,

To whom my father gave this name of Gas— And as his own respected him to death;

Since when we two have shar'd our mutual fortunes

With equal spirits, and but death's rude No violence shall dissolve the sacred band.

[Exit.]
Enter Juniper in his shop, singing. To him Onion.

Oni. Fellow, Juniper, no more of thy songs and sonnets; sweet Juniper, no more of thy hymns and madrigals; thou sing'st, but I sigh.

Junip. What's the matter, Peter, ha? what in an academy still! still in sable and black costly array, ha?

Oni. Prithree rise, mount, mount, sweet Juniper; for I go down the wind, and yet I puff, for I am vext.

Junip. Ha, bully! vext! what, intoxicate! is thy brain in a quintessence, an idea, a metamorphosis, an apology, ha, rogue? Come, this love feeds upon thee, I see by thy cheeks, and drinks healths of vermillion tears, I see by thine eyes.

Oni. I confess Cupid's carouse, he plays super nenum with my liquor of life.

Junip. Tut, thou art a goose to be Cupid's gull; go to; no more of this contemplations and calculations; mourn not, for Rachel's thine own.

Oni. For that let the higher powers work; but sweet Juniper, I am not sad for her, and yet for her in a second person, or if not, yet so in a third.

Junip. How! second person! away, away. In the crotchets already! longitude and latitude! what second? what person? ha?

Oni. Juniper, I'll bewray myself before thee, for thy company is sweet unto me; but I must intreat thy helping hand in the case.

Junip. Tut, no more of this surquedry; I am thine own ad unguem, upsie freeze¹; pell mell, come, what case? what case?

Oni. For the case, it may be any man's case, as well as mine. Rachel I mean; but I'll meddle with her anon; in the mean time, Valentine is the man has wronged me.

Junip. How! my Ingle wrong thee! is't possible!

Oni. Your Ingle! hang him, infidel. Well, and if I be not revenged on him, let Peter Onion (by the infernal gods) be turned to a leek, or a scallion. I spake to him for a ditty for this handkerchief.

Junip. Why, has he not done it?

Oni. Done it! not a verse, by this hand.

Junip. O in diebus illis! O preposterous! well, come, be blith; the best inditer of them all is sometimes dull. Fellow Onion, pardon mine Ingle; he is a man has imperfections and declinations, as other men have; his muse sometimes cannot curvet, nor prognosticate and come off, as it should; no matter, I'll hammer out a paraphrase for thee myself.

Oni. No, sweet Juniper, no; danger doth breed delay; love makes me choleric, I can bear no longer.

Junip. Not bear what? my mad meridian slave. Not bear what?

Oni. Cupid's burden, 'tis too heavy, too tolerable; and as for the handkerchief and the posie, I will not trouble thee; but if thou wilt go with me into her father's back-side, old Jacques' back-side, and speak for me to Rachel, I will not be ingratitude; the old man is abroad and all.

Junip. Art thou sure on't?

Oni. As sure an obligation.

Junip. Let's away then; come, we spend time in a vain circumference; trade, I casheer thee till to-morrow: fellow Onion, for thy sake I finish this workiday.

Oni. God a mercy, and for thy sake I'll at any time make a holiday. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Angelo, Rachel.

Ang. Nay, I prithee, Rachel, I come to comfort thee,

Be not so sad.

Rach. O signior Angelo, No comfort but his presence can remove This sadness from my heart.

Ang. Nay, then you're fond, And what that strength of judgment and election

That should be attendant on your years and form. *[prisoner,*

Will you, because your lord is taken

Blubber and weep, and keep a peevish stir, As though you would turn turtle with the news?

Come, come, be wise. 'Sblood say your lord should die,

And you go mar your face as you begin, What would you do, trow? who would care for you?

But this it is, when nature will bestow Her gifts on such as know not how to use them;

You shall have some, that had they but one quarter

Of your fair beauty, they would make it shew

A little otherwise than you do this, Or they would see the painter twice an hour;

And I commend them I, that can use art With such judicial practice.

Rach. You talk idly;

If this be your best comfort, keep it still, My senses cannot feed on such sour cates.

Ang. And why, sweet heart?

Rach. Nay, leave, good signior.

Ang. Come, I have sweeter viands yet in store.

Enter Onion and Juniper.

Junip. In any case, mistress Rachel.

Ang. Rachel!

Rach. God's pity, signior Angelo, I hear my father; away for God's sake.

Ang. 'Sblood, I am bewitch'd, I think; this is twice now I have been served thus. *[Exit.]*

Rach. Pray God he meet him not. *[Exit Rachel.]*

Oni. O brave! she's yonder: O terrible! she's gone.

Junip. Yea, so nimble in your dilemmas, and your hyperboles!

Hay my love! O my love at the first sight, by the mass!

Oni. O how she scudded! O sweet scud, how she tripped! O delicate trip and go!

Junip. Come, thou art enamoured with the influence of her profundity; but, sirrah, hark a little.

Oni. O rare! what? what? passing, I'faith! what is't? what is't?

Junip. What wilt thou say now, if Rachel stand now, and play hity-tity through the key-hole, to behold the equipage of thy person?

Oni. O sweet equipage! try, good Juniper, tickle her, talk, talk; O rare!

Junip. Mistress Rachel, (watch then if her father come;)

Rachel! Madona! Rachel! No.

Oni. Say I am here; Onion, or Peter, or so.

Junip. No, I'll knock; we'll not stand

¹ *Ad unguem, upsie freeze.*] This last phrase is of the same meaning with *upsie Dutch*, which occurs in the *Alchemist*, and is there explained.

upon horizons and tricks, but fall roundly to the matter.

Oni. Well said, sweet Juniper. Horizons! hang 'em, knock, knock.

Rach. Who's there! father?

Junip. Father! no; and yet a father, if you'll please to be a mother.

Oni. Well said, Juniper; to her again; a smack or two more of the mother.

Junip. Do you hear, sweet soul, sweet radamant, sweet mathavel? one word, Melpomene, are you at leisure?

Rach. At leisure! what to do?

Junip. To do what! to do nothing, but to be liable to the extasy of true love's exigent, or so; you smell my meaning.

Oni. Smell! filthy, fellow Juniper, filthy. Smell! O most odious!

Junip. How filthy?

Oni. Filthy by this finger. Smell! smell a rat, smell a pudding. Away, these tricks are for trulls; a plain wench loves plain dealing; I'll upon her myself, smell to march-pain wench.

Junip. With all my heart; I'll be legitimate and silent as an apple-squire; I'll see nothing, and say nothing.

Oni. Sweet heart! sweet heart!

Junip. And bag pudding, ha, ha, ha.

Jaques *within.* What Rachel! my girl, what Rachel!

Oni. God's lid.

Jaq. What Rachel! } *within.*

Rach. Here I am. }

Oni. What Rachel calls Rachel! O treason to my love!

Junip. It's her father, on my life! how shall we intrench and edify ourselves from him?

Oni. O coney-catching Cupid!

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. How is my back-side? where? what come they for?

{ *Onion gets up into a tree.*

What are they? Rachel! thieves! thieves! Stay, villain, slave. Rachel, untie my dog. Nay, thief, thou canst not 'scape.

Junip. I pray you, sir.

Oni. Ah pitiful Onion! that thou hadst a rope.

Jaq. Why Rachel! when I say, let loose my dog,

Garlick, my mastiff, let him loose, I say.

* *Junip.* *Wip'd them!*

Jaq. *I, thou villain; thou art a subtil knave. Put off thy shoes; come, I will see them.* We said before, that Jonson, in the character of Jaques, hath copied the *Euclio* of Plautus; and this scene is an imitation of the Latin, where Strobilus is examined by the miser in the like manner. But the pleasantries of this scene are within the bounds of nature; and severer judgment instructed Jonson not to outrage his characters, as Plautus did before him. Jaques examines both the hands of Juniper, but he does not, like *Euclio*, bid him produce his third hand.

Euc. *Ostende huc manus.*

Strob. *Hem tibi ostendi, eccas.*

Euc. *Video, age ostende etiam tertiam.*

No degree of avarice could lead one to suppose, that a man has three hands.

Junip. For god's sake hear me speak, keep up your cur.

Oni. I fear not Garlick, he'll not bite Onion his kinsman; pray God he come out, and then they'll not smell me.

Jaq. Well then deliver; come, deliver, slave.

Junip. What should I deliver?

Jaq. O thou wouldst have me tell thee, wouldst thou? Shew me thy hands, what hast thou in thy hands?

Junip. Here be my hands.

Jaq. Stay, are thy fingers-ends begrim'd with dirt? no, thou hast wip'd them.

Junip. Wip'd them!

Jaq. I, thou villain; thou art a subtil knave. Put off thy shoes; come, I will see them; give me a knife here, Rachel, I'll rip the soles.

Oni. No matter, he's a cobbler, he can mend them.

Junip. What, are you mad? are you detestable? would you make an anatomy of me? think you I am not true orthography?

Jaq. Orthography, anatomy!

Junip. For God's sake be not so inviolable, I am no ambuscado; what predicament call you this? why do you intimate so much?

Jaq. I can feel nothing. { *thing.*

Oni. By'r lady, but Onion feels some-

Jaq. Soft, sir, you are not yet gone; shake your legs, come, and your arms, be brief: stay, let me see these drums, these kilderkins, these bombard slops, what is it charms 'em so.

Junip. Nothing but hair.

Jaq. That's true, I had almost forgot this rug, this hedgehog's nest, this hay-mow, this bear's-skin, this heath, this furze-bush.

Junip. O let me go, you tear my hair, you revolve my brains and understanding.

Jaq. Heart, thou art somewhat en'd; half of my fear

Hath ta'en his leave of me, the other half Still keeps possession in despite of hope. Until these amorous eyes court my fair gold.

Dear, I come to thee; friend, why art not not gone?

Avoid, my soul's vexation; Satan, hence; Why do'st thou stare on me? why do'st thou stay!

Why por'st thou on the ground with thievish eyes?

What seest thou there, thou cur? what gap'st thou at?

Hence from my house. Rachel, send Garlick forth.

Junip. I am gone, sir, I am gone; ' for god's sake stay.

[*Exit Junip.*]

Junip. Pack; and thank God thou 'scap'st so well away.

Oni. If I escape this tree, destinies I defy you.

Jaq. I cannot see, by any characters Writ on this earth, that any felon foot Hath ta'en acquaintance with this hallow'd ground.

None sees me; knees, do homage to your lord.

'Tis safe, 'tis safe; it lies and sleeps so soundly,

'Twould do one good to look on't. If this bliss

Be given to any man that hath much gold, Justly to say 'tis safe, I say 'tis safe.

O what a heavenly round these two words dance

Within me and without me; first I think 'em, And then I speak 'em; then I watch their sound,

And drink it greedily with both mine eyes: Then think, then speak, then drink their sound again,

And racket round about this body's court, These two sweet words, 'tis safe. Stay, I will feed

My other senses. O how sweet it smells!

Oni. I mar'l he smells not Onion, being so near it.

Jaq. Down to thy grave again, thou beauteous ghost,

Angels, men say, are spirits; spirits be Invisible; bright angels, are you so?

Be you invisible to every eye, Save only these: sleep, I'll not break your rest,

Though you break mine. Dear saints, adieu, adieu,

My feet part from you, but my soul dwells with you. [*Exit.*]

Oni. Is he gone? O fortune my friend, and not fortune my foe,

I come down to embrace thee, and kiss thy great toe.

Oni. I'll go in my foot-cloth; I'll turn gentleman.

Junip. So will I.

Oni. But what badge shall we give, what cullison? I'll go in my foot-cloth—that is, I'll have my horse dress'd in his caparisons and housings, as gentlemen used to ride; and hence they were called *foot-cloth nags*.—What badge shall we give, what cullison? So in *Every Man out of his Humour*, "I'll give coats, that's my humour: but I lack a cullison." Act I. scene 2. And I there observed, that no Dictionary will help us to the meaning of the word. It seems to be something relative to a coat of arms, or a crest to point out whose livery the servants wore; but if it ever was a term in heraldry, it is no longer in use, and now unknown to the heralds themselves. Indeed it sometimes happens, that a variation of

Enter Junip.

Junip. Fellow Onion! Peter!

Oni. Fellow Juniper.

Junip. What's the old panurgo gone, departed cosmografted, ha?

Oni. O, I; and hark, sirrah. Shall I tell him? no.

Junip. Nay, be brief, and declare; stand not upon conundrums now: thou knowest what contagious speeches I have suffered for thy sake, and he should come again and invent me here.

Oni. He says true, it was for my sake, I will tell him. Sirrah, Juniper! and yet I will not.

Junip. What sayest thou, sweet Onion?

Oni. And thou hadst smelt the scent of me when I was in the tree, thou wouldst not have said so: but, sirrah, the case is altered with me, my heart has given love a box of the ear, made him kick up his heels, i'faith.

Junip. Sayest thou me so, mad Greek! how haps it? how chanceth it?

Oni. I cannot hold it, Juniper; have an eye, look, have an eye to the door; the old proverb's true, I see, Gold is but muck. Nay, godso, Juniper, to the door; an eye to the main chance; here, you slave, have an eye.

Junip. O inexorable! O infallible! O intricate, divine, and superficial fortune!

Oni. Nay, it will be sufficient anon; here, look here!

Junip. O insolent good luck! how didst thou produce the intelligence of the gold minerals?

Oni. I'll tell thee that anon; here, make shift, convey, cram. I'll teach you how you shall call for Garlick again, i'faith.

Junip. 'Sblood what shall we do with all this? we shall never bring it to a consumption.

Oni. Consumption! why we'll be most sumptuously attired, man.

Junip. By this gold, I will have three or four most stigmatical suits presently.

Oni. I'll go in my foot-cloth, I'll turn gentleman.

Junip. So will I.

Oni. But what badge shall we give, what cullisen?

Junip. As for that, let's use the infidelity and commiseration of some harrot of arms, he shall give us a gudgeon.

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Oni. A gudgeon! a scutcheon thou wouldst say, man.

Junip. A scutcheon, or a gudgeon, all is one.

Oni. Well, our arms be good enough, let's look to our legs.

Junip. Content, we'll be jogging.

Oni. Rachel, we retire; Garlick, Godb'ye.

Junip. Farewell, sweet Jaques.

Oni. Farewell, sweet Rachel; sweet dog, adieu. [Exit.

Enter Maximilian, Count Ferneze, Aurelia, Phanizella, Pacue.

Max. Nay, but sweet count.

Count. Away, I'll hear no more; Never was man so palpably abus'd, My son so basely marted, and myself Am made the subject of your mirth and scorn.

Max. Count Ferneze, you tread too hard upon my patience,

Do not persist, I advise your lordship.

Count. I will persist, and unto thee I speak;

Thou, *Maximilian*, thou hast injur'd me.

Max. Before the Lord:—

Aur. Sweet signior.

Pha. O my father.

Max. Lady, let your father thank your beauty.

Pac. By gar, me shall be hang for tella dis same,

Me tella mademoiselle, she tell her fadera.

Count. The true Chamont set free, and one left here

Of no descent, clad barely, in his name.

Sirrah, boy, come hither, and be sure you speak the simple truth.

Pac. O pardone moy, monsieur.

Count. Come, leave your pardons, and directly say,

What villain is the same that hath usurpt The honour'd name and person of Chamont.

Pac. O monsieur, no point villain, brave chevalier, Monsieur Gasper.

Count. Monsieur Gasper!

On what occasion did they change their names?

What was their policy or their pretext?

Pac. Me canno tell, par ma foy, monsieur.

Max. My honourable lord.

Count. Tut, tut, be silent.

Max. Silent, count Ferneze! I tell thee, if Amurath, the great Turk, were here, I would speak, and he should hear me.

Count. So will not I.

Max. By my father's hand, but thou shalt, count. I say, till this instant I was never touch'd in my reputation. Hear me, you shall know that you have wrong'd me, and I will make you acknowledge it; if I cannot, my sword shall.

Count. By heaven I will not, I will stop mine ears,

My senses lothe the savour of thy breath;

'Tis poison to me; I say, I will not hear.

What shall I know? 'tis you have injur'd me. [it.

What will you make? make me acknowledge Fetch forth that Gasper, that lewd counterfeit.

Enter serving-man with Camillo.

I'll make him to your face approve your wrongs.

Come on, false substance, shadow to Chamont,

Had you none else to work upon but me?

Was I your fittest project? well, confess

the spelling will direct us to the etymology and meaning of a word, which may be still retained in use, but with a little change and difference in the letters: but this supposition gives us no light here. However, I must take leave to quote one passage from our poet, where a departure from the usual way of writing and pronunciation, led me to suspect it might possibly be a corruption, which I have since found is not so. The passage I mean, is in his *Elegy on the Lady Digby*:

"Sleepy, or stupid Nature, could'st thou part

"With such a rarity, and not rouse art

"With all her aids, to save her from the seize

"Of vulture death, and those relentless *cleives*?"

The last word appeared to me either an error, or the same with *claws*, only varied in the spelling for the sake of rhyme; and such I have since found it to be. For what we usually call the *claws*, is wrote, in Minshew, the *cleives* of a crab, scorpion, &c.

* Fetch forth that Gasper, that lewd counterfeit.

Enter serving-man with Camillo.

Come on, false substance, shadow to Chamont.] The whole incident of Paulo Ferneze's being taken prisoner on the one side, and Chamont and Camillo on the other, with the exchanging their names, and Camillo's being left for Chamont, is taken from the *Captivi* of Plautus. The son of Hegio is taken prisoner; and with a view to ransom his son by the exchange, Hegio buys Philocrates and Tyndarus, two Elian captives. Tyndarus is slave to Philocrates, and is left under his master's name, while the true Philocrates is sent to Elis, under the name of Tyndarus, to effect the liberty of Philoetolemus the son of Hegio. The raud however is discovered to Hegio, before the return of Philocrates; and Tyndarus is put to the torture, and sent to the mines. At the return of Philoetolemus and Philocrates, with whom

What you intended by this secret plot,
And by whose policy it was contriv'd.
Speak truth, and be intreated courteously;
But double with me, and resolve to prove
The extremest rigour that I can inflict.

Cam. My honour'd lord, hear me with
patience,
Nor hope of favour, nor the fear of torment,
Shall sway my tongue from uttering of
truth.

Count. 'Tis well, proceed then.

Cam. The morn before this battle did
begin,
Wherein my lord Chamont and I were ta'en,
We vow'd one mutual fortune, good or bad,
That day should be embrac'd of us both;
And urging that might worse succeed our
vow,

We there concluded to exchange our names.

Count. Then Maximilian took you for
Chamont.

Cam. True, noble lord.

Count. 'Tis false, ignoble wretch,
'Twas but a complot to betray my son.

Mar. Count, thou lyeest in thy bosom,
count.

Count. Lye!

Cam. Nay, I beseech you, honour'd gen-
tlemen,

Let not the untimely ruin of your love
Follow these slight occurrences; be assur'd
Chamont's return will heal these wounds
again,

And break the points of your too piercing
thoughts.

Count. Return! I, when?—when will Cham-
mont return?

He'll come to fetch you, will he? I, 'tis
like.

You'd have me think so, that's your policy.
No, no, young gallant, your device is stale;
You cannot feed me with so vain a hope.

Cam. My lord, I feed you not with a vain
hope,

I know assuredly he will return,
And bring your noble son along with him.

Max. I, I dare pawn my soul he will re-
turn.

Count. O impudent derision! open scorn!
Intolerable wrong! is't not enough

That you have play'd upon me all this while,
But still to mock me, still to jest at me?

Fellows, away with him; thou ill-bred slave,
That sett'st no difference 'twixt a noble

spirit

And thy own slavish humour; do not think
But I'll take worthy vengeance on thee,
wretch.

Cam. Alas, these threats are idle, like the
wind,

And breed no terror in the guiltless mind.

Count. Nay thou shalt want no torture, so
resolve;

Bring him away.

Cam. Welcome the worst, I suffer for a
friend,

Your tortures will, my love shall never, end.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Maximilian, Aurelia, Phœnixella,

Pacue.

Phœn. Alas! poor gentleman, my father's
rage

Is too extreme, too stern and violent.

O that I knew with all my strongest powers

How to remove it from thy patient breast!

But that I cannot, yet my willing heart

Shall minister, in spite of tyranny,

To thy misfortune; something there is in
him

That doth enforce the strange affection
With more than common rapture in my

breast:

For being but Jasper, he is still as dear

To me, as when he did Chamont appear.

[*Exit Phœnixella.*

Aur. But in good sadness, signior, do you
think

Chamont will e'er return?

Max. Do I see your face, lady?

Aur. I, sure, if love has not blinded you.

Max. That is a question; but I will as-
sure you no: I can see, and yet love is in

mine eye. Well, the count your father
simply hath dishonour'd me, and this steel

shall engrave it on his burget.

Aur. Nay, sweet signior.

Max. Lady, I do prefer my reputation to
my life;

But you shall rule me. Come, let's march.

[*Exit Maximilian.*

Aur. I'll follow, signior. O sweet queen
of love!

Sovereign of all my thoughts, and thou fair
fortune,

Who (more to honour my affections)

Hast thus translated Gasper to Chamont!

Let both your flames now burn in one
bright sphere,

And give true light to my aspiring hopes:

Hasten Chamont's return, let him affect me,

Though father, friends, and all the world
reject me. [*Exit.*

Enter Angelo, Christophero.

Ang. Sigh for a woman! would I fold
mine arms,

Rave in my sleep, talk idly being awake,

whom also there comes Stalagmus, a fugitive slave of Hegio, it is discovered that Tynidarus is the son of Hegio, who was carried away by Stalagmus at the age of four years, and sold by him to the father of Philocrates. The reader will perceive from this account, the exact similitude between the copy and the original; and I have been thus particular in pointing out the resemblance, for the assistance of those who may want the ability of comparing them together.

Pine and look pale, make love walks in the night,

To steal cold comfort from a day-star's eyes.
Kit, thou'rt a fool; wilt thou be wise; then, lad,

Renounce this boy-god's nice idolatry,
Stand not on compliment, and wooing tricks;

Thou lov'st old Jaques's daughter, dost *Chr.* Love her!

Ang. Come, come, I know't; be rul'd, and she's thine own.

Thou'lt say, her father Jaques, the old beggar,

Hath pawn'd his word to thee, that none but thou

Shalt be his son-in-law,

Chr. He has.

Ang. He has!

Wilt thou believe him, and be made a cook,
To wait on such an antique weather-cock;
While he is more inconstant than the sea,
His thoughts, Camelion-like, change every minute.

No, Kit, work soundly, steal the wench away,
Wed her, and bed her, and when that is done,

Then say to Jaques, shall I be your son?

But come, to our device; where is this gold?

Chr. Here, signior Angelo.

Ang. Bestow it, bid thy hands shed golden drops;

Let these bald French crowns be uncover'd,
In open sight to do obeysance

To Jaques' staring eyes when he sets forth;
The needy beggar will be glad of gold.

So now keep them aloof, and as he treads
This gilded path, stretch out his ambling hopes

With scattering more and more, and as thou goest,

Cry Jaques, Jaques.

Chr. Tush, let me alone.

Ang. But first, I'll play the ghost, I'll call him out;

Kit, keep aloof.

Chr. But, signior Angelo,

Where will yourself and Rachel stay for me,
After the jest is ended?

Ang. Mass, that's true,

At the old priory behind St. Foy's.

Chr. Agreed, no better place: I'll meet you there.

Ang. Now to this geer,—Jaques! Jaques! what Jaques!

Jaq. within. Who calls? who's there?

Ang. Jaques!

Jaq. within. Who calls?

Ang. Steward, he comes, he comes, Jaques.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. What voice is this?

No body here? was I not call'd? I was;
And one cry'd Jaques with a hollow voice.

I was deceiv'd; no, I was not deceiv'd.

See, see, it was an angel call'd me forth.

Gold, gold, man-making gold! another star!

Drop they from heav'n? no, no, my house, I hope,

Is haunted with a fairy. My dear Lar,

My household god, my fairy, on my knees.

Chr. Jaques! [*Exit Christophero.*]

Jaq. My Lar doth call me; O sweet voice,

Musical as the spheres! see, see, more gold!

Chr. within. Jaques!

Enter Rachel.

Jaq. What Rachel, Rachel, lock my door,
look to my house.

Chr. within. Jaques!

Jaq. Shut fast my door;

A golden crown, Jaques shall be a king.

[*Exit.*]

Ang. To a fool's paradise that path will bring

Thee and thy household Lar.

Rach. What means my father?

I wonder what strange humour—

Ang. Come, sweet soul,

Leave wondering, start not, 'twas I laid this plot,

To get your father forth.

Rach. O Angelo!

Ang. O me no O's, but hear; my lord, your love,

Paulo Ferneze, is return'd from war,
Lingers at Pont Valerio, and from thence,

By post, at midnight last, I was conjur'd

To man you thither. Stand not on replies,

A horse is saddled for you, will you go?

And I am for you, if you will stay, why so.

Rach. O Angelo, each minute is a day
Till my Ferneze come; come, we'll away, sir.

Ang. Sweet soul, I guess thy meaning by thy looks;

At Pont Valerio thou thy love shalt see,

But not Ferneze. Steward, fare you well;
You wait for Rachel too, when can you tell?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. O in what golden circle have I danc'd!

Milan, these od'rous and enflower'd fields

Are none of thine; no, here's Elizium;

Here blessed ghosts do walk; this is the court

And glorious palace, where the god of gold
Shines like the sun of sparkling majesty.

O my fair-feather'd, my red-breasted birds,

Come flie with me, I'll bring you to a choir,
Whose concert being sweeten'd with your sound,

The musick will be fuller, and each hour

The ears shall banquet with your harmony.
O! O! O!

Enter Christophero.

Chr. At the old priory behind St. Foy's,

That was the place of our appointment, sure; I hope he will not make me lose my gold, And mock me too: perhaps they are within; I'll knock.

Jaq. O god, the case is alter'd!

Chr. Rachel! Angelo! signior Angelo!

Jaq. Angels! I, where? mine angels! where's my gold?

Why Rachel! O thou thievish Canibal! Thou eat'st my flesh in stealing of my gold.

Chr. What gold?

Jaq. What gold? Rachel! call help, come forth!

I'll rip thine entrails, but I'll have my gold. Rachel! why com'st thou not? I am undone.

Ah me, she speaks not! thou hast slain my child. *[Exit.]*

Christ. What is the man possest, trow! this is strange!

Rachel, I see, is gone with Angelo. Well, I will once again into the priory, And see if I can meet them.

[Exit Christophoro.]

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. 'Tis too true, *[gold:]* Th'ast made away my child, thou hast my O what hiena call'd me out of doors?

The thief is gone, my gold's gone, Rachel's gone, *[vain:]* All's gone! save I that spend my cries in But I'll hence too, and die, or end this pain. *[Exit.]*

Enter Juniper, Onion, Finio, Valentine.

Junip. 'Swounds, let me go; hey catso, catch him alive; I call, I call, boy; I come, I come, sweet heart.

Oni. Page, hold my rapier, while I hold my friend here.

Val. O here's a sweet metamorphosis, a couple of buzzards turn'd to a pair of peacocks.

Junip. Signior Onion, lend me thy boy to unhang my rapier.

Oni. Signior Juniper, for once or so; but truth is, you must inveigle, as I have done, my lord's page here, a poor follower of mine.

Junip. Hey ho! your page then cannot be superintendant upon me; he shall not be addicted, he shall not be incident, he shall not be incident, he shall not be incident, shall he? *[He Joynes.]*

Fin. O sweet signior Juniper!

Junip. 'Sblood stand away, princeps, do not aggravate my joy.

Val. Nay, good master Onion.

Oni. Nay, and he have the heart to draw my blood, let him come.

Junip. I'll slice you, Onion; I'll slice you.

Oni. I'll cleave you, Juniper.

Val. Why hold, hold, ho! what do you mean?

Junip. Let him come, Ingle; stand by, boy, his alabaster blade cannot fear me.

Fin. Why hear you, sweet signior, let not there be any contention between my master and you about me; if you want a page, sir, I can help you to a proper stripling.

Junip. Canst thou? what parentage, what ancestry, what genealogy is he?

Fin. A French boy, sir.

Junip. Has he his French linguist? has he?

Fin. I, sir.

Junip. Then transport him; here's a crusado for thee.

Oni. You will not imbezzle my servant with your benevolence, will you? hold, boy, there's a portmanteau for thee.

Fin. Lord, sir!

Oni. Do, take it, boy; it's three pounds ten shillings, a portmanteau.

Fin. I thank your lordship. *[Exit Finio.]*

Junip. Sirrah Ningle, thou art a traveller, and I honour thee. I prithee discourse, cherish thy muse, discourse.

Val. Of what, sir?

Junip. Of what thou wilt; 'sblood, hang sorrow.

Oni. Prithee, Valentine, assoile me one thing.

Val. 'Tis pity to soil you, sir, your new apparel. *[a man]*

Oni. Mass thou say'st true, apparel makes Forget himself.

Junip. Begin, find your tongue, Ningle.

Val. Now will I gull these ganders rarely: Gentlemen, having in my peregrination through Mesopotamia.—

Junip. Speak legibly, this game's gone, without the great mercy of God.

Here's a fine tragedy indeed. There's a Keisar royal.

By god's slid, nor king, nor Keisar shall.

Enter Finio, Pacuc, Bulbasar, Martino.

Balt. Where, where, Finio, where be they?

Junip. Go to, I'll be with you anon.

Oni. O here's the page, signior Juniper.

Junip. What says monsieur Onion, boy?

Fin. What say you, sir?

Junip. Tread out, boy.

Fin. Take up, you mean, sir.

Junip. Tread out, I say; so, I thank you, is this the boy?

Pac. Aue, monsieur.

Junip. Who gave you that name?

Pac. Give me de name, vat name?

Oni. He thought your name had been We. Young gentleman, you must do more than his legs can do for him, bear with him, sir.

Junip. Sirrah, give me instance of your carriage; you'll serve my turn, will you?

Pac. Vat, turn upon the toe?

Fin. O signior, no.

Junip. Page, will you follow me? I'll give you good exhibition.

Pac. By gar, shall not alone follow you, but shall lead you too.

Oni. Plaguy boy, he soothes his humour ; these French villains ha' pocky wits.

Junip. Here, disarm me, take my semi-tary.

Fal. O rare ! this would be a rare man, and he had a little travel. Balthasar, Martino, put off your shoes, and bid him cobbles them.

Junip. Friends, friends, but pardon me for fellows, no more in occupation, no more in corporation ; 'tis so, pardon me : the case is alter'd ; this is law, but I'll stand to nothing.

Pac. Dat so me tink.

Junip. Well, then God save the duke's majesty ; is this any harm now ? speak, is this any harm now ?

Oni. No, nor good neither, 'sblood.

Junip. Do you laugh at me ? do you laugh at me ? do you laugh at me ?

Fal. I, sir, we do.

Junip. You do indeed ?

Fal. I, indeed, sir.

Junip. 'Tis sufficient ; page carry my purse ; dog me. [Exit.]

Oni. Gentlemen, leave him not ; you see in what case he is ; he is not in adversity, his purse is full of money ; leave him not.

[Exit.]

Enter Angelo, with Rachel.

Ang. Nay, gentle Rachel.

Rach. Away, forbear, ungentle Angelo, Touch not my body with those impious hands, [heart, That, like-hot irons, sear my trembling And make it hiss at your disloyalty.

Enter Chauont, Paulo Ferneze.

Was this your drift, to use Ferneze's name ? Was he your fittest stale ? O wild dishonour !

Paul. Stay, noble sir.

Ang. 'Sblood, how like a puppet do you talk now ! [fool ; Dishonour ! what dishonour ! come, come, Nay, then I see y'are peevish. S'heart, dishonour !

To have you to a priest, and marry you, And put you in an honourable state.

Rach. To marry me ! O heaven ! can it be ? [souls,

That men should live with such unteeling Without or touch or conscience of religion ? Or that their warping appetites should spoil Those honour'd forms, that the true scale of friendship

Had set upon their faces ?

Ang. Do you hear ?

What needs all this ? say, will you have me, or no ?

Rach. I'll have you gone, and leave me, if you would.

Ang. Leave you ! I was accurst to bring you hither, And make so fair an offer to a fool.

A pox upon you, why should you be coy, What good thing have you in you to be proud of ?

Are ye any other than a beggar's daughter ? Because you have beauty. O god's light ! a blast !

Paul. I, Angelo.

Ang. You scornful baggage, [thec. I lov'd thee not so much, but now I hate

Rach. Upon my knees, you heavenly powers, I thank you,

That thus have tam'd his wild affections.

Ang. This will not do, I must to her again.

Rachel. O that thou sawest my heart, or didst behold [evented !

The place from whence that scalding sigh Rachel, by Jesu, I love thee as my soul, Rachel, sweet Rachel.

Rach. What again return'd

Unto this violent passion !

Ang. Do but hear me ;

By heaven I love you, Rachel.

Rach. Pray forbear.

O that my lord Ferneze were but here !

Ang. 'Sblood an' he were, what would he do !

Paul. This would he do, base villain.

Rach. My dear lord.

Paul. Thou monster ! even the soul of treachery !

O what dishonour'd title of reproach May my tongue spit in thy deserved face ! Methinks my very presence should invert The steeld organs of those traiterous eyes, To take into thy heart, and pierce it through. Turn'st thou them on the ground ! wretch, dig a grave [head.

With their sharp points, to hide thy abhorred Sweet love, thy wrongs have been too violent

Since my departure from thee, I perceive ; But now true comfort shall again appear, And, like an armed angel, guard thee safe From all th' assaults of cover'd villainy. Come, monsieur, let us go, and leave this wretch

To his despair.

Ang. My noble Ferneze.

Paul. What canst thou speak to me, and not thy tongue,

Fore'd with the torment of thy guilty soul, Break that infected circle of thy mouth, Like the rude clapper of a crazed bell ? I, that in thy bosom lodg'd my soul, With all her train of secrets, thinking them To be as safe and richly entertain'd

As in a prince's court, or tower of strength, And thou to prove a traitor to my trust, And basely to expose it ; O this world !

Ang. My honourable lord.

Paul. The very owl, whom other birds do stare

And wonder at, shall hoot at thee ; and snakes, [their—

In every bush, shall deaf thine ears with Cha. Nay, good my lord, give end unto your passions. [lost opinion.

Ang. You shall see I will redeem your

Rach. My lord, believe him.

Chr. Come, be satisfy'd;

Sweet lord, you know our haste; let us to horse,

The time for my engag'd return is past.

Be friends again, take him along with you.

Pau. Come, signior Angelo, hereafter prove more true. *[Exit.*

Enter count Ferneze, Maximilian, Francisco.

Count. Tut, Maximilian, for your honour'd self,

I am persuaded; but no words shall turn
The edge of purpos'd vengeance on that wretch.

Come, bring him forth to execution.

Enter Camillo bound, with servants.

I'll hang him for my son, he shall not 'scape,
Had he a hundred lives. Tell me, vile slave,
Think'st thou I love my son? is he my flesh?
Is he my blood, my life? and shall all these
Be tortur'd for thy sake, and not reveng'd?
Truss up the villain.

Max. My lord, there is no law to confirm this action.

'Tis dishonourable.

Count. Dishonourable, Maximilian!

It is dishonourable in Chamont,
The day of his prefix return is past,
And he shall pay for't.

Cam. My lord, my lord,

Use your extremest vengeance; I'll be glad
To suffer ten times more for such a friend.

Count. Oresolute and peremptory wretch!

Franc. My honour'd lord, let us intreat a word.

Count. I'll hear no more; I say, he shall not live;

Myself will do it. Stay, what form is this
Stands betwixt him and me, and holds my hand?

What miracle is this? 'tis my own fancy
Carves this impression in me; my soft nature
That ever hath retain'd such foolish pity
Of the most abject creature's misery,
That it abhors it. What a child am I
To have a child? ah me! my son, my son!

Enter Christophero.

Chr. O my dear love, what is become of thee?

What unjust absence layest thou on my breast,
[my back,
Like weights of lead, when swords are at
That run me thorough with thy unkind flight,

My gentle disposition waxeth wild;
I shall run frantick: O my love, my love!

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My gold, my gold, my life, my soul,
my heaven!

What is become of thee? see, I'll impart
My miserable loss to my good lord.
Let me have search, my lord, my gold is gone.

Count. My son, Christophero, think'st thou it possible

I ever shall behold his face again?

Chr. O father, where's my-love? were you so careless

To let an unthrift steal away your child?

Jaq. I know your lordship may find out my gold.

For god's sake pity me; justice, sweet lord.

Count. Now they have young Chamont, Christophero,

Surely they never will restore my son.

Chr. Who would have thought you could have been so careless

To lose your only daughter?

Jaq. Who would think

That looking to my gold with such hare's eyes,

That ever open, I, even when I sleep,

I thus should lose my gold, my noble lord,

What says your lordship?

Count. O my son, my son!

Chr. My dearest Rachel!

Jaq. My most honey gold!

Count. Hear me, Christophero.

Chr. Nay, hear me, Jaques.

Jaq. Hear me, most honour'd lord.

Max. What rule is here?

Count. O god, that we should let Chamont escape.

Enter Aurelia, Phaulzella.

Chr. I, and that Rachel, such a virtuous maid,

Should be thus stolen away.

Jaq. And that my gold,

Being so hid in earth, should be found out.

Max. O confusion of languages, and yet no tower of Babel!

Franc. Ladies, beshrew me, if you come not fit

To make a jangling consort; will you laugh
To see three constant passions.

Max. Stand by, [comforted?

I will urge them; sweet count, will you be

Count. It cannot be

But he is handled the most cruelly

That ever any noble prisoner was.

Max. Steward, go cheer my lord.

Chr. Well, if Rachel took her flight willingly.

Max. Sirrah, speak you touching your daughter's flight?

Jaq. O that I could so soon forget to know

The thief again that had my gold, my gold.

Max. Is not this pure?

Count. O thou base wretch, I'll drag thee through the streets;

Enter Balthazar, and whispers with him.

And as a monster make thee wonder'd at.

How now?

Phaul. Sweet gentleman, how too unworthily

Art thou thus tortur'd! brave Maximilian,
Pity the poor youth, and appease my father.

Count. How! my son return'd! O Maximilian,

Francisco, daughters! bid him enter here.

Enter Chamont, Fernese, Rachel, Angelo.
Dost thou not mock me? O my dear Paulo,
welcome.

Max. My lord Chamont!

Cha. My Gasper!

Chr. Rachel.

Jag. My gold, Rachel, my gold.

Count. Somebody bid the beggar cease
his noise.

Chr. O signior Angelo, would you de-
ceive

Your honest friend, that simply trusted you?
Well, Rachel, I am glad thou art here again.

Ang. I faith she is not for you, steward.

Jag. I beseech you, madam, urge your
father.

Phen. I will anon; good Jaques, be con-
tent.

Aur. Now god-a-mercy fortune, and
sweet Venus.

Let Cupid do his part, and all is well.

Phen. Methinks, my heart's in heaven
with this comfort.

Chamont. Is this the true Italian courtesy?
Fernese, were you tortur'd thus in France?
By my soul's safety——

Count. My most noble lord,
I do beseech your lordship.

Cha. Honour'd count,

Wrong not your age with flexure of a knee,
I do impute it to those cares and griefs
That did torment you in your absent son.

Count. O worthy gentlemen, I am asham'd
That my extreme affection to my son
Should give my honour so uncur'd a maim;
But my first son being in Vicenza lost.

Cha. How! in Vicenza! lost you a son
there?

About what time, my lord?

Count. O the same night

Wherein your noble father took the town.

Cha. How long's that since, my lord?
can you remember?

Count. 'Tis now well nigh upon the twen-
tieth year.

Cha. And how old was he then?

Cha. I cannot tell; [it.
Between the years of three and four, I take

Cha. Had he no special note in his at-
tire,

Or otherwise, that you can call to mind?

Count. I cannot well remember his attire;
But I have often heard his mother say,
He had about his neck a tablet,
Given to him by the emperor Sigismund,
His godfather, with this inscription,
Under the figure of a silver globe,
In mintino mundus.

Cha. How did you call your son, my lord?

Count. Camillo, lord Chamont.

Cha. Then no more my Gasper, but Ca-
millo,

Take notice of your father. Gentlemen,
Stand not amaz'd; here is a tablet,
With that inscription, found about his neck,
That night, and in Vicenza, by my father,

(Who being ignorant what name he had
Christen'd him Gasper;) nor did I reveal
This secret, till this hour, to any man.

Count. O happy revelation! O blest hour!
O my Camillo!

Phen. O strange! my brother!

Phen. Maximilian,
Behold how the abundance of his joy
Drowns him in tears of gladness.

Count. O my boy,
Forgive thy father's late austerity.

Max. My lord, I delivered as much be-
fore, but your honour would not be per-
suaded; I will hereafter give more obse-
rvance to my visions; I dreamt of this.

Jag. I can be still no longer, my good
lord;

Do a poor man some grace amongst all your
Count. Why what's the matter, Jaques?

Jag. I am robb'd;

I am undone, my lord; robb'd and undone.
A heap of thirty thousand golden crowns

Stolen from me in one minute, and I fear
By her confederacy that calls me father;
But she is none of mine, therefore, sweet lord,
Let her be tortur'd to confess the truth.

Max. More wonders yet.

Count. How, Jaques! is not Rachel then
thy daughter?

Jag. No, I disclaim in her; I spit at her:
She is a harlot, and her customers,
Your son, this gallant, and your steward
here,

Have all been partners with her in my spoil;
No less than thirty thousand.

Count. Jaques, Jaques,
This is impossible; how shouldst thou come
To the possession of so huge a heap,
Being always a known beggar?

Jag. Out, alas!

I have betray'd myself with my own tongue;
The case is alter'd.

Count. Some one stay him here.

Max. What means he to depart? count
Fernese, upon my soul this beggar, this
beggar is a counterfeit.

Urge him: didst thou lose gold?

Jag. O no, I lost no gold.

Max. Said I not true?

Count. How! didst thou first lose thirty
thousand crowns,

And now no gold? was Rachel first thy child,
And is she now no daughter? sirrah, Jaques,
You know how far our Milan laws extend
For punishing of liars.

Jag. I, my lord.

What shall I do? I have no starting-holes.
Monsieur Chamont, stand you, my honour'd
lord.

Cha. For what, old man?

Jag. Ill-gotten goods ne'er thrive;
I play'd the thief, and now am robb'd my-
self.

I am not what I seem, Jaques de Prie,
Nor was I born a beggar as I am,
But some time steward to your noble father.

Cha. What, Melun, that robb'd my father's treasure,

Stole my sister?

Jaq. I, I; that treasure's lost, but Isabel, Your beauteous sister, here survives in Rachel;

And therefore on my knees——

Mar. Stay, Jaques, stay;

The case still alters.

Count. Fair Rachel, sister to the lord Chamont!

Ang. Steward, your cake is dow, as well as mine.

Pan. I see that honour's flames cannot be hid,

No more than lightning in the blackest cloud.

Mar. Then, sirrah, 'tis true, you have lost this gold.

Jaq. I, worthy signior, thirty thousand crowns.

Count. Mass, who was it told me, that a couple of my men were become gallants of late?

Fran. Marry, 'twas I, my lord; my man told me.

Enter Onion and Juniper.

Mar. How now! what pageant is this?

Junip. Come, signior Onion, let's not be ashamed to appear;

Keep state, look not ambiguous now.

Oni. Not I, while I am in this suit.

Junip. Lordlings, equivalence to you all.

Oni. We thought good to be so good as see you, gentlemen.

Mar. What, monsieur Onion!

Oni. How dost thou, good captain?

Count. What, are my hinds turn'd gentlemen?

Oni. Hinds, sir! 'sblood, and that word will bear an action; it shall cost us a thousand pound a piece, but we'll be reveng'd.

Junip. Wilt thou sell thy lordship, count?

Count. What, peasants purchase lordships?

Junip. Is that any novels, sir?

Mar. O transmutation of elements! it is certified you had pages.

Junip. I, sir; but it is known they proved ridiculous; they did pilfer, they did purloin, they did procrastinate our purses; for the which wasting of our stock, we have put them to the stocks.

Count. And thither shall you two presently.

These be the villains that stole Jaques' gold; Away with them, and set them with their men.

Mar. Onion, you will now be peef'd.

Fran. The case is alter'd now.

Oni. Good my lord, good my lord.

Junip. Away, scoundrel; dost thou fear a little elocution?

Shall we be be confiscate now? shall we droop now?

Shall we be now in helogabolus?

Oni. Peace, peace, leave thy gabbling.

Count. Away, away with them; what's this they prate?

[*Exeunt with Juniper and Onion.*]

Keep the knaves sure; strict inquisition

Shall presently be made for Jaques' gold,

To be dispos'd at pleasure of Chamont.

Cha. She is your own, lord Paulo, if your father

Give his consent.

Ang. How now, Christophero! the case is alter'd.

Cha. With you as well as me; I am con-

Count. With all my heart; and in exchange of her,

(If with you fair acceptance it may stand)

I tender my Aurelia to your love.

Cha. I take her from your lordship with all thanks,

And bless the hour wherein I was made prisoner,

For the fruition of this present fortune,

So full of happy and unlook'd-for joys.

Melun, I pardon thee; and for the treasure

Recover it, and hold it as thine own:

It is enough for me to see my sister

Live in the circle of Ferneze's arms,

My friend, the son of such a noble father;

And my unworthy self wrapt above all

By being the lord of so divine a dame.

Mar. Well, I will now swear the case is altered. Lady, fare you well; I will subdue my affections. Madam, as for you, you are a protest virgin, and I will be silent. My honourable lord Ferneze, it shall become you at this time not to be frugal, but bounteous, and open-handed; your fortune hath been so to you, lord Chamont.

You are now no stranger; you must be welcome; you have a fair, amiable, and splendid lady: but signior Paulo, signior Camillo, I know you valiant, be loving. Lady, I must be better known to you. Signiors, for you, I pass you not, though I let you pass; for in truth I pass not of you. Lovers to your nuptials, lordlings to your dances; march fair all, for a fair march is worth a king's ransom.

[*Exeunt.*]

This Comedy was sundry times acted by the Children of the Black-Friars.

FINIS.

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